

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

And yet he seemed to make no secret of it; and yet—it did explain his whole conduct since landing, as Toye had said.

She could only shut her eyes to what must have happened, even as Cazale himself had shut his all this wonderful week, that she had forgotten all day in her ingratitude, but would never, in all her days, forget again!

"There won't be another case," she heard herself saying, while her thoughts ran ahead or lagged behind like sheep. "I'll never come out—I know it won't."

"Why shouldn't it?" he asked so sharply that she had to account for the words, to herself as well as to him.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Toye, and he means to keep it to himself."

"Why should he?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself."

"Are you sure you don't know? What can he have to tell me? Why should he screen me, Blanche?"

His eyes and voice were furious with suspicion, but still the voice was lowered.

"He's a jolly good sort, you know," said Blanche, as if the whole affair was the most ordinary one in the world. But her eyes could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Cazale.

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"I've always found him so."

"So have I, the little I've seen of him. And I don't blame him for getting on my tracks, mind you; he's a bit of a detective, I was fair game, and he did warn me in a way. That's why I meant to have the week—He stopped and looked away.

"I know. And nothing can undo that," she only said; but her voice swelled with thanksgiving. And Cazale looked reassured; the hot suspicion died out of his eyes, but left them gloomily perplexed.

"Still, I can't understand it. I don't believe it, either! I'm in his hands. What have I done to be his? He's probably scouring London for me—if he isn't watching this window at this minute!"

He went to the curtains as he spoke. Simultaneously Blanche sprang up, to entreat him to fly while he could. That had been her first object in coming to him as she had done, and yet, once with him, she had left it to the last! And now it was too late; he was at the window, chuckling significantly to himself; he had opened it, and he was leaning out.

"That you, Toye, down there? Come up and show yourself! I want to see you."

He turned in time to dart in front of the folding doors as Blanche reached them, white and shuddering. The flush of impulsive bravado fled from his face at the sight of her.

"You can't go in there. What's the matter?" he whispered. "Why should you be afraid of Hilton Toye?"

How could she tell him? Before she had found a word, the landing door opened, and Hilton Toye was in the room, looking at her.

"Keep your voice down," said Cazale anxiously. "Even if it's all over with me but the shouting, we needn't start the shouting here!"

He chuckled savagely at the jest; and now Toye stood looking at him.

"I've heard all you've done," continued Cazale. "I don't blame you a bit. If it had been the other way about, I might have given you less run for your money. I've heard what you've found out about my mysterious movements, and you're absolutely right as far as you go. You don't know why I took the train at Naples, and traveled across Europe without a hand-bag. It wasn't quite the put-up job you may think. But, if it makes you any happier, I may as well tell you that I was at Uplands that night, and I did get out through the foundations!"

The insane impetuosity of the man was his master now. He was a living fire of impulse that had burst into a blaze.

"I always guessed you might be crazy, and I now know it," said Hilton Toye. "Still, I judge you're not so crazy as to deny that while you were in that house you struck down Henry Craven and left him for dead!"

Cazale stood like red-hot stone.

"Miss Blanche," said Toye, turning to her rather shyly, "I guess I can't do what I said just yet. I haven't breathed a word, not yet, and perhaps I never will, if you'll come away with me now—back to your home—and never see Henry Craven's murderer again!"

"And who may he be?" cried a voice that brought all three face-against-face.

The folding-doors had opened, and a fourth figure was standing between the two rooms.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Person Unknown.

The intruder was a shaggy elderly man, of so cadaverous an aspect that

## WONDERS OF GRAND CANYON

No Other Spot on Earth is Believed to Possess the Same Interesting Formations.

