

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Toye accepted his fate with a ready resignation, little short of alacrity. There was a gleam in his somber eyes and his blue chin came up with a jerk. "That's talking!" said he. "Now will you promise me never to marry Cazalet?"

"Mr. Toye!"

"That's talking, too, and I guess I mean it to be. It's not all dog-in-the-manger, either. I want that promise a lot more than I want the other. You needn't marry me, Miss Blanche, but you mustn't marry Cazalet."

Blanche was blazing. "But this is simply outrageous—"

"I claim there's an outrageous cause for it. Are you prepared to swear what I ask, and trust me as I'll trust you, or am I to tell you the whole thing right now?"

"You won't force me to listen to another word from you, if you're a gentleman, Mr. Toye!"

"It's not what I am that counts. Swear that to me, and I swear, on my side, that I won't give him away to you or anyone else. But it must be the most solemn contract man and woman ever made."

The silver teapot arrived at this juncture, and not inopportunistly. She had to give him his tea, with her young maid's help, and to play a tiny part in which he supported her really beautifully. She had time to think, almost coolly; and one thought brought a thrill. If it was a question of her marrying or not marrying Walter Cazalet, then he must be free, and only the door of some dreadful deed!

"What has he done?" she begged, with a pathetic abandonment of her previous attitude, the moment they were by themselves.

"Must I tell you?" His reluctance rang genuine.

"I insist upon it!" she flashed again.

"Well, it's a long story."

"Never mind. I can listen."

"You know, I had to go back to Italy—"

"Had you?"

"Well, I did go." He had slurred the first statement; this one was characteristically deliberate. "I did go, and before I went I asked Cazalet for an introduction to some friends of his down in Rome."

"I didn't know he had any," said Blanche.

"Why, he doesn't have any," said Toye, "but he claimed to have some. He left the Kaiser Fritz the other day at Naples. I guess he told you?"

"No, I understood he came round to Southampton. Surely you shared a cabin?"

"Only from Genoa; that's where I took the steamer and Cazalet regained her."

"Well?"

"He claimed to have spent the interval mostly with friends at Rome. Those friends don't exist, Miss Blanche," said Toye.

"Is that any business of mine?" she asked him squarely.

"Why, yes, I'm afraid it's going to be. That is, unless you'll still trust me—"

"Go on, please."

"Why, he never stayed at Rome at all, nor yet in Italy any longer than it takes to come through on the train. Your attention for one moment!" He took out a neat pocketbook. Blanche had opened her lips, but she did not

interrupt; she just grasped the arms of her chair, as though about to bear physical pain. "The Kaiser Fritz"—Toye was speaking from his book—"got to Naples late Monday afternoon, September eighth. Seems she was overdue, and I was mad about it, and never got away again till the—"

"Do tell me about Walter Cazalet!" cried Blanche. It was like small talk from a dentist at the last moment.

"I want you to understand about the steamer first," said Toye. "She waited Monday night in the Bay of Naples, only sailed Tuesday morning, only reached Genoa Wednesday morning, and lay there all of forty-eight hours, as these German boats do, anyhow. That brings us to Friday morning before the Kaiser Fritz gets quit of Italy, doesn't it?"

"Yes—I suppose so—do tell me about Walter!"

"Why, I first heard of him at Genoa, where they figured I should have a stateroom all to myself, as the other gentleman had been left behind at Naples. I never saw him till he scrambled aboard again Friday, about the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour."

"At Genoa?"

"Sure."

"And you pretend to know where he'd been?"

"I guess I do know"—and Toye sighed as he raised his little book. "Cazalet stepped on the train that left Naples six-fifty Monday evening, and off the one timed to reach Charing Cross three-twenty-five Wednesday."

"The day of the m—"

"Yes. I never called it by the hardest name, myself; but it was seventy-three Wednesday evening that Henry Craven got his death-blow somehow. Well, Walter Cazalet left Charing Cross again by the nine o'clock that night, and was back aboard the Kaiser Fritz on Friday morning—full of his friends in Rome who didn't exist!"

The note-book was put away with every symptom of relief.

"I suppose you can prove what you say?" said Blanche in a voice as dull as her unseeing eyes.

"I have men to swear to him—ticket-collectors, conductors, waiters on the restaurant-car—all up and down the line. I went over the same ground on the same trains, so that was simple. I can also produce the barber who claims to have taken off his beard in Paris, where he put in hours Thursday morning."

Blanche looked up suddenly, not at Toye, but past him toward an over-laden side-table against the wall. It was there that Cazalet's photograph had stood among many others; until this morning she had never missed it, for she seemed hardly to have been in her room all the week; but she had been wondering who had removed it, whether Cazalet himself (who had spoken of doing so, she now knew why), or Martha (whom she would not question about it) in a fit of ungovernable disapproval. And now there was the photograph back in its place, leather frame and all!

"I know what you did," said Blanche. "You took that photograph with you—the one on that table—and had him identified by it!"

