

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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## SYNOPSIS.

Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, cries out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead, and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Cazalet's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazalet's old home. Toye hears from Cazalet that Scruton, who had been Cazalet's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison. Cazalet goes down the river and meets Blanche. Toye also comes to see her and tells Cazalet that Scruton has been arrested, but as he doesn't believe the old clerk is guilty he is going to ferret out the murderer. Cazalet and Blanche go to Cazalet's old home and meet Mr. Drinkwater of Scotland Yard. Cazalet goes with Drinkwater to the library where the murder was committed, shows him a secret passage he knew of as a boy.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued.

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

"I remember the frock!" said Blanche.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And what did you find?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Finger-Prints.

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

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

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

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

A plainer indication was the downright yet sunny manner in which Cazalet at once returned to the contentious topic.

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

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

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

"Scruton?"

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

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

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

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

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

"You don't say!"

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

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

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



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

but nearly fatal to the boss policeman yesterday!"

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

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

"Did you find them?"

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

"Say, were they buried?"

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

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

"I don't follow you, Toye."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# CAP and BELLS



## SITTING DOWN TO TELEPHONE

Student of Human Nature Gives Reason for Woman's Desire to Be Seated While Talking.

"There's nothing I enjoy more than searching for people's motives," remarked the student of human nature. "I like to know what actuates them to do certain things at certain times."

"Just so. Maybe you can tell me something I have been wanting to know for a long time."

"What is it?"

"Why is it that a woman hates to use a telephone unless she can sit down?"

"Because when she calls up another woman she never knows how long she's going to be there."

Those Loving Girls.

Almee—Mr. Willing asked me to accompany him to the opera tomorrow evening.

Hazel—And you accepted?

Almee—Certainly.

Hazel—Strange. He asked me, also.

Almee—Oh, there's nothing strange about it at all. I told him I wouldn't go unless he provided an elderly chaperon.

Inconsistent.

"The trouble about shows intended to please the tired business man is that they have a tendency to displease his wife."

"So I've noticed. And it isn't quite fair to the tired business man."

"Perhaps not."

"His wife may spend the afternoon worshipping a matinee idol and yet she objects if he casts an approving eye on a beauty chorus in the evening."

Not interested.

"My life is an open book," said the candidate, who had been discussing at some length his qualifications for office.

"So far as I'm concerned, it's in the same class with a volume of polemical essays," said the impatient listener.

"How is that?"

"Whether opened or closed, it's a book I haven't the slightest desire to peruse."

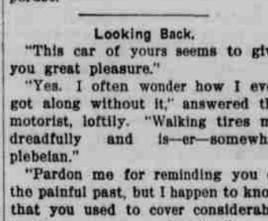
Looking Back.

"This car of yours seems to give you great pleasure."

"Yes. I often wonder how I ever got along without it," answered the motorist, loftily. "Walking tires me dreadfully and is—er—somewhat plebeian."

"Pardon me for reminding you of the painful past, but I happen to know that you used to cover considerable territory as a mere pedestrian."

EVERYTHING.



New Boarder—I'll take some of the white meat and a bit of the dark, too.

Landlady—You'll take all kinds—this is chicken hash.

Interested.

"Any political excitement in town these days?" asked the visitor.

"About 27 prominent citizens seem to be considerably excited, but everybody else is calm and peaceful," replied the old resident.

"Why are the 27 prominent citizens so excited?"

"They are candidates for office."

As He Understood It.

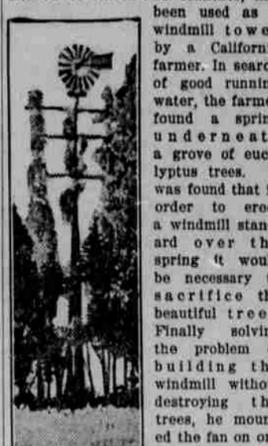
"Did you read that article in yesterday's paper headed 'A Roman Lictor'?" asked Brown of his friend Green.