Many people still living can remember a thrill of wonder and admiration that ran through the world in reading of the daring exploit of Major Powell in 1849 in navigating the rapids of the Grand Canyon of Arizona in a small boat. It was his account of his trip more than anything else up to

his face alone cried for his death-bed; and his gaunt frame took up the cry, as it swayed upon the threshold in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers that Toye instantly recognized as belonging to Cazale. The man had a shock of almost white hair, and a less gray beard clipped roughly to a point. An unwholesome pallor marked the fallen features; and the envenomed eyes burned low in their sockets, as they dealt with Blanche but fastened on Hilton Toye.

"What do you know about Henry Craven's murderer?" he demanded in a voice between a croak and a crow. "Have they run in some other poor devil, or were you talking about me? If so, I'll start a libel action, and call Cazale and that lady as witnesses!"

"This is Scruton," explained Cazale, "who was only liberated this evening after being detained a week on a charge that ought never to have been brought, as I've told you both all along." Scruton thanked him with a bitter laugh. "I've brought him here," concluded Cazale, "because I don't think he's fit enough to be about alone."

"Nice of him, isn't it?" said Scruton bitterly. "I'm so fit that they wanted to keep me somewhere else longer than they'd any right; that may be why they lost no time in getting hold of me again. Nice, considerate, kindly country! Ten years isn't long enough to have you as a dishonored guest. Won't you come back for another week, and see if we can't arrange for a nice little sudden death and burial for you? But they couldn't you see, blast 'em!"

He subsided into the best chair in the room, which Blanche had wheeled up behind him; a moment later he looked round, thanked her curtly, and lay back with closed eyes until suddenly he opened them on Cazale.

"And what was that you were saying—that about traveling across Europe and being at Uplands that night? I thought you came round by sea? And what night do you mean?"

"The night it all happened," said Cazale steadily.

"You mean the night some person unknown knocked Craven on the head?"

"Yes."

The sick man threw himself forward in the chair. "You never told me this!" he cried suspiciously; both the voice and the man seemed stronger.

"There was no point in telling you," "Did you see the person?"

"Yes."

"Then he isn't unknown to you?"

"I didn't see him well."

Scruton looked sharply at the two mute listeners. They were very intent, indeed. "Who are these people, Cazale? No! I know one of 'em," he answered himself in the next breath. "It's Blanche Macnair, isn't it? I thought at first it must be a younger sister grown up like her. You'll forgive prison manners, Miss Macnair, if that's still your name. You look a woman to trust—if there is one—and you gave me your chair. Anyhow, you've been in for a penny and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Cazale?"

"Mr. Hilton Toye, who spotted that I'd been all the way to Uplands and back when I claimed to have been in Rome!"

There was a touch of Scruton's bitterness in Cazale's voice; and by some subtle process it had a distinctly mollifying effect on the really embittered man.

"What on earth were you doing at Uplands?" he asked, in a kind of confidential bewilderment.

"I went down to see a man."

Toye himself could not have cut and measured more deliberate monosyllables.

"Craven?" suggested Scruton.

"No; a man I expected to find at Craven's."

"The writer of the letter you found at Cook's office in Naples the night you landed there, I guess?"

It really was Toye this time, and there was no guesswork in his tone. Obviously he was speaking by his little book, though he had not got it out again.

"How do you know I went to Cook's?"

"I know every step you took between the Kaiser Fritz and Charing Cross and Charing Cross and the Kaiser Fritz!"

Scruton listened to this interchange with keen attention, hanging on each man's lips with his sunken eyes; both took it calmly, but Scruton's surprise was not hidden by a sardonic grin.

"You've evidently had a stern chase with a Yankee clipper!" said he. "If he's right about the letter, Cazale, I should say so; presumably it wasn't from Craven himself!"

"No."

"Yet it brought you across Europe to Craven's house?"

"Well—to the back of his house! I expected to meet my man on the river."

"Was that how you missed him more or less?"

that time that called the attention of the world to the magnificence of that wonderful gorge and to the brilliancy of the coloring on its rocks.

The United States has recently published a bulletin, No. 549, a report on the geology of a portion of the Grand Canyon by L. F. Noble. This gorge offers an opportunity of studying the history of the formation of our globe presented in no other spot now known. On the top are deposits of the Carboniferous period, and below this strata, some of them of immense

"I suppose it was."

