

The Thousandth Woman

By ERNEST W. HORNUNG

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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 friendless. 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 hear 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 doorway 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 enemy?"

"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 hurry—an unstable dotard who instantly abandoned whatever purpose he had formed, and came to anchor in front of them with rheumy eyes and twitching wrinkles.

"Why, if that isn't Miss Blanche!" he quavered. "Do you hear our Roy, miss? I haven'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 mere 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—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!" crowed 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, 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 where 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.)

Deal in Frozen Milk.

In some parts of Siberia milk is sold frozen around a piece of wood, which serves as a handle to carry it.

Introduced Wire Nails.

Wire nails were first made in the United States by William Hersel of New York, about 1851. In 1875 Father Goebel, a Catholic priest, located at Covington, Ky., coming from Germany, where the art of making wire nails was practiced, Goebel began the manufacture of wire nails at Covington, and in 1876, the American Wire & Screw Nail company was established under his leadership. At first the nails were made by hand, but soon a French machine was imported. For a time the wire nails were made with barks, that they might hold more securely, and the new industry grew but slowly. In 1876 at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the company received a silver medal over French and German competitors. This called the attention of trade to the article, and other firms at once took up its manufacture.

Growth of the Finger Nails.

Finger nails grow more quickly in summer than in winter. The middle finger grows the fastest and the thumb the most slowly.

TOO MANY CHILDREN

are under-size, under-weight

with pinched faces and poor blood, do not complain but appetite lags, have no ambition and do not progress.

Such children need the rich nourishment in Scott's Emulsion of everything else; its pure cod liver oil contains nature's own blood-forming, building fats which quickly show in cheeks, better appetite, firm flesh, sturdy frames.

If your children are languid, when rising, catch cold easily, or their studies difficult, give them Scott's Emulsion; it supplies the very food elements that their systems lack.

Scott's Emulsion contains no alcohol and is so good for growing children as to keep it from them.

14-47 Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Elm Leaf Beetle Worst Pest

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The elm leaf beetle, which already become a serious pest in the nomah county, Oregon, and threatens to spread to other parts of the state, may be effectively controlled by the arsenate spray applied to the foliage. The proper spray fairly applied at right time to every portion of the infested trees will hold the pest absolutely in check, says A. L. Lovett, entomologist at the Agricultural College. Commercial lead arsenate should be used at the rate of three-fifths of a pound to fifty pounds of water. Two applications should be given, the first in the spring just as soon as the leaves are out. This is to poison the beetles that have wintered over, which deposit the eggs. The second and most important spray should be applied about three weeks after the first. This is to catch young grubs just hatching and the mauling beetles. Great care should be taken to get this second spray under the surface of the leaves, as this is where the grubs feed. Where these sprays are not applied an application must be made in July to catch the pests of the second generation.

Newspapers stereotypers use Ford's Balsam of Myrrh for relief from splashing metal burns. Adv.

Speaking Of Cars.

"Some are so intensely modern that they prefer a Corot to a Bismarck."

"If it's a better hill climber I'd blame 'em. Me for the French every time."—Puck.

The Wise Hobo.

"How is it you always pick out bachelor to listen to your hard story?"

"A married man has troubles of his own, usually."

EASY WAY TO HEAL COMMON SKIN-TROUBLES

A Baltimore doctor suggests a simple, but well-tried and inexpensive home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes, a similar itching, burning skin trouble.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These are not at all expensive. With the resinol soap and water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crust and the skin is softened. Dry gently, spread on a thin layer of resinol ointment, and cover with light bandage, if necessary, to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again unless the trouble is due to some serious internal disorder. Samples free, Dept. of Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Holland's Sound Policy.

Holland holds Java and her outlying possessions, and maintains an important overseas trade, with a population of very moderate dimensions, ranks perhaps twelfth among the nations. She has some submarines, will increase the number of her destroyers and smaller protective craft. She has also an efficient army, based upon the principle of conscription compulsory service. The ordinary field force of the Netherlands are amounts to about 150,000 men, in the various reserves there are perhaps 300,000 more. Holland has a million people, as against our hundred million, and is not a war or militarized nation. But she can put 400,000 men into active service more readily than we could mobilize one-fourth as many, using our national guard and other possible sources of supply. If we were as well prepared to defend our homes, while continuing to stand with them, as we now are for the principles of justice, honor and civilization in the world, we should have at least six million men trained and equipped for military duty.—"The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for February.

Portland Y. M. C. A. Auto School

Day and night classes. Expert training in repairing, driving and machine work including force, lathe, shaper, drill press, tractors, etc. Time unlimited. COMPETENT CHAUFFEURS AND MECHANICS SUPPLIED. WRITE US.

DROVE HIM INTO THE ARMY

Inside History of Circumstance That Made Higsbee Beehigs a Defender of His Country.

The evening that Higsbee Beehigs, rattling his 44 cents in his right-hand trousers pocket, took Mabel Shearboom around to get a plate of ice cream he had absolutely no thought of enlisting in the army commissary.

"What kind will you have?" he asked her.

"You should say what kinds, not what kind," she corrected him gently. "I think I'll try every kind they've got. He-be. Won't that be a lark?"

"You mustn't!" he cried.

"Oh, but I shall!" she laughed merrily. And she started by ordering chocolate, persimmon and rhubarb.

"Let it go at that, please," he implored her. "It's not being done by the best people."

But she just laughed lightly and began on the rhubarb. When she was halfway through the second order, of pineapple, glycerin, olive ice and tapi-

oca, Higsbee Beehigs leaped to his feet in desperation.

"Excuse me a moment," he said hastily and ran out of the place without stopping for his hat and enlisted, leaving Mabel with the ice cream bill.—Detroit Free Press.

Old Men Are on Top.

Oldish men still remain on top in this war after a year of hard fighting. The four conspicuous commanders are Joffre of the French, Von Hindenburg of the German, French of the English and Grand Duke Nicholas of the Russians. All are well up in the sixties.

That is an unusual circumstance. Caesar was a young man when he invaded Gaul. Alexander was a boy when he made his great conquests. Napoleon became the military meteor on earth before he was thirty, and he and Wellington were only forty-five when they met at Waterloo for the last fight either ever witnessed.

Washington was but forty-five when he wintered at Valley Forge, and he was not yet fifty-six when Cornwallis surrendered to him his army at Yorktown. Grant was only forty-three as

he stood at Appomattox. Stonewall Jackson had won a military record for all time before he was killed at thirty-nine.

Von Molke was the exception, as he was seventy when, 45 years ago this summer, he trapped the armies of France in six weeks. But these seem to be the days when age gets the plums.

Didn't our governor just designate as Pennsylvania's three greatest men one seventy-three, another seventy-five and a third seventy-seven?—"Girard," in Philadelphia Ledger.

Ambiguous.

"Such a pretty girl as Mabel is, and she has no beaux!"

"You see her father has the reputation of being such a kicker."

When Baby is Feverish.

Nothing is better than a sponge bath with eight ounces of alcohol added to a quart of warm water.

Prick the Apples.

When baking apples prick the skin with a fork and they will not burst.

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