"No," replied Green, whose historic knowledge is limited. "I never read such nonsense. I suppose, however, the woman in the case deserved a licking by the Roman wouldn't have licked her. Did she have him arrested?"

## MADE TREE SERVE AS TOWER

California Farmer Solved Windmill Problem in a Peculiar but Satisfactory Fashion.

A growing eucalyptus, partially cleared of leaves and branches, has been used as a windmill tower by a California farmer. In search of good running water, the farmer found a spring underneath a grove of eucalyptus trees. It was found that in order to erect a windmill stand over the spring it would be necessary to sacrifice the beautiful trees. Finally solving the problem of building the windmill without destroying the trees, he mounted the fan on one of the central trees. Clearing away much of the foliage on the nearest trees, he ran braces to the windmill and secured a machine which has given him entire satisfaction. — Popular Science Monthly.



## ONCE A GREAT STRONGHOLD

Kaminiets Polissk Fortress That Protected Europe Against the Barbarians of Asia.

Kaminiets Podolsk, the city upon which the latest large-scale Russian offensive was based, that against the Austro-German lines in eastern Galicia and Bukovina, was at one time the greatest fortress in the kingdom of Poland, the stronghold that held back the wild hordes of Asia through many years of battle, says a war geography statement given out by the National Geographic society. The Tartars struck time after time against its high, rocky bluff in vain, and many skirmishing parties of Poles and Russians left the fortress to carry terror into the steppe around the southern Dnieper.

The town lies but a few miles from the Austrian frontier, and is built over a peninsula formed by the Smotritsch river, an affluent of the Dnieper. Odessa is 235 miles in the southeast, and Kief about an equal distance in the northeast. Kaminiets is the seat of administration of the Podolian government, and, since the war, it has become important as one of the larger supply depots just back of the Russian front. It is divided into two parts, one, the old town, spreading over the hills, while the other nestles around the base. Across the river, the ancient castle still frowns defiance upon the country, though its war-worn walls could offer but little resistance before the power of modern guns.

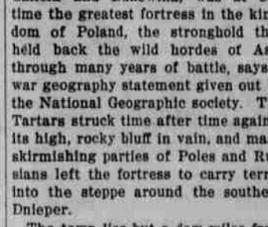
"But, the cruel leader of one of the waves of Mongol buccannery against Europe, laid Kaminiets waste in 1240. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, storm after storm of Tartar, Turk and Moldavian invasion broke upon its walls, and the principal industry of the people of this outpost became that of fighting and weapon forging. The adventuresome from all parts of Europe found their way into garrison there, and took part in the great drama in which the East was finally turned back upon itself. The city passed to Russia in 1795."

## USE FOR POCKET FLASHLIGHT

May Be Made to Serve the Purpose of the X-Ray When Minor Operation is in Question.

James M. Kane of Doylestown, Pa., sends to Popular Mechanics Magazine an account of how a splinter may be found under the finger nail. To remove a splinter in that position is usually a matter of guesswork, for it cannot be seen unless its end projects.

Putting the finger over a pocket flashlight in a dark room makes the



splinter show up as if it were under the X-rays. Many surgeons use the flashlights now for illuminating the throat, pharynx and mouth.

## Want Kisses Sterilized.

The New York health board is out for the sterilized kiss. "You've got to stop kissing while the present gripe epidemic is on," says the director of the bureau of public health education. "The deadly gripe bacilli love nothing better than to spring from the depths of a lover's throat, speed across the bridge made by a kiss and jump with clutching tentacles down the throat at the other end of the kiss. If you kiss when you have gripe you are almost certain to transmit the malady with your affection." Gripe or no gripe, Broadway celebrated the New Year with promiscuous kissing. Five minutes before midnight every glimmer in the restaurants were put out, and the order was "let kissing be unconfined." And it was.

## PEARL HAS FAMOUS HISTORY

Among Other Things, It is the Oldest Object Used for Adornment of the Person.