Scruton ruminated a little, broke into his offensive laugh, and checked it instantly of his own accord. "This is really interesting," he croaked. "You get to London—at what time was it?"

"Nominally three-thirty-five; but the train ran thirteen minutes late," said Hilton Toye.

"And you're on the river by what time?" Scruton asked Cazale.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Surbiton, got a boat there, and just dropped down with the stream. I don't suppose the whole thing took me very much more than an hour."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Toye.

"Yes, I was. It was I who telephoned to the house and found that Craven was out motoring; so there was no hurry."

"Yet you weren't going to see Henry Craven?" murmured Toye.

Cazale did not answer. His last words had come in a characteristic burst; now he had his mouth shut tight, and his eyes were fast to Scruton. He might have been in the witness-box already, a doomed wretch cynically supposed to be giving evidence on his own behalf, but actually only baring his neck by inches to the rope, under the joint persuasion of judge and counsel. But he had one friend by him still, one who had edged a little nearer in the pause.

"But you did see the man you went to see?" said Scruton.

Cazale paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I did think then—but I can't swear to him even now!"

"Tell us about it."

"Do you mean that, Scruton? Do you insist on hearing all that happened? I'm not asking Toye; he can do as he likes. But you, Scruton—you've been through a lot, you know; you ought to have stopped in bed—do you really want this on top of all?"

"Go ahead," said Scruton. "I'll have a drink when you've done; somebody give me a cigarette meanwhile."

Cazale supplied the cigarette, struck a match, and held it with unflinching hand. The two men's eyes met strangely across the flame.

"I'll tell you all exactly what happened; you can believe me or not as you like. You won't forget that I

"What Do You Know About Henry Craven's Murderer?"



knew every inch of the ground—except one altered bit that explained itself." Cazale turned to Blanche with a significant look, but she only drew an inch nearer still. "Well, it was in the little creek, where the boat-house is, that I waited for my man. He never came by the river. I heard the motor, but it wasn't Henry Craven that I wanted to see, but the man who was coming to see him. Eventually I thought I must have made a mistake, or he might have changed his mind and come by road. The dressing-gown had gone; at least I supposed it was that by the time. It was almost quite dark, and I landed and went up the path past the back premises to the front of the house. So far I hadn't seen a soul, or been seen by one, evidently; but the French windows were open in what used to be my father's library, the room was all lit up, and just as I got there a man ran out into the flood of light and—"

"I thought you said he brushed by you in the dark?" interrupted Toye.

"I was in the dark; so was he in another second; and no power on earth would induce me to swear to him. Do you want to hear the rest, Scruton, or are you another unbeliever?"

"I want to hear every word—more than ever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one groan grew before, but in practice the pursuit is sometimes unpleasantly painful. Should you, at the dinner table in the boarding-house which you infest, humorously request the waitress to fetch you a few capsules in which to take your butter, or inform the landlady that she does not really keep her boarders longer than any other reduced gentleman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much thinner that they look longer, you may win a few pale smiles from your fellow guests, but the mistress of the mansion will soak you two dollars more per week for your wit—Kansas City Star.

### Apt to Be Costly.

Wife—Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile.

Hub—Good heavens! You'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.

# Peasants of China



THIS is being written in China, where, at the moment of writing, there is much talk of discovering and following the will of the people on the question of monarchy or republic. Those who best know China can only smile. There is something amusing in the idea of discovering the will of China's millions of peasants on a subject of national moment, says a writer in the Dundee Courier.

The patient Chinese husbandman knows nothing and cares less whether he is ruled by a president or an emperor. His opinion on any matter of national importance will not be discovered within the next 100 years. He has to discover it himself before others can do so. At present it does not exist. His one idea of good government is to be left alone in peace without being too greatly troubled by officials. If his crops are good he leaves politics, whether local or national, to those who are interested in them. For his part, he has less than no interest.

