

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.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Toye looked disconcerted and distressed, but at the same time frankly puzzled. He apologized none the less readily, with almost ingenuous courtesy and fullness, but he ended by explaining himself in a single sentence, and that told more than the rest of his straightforward eloquence put together.

"If a man had done you down like that, wouldn't you want to kill him the very moment you came out, Cazalet?"

The creature of impulse was off at a tangent. "I'd forgive him if he did it, too!" he exclaimed. "I'd move heaven and earth to save him, guilty or not guilty. Wouldn't you in my place?"

"I don't know," said Hilton Toye. "It depends on the place you're in, I guess!" And the keen dark eyes came drilling into Cazalet's skull like augers.

"I thought I told you," he explained impatiently. "We were in the office together; he was good to me, winked at the business hours I was inclined to keep, let me down lighter in every way than I deserved. You may say it was part of his game. But I take people as I find them. And then, as I told you, Scruton was ten thousand times more sinned against than sinning."

"Are you sure? If you knew it at the time—"

"I didn't. I told you so the last night."

Well, I mustn't ask questions," said Hilton Toye, and began folding up his newspaper with even more than his usual deliberation.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" cried Cazalet ungraciously. "It's my own fault for telling you so much. It was in a letter from Scruton himself that I heard the whole thing. I'd written to him—toward the end—suggesting things. He managed to get an answer through that would never have passed the prison authorities. And—and that's why I came home just when I did," concluded Cazalet. "That's why I didn't wait till after shearing. He's been through about enough, and I've had more luck than I deserved. I meant to take him back with me, to keep the books on our station, if you want to know!" The brusque voice trembled.

Toye let his newspaper slide to the floor. "But that was fine!" he exclaimed simply. "That's as fine an action as I've heard of in a long time."

"If it comes off," said Cazalet in a gloomy voice.

"Don't you worry, it'll come off. Is he out yet, for sure? I mean, do you know that he is?"

"Scruton? Yes—since you press it—he wrote to tell me that he was coming out even sooner than he expected."

"Then he can stop out for me," said

INCOME OF A STREET BEGGAR

Curious Resident on Opposite Side of Thoroughfare Places Contributions at \$1,000 Yearly.

There was a certain Bartimeus who was wont to take his seat at the side of a crowded city street, with a well fed dog at the side sitting on a mat provided by his master, to protect his hinder-quarters from the cold stone. The dog held a tin money box attached to his collar. The man had a few lead pencils which he pretended were for sale.

The man simply sat, and the money rolled in. A curious resident on the opposite side of the street took lengthy observations, and then drew up a calculation based on the assumption that one cent was given every time a contribution was made, though frequently silver and sometimes a quarter was seen to descend into the tin, and taking into consideration the average number of absences in a given time due to inclement weather, the probable income amounted to about \$1,000 a year.

Hilton Toye. "I guess I'm not running for that reward!"

CHAPTER IV.

Down the River.

At Waterloo the two men parted, with a fair exchange of fitting speeches, none of which rang really false. And yet Cazalet found himself emphatically unable to make any plans at all for the next few days; also, he seemed in two minds now about a Jermyn Street hotel previously mentioned as his immediate destination; and his step was indubitably lighter as he went off first of all to the loop-line, to make sure of some train or other that he might have to take before the day was out.

In the event he did not take that train or any other; for the new miracle of the new traffic, the new smell of the horseless streets, and the newer joys of the newest of new taxicabs, all worked together and so swiftly upon Cazalet's organism that he had a little colloquy with his smart young driver instead of paying him in Jermyn Street. He nearly did pay him off, and with something more than his usual impetuosity, as either a liar or a fool with no sense of time or space.

"But that's as quick as the train, my good fellow!" blustered Cazalet.

"Quicker," said the smart young fellow without dipping his cigarette, "if you were going by the old Southwestern!"

The very man, and especially the manners that made or marred him, was entirely new to Cazalet as a product of the old country. But he had come from the bush, and he felt as though he might have been back there but for the smell of petrol and the cry of the motor-horn from end to end of those teeming gullies of bricks and mortar.

He had accompanied his baggage just as far as the bureau of the Jermyn Street hotel. Any room they liked, and he would be back some time before midnight; that was his card, they could enter his name for themselves. He departed, pipe in mouth, open knife in one hand, plug tobacco in the other; and remarks were passed in Jermyn Street as the taxi bounced out west in ballast.

But indeed it was too fine a morning to waste another minute indoors, even to change one's clothes, if Cazalet had possessed any better than the ones he wore and did not rather glory in his rude attire. He was simply and comfortably drunk with the delight of being back. He had never dreamed of its getting into his head like this; at the time he did not realize that it had. That was the beauty of his bout. He knew well enough what he was doing and seeing, but inwardly he was literally blind. Yesterday was left behind and forgotten like the Albert Memorial, and to-morrow was still as distant as the sea, if there were such things as to-morrow and the sea.

Meanwhile what vivid miles of dazzling life, what a subtle autumn flavor in the air; how cool in the shadows, how warm in the sun; what a sparkling old river it was, to be sure; and yet, if those weren't the first of the autumn tints on the trees in Castleman.

