

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.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Every inch of it!" he said bitterly. "But so I ought, if anybody does."

"But these rhododendrons weren't here in your time. They're the one improvement. Don't you remember how the path ran around to the other end of the yard? This gate into it wasn't made."

"No more it was," said Cazalet, as they came up to the new gate on the right. It was open, and looking through they could see where the old gateway had been bricked. The rhododendrons topped the yard wall at that point, masking it from the lawn, and making on the whole an improvement of which anybody but a former son of the house might have taken more account.

He said he could see no other change. But for the fact that these windows were wide open, the whole place seemed as deserted as Littleford; but just past the windows, and flush with them, was the tradesmen's door, and the two trespassers were barely abreast of it when this door opened and disgorged a man.

The man was at first sight a most incongruous figure for the back premises of any house, especially in the country. He was tall, rather stout, very powerfully built and rather handsome in his way; yet not for one moment was this personage in the picture, in the sense in which Hilton Toye had stepped into the Littleford picture.

"May I ask what you're doing here?" he demanded bluntly of the male intruder.

"No harm, I hope," replied Cazalet, smiling, much to his companion's relief. She had done him an injustice, however, in dreading an explosion when they were both obviously in the wrong, and she greatly admired the tone he took so readily. "I know we've no business here whatever; but it happens to be my old home, and I only landed from Australia last night. I'm on the river for the first time, and simply had to have a look around."

The other big man had looked far from propitiated by the earlier of these remarks, but the closing sentences had worked a change.

"Are you young Mr. Cazalet?" he cried.

"I am, or rather I was," laughed Cazalet, still on his mettle.

"You've read all about the case then, I don't mind betting!" exclaimed the other with a jerk of his topper toward the house behind him.

"I've read all I found in the papers last night and this morning, and such

arrears as I've been able to lay my hands on," said Cazalet. "But, as I tell you, my ship only got in from Australia last night, and I came round all the way in her. There was nothing in the English papers when we touched at Genoa."

"I see, I see." The man was still looking him up and down. "Well, Mr. Cazalet, my name's Drinkwater, and I'm from Scotland Yard. I happen to be in charge of the case."

"I guessed as much," said Cazalet, and this surprised Blanche more than anything else from him. Yet nothing about him was any longer like the Sweep of other days, or of any previous part of that very afternoon. And this was also easy to understand on reflection; for if he meant to stand by the hapless Scruton, guilty or not guilty, he could not perhaps begin better than by getting on good terms with the police. But his ready tact, and in that case cunning, were certainly a revelation to one who had known him marvelously as boy and youth.

"I mustn't ask questions," he continued, "but I see you're still searching for things, Mr. Drinkwater."

"Still minding our own job," said Mr. Drinkwater genially. They had sauntered on with him to the corner of the house, and seen a bowler hat bobbing in the shrubbery down the drive. Cazalet laughed like a man.

"Well, I needn't tell you I know every inch of the old place," he said; "that is, barring alterations," as Blanche caught his eye. "But I expect this search is narrowed, rather?"

"Rather," said Mr. Drinkwater, standing still in the drive. He had also taken out a presentation gold half-hunter, suitably inscribed in memory of one of his more bloodless victories. But Cazalet could always be obtuse, and now he refused to look an inch lower than the detective-inspector's bright brown eyes.

"There's just one place that's occurred to me, Mr. Drinkwater, that perhaps may not have occurred to you."

"Where's that, Mr. Cazalet?"

"In the room where—the room itself."

Mr. Drinkwater's long stare ended in an indulgent smile. "You can show me if you like," said he indifferently.

"But I suppose you know we've got the man?"

CHAPTER VII.

After Michael Angelo.

"I was thinking of his cap," said Cazalet, but only as they returned to the tradesmen's door, and just as Blanche put in her word, "What about me?"

Mr. Drinkwater eyed the trim white figure standing in the sun. "The more the merrier!" his grim humor had it. "I dare say you'll be able to teach us a thing or two as well, miss."

She could not help nudging Cazalet in recognition of this shaft. But Cazalet did not look round; he had now set foot in his old home.

It was all strangely still and inactive, as though domestic animation had been suspended indefinitely. Yet the open kitchen door revealed a female form in mufti; a sullen face looked out of the pantry as they passed; and through the old green door (only now it was a red one) they found another bowler hat bent over a pink paper at

the foot of the stairs. There was a glitter of eyes under the bowler's brim as Mr. Drinkwater conducted his friends into the library.

The library was a square room of respectable size, but very close and dim with the one French window closed and curtained. Mr. Drinkwater shut the door as well, and switched on all the electric lamps. The electric light had been put in by the Cravens; all the other fixtures in the room were as Cazalet remembered them. But the former son of the house gave himself no time to waste in sentimental comparisons. He tapped a pair of mahogany doors, like those of a wardrobe let into the wall.