The Chinese peasant is a man almost entirely without ambition. He has two ruling passions of life, and these are so closely allied that they may be described as one. The acquisition of wealth is out of the question for him. To him a Mexican dollar—which is worth about a shilling 9 pence—is a vast sum, and twenty of them constitute a fortune. If he earns the equivalent of two pence a day he is doing famously, but you cannot save much of two pence a day. Since he cannot amass wealth, therefore, he sets himself to amass a family, if on any so phrase it. The strongest ambition of his life—perhaps passion would be a more accurate term—is to get married and to rear a large family, preferably of boys. Second only to that is his desire, having



### BURYING A PLAQUE VICTIM.

reared his family, to have the members of it married as well. And because marriage is the beginning and end of the existence of a Chinese peasant the matter is taken with almost tremendous seriousness. He marries young. Rather, he is married young, for the contracting parties are not the two most immediately concerned, but their parents.

The contract is drawn up long before the young people are of a marriageable age, and past it the young people cannot go if they wish. But they seldom wish. The young man is content with the choice made by his mother. One girl is as good as another to him, so always she can rear a family. What women think in China matters nothing to any one; among the peasant class, that is to say. Yet for all his passion to get married, the young man seldom dreams of providing a home for his bride. He is content to take her to his father's house, and to rear his children there. The time will come, of course, when the little home will become too small, but it serves him for a very long time first.

### Everyone a Worker.

From this custom of two or three generations living together springs the fact that everyone, from the youngest to the oldest, does some kind of work to help. A little lot of three may be seen gathering bits of stick; the tottering old grandmother is generally found trying to weave or spin. Chinese youngsters appear to have no childhood. They do not laugh as do our children, or as do the children,

### MOST FEMININE OF TREES

Both in the Summer and Winter the Birch Delights in Theatrical Effects.

The birch, above all our American trees, delights in theatrical effects. And if that sentence is objected to on the ground of "pathetic fallacy," we will commit the whole sin at once and add that it is the most feminine of trees.

In earliest spring, when the hepaticas are pushing up last year's leaves and our Berkshire mountainsides are donning their fall, delicate veils of color, the young birches are conspicuous for the startling brightness of their new foliage, a green so much lighter and more vivid than all the other greens that it would arrest attention even if it were not borne on a snow white stem. Walter Pritchard Eaton writes in the Century.

Your young birch has all the daring of a debutante.

Later, when the summer thunder storms come, the birch has another trick up its sleeve. Some afternoon

## PICKLING CARROTS AND BEETS

Winter Vegetables Are Invaluable for Replenishing the Cupboard—Fixing Sweet Peppers.

For pickling baby carrots great care must be taken in choosing firm and well-ripened vegetables. The advantage of preparing these winter vegetables is that they can be pickled or canned with much greater ease than in the summer when a warm kitchen is an abhorrence. A few cans of carrots, beets or peppers are a real addition to the season's store without extra cost of any sort.

Boil the carrots until tender and then rub off the skins in cold water. Cut them up (unless you are using the young carrots I mentioned above; in that case use them whole). Pour cold vinegar over them; add a slice of onion, two bay leaves, and a teaspoonful of celery seed to each one-half dozen carrots. Do up in air-tight jars, and let the jars stand upside down over night and if any liquid runs out, screw them up a little more tightly the next morning.

Pickled beets may be treated in the same way. Use one dozen good-sized beets, two quarts of vinegar, one-quarter of an ounce of mace, one-quarter of an ounce of ginger, one salt-spoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish.

Boil the beets until tender, then remove the skins and cut them up, placing them in jars. Put the vinegar into a porcelain-lined kettle, adding mace, ginger and pepper. When this reaches the boiling point take from the fire; then add horseradish and pour, hot, over the beets. Seal up in air-tight jars, using the same test for tightness.