"It was the night I came down to bid you good-by," he confessed, "and didn't have time to wait. I didn't come down for the photo. I never thought of it till I saw it there. I

came down to kind of warn you, Miss Blanche!"

"Against him?" she said, as if there was only one man left in the world.

"Yes—I guess I'd already warned Cazalet that I was starting on his tracks."

And then Blanche just said, "Poor—old—Sweep!" as one talking to herself. And Toye seized upon the words as she had seized on nothing from him.

"Have you only pity for the fellow?" he cried; for she was gazing at the bearded photograph without revulsion.

"Of course," she answered, hardly attending.

"Even though he killed this man—even though he came across Europe to kill him?"

"You don't think it was deliberate yourself, even if he did do it?"

"But can you doubt that he did?" cried Toye, quick to ignore the point she had made, yet none the less sincerely convinced upon the other. "I guess you wouldn't if you'd heard some of the things he said to me on the steamer; and he's made good on every syllable since he landed. Why, it explains every single thing he's done and left undone. He'll strain every nerve to have Scruton ably defended, but he won't see the man he's defending; says himself that he can't face him!"

"Yes. He said so to me," said Blanche, nodding in confirmation.

"To you?"

"I didn't understand him."

"But you've been seeing him all this while?"

"Every day," said Blanche, her soft eyes filling suddenly. "We've had—we've had the time of our lives!"

"My God!" said Toye. "The time of your life with a man who's got another



"I know what you did," said Blanche. "You took that photograph with you."

man's blood on his hands—and that makes no difference to you! The time of your life with the man who knew where to lay hands on the weapon he'd done it with, who went as far as that to save the innocent, but no farther!"

"He would; he will still, if it's still necessary. You don't know him, Mr. Toye; you haven't known him all your life."

"And all this makes no difference to a good and gentle woman—one of the gentlest and the best God ever made?"

"If you mean me, I won't go as far as that," said Blanche. "I must see him first."

"See Cazalet?"

Toye had come to his feet, not simply in the horror and indignation which had gradually taken possession of him, but under the stress of some new and sudden resolve.

"Of course," said Blanche; "of course I must see him as soon as possible."

"You shall never speak to that man again, as long as ever you live," said Toye, with the utmost emphasis and deliberation.

"Who's going to prevent me?"

"I am, by laying an information against him this minute, unless you promise never to see or to speak to Cazalet again."

Blanche felt cold and sick, but the bit of downright bullying did her good. "I didn't know you were a blackmail, Mr. Toye!"

"You know I'm not; but I mean to save you from Cazalet, blackmail or white."

"To save me from a mere old friend—nothing more—nothing—all our lives!"

"I believe that," he said, searching her with his smoldering eyes. "You couldn't tell a lie, I guess, not if you tried! But you would do something; it's just a man being next door to hell that would bring a God's angel—!" His voice shook.

She was as quick to soften on her side.

"Don't talk nonsense, please," she begged, forcing a smile through her distress. "Will you promise to do nothing if—I promise?"

"Not to go near him?"

"No."

"Nor to see him here?"

"No."

"Nor anywhere else?"

"No. I give you my word."

"If you break it, I break mine that minute? Is it a deal that way?"

"Yes! Yes! I promise!"

"Then so do I, by God!" said Hilton Toye.

CHAPTER XIII.

Faith Unfaithful.

"It's all perfectly true," said Cazalet calmly. "Those were my movements while I was off the ship, except for the five hours and a bit that I was away from Charing Cross. I can't dispute a detail of all the rest. But they'll have to fill in those five hours unless they want another case to collapse like the one against Scruton!"

Old Savage had wriggled like a venerable worm, in the experienced talons of the Bobby's Bugbear; but then Mr. Drinkwater and his discoveries had come still worse out of a hotter encounter with the truculent attorney; and Cazalet had described the whole thing as only he could describe a given episode, down to the ultimate dismissal of the charge against Scruton, with a gusto the more cynical for the deliberately low pitch of his voice. It was in the little lodging-house sitting room at Nell Gwynne's Cottages; he stood with his back to the crackling fire that he had just lighted himself, as it were, already at bay; for the folding doors were in front of his nose, and his eyes roved incessantly from the landing door on one side to the curtained casement on the other. Yet sometimes he paused to gaze at the friend who had come to warn him of his danger; and there was nothing cynical or grim about him then.

Blanche had broken her word for perhaps the first time in her life; but it had never before been extorted from her by duress, and it would be affection to credit her with much compunction on the point. Her one great qualm lay in the possibility of Toye's turning up at any moment; but this she had obviated to some extent by coming straight to the cottages when he left her—presumably to look for Cazalet in London, since she had been careful not to mention his change of address. Cazalet, to her relief, but also a little to her hurt, she had found at his lodgings in the neighborhood, full of the news he had not managed to communicate to her. But it was no time for taking anything but his peril to heart. And that they had been discussing, almost as man to man, if rather as innocent man to innocent man; for even now, or perhaps now in his presence least of all, Blanche could not bring herself to believe her old friend guilty of a violent crime, however unpremeditated, for which another had been allowed to suffer, for however short a time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THAT COLD YOU HAD

may bring sickness, doctors bill, loss of work; you know that sickness usually starts with a cold. A cold only exists where weakness exists. Remember that.