"Have you looked in here?" demanded Cazalet.

"What's the use of looking in a cigar cupboard?" Drinkwater made mild inquiry.

"Cigar cupboard!" echoed Cazalet in disgust. "Did he really only use it for his cigars?"

"A cigar cupboard," repeated Drinkwater, "and locked up at the time it happened. What was it, if I may ask, in Mr. Cazalet's time?"

"I remember!" came suddenly from Blanche; but Cazalet only said, "Oh, well, if you know it was locked there an end of it."

Drinkwater went to the door and summoned his subordinate. "Just fetch that chap from the pantry, Tom," said he; but the sullen sufferer from police rule took his time, in spite of them, and was sharply rated when he appeared.

"I thought you told me this was a cigar cupboard?" continued Drinkwater, in the browbeating tone of his first words to Cazalet outside.

"So it is," said the man.

"Then where's the key?"

"How should I know? I never kept it!" cried the butler, crowing over his oppressor for a change. "He would



"May I Ask What You're Doing Here?" He Bluntly Asked.

keep it on his own bunk; find his watch, and all the other things that were missing from his pockets when your men went through 'em, and you may find his keys, too!"

Drinkwater gave his man a double signal; the door slammed on a petty triumph for the servants' hall; but now both invaders remained within.

"Try your hand on it, Tom," said the superior officer. "I'm a free-lance here," he explained somewhat superfluously to the others, as Tom applied himself to the lock in one mahogany door. "Man's been drinking, I should say. He'd better be careful, because I don't take to him, drunk or sober. I'm not surprised at his master not trusting him. It's just possible that the place was open—he might have been getting out his cigars before dinner—but I can't say I think there's much in it, Mr. Cazalet."

It was open again—broken open—before many minutes; and certainly there was not much in it, to be seen, except cigars. Boxes of these were stacked on what might have been meant for a shallow desk (the whole place was shallow as the wardrobe that the doors suggested, but lighted

high up at one end by a little barred window of its own) and according to Cazalet a desk it had really been. His poor father ought never to have been a business man; he ought to have been a poet. Cazalet said this now as simply as he had said it to Hilton Toye on board the Kaiser Fritz. Only he went rather further for the benefit of the gentlemen from Scotland Yard, who took not the faintest interest in the late Mr. Cazalet, beyond poking their noses into his diminutive sanctum and duly turning them up at what they saw.

"He used to complain that he was never left in peace on Saturdays and Sundays, which of course were his only quiet times for writing," said the son, elaborating his tale with filial piety. "So once when I'd been trying to die of scarlet fever, and my mother brought me back from Hastings after she'd had me there some time, the old governor told us he'd got a place where he could disappear from the district at a moment's notice and yet be back in another moment if we rang the gong. I fancy he'd got to tell her where it was, pretty quick; but I only found out for myself by accident. Years afterward he told me he'd got the idea from Jean Ingelow's place in Italy somewhere."

"It's in Florence," said Blanche, laughing. "I've been there and seen it, and it's the exact same thing. But you mean Michael Angelo, Sweep!"

"Oh, do I?" he said serenely. "Well, I shall never forget how I found out its existence."

"No more shall I. You told me all about it at the time, as a terrific secret, and I may tell you that I've kept it from that day to this!"

"You would," he said simply. "But think of having the nerve to pull up the governor's floor! It only shows what a boy will do. I wonder if the hole's there still!"

Now all the time the planetary detective had been watching his satellite engaged in an attempt to render the damage done to the mahogany doors a little less conspicuous. Neither appeared to be taking any further interest in the cigar cupboard, or paying the slightest attention to Cazalet's reminiscences. But Mr. Drinkwater happened to have heard every word, and in the last sentence there was one that caused him to prick up his expert ears instinctively.

"What's that about a hole?" said he, turning round.

"I was reminding Miss Macnair how the place first came to be—"

"Yes, yes. But what about some hole in the floor?"

"I made one myself with one of those knives that contain all sorts of things, including a saw. It was one Saturday afternoon in the summer holidays. I came in here from the garden as my father went out by that door into the hall, leaving one of these mahogany doors open by mistake. It was the chance of my life; in I slipped to have a look. He came back for something, saw the very door you've broken standing ajar, and shut it without looking in. So there I was in a nice old trap! I simply daren't call out and give myself away. There was a bit of loose oilcloth on the floor—"

"There is still," said the satellite, pausing in his task.

"I moved the oilcloth, in the end; hawked up one end of the board (luckily they weren't grooved and tongue), sawed through the next one to it, had it up, too, and got through into the foundations, leaving everything much as I had found it. The place is so small that the oilcloth was obliged to fall in place if it fell anywhere. But I had plenty of time, because my people had gone in to dinner."

"You ought to have been a burglar, sir," said Mr. Drinkwater ironically. "So you covered up a sin with a crime, like half the gentlemen who go through my hands for the first and last time! But how did you get out of the foundations?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Scraps.