Red and green sweet peppers may be put up, too. Cut a slice from the stem end of each pepper and take out the seeds, then cut it into a thin strip, going round and round the pepper with a sharp knife. Cover with boiling water for two minutes, drain, and place in iced water for ten minutes. Drain again and pack into glass jars. Boil vinegar in the proportion of one quart to two cupfuls of sugar fifteen minutes. Fill the jars and store in a cold place.

## RAISINS A VALUABLE FOOD

Their Value Is Too Frequently Ignored—Some Breakfasts That Are a Little Different.

Try combining for breakfast prunes or raisins, cooked, drained and mashed and slightly sweetened, with an omelet, spreading a cupful of them on them before folding over. Dried apples which have been soaked and well drained may be fried like fresh apples and served with the bacon. A pound of dates cooked with a pint of cornmeal, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of flour and a pint of cold milk will vary the morning mush. A cupful of stoned, chopped dates is an agreeable addition to apple sauce, added when the apples are almost cooked. Baked apples are delicious if the centers are filled with stewed prunes. If cooked prunes or dates are chopped fine they may be added to the breakfast muffins, thus giving variety to an everyday dish. Many a child who will not eat a cereal in the morning can be tempted to do so if chopped dates or figs are allowed to simmer a few minutes and then mixed with the cereal, or placed round it.

Don't leave your raisin jar on the shelf, using it only occasionally, for this most valuable dried fruit will supply elements necessary to health at a minimum cost. When properly baked in bread they are almost ideal food for children.—Woman's World.

### Cranberry Shortcake.

Make a nice biscuit dough and cut it with a round biscuit cutter. When baked split the number you need, butter them and put a tablespoonful of made cranberry sauce on top under half and a tablespoonful of whipped cream. Cover with the other half, put sauce on that and cover with whipped cream. Use the remaining biscuits some other time by warming between two pans.

### New Angel Food.

Sift together four times one cupful of sugar, one cupful of pastry flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt; add to this mixture one cupful of scalding hot milk, then cut and fold in the beaten whites of two eggs. Turn into an ungreased tin and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. Any flavoring desired may be used.

### King Hamburger.

Put one cupful of rice on to boil in double boiler, salt to taste. When done remove from fire, put into deep pudding dish. Take one pound hamburger steak, add salt, pepper, half onion chopped fine (onion can be omitted), put on top of rice in dish, then add one can tomatoes. Put in oven, bake one-half to one hour. Delicious and very economical.

### Deviled Onions.

Mince six cold boiled onions fine, make a thick sauce of one teaspoonful flour, one tablespoonful butter and two-thirds of a cupful of milk. To this add the minced onion and finely mashed yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful chopped parsley and a seasoning of salt and paprika. Butter scallop shells, fill with the mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and brown.

### Steak and Tomatoes.

Procure a piece of round steak, the desired amount. Fry it a good brown; then pour over it a can of tomatoes, season with salt, pepper and a small onion. Cook it slowly for a couple of hours. If you use a fireless cooker, you will find this a very satisfactory dish.

### Apple Johnny Cake.

One pint of white meal, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, milk enough to make soft batter, three apples pared and sliced. Mix in the order given and bake in a cake pan 30 minutes.

## MIXED FRUIT RECIPES

FREQUENTLY AN ADVANTAGE IN A COMBINATION.

Excellent Jelly, Marmalade and Paste Prepared From a Mixture of Cranberries and Apples—Economy in the Scheme.

It is often a decided advantage to the housekeeper to make jelly out of a combination of fruits—sometimes because the combined flavor may be preferable to either alone and sometimes because it may be more economical, as, for instance, when she has too little of either fruit to use for this purpose, or, to cite another instance, when she wishes to extend the flavor of some special fruit as quince through a considerable amount of material less highly flavored, as apple. Sometimes, too, there is an advantage in both flavor and color, as when cranberry is combined with mild-flavored apples.

