

The Thousandth Woman

By ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of "The Amateur Crackman," "Raffles," etc.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

And yet he seemed to make no secret of it; and yet—it did explain his whole conduct since landing, as Toye had said.

She could only shut her eyes to what must have happened, even as Cazalet himself had shut his all this wonderful week, that she had forgotten all day in her ingratitude, but would never, in all her days, forget again!

"There won't be another case," she heard herself saying, while her thoughts ran ahead or lagged behind like sheep. "It'll never come out—I know it won't."

"Why shouldn't it?" he asked so sharply that she had to account for the words, to herself as well as to him.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Toye. And he means to keep it to himself."

"Why should he?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself."

"Are you sure you don't know? What can he have to tell me? Why should he screen me, Blanche?"

His eyes and voice were furious with suspicion, but still the voice was lowered.

"He's a jolly good sort, you know," said Blanche, as if the whole affair was the most ordinary one in the world. But heroics could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Cazalet.

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"I've always found him so."

"So have I, the little I've seen of him. And I don't blame him for getting on my tracks, mind you; he's a bit of a detective, I was fair game, and he did warn me in a way. That's why I meant to have the week—"

He stopped and looked away.

"I know. And nothing can undo that," she only said; but her voice swelled with thanksgiving. And Cazalet looked reassured; the hot suspicion died out of his eyes, but left them gloomily perplexed.

"Still, I can't understand it. I don't believe it, either! I'm in his hands. What have I done to be saved by Toye? He's probably scouring London for me—if he isn't watching this window at this minute!"

He went to the curtains as he spoke. Simultaneously Blanche sprang up, to entreat him to fly while he could. That had been her first object in coming to him as she had done, and yet, once with him, she had left it to the last! And now it was too late; he was at the window, chuckling significantly to himself; he had opened it, and he was leaning out.

"That you, Toye, down there? Come up and show yourself! I want to see you."

He turned in time to dart in front of the folding doors as Blanche reached them, white and shuddering. The flush of impulsive bravado fled from his face at the sight of hers.

"You can't go in there. What's the matter?" he whispered. "Why should you be afraid of Hilton Toye?"

How could she tell him? Before she had found a word, the landing door

WONDERS OF GRAND CANYON

No Other Spot on Earth Is Believed to Possess the Same Interesting Formations.

Many people still living can remember a thrill of wonder and admiration that ran through the world in reading of the daring exploit of Major Powell in 1869 in navigating the rapids of the Grand Canyon of Arizona in a small boat. It was his account of his trip more than anything else up to that time that called the attention of the world to the magnificence of that wonderful gorge and to the brilliancy of the coloring on its rocks.

The United States has recently published a bulletin, No. 549, a report on the geology of a portion of the Grand Canyon by L. F. Noble. This gorge offers an opportunity of studying the history of the formation of our globe presented in no other spot now known. On the top are deposits of the Carboniferous period, and below this strata, some of them of immense thickness, ranging down to the Cambrian period at the base. In the Grand

opened, and Hilton Toye was in the room, looking at her.

"Keep your voice down," said Cazalet anxiously. "Even if it's all over with me but the shouting, we needn't start the shouting here!"

He chuckled savagely at the jest; and now Toye stood looking at him.

"I've heard all you've done," continued Cazalet. "I don't blame you a bit. If it had been the other way about, I might have given you less run for your money. I've heard what you've found out about my mysterious movements, and you're absolutely right as far as you go. You don't know why I took the train at Naples, and traveled across Europe without a handbag. It wasn't quite the put-up job you may think. But, if it makes you any happier, I may as well tell you that I was at Uplands that night, and I did get out through the foundations!"

The insane impetuosity of the man was his master now. He was a living fire of impulse that had burst into a blaze.

"I always guessed you might be crazy, and I now know it," said Hilton Toye. "Still, I judge you're not so crazy as to deny that while you were in that house you struck down Henry Craven and left him for dead?"

Cazalet stood like red-hot stone.

"Miss Blanche," said Toye, turning to her rather shyly, "I guess I can't do what I said just yet. I haven't breathed a word, not yet, and perhaps I never will, if you'll come away with me now—back to your home—and never see Henry Craven's murderer again!"

"And who may he be?" cried a voice that brought all three face-about.

The folding-doors had opened, and a fourth figure was standing between the two rooms.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Person Unknown.

The intruder was a shaggy elderly man, of so cadaverous an aspect that his face alone cried for his death-bed; and his gaunt frame took up the cry, as it swayed upon the threshold in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers that Toye instantly recognized as belonging to Cazalet. The man had a shock of almost white hair, and a less gray beard clipped roughly to a point. An unwholesome pallor marked the fallen features; and the envenomed eyes burned low in their sockets, as they dealt with Blanche but fastened on Hilton Toye.