There went a funeral, on its way to Mortlake! The taxi overhauled it at a callous speed. Cazalet just had time

The estimate may not be very exact, but it is nearer the truth than the ordinary passerby thinks, or the stream of coin would not be so copious. As he is no longer at the receipt of custom, the inference is that he has retired to live in the country on the proceeds.

Woes of an Author.

"How's your new book coming on?" "Passably well. The demand isn't what it should be. I mean among purchasers. And, of course, if people don't buy the book there's nothing in it for me."

"I see. By the way, I'm reading it now. Binks loaned me a copy that Tompkins borrowed from Bradley. Pretty fair story."

Teuton and Celt.

Germans are lasting in their sympathies and antipathies and leisurely in their mental processes. It takes them a long time to make up their minds and longer to get an idea out of their heads. In their thinking they try to grasp more things at a time than does the Celt.

to tear off his great soft hat. It was actually the first funeral he had seen since his own father's; no wonder his radiance suffered a brief eclipse. But in another moment he was out on Barnes' Common.

It had been the bicycle age when he went away; now it was the motor age and the novelty and contrast were endless to a simple mind under the influence of forgotten yet increasingly familiar scenes. But nothing was lost on Cazalet that great morning; even a milk-boat entranced him, itself enchanted, with its tall can turned to gold and silver in the sun. But now he was on all but holy ground. It was not so holy with these infernal electric trams; still he knew every inch of it; and now, thank goodness, he was off the lines at last.

"Slower!" he shouted to his smart young man. He could not say that no notice was taken of the command. But a wrought-iron gate on the left, with a covered way leading up to the house, was past and gone in a veritable twinkling.

Five or six minutes later the smart young man was driving really slowly along a narrow road between patent wealth and blatant semi-gentility; on the left good grounds, shaded by cedar and chestnut, and on the right a row of hideous little houses, as pretentious as any that ever let for forty pounds within forty minutes of Waterloo.

"This can't be it!" shouted Cazalet. "It can't be here—stop! Stop! I tell you!"

A young woman had appeared in one of the overpowering wooden porticoes; two or three swinging strides



A Young Woman Had Appeared in One of the Wooden Porticoes.

were bringing her down the silly little path to the wicket-gate with the idiotic name; there was no time to open it before Cazalet blundered up, and shot his hand across to get a grasp as firm and friendly as he gave.

"Blanche!"

"Sweep!"

They were their two nursery names. hers no improvement on the proper monosyllable, and his a rather dubious token of pristine proclivities. But out both came as if they were children still, and children who had been just long enough apart to start with a good honest mutual stare.

"You aren't a bit altered," declared the man of thirty-three, with a note not entirely tactful in his admiring voice. But his old chum only laughed.

"Fiddle!" she cried. "But you're not altered enough. Sweep, I'm disappointed in you. Where's your beard?"

"I had it off the other day. I always meant to," he explained, "before the end of the voyage. I wasn't going to land like a wild man of the woods, you know!"

"Weren't you! I call it mean."

Her scrutiny became severe, but softened again at the sight of his clutched wide-awake and curiously characterless, shapeless soft.

"You may well look!" he cried, de-

lighted that she should. "They're awful old duds, I know, but you would think them a wonder if you saw where they came from—"

"I'm sorry to interrupt," said Blanche, laughing, "but there's your taxi ticking up twopence every quarter of an hour, and I can't let it go on without warning you. Where have you come from?"

He told her with a grin, was roundly reprimanded for his extravagance, but brazened it out by giving the smart young man a sovereign before her eyes. After that, she said he had better come in before the neighbors came out and mobbed him for a millionaire. And he followed her indoors and up-stairs, into a little new den crowded with some of the big old things he could remember in a very different setting. But if the room was small it had a balcony that was hardly any smaller, on top of that unduly imposing porch; and out there, overlooking the fine grounds opposite, were basket chairs and a table, hot with the Indian summer sun.

"I hope you are not shocked at my abode," said Blanche. "I'm afraid I can't help it if you are. It's just big enough for Martha and me; you remember old Martha, don't you? You'll have to come and see her, but she'll be horribly disappointed about your beard!"

Coming through the room, stopping to greet a picture and a bookcase (filling a wall each) as old friends, Cazalet had described a photograph of himself with that appendage. He had threatened to take the beastly thing away, and Blanche had told him he had better not. But it did not occur to Cazalet that it was the photograph to which Hilton Toye had referred, or that Toye must have been in this very room to see it. In these few hours he had forgotten the man's existence, at least in so far as it associated itself with Blanche Macnair.

"The others all wanted me to live near them," she continued, "but as no two of them are in the same county it would have meant a caravan. Besides, I wasn't going to be transplanted at my age. Here one has everybody one ever knew, except those who escape by emigrating, simply at one's mercy on a bicycle. There's more golf and tennis than I can find time to play; and I still keep the old boat in the old boat-house at Littleford, because it hasn't let or sold yet, I'm sorry to say."

"So I saw as I passed," said Cazalet. "That hit me hard!"