Overcome the weakness and cures the cold—that is the reason. Carefully avoid drugs, syrups or stimulants; they are props and braces and whips.

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NEVER TOUCHED MULES

But the Automobile They Claimed With Was Wrecked.

An auto driven by J. L. Long a span of mules met in a head-on collision at night on the state highway at Live Oak, California.

The mules were knocked down before they could be released from entanglement. Long was kicked in the left side and sent into the ditch.

The auto's steering apparatus was smashed, the windshield shattered, the hole punched in the tonneau, and the slice cut out of a tire.

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We know of no liniment that equals Hanford's Balsam in its healing properties. Adv.

Over The Line.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter?"

"John lost his voice on the way to telephone and we don't know what to look for it."—Penn State Press.

Few Stops.

Southern youth (at the piano) you sing Forever and Forever! Matter-of-fact maiden—No. 1 for meals.—Philadelphia Record.

To cool burns use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

A Gaping Wound, So to Speak.

Atkins No. 1—Hi say, w'en did nold get the lower 'arf of 'is face hooft?

Atkins No. 2—Hit ain't shot bloody fule. 'E's a-yawnin'—'E's mouth Jack o' Lantern.

Introspection.

"Some of your arguments are sound," remarked the precise lawyer. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "and some of them aren't any more."—Washington Star.

Sound Versus Sense.

"Nero, My God to Thee," a girl was heard singing in Sunday school.—Boston Transcript.

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SANITY IN MUSICAL WORLD

War Has Failed to Produce the Discord That at One Time Seemed Sure to Come.

Summing up of the musical year has begun—though the drums, fifes, trumpets and bands in certain of our parks are stimulating the public spirits and keeping up the popular energy. On the whole we have been generous. Mr. Percy Scholes' Hat of interned musicians contains no alien composers and performers in English prisons. But harmony was split. Brodsky (of Manchester and Russia) was caught in Germany, Richter denounced his English honors, Kreisler went to fight for Austria, and Lamond was shut up at Ruhleben. Harmony was disturbed. In England the war threatened for a moment to banish the music made in Germany. But sanity prevailed. Wagner could not be banished. The Royal Philharmonic refused to abolish the bust of Beethoven from its place before the orchestra—possibly because Beethoven's ancestry was proved to be Flemish.

Bach and Brahms have had their celebration upon English strings and wind. And rightly!—London Chronicle.

"Rag-Time."

Ragtime music, "being in no wise serious," is the reverse of depressing. "The African jingles of the present day create an emotional atmosphere of restlessness and excitement which is typically American, and which is opposed to health only so far as our national restlessness and lack of poise tend to make us a people whose national disease is nervous exhaustion."

Roughly speaking, lively music, such as rag-time, is likely to rouse depressed persons from their melancholy; sad and pathetic music will soothe the excitable and hypernervous.

Telephone Record.

The French language has been found much better adapted to long-distance telephoning than the English, and expert operators in Paris have succeeded in transmitting messages to London at the rate of 190 words a minute.

She Cured Him.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney, who is to dress manikins in all the latest creations and have a regular daily fashion show at the Hudson theater, in speaking of economy in dress the other day said: "I know a man who was so stingy he grumbled every time his wife bought a new gown. Determined to cure him of this habit, his wife for one month stayed away from the shopping district and the stores, and succeeded in not buying a single cent's worth of clothes. When the next month's bills arrived the husband noted there was a memorandum for about thirty Turkish baths. He inquired if there was real necessity for such a large number of Turkish baths in one month. 'Certainly,' replied the wife. 'You told me not to spend any more money on clothes, and a Turkish bath is about the only place I can go and not wear clothes.' All of which proves that when a woman makes up her mind she wants that \$30 suit, marked down to \$29.98, she is going to scheme until she owns it, contrary notwithstanding."—New York Telegram.

One Way to Make a Friend.

There are several kinds of hypocrisy, but the one that masculinity most favors is spurious devilishness. Nothing brings the beam of contentment so fervently to the mediocre eye as a Don Juan accusation. Dig him in the ribs and wink as you call him a sly dog—and he loves you. He may be the quintessence of domestic respectability, but if you will but insist that you believe him capable of maintaining a seraglio with consummate deceit, you are his friend.

Brown Spots on Old China.

The beauty of old china is often destroyed by brown spots which appear on the surface, says the Toledo Blade. An effective way to remove these is to bury the dish in the earth, covering it completely. The darker spots require more time to remove them than the lighter ones. This method will not harm the most delicate china.

Aesculapius is reported to have written comic songs to promote digestion in his patients.