"What do you know about Henry Craven's murderer?" he demanded in a voice between a croak and a crow.

"Have they run in some other poor devil, or were you talking about me? If so, I'll start a libel action, and call Cazalet and that lady as witnesses!"

"This is Scruton," explained Cazalet, "who was only liberated this evening after being detained a week on a charge that ought never to have been brought, as I've told you both all along." Scruton thanked him with a bitter laugh.

"I've brought him here," concluded Cazalet, "because I don't think he's fit enough to be about alone."

"Nice of him, isn't it?" said Scruton bitterly. "I'm so fit that they wanted to keep me somewhere else longer than they'd any right; that may be why they lost no time in getting hold of me again. Nice, considerate, kindly country! Ten years isn't long enough to have you as a dishonored guest. Won't you come back for another week, and see if we can't arrange for a nice little sudden death and burial for you? But they couldn't you see, blast 'em!"

He subsided into the best chair in the room, which Blanche had wheeled up behind him; a moment later he looked round, thanked her curtsy, and lay back with closed eyes until suddenly he opened them on Cazalet.

"And what was that you were saying—that about traveling across Europe and being at Uplands that night? I thought you came round by sea? And what night do you mean?"

Canyon we come to the basic rocks of the earth, the granite and gneiss. This panorama is described as probably the most complete geological record of the world revealed to the eyes of man.

Man's Achievement.

Reflect upon the disproportion between the achievements of man and the use he puts them to. He invents wireless telegraphy, and the ships call to one another day and night to tell the name of the latest winner. He is inventing the flying machine, and he will use it to advertise pills and drop bombs.

Apt to Be Costly.

Wife—Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile.

Hub—Good heavens! I'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.

What is the true test of character, unless it be its progressive development in the bustle and turmoil, in the action and reaction of daily life?—Goethe.

"The night it all happened," said Cazalet steadily.

"You mean the night some person unknown knocked Craven on the head?"

"Yes."

The sick man threw himself forward in the chair. "You never told me this!" he cried suspiciously; both the voice and the man seemed stronger.

"There was no point in telling you."

"Did you see the person?"

"Yes."

"Then he isn't unknown to you?"

"I didn't see him well."

Scruton looked sharply at the two mute listeners. They were very intent, indeed. "Who are these people, Cazalet? No! I know one of 'em," he answered himself in the next breath. "It's Blanche Macnair, isn't it? I thought at first it must be a younger sister grown up like her. You'll forgive prison manners, Miss Macnair, if that's still your name. You look a woman to trust—if there is one—and you gave me your penny and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Cazalet?"

"Mr. Hilton Toye, who spotted that I'd been all the way to Uplands and back when I claimed to have been in Rome!"

There was a touch of Scruton's bitterness in Cazalet's voice; and by some subtle process it had a distinctly mollifying effect on the really embittered man.

"What on earth were you doing at Uplands?" he asked, in a kind of confidential bewilderment.

"I went down to see a man."

Toye himself could not have cut and measured more deliberate monosyllables.

"Craven?" suggested Scruton.

"No; a man I expected to find at Craven's."

"The writer of the letter you found at Cook's office in Naples the night you landed there, I guess?"

It really was Toye this time, and there was no guesswork in his tone. Obviously he was speaking by his little book, though he had not got it out again.

"How do you know I went to Cook's?"

"I know every step you took between the Kaiser Fritz and Charing Cross and Charing Cross and the Kaiser Fritz!"

Scruton listened to this interchange with keen attention, hanging on each man's lips with his sunken eyes; both took it calmly, but Scruton's surprise was not hidden by a sardonic grin.

"You've evidently had a stern chase with a Yankee clipper!" said he. "If he's right about the letter, Cazalet, I should say so; presumably it wasn't from Craven himself?"

"No."

"Yet it brought you across Europe to Craven's house?"

"Well—to the back of his house! I expected to meet my man on the river."

"Was that how you missed him more or less?"

"I suppose it was."

Scruton ruminated a little, broke into his offensive laugh, and checked it instantly of his own accord. "This is really interesting," he croaked.

"You get to London—at what time was it?"

"Nominally three-twenty-five; but the train ran thirteen minutes late," said Hilton Toye.

"And you're on the river by what time?" Scruton asked Cazalet.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Surbiton, got a boat there, and just dropped down with the stream. I don't suppose the whole thing took me very much more than an hour."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Toye.

"Yes, I was. It was I who telephoned to the house and found that Craven was out motoring; so there was no hurry."

TO GUIDE TROOPS AT NIGHT

Prismatic Compass Is Declared to Be of Great Value to Military Commanders.