"The place being empty hits me harder," rejoined the last of the Macnairs. "It's going down in value every day like all the other property about here, except this sort. Mind where you throw that match, Sweep! I don't want you to set fire to my pampas-grass; it's the only tree I've got!"

Cazalet laughed; she was making him laugh quite often. But the pampas-grass, like the rest of the ridiculous little garden in front, was obscured if not overhung by the balcony on which they sat. And the subject seemed one to change.

"It was simply glorious coming down," he said. "I wouldn't swap that three-quarters of an hour for a bale of wool. You can't think how every mortal thing on the way appealed to me. The only blot was a funeral at Barnes; it seemed such a sin to be buried on a day like this, and a fellow like me coming home to enjoy himself!"

He had turned grave, but not graver than at the actual moment coming down. Indeed, he was simply coming down again, for her benefit and his own, without an ulterior trouble until Blanche took him up with a long face of her own.

"We've had a funeral here. I suppose you know?"

"Yes. I know."

Her chair creaked as she leaned forward with an enthusiastic solemnity that would have made her shriek if she had seen herself; but it had no such effect on Cazalet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

tion is the same for bright stars as for feeble ones, and also the law of distribution is the same from one mass to another.

H. von Zeipel has endeavored to deduce, from the apparent density on the celestial sphere, the true density in space, with partially satisfactory results. The distribution of stars near the center was represented in a satisfactory manner, but the density at the boundaries is less than that required by the theory.

In a new memoir he arrives at a novel conclusion. Each of these masses is a gigantic system containing about a million stars; the number of stars visible on a plate is not the hundredth part of the total number.

Health Hint.

An apple eaten before breakfast serves as a natural stimulant for the digestive organs.

Equally Useless.

Faith without works is about as useless as a watch without wheels.

KNOW HOW TO PLEASE

QUALITY THAT MAKES FOR POPULARITY IN SOCIETY.

Fortunate Are Those Who Have the Happy Habit of Doing Instinctively the Right Thing at the Right Time.

They were talking about personality and the conversation somehow drifted, not unnaturally, since there were no men present, to personality in the sterner sex and how it manifested itself in different ways and under different circumstances.

One man was delightful to have as a guest at a party. He made himself agreeable to all and somehow managed to lift the burden of an entertainment completely off the shoulders of a hostess. As soon as he entered he introduced a pleasurable sense of festivity that communicated itself to other guests. Another man did not shine especially at parties, perhaps, but he was ideal for a solitude of two. He always made any woman he was calling upon feel that to find her at home and alone gave him complete satisfaction.

And then one woman casually remarked that the most difficult social role for a man to fill successfully was that of escort. Not as escort to a concert or lecture or the theater, but to a social entertainment such as a reception or dance.

"I know one man," she said, "who is wholly delightful as an escort, and the other day I endeavored to analyze just wherein the charm lay. I once heard it said of him, by another man, that he was a man who always did and said the right thing at the right time, and this seems to be true of him in the capacity of escort. He always seems to do the obviously correct thing instinctively."

"I have never stepped outside my door with him," she went on, "without experiencing a complete sense of guardianship until my return. It is not that his actions indicate any special consciousness of what he is doing. On the contrary, he is engagingly natural and free from any assumption of directing things—but while with him a woman whom he is escorting enjoys a pleasant sense of being his first consideration. He never for an instant allows her to experience that feeling of being unattended under which I have seen many women and girls suffer and have occasionally suffered myself."

"I have known the most well-meaning men to completely neglect some girl whom they were escorting when they met some personal friends with whom she was perhaps unacquainted. If the man whom I have in mind meets his own friends he immediately introduces them, and if he occasionally drifts away he drifts back again without any apparent reason except doing what he wants to do. Some very nice men can be exceedingly leaden amid a large gathering of people who are comparatively strangers to them. They do not seem to have the social instinct that makes them responsive to "rangers, and this is a virtue which a good escort either has or affects to possess. There are few things more disconcerting to a woman than to take a man anywhere and not feel he has enjoyed himself quite as much as she has. "Indeed, the same qualities that make 'the born hostess' seem to be essential to make the instinctive escort, and these are gracious personality plus social training."—Baltimore Sun.

Lots of Excitement.

A Philadelphia woman who has had trouble in filling her rooming house once had an applicant who objected to the lack of interesting surroundings. "Oh, plenty of excitement," said this wideawake landlady; "from the front window here you will have such a fine view of people missing the suburban trains!"

Japan Turns to Sheep Raising.

During the past two or three years Japan has sent some of its expert stock growers to America to learn how to raise sheep, and it is understood that sheep raising will be extensively engaged in over there.

Weighs a Fly's Wing.

The weighing machine used in the laboratory of the bureau of standards in Washington is said to be the most accurate in the world. It will weigh the wing of a fly.—Chicago Journal.

New South African Fruit.

New South Africa is now sending to London a remarkable fruit, a species of orange, similar to a large tangerine, very sweet, with an agreeable flavor.

Man's Heart Heavier Than Woman's. The average man's heart weighs from ten to twelve ounces; the average woman's from eight to ten.

City Built on Islands.

Venice has 60,000 residents, and the town is built on seventy or eighty islets.