Africa has 148 native languages and dialects.

Argentina has 7,515,018 horses and 52,220,871 sheep.

Spain has 19,500,000 population, of whom 4,000,000 are farmers.

From one family in France 72 are enlisted for the European war.

One Paris motion picture plant produces an average of 3,000,000 feet of film weekly.

Broken bones are now quickly healed by an injection of bone dust petroleum around the ruptured ends.

Japanese are producing more than 20,000,000 tons of coal a year from mines in Japan and South Manchuria.

The newspaper announcement that Utah is now in fifth place as a caning state probably has no reference to the rather recent turmoil at the state university when so many Mormon professors were ousted—Springfield Republican.

WANTED—Every person who uses a Lantern to write up for descriptive pamphlet, DAD'S SAFETY LANTERN, the Light of all lights, for all purposes, wind, rain and weather proof. Routledge Seed & Floral Co., 169 2d St., Portland.

Needy Youths Outnumber Available Scholarships

University of Washington, Seattle—Really deserving students who have sought relief from the payment of tuition, under the scholarship provision of the legislative enactment, number more than 400, which is 108 more than the university can succor. Six hundred and eight students asked to be excused from paying the \$10 fee, but about 200 were found to be hardly eligible, under the rules laid down by the faculty committee in charge of the scholarships. The members of the committee are in despair as a result of their inability to aid all the needy youngsters.



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Characteristic.

Said He—Mrs. Uppson certainly is a tactful woman. She seems to care everything before her.

Said She—Force of habit, I presume. I understand she was a waitress before old man Uppson let her marry him.—Indianapolis Star.

FUTURE OF FISHERS ISLAND

Possibility of Great Doings at Place Which is Key to Long Island Sound.

Almost off the entrance to the Thames estuary, whose mouth makes New London's wonderful harbor, perhaps a sort of delta cast up in some former day by the sediment which the estuary brought down, Fishers Island is a remarkable bit of land. It is withal a key to the entrance of Long Island sound and bears an important fort whose unseen guns would, if effectively served, pour terrible hail on any above surface craft which should seek to enter for improper purposes the approach to New York and the Connecticut coast. Aside from this Fishers Island has at its western end a hotel or two and a few summer cottages and for the rest it is a great poultry range, where are raised in astonishing quantities chickens and ducks and turkeys and geese, says the New Haven Register.

If the now rumored plans are carried out the poultry will have to move

before long to some spot that has less strategic military value. Young John Hays Hammond has invented a wireless controlled torpedo which, it is anticipated, has wonderful possibilities if it will do what is claimed for it.

Even on the Mountain Top.

Smith lived in a neighborhood where there were many pianos, phonographs, barking dogs and sweet children, and, finding that sleep was impossible, he began to look around for a quiet retreat. Finally he found it on the top of a mountain, and great was his happiness.

One day, however, he appeared in town looking extremely sad, and his friends quickly questioned him as to the cause.

"It's no use, boys," he responded in a dejected voice. "It is simply a waste of time to fight the inevitable."

"Yesterday a young man came up on the mountain," explained Smith, "and pitched a tent near my bungalow. This morning he told me that he was going to spend the summer there learning to play the violin."—Philadelphia Telegraph

FAN UNIVERSAL IN CHINA

Article, Either Cheap or Costly, Is Appurtenance of All Citizens of the Republic.

Though the Japanese have the reputation of making the fan popular, they adopted the fashion from the Chinese. Chinese women are rarely seen without a fan in their hands, attached to the side or tucked away in a skirt pocket.

Nearly every dress worn by a Chinese woman is trimmed with a long silken cord that is fastened around her waist. On this cord she often has a fan, a small parasol, snuff boxes, tobacco pouches, spectacle case and a tiny purse. Whatever else is not there the fan is sure to occupy an important place. The women of means have beautiful silk fans, hand painted and set with mother of pearl or golden sticks. These are usually incased in beautifully decorated cases, which they attach to their girdles. The woman of small means contents herself to placing her more modest fan between the collar of her

coat and the back of the neck. When these women are not fanning themselves they are using this feminine weapon to keep off the sun as one would use a parasol. The schoolmaster uses his fan to rap the knuckles of his pupils by way of punishment.

Did Away With Madder.

Alizarin, a dyestuff, was first synthetically produced in 1869, in which year the world production of madder was 110,000,000 pounds of roots, representing 1,100,000 to 1,650,000 pounds of alizarin, worth \$11,250,000. In 1870 France had approximately 50,000 acres under madder cultivation, which soon disappeared after the introduction of the artificial product.

Naturally.

"I saw Mabel buying rouge the other day."

"That gives color to the report that she paints."

Give It Up.

How is it that you see so much finer fruit on fruit stands than you ever see on trees?—Journal

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