Leading troops across country by compass bearing with as much certainty by night as by day is made possible through the use of a prismatic compass just brought out in England. The name given this compass is due to the prism fitted to one side of the frame, although this is not the most important feature of the instrument. The dial, which is made of mother-of-pearl, has a center coated with luminous paint, and in addition to this there are luminous patches on the lid by which the instrument is readily sighted at night. When a night march is to be undertaken the instrument is opened and exposed to the daylight for half an hour. This is sufficient to make the dial center and sighting patches luminous for from six to nine hours. In the latest form of the instrument this exposure to daylight is unnecessary, owing to the use of radium, a substance that is always self-luminous.—Popular Mechanics.

"Yet you weren't going to see Henry Craven?" murmured Toye.

Cazalet did not answer. His last words had come in a characteristic burst; now he had his mouth shut tight, and his eyes were fast to Scruton. He might have been in the witness-box already, a doomed wretch cynically supposed to be giving evidence on his own behalf, but actually only baring his neck by inches to the rope, under the joint persuasion of judge and counsel. But he had one friend by him still, one who had edged a little nearer in the pause.

"But you did see the man you went to see?" said Scruton.

Cazalet paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I did think then—but I can't swear to him even now!"

"Tell us about it."

"Do you mean that, Scruton? Do you insist on hearing all that happened? I'm not asking Toye; he can do as he likes. But you, Scruton—you've been through a lot, you know—you ought to have stopped in bed—do you really want this on top of all?"

"Go ahead," said Scruton. "I'll have a drink when you've done; somebody give me a cigarette meanwhile."

Cazalet supplied the cigarette, struck a match, and held it with unflinching hand. The two men's eyes met strangely across the flame.

"I'll tell you all exactly what happened; you can believe me or not as you like. You won't forget that I

know every inch of the ground—except one altered bit that explained itself." Cazalet turned to Blanche with a significant look, but she only drew an inch nearer still. "Well, it was in the little creek, where the boat-house is, that I waited for my man. He never came—by the river. I heard the motor, but it wasn't Henry Craven that I wanted to see, but the man who was coming to see him. Eventually I thought I must have made a mistake, or he might have changed his mind and come by road. The dressing-gong had gone; at least I supposed it was that by the time. It was almost quite dark, and I landed and went up the path past the back premises to the front of the house. So far I hadn't seen a soul, or been seen by one, evidently; but the French windows were open in what used to be my father's library, the room was all lit up, and just as I got there a man ran out into the flood of light and—"

"I thought you said he brushed by you in the dark?" interrupted Toye.

"I was in the dark; so was he in another second; and no power on earth would induce me to swear to him. Do you want to hear the rest, Scruton, or are you another unbeliever?"

"I want to hear every word—more than ever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nothing to Be Proud Of.

Those who say they will forgive but can't forget an injury simply bury the hatchet while they leave the handle out ready for immediate use.—Dwight L. Moody.

Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good to go about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one groan grew before, but in practice the pursuit is sometimes unpleasantly painful. Should you, at the dinner table in the boarding house which you infest, humorously request the waitress to fetch you a few capsules in which to take your butter, or inform the landlady that she does not really keep her boarders longer than any other reduced gentlewoman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much thinner that they look longer, you may win a few pale smiles from your fellow guests, but the mistress of the mansion will soak you two dollars more per week for your wit.—Kansas City Star.

Poor Kind of Sympathy.

Sympathy that begins and ends in lip service is of little help to any of us.

Optimistic Thought.

Things are not to be estimated by their number but by their importance.

What Do You Know About Henry Craven's Murderer?"

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Inspection Day at O. A.

Corvallis, Ore.—Military Day, one of the really big days of the college calendar, has been set for 16, 1916. Review of the equipment and inspection of military efficiency will be in the hands of Captain Ross of the General Staff, U. S. Army.

Military exercises will occupy the entire day. In the forenoon will be held a regimental review and inspection. In the afternoon will be individual and company drills held for the benefit of officers and officers. Upon the character of the work done in these exercises will depend the classification of the cadets for this year.

Because the college cadets sent almost every portion of the year of Oregon a great many visitors usually present on this day to the exercises. Leading state and distinguished military leaders of the state and national divisions of the army are usually in attendance. Groups of Portland visitors and organizations of other nearby places are expected to attend.

This is Captain Ross' first visit to O. A. C. Heretofore, the last two years, inspection has been performed by William T. Merritt of the General Staff. Captain Merritt will have charge of the inspection of the military departments of two colleges, universities and schools. He will come here for inspection of the San Diego Army Navy Academy, and after that the work at Corvallis will go to that of Washington, to inspect the work at that university.

University Offers Tested To Forestry will apply to Idaho citizens a limited number of shade and forest trees, estimated at the cost of growing and planting them, to be given to the cost of each species, as well as the number which may be sent each year, will be mailed on request to Shattuck, Moscow, Idaho.

Fortunes of War. First Recruit—What do you of the major, Bill? Second Recruit—E's a change of