The pearl is the only gem needing not the hand of man to bring to perfection, and history affords ample evidence of the intense fascination it has exercised upon the people of every age. The pearl is the oldest object of personal adornment.

Indian mythology often speaks of the pearl, attributing its discovery to the god Vishnu, who is said to have caused it to be drawn from the ocean for his daughter Pandala. The records of the Babylonians, Egyptians, Persians and Romans also contain many references to the gem. The wife of Emperor Calligula, for an ordinary betrothal feast, is said to have decked herself with pearls to the value of \$1,000,000; and Julius Caesar presented Servilla, the mother of Brutus, with a specimen valued at \$250,000.

Philip II of Spain paid \$200,000 for a single pearl known as "Peregina." It was found in Panama, was pear-shaped and weighed 134 carats. Another king of Spain—Philip IV—purchased a pearl of Indian origin weighing 126 carats.

The largest pearl known is that which was once the property of Henry Philip Hope. Cylindrical in form, it is two inches long, four and a half inches in circumference at one end and three and a half inches at the other. It weighs 1,800 grains and is valued at \$300,000.

It is known that the beauty of the natural pearl sometimes proves evanescent. To retain its shimmering splendor it needs air and light. Acids can affect pearls, and emanations from the human skin can, it is contended, destroy the precious luster, which, once gone, cannot be recovered. Sometimes, too, owing to their comparative softness, pearls become scratched and thus a source of anxiety to their owners.

## EFFECT THAT WAS LASTING

Dumas Had Ready Explanation of the Presence of Sleepy Ones in Audience.

The elder Dumas was celebrated for his never-failing repartee in everyday conversation. In illustration there may be cited the following:

One evening he attended a theater in Paris with a literary colleague, witnessing a play written by the latter. The author of "Monte Cristo" noticed that one of the audience in the parquette had gone to sleep during the performance. He nudged his friend, pointing to the sleeper, and whispered:

"Is that the effect your plays have upon some people?"

Soon after the same couple went to the same theater on an evening when a play by Dumas was being produced. Again there was a man asleep in the parquette. "Look," said Dumas' friend, "at the result of your dramatic works."

"Why, my dear fellow," was the reply, "that's the same man we saw asleep here the other night. He is not awake yet."

## Allowance for Your Child.

A child may be given a small regular allowance for his own use. Through this he may learn the joy of immediate indulgence of trifling whims; or he may learn to expend his resources with discrimination; or he may learn the advantages of deferring expenditures for more favorable purchasing, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch. The child's claim to such an allowance can be justified to his mind on exactly the same ground as his claim to food and clothing and other material and immaterial wealth shared in the home. He gets these things not as a reward of merit, but through his status as a dependent member of a household.

## Traffic on the Duna.

It is estimated that more than 2,000,000 tons of freight are transported over the Duna each year. Among its tributaries, the Mezha, Usvyat, Kasplya, Ulla, Dnisa and Bolder-aa are also navigable. The Beresina canal connects the Duna with the Dnieper, thus giving a freight route by water from the Baltic sea, across Europe, to the Black sea. As is the general case with Russian rivers, the Duna abounds in fish, a very delicate species of salmon being caught in its rivers.

## Reptiles Had Chins Like Humans.

Oddly enough, and for some reason quite unexplained, the nearest resemblance to the human chin is found in some of the most ancient reptiles yet discovered—strange and primitive creatures whose remains have been unearthed on the shores of the northern Dvina. It is not to be imagined that they could talk, for they had no brains to speak of. Their chins, which are strikingly humanlike, must have been meant by nature for some entirely different purpose.

## Americans and Dante.

Except the Bible, no work has had so much written about it as has the "Divina Commedia," and no work has been translated into so many languages; among those in our own four are the work of American translators. Moreover, Americans are to the fore in Dantean comment. During the nineteenth century some five hundred publications dealing with the poet were written by Americans and printed in this country.