An excellent combination for homemade jelly, according to the home economics experts of the department who have been studying the uses of different fruits, is cranberry with apple. Equal quantities of cranberries and of apples cut up into small pieces should be just covered with water and boiled until the fruit is soft. Strain the juice through cheesecloth. Add to the pulp the same amount of water as at first, boil the pulp a second time, strain as before, and combine the two lots of juice. Add three-fourths as much sugar by measure to the juice, and boil again. The jelly is done when a few drops taken up with a mixing spoon will flake on the spoon as it cools instead of dropping off of it. Pour the jelly into glasses which have just been sterilized in boiling water and thoroughly drained. Seal the glasses in the ordinary way.

The pulp which remains after the juice has been drained off for jelly can be used to make excellent "marmalade" or "fruit cheese" as old-time housekeepers called it. The pulp should be passed through a sieve, an equal weight of sugar added to it, and boiled until it is thick and firm. It must be stirred frequently so that it will not burn. The thick marmalade should be poured into freshly-scalded glasses or jars. While the color is not quite so good as jelly, the flavor is distinctive and good, and such "fruit cheese" is delicious when spread on bread or butter or when used for filling bread-and-butter sandwiches. If less sugar is added in making marmalade, it can be used in place of fresh or dried apples for Brown Betty and similar fruit puddings.

### Lentil Loaf.

One quart can tomatoes, or enough to make two cupfuls after being boiled down and strained; one-fourth bay leaf, two cloves, one small slice onion, one cupful lentils, two tablespoonfuls butter, salt. Boil the tomatoes with the seasoning and strain. There should be about two cupfuls of juice. Add one cupful of lentils, which have been washed and picked over, and the butter and salt. Cook until the lentils are soft and the liquid all absorbed. It is well to do this in a double boiler, though the first part of the cooking may be done with the stove instead of over water. Turn out into a square buttered mold. When cold cut into slices. The lentils may be soaked overnight in water, drained, and baked slowly for three or four hours with the tomato juice.

### Dinner Sweet.

Make one-half pound of good short pastry and roll out very thin. Cut into two even sized lengths and spread with the mixture given below, place the two strips together. Bake in a hot oven. Sift sugar over and cut into fingers.

For the mixture mince six good-sized apples, put them into a basin with three ounces of currants, two ounces of breadcrumbs, pinch of mixed spice, grated lemon rind, three ounces of brown sugar, one ounce of melted butter. Mix well together and use as directed.

### Stewed Kumquats and Prunes.

Six kumquats, one cupful soaked, pitted prunes, sugar to taste, half cupful water. Prepare the prunes by soaking them until plump in cold water to cover. Then drain and pit them. To the cupful add the kumquats sliced thin and one-half cupful of water in which the prunes have been soaked. Simmer gently for a few moments and then add the sugar, a generous third-cupful if liked sweet. Cook slowly until the kumquats are tender. Unless cooked very gently they will go to pieces.

### Farmhouse Hash.

Cut cold cooked beef or mutton into small bits, reheat in gravy or in a sauce made of butter, flour and water in which a little beef extract has been dissolved. Season with salt, pepper and grated onion if you choose. Fill a buttered baking dish two-thirds full. Cover the top with seasoned mashed potato made very light and white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a hot oven until the potato is well puffed and brown.

### Poverty Stew.

For a change I peel and cut my turnips in small squares, quarter the potatoes and take one large onion cut up small, place them all in the kettle together and boil until soft and potatoes mealy. Add butter size of egg, salt and pepper to taste, and you have a stew that tastes good when you are hungry. Try and see—Ev change.

### Fried Cod Salad.

Cut the thick white part of the fish in four-inch squares, soak over night in plenty of water, peel off the skin, wipe dry, fry a delicate brown in hot fresh lard, remove as soon as browned; clean the spider, pour in one cupful cream, thicken with one teaspoonful cornstarch, salt to taste, pour upon platter, lay on fish and serve.