

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

by ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of 'The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc.'

ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS.

Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, wakes 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.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

It was a sorry sample of his talk. Hilton Toye did not usually mix the ready metaphors that nevertheless had to satisfy an inner censor, of some austerity, before they were allowed to leave those deliberate lips. Yet now, in his strange excitement, word and tone alike were on the level of the stage American's. It was not less than extraordinary.

"You don't mean"—Cazalet seemed to be swallowing—"about Henry Craven?"

"Yes."

"You don't mean to say he's—dead?"

"Last Wednesday night!" Toye looked at his paper. "No, I guess I'm wrong. Seems it happened Wednesday, but he only passed away Sunday morning."

Cazalet still sat staring at him—there was not room for two of them on their feet—but into his heavy stare there came a gleam of leaden wisdom. "This was Thursday morning," he said, "so I didn't dream of it when it happened, after all."

"You dreamed you saw him lying dead, and so he was," said Toye. "The funeral's been today. I don't know, but that seems to me just about the next nearest thing to seeing the crime perpetrated in a vision."

"Crime!" cried Cazalet. "What crime?"

"Murder, sir!" said Hilton Toye. "Willful, brutal, bloody murder! Here's the paper; better read it for yourself. I'm glad he wasn't a friend of yours, or mine either, but it's a bad end even for your worst enemy."

The paper fluttered in Cazalet's clutch as it had done in Toye's; but that was as natural as his puzzled frown over the cryptic allusions of a journal that had dealt fully with the ascertainable facts in previous issues. Some few emerged between the lines. Henry Craven had received his fatal injuries on the Wednesday of the previous week. The thing had happened in his library, at or about half past seven in the evening; but how a crime, which was apparently a profound mystery, had been timed to within a minute of its commission did not appear among the latest particulars. No arrest had been made. No clue was mentioned, beyond the statement that the police were still searching for a definite instrument with which it was evidently assumed that the deed had been committed. There was in fact a close description of an unusual weapon, a special constable's very special truncheon. It had hung as a cherished trophy on the library wall, from which it was missing, while the very imprint of a silver shield, mounted on the thick end of the weapon, was stated to have been discovered on the scalp of the fractured skull. But that was a little bit of special reporting, typical of the enterprising sheet that Toye had procured. The inquest, merely opened on the Monday, had been adjourned to the day of issue.

"We must get hold of an evening paper," said Cazalet. "Fancy his own

famous truncheon! He had it mounted and inscribed himself, so that it shouldn't be forgotten how he'd fought for law and order at Trafalgar Square! That was the man all over!"

His voice and manner achieved the excessive indifference which the English type holds due from itself after any excess of feeling. Toye also was himself again, his alert mind working keenly yet darkly in his acute eyes.

"I wonder if it was a murder?" he speculated. "I bet it wasn't a deliberate murder."

"What else could it have been?"

"Kind of manslaughter. Deliberate murderers don't trust to chance weapons hanging on their victims' walls."

"You forget," said Cazalet, "that he was robbed as well."

"Do they claim that?" said Hilton Toye. "I guess I skipped some. Where does it say anything about his being robbed?"

"Here!" Cazalet had scanned the paper eagerly; his finger drummed upon the place. "The police," he read out, in some sort of triumph, "have now been furnished with a full description of the missing watch and trinkets and the other articles believed to have been taken from the pockets of the deceased. What's that but robbery?"

"You're dead right," said Toye. "I missed that somehow. Yet who in thunder tracks a man down to rob and murder him in his own home? But when you've brained a man, because you couldn't keep your hands off him, you might deliberately do all the rest to make it seem like the work of thieves."

Hilton Toye looked a judge of deliberation as he measured his irrefutable words. He looked something more. Cazalet could not tear his blue eyes from the penetrating pair that met them with a somber twinkle, an enlightened gusto, quite uncomfortably suggestive at such a moment.

"You aren't a detective, by any chance, are you?" cried Cazalet, with clumsy humor.

"No, sir! But I've often thought I wouldn't mind being one," said Toye, chuckling. "I rather figure I might do something at it. If things don't go my way in your old country, and they put up a big enough reward, why, here's a man I knew and a place I know, and I might have a mind to try my hand."

They went ashore together, and to the same hotel at Southampton for the night. Midnight found the chance pair with their legs under the same heavy Victorian mahogany, devouring cold beef, ham and pickles as phlegmatically as commercial travelers who had never been off the island in their lives. Yet surely Cazalet was less depressed than he had been before landing; the old English ale in a pewter tankard even elicited a few of those anecdotes and quaint comparisons in which his conversation was at its best. It was at its worst on general questions, or on concrete topics not introduced by himself; and into this category, perhaps not unnaturally, fell such further particulars of the Thames Valley mystery as were to be found in an evening paper at the inn. They included a fragmentary report of the adjourned inquest, and the actual crux of such a reward, by the dead man's firm, for the apprehension of his murderer, as made Toye's eyes glisten in his sagacious head.

But Cazalet, though he had skimmed

the many-headed column before sitting down to supper, flatly declined to discuss the tragedy his first night ashore.

CHAPTER III.

In the Train.

Discussion was inevitable on the way up to town next morning. The two strange friends, planted opposite each other in the first-class smoker, traveled inland simultaneously engrossed in a copious report of the previous day's proceedings at the coroner's court.

The medical evidence was valuable only as tracing the fatal blow to some such weapon as the missing truncheon; the butler's evidence explained that the dinner-hour was seven thirty; that, not five minutes before, he had seen his master come down-stairs and enter the library, where, at seven fifty-five, on going to ask if he had heard the gong, he had obtained no answer but found the door locked on the inside; that he had then hastened round by the garden, and in through the French window, to discover the deceased gentleman lying in his blood.

The head gardener, who lived in the lodge, had sworn to having seen a bare-headed man rush past his windows and out of the gates about the same hour, as he knew by the sounding of the gong up at the house; they often heard it at the lodge, in warm weather when the windows were open, and the gardener swore that he himself had heard it on this occasion.

The footman appeared to have been less positive as to the time of a telephone call he had answered, thought it was between four and five, but remembered the conversation very well. The gentleman had asked whether Mr. Craven was at home, had been told that he was out motoring, asked when he would be back, told he couldn't say, but before dinner some time, and what name should be given, whereupon the gentleman had rung off without answering. The footman thought he was a gentleman, from the way he spoke. But apparently the police had not yet succeeded in tracing the call.

"Is it a difficult thing to do?" asked Cazalet, touching on this last point early in the discussion, which even he showed no wish to avoid this morning. He had dropped his paper, to find that Toye had already dropped his and was gazing at the flying English fields with thoughtful puckers about his somber eyes.

"If you ask me," he replied, "I should like to know what wasn't difficult connected with the telephone system in this country! Why, you don't have a system, and that's all there is to it. But it's not at that end they'll put the salt on their man."

"Which end will it be, then?"

"The river end. That hat, or cap. Do you see what the gardener says about the man who ran out bare-headed? If he went and left his hat or his cap behind him, that should be good enough in the long run. It's the very worst thing you can leave. Ever hear of Franz Muller?"

Cazalet had not heard of that important notoriety, nor did his ignorance appear to trouble him at all, but it was becoming more and more clear that Toye took an almost unhealthy interest in the theory and practice of violent crime.

"Franz Muller," he continued, "left his hat behind him, only that and nothing more, but it brought him to the gallows even though he got over to the other side first. He made the mistake of taking a slow steamer, and that's just about the one mistake they never did make at Scotland Yard. Give them a nice, long, plain-sailing stern-chase and they get there by bedtime—wireless or no wireless!"

But Cazalet was in no mind to discuss other crimes, old or new; and he closed the digression by asserting somewhat roundly that neither hat nor cap had been left behind in the only case that interested him.

"Don't be too sure," said Toye. "Even Scotland Yard doesn't show all

its hand at once, in the first inquiry that comes along. They don't give out any description of the man that ran away, but you bet it's being circulated around every police office in the United Kingdom."

Cazalet said they would give it out fast enough if they had it to give. By the way, he was surprised to see that the head gardener was the same who had been at Uplands in his father's time; he must be getting an old man, and no doubt shakier on points of detail than he would be likely to admit. Cazalet instanced the alleged hearing of the gong as in itself an unconvincing statement. It was well over a hundred yards from the gates to the house, and there were no windows to open in the hall where the gong would be rung.

"I've dreamed of the old spot so often," he said at length. "I'm not thinking of the night before last—I meant in the bush—and now to think of a thing like this happening, there, in the old governor's den, of all places!"

"Seems like a kind of poetic justice," said Hilton Toye.

"It does. It is!" cried Cazalet, fetching moist yet fiery eyes in from the fields. "I said to you the other night that Henry Craven never was a white man, and I won't unsay it now. Nobody may ever know what he's done to bring this upon him. But those who really knew the man, and suffered for it, can guess the kind of thing!"

"Exactly," murmured Toye, as though he had just said as much himself. His dark eyes twinkled with de-



"You Aren't a Detective, by Chance, Are You?" Cried Cazalet.

liberation and debate. "How long is it, by the way, that they gave that clerk and friend of yours?"

A keen look pressed the startling question; at least, it startled Cazalet.

"You mean Scruton? What on earth made you think of him?"

"Talking of those who suffered for being the dead man's friends, I guess," said Toye. "Was it fourteen years?"

"That was it."

"But I guess fourteen doesn't mean fourteen, ordinarily, if a prisoner behaves himself?"

"A little more than ten."

"Then Scruton may be out now?"

"Just."

Toye nodded with detestable aplomb. "That gives you something to chew on," said he. "Of course, I don't say he's our man—"

"I should think you didn't!" cried Cazalet, white to the lips with sudden fury.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Man's Real Worth.

The prevailing fault of our time is the estimating of manhood by the accidents of life, rather than by its essentials. Not what a man has or what happens to him; not wealth, nor noble blood, nor crowns, nor titles; but the things that are in him and shining through him—his thoughts, motives, springs of action; these constitute the man.—D. J. Burrell.

WITH ONE GREAT COMPOSER

Handel Belonged to No School, Yet Had Style His Own—Scolded Prince of Wales When Late.

German by birth, an Italian by sympathy and training, an Englishman by residence and conformity, Handel belonged to no school, yet had a style as unmistakably his own as had Dante in verse, Angelo in sculpture or Raphael in painting.

Strong, egotistic, self-willed, the great composer was generally cheerful and good-tempered, but violent when irritated, and indomitably proud and independent.

One who knew him well relates that when he was pleased with the way the music was going at one of his concerts, his enormous wig had always a certain nod or vibration, and that at the Carlton house concerts he would swear angrily if the ladies in waiting talked during the music—upon which the princess would check them, saying, "Hush! Hush! Handel is angry."

He did not hesitate even to scold the prince of Wales for being late at

HE CAUGHT A TANTAR

BOOK AGENT MADE MISTAKE IN TACKLING LAWYER.

Now He Knows How It Feels to Have to Listen to a Long, Prosy Harangue Delivered Much as Parrot Talks.

Having succeeded in gaining access to the lawyer's private office without disclosing the object of his call, the agent for the greatest history of the world ever compiled started in to gain the favorable attention of his prospective customer.

"Histories make men wise," Lord Bacon said," began the salesman, and—"

"I see," interrupted the lawyer, "that you have called to invite my attention to the desirability of adding to my library a set of someone's superlatively marvelous history of the world, bound, no doubt, in cloth, in sheepskin and in full morocco."

"You have told me that Bacon says histories make men wise," he continued, "and no doubt you will tell me, also, that Bolingbroke said 'History is philosophy teaching by examples,' that Lamartine said 'History teaches every thing, even the future,' that Cicero said 'Not to know what has been happening in former times is to continue always a child,' and that Carlyle said, 'History is a mighty drama enacted upon the theater of time, with suns for lamps and eternity for a background.'"

"When you have finished quoting these more famous gentlemen you will no doubt begin then to give me some of your own reasons why I should no longer deprive myself of the liberal education to be gained by the mere association with such a set of books as you have done me the honor to introduce."

"There are several reasons why I do not care to subscribe," the lawyer proceeded, "but I scorn to reply to the eminent authorities you have quoted by simply giving the opinions and reasons of an obscure twentieth century New York lawyer. Instead, permit me to remind you that Napoleon said, 'What is history but a fable agreed upon?' Also that Goethe said, 'Sin writes history; goodness is silent.' Likewise that Voltaire wrote 'History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.' Furthermore that Lord Chesterfield said, 'History is only a confused heap of facts.' And, lastly, that Horace Walpole wrote, 'Anything but history, for history must be false.'"

"I thank you for your kind attention," concluded the lawyer, "and I trust you will encounter no difficulty in finding your way out."

Twisting a Message.

One of the methods of communicating from one officer to another in the trenches of the present great war is to give the message to one of the privates and tell him to "pass the word along" the line until it reaches its destination, viz., the officer at the other end. The following story will show how a serious message can be distorted on its journey from mouth to mouth:

Lieutenant A., in charge of one end of the British line, told the private in front to "pass the word along" to Lieutenant B.: "We are going to advance; can you send us re-enforcements?"

When Lieutenant B. received the message it was like this: "We are going to a dance; can you lend us three and fourpence?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Quite Suitable.

"I have found out that our doctor is a poet. Rather at variance with his profession, isn't it?"

"Not at all. On the contrary, quite consistent. Isn't poetry a drug in the market?"

Marines to Carry Canes.

Maj. Gen. Commandant George Barnett of the United States Marine corps has sanctioned the carrying of swagger sticks by marines when ashore in uniform or out of garrison. The idea is borrowed from Cousin "Tommy Atkins" of the British army, and it is thought that the carrying of the sticks will add distinction to the marine's already attractive uniform.

Look High and Avoid Snares.

Why, it is asked, are there so many snares? That we may not fly low, but may seek the things which are above. For just as birds, so long as they cleave the upper air, are not easily caught, so thou also, so long as thou lookest at things above, wilt not easily be captured, whether by a snare or by any other device of evil.—St. John Chrysostom.

Fain Duty.

"The customhouse officer who is visiting our Maud is hard to bring to the point, but he certainly is a jewel of a man."

"Then he ought to declare himself."

ATTIRE OF MEXICAN WOMEN

Poorer Class Accept Without Protest Style of Dress Which Custom Has Dictated to Their Class.

As to the women of peons, their dress is generally somber hued and modest. No scarlet blanket covers them, but a blue reboso, or shawl, which is generally placed over the head in lieu of a hat.

The women of the poorer classes accept, with what to the foreigner seems almost a pathetic resignation, the style of dress which custom has dictated to their class.

There is no aping of the rich in their attire. Whether it be the fine lace mantilla or the Parisian hat which the far-distant-from-her senorita wears, as in temple or plaza she takes her dainty way, or the pretty frock or delicate shoes, the poor woman of the peon, or the mujer of the petty shopkeeper, casts no envious glance—but no, that would not be true!

She casts them, but she will not strive to imitate. There are not some

virtue in such non-emulation, or is it but the spirit of a deadened race? Yet this rather somber and unattractive apparel is found more among the peon class; the Indian girl in some parts of Mexico—as at Tehuantepec—wears a handsome native costume, derived from Aztec days, at holiday time.

The Costly Elevator.

Elevator or vertical travel for the average multistory factory, floor to floor, is seldom over 15 feet, yet in traversing that distance, together with starting, stopping, and with the same loading and unloading time, we can travel in the same time an equivalent distance of 100 feet horizontally. One factory manager, of an inquiring turn of mind, estimated in his particular plant that the cost of elevator service, wages of operator, power, repairs and time consumed by men using the elevators, amounted to about 2 per cent of his payroll.—Engineering Magazine.

Never Worth While.

What the self-seeker finds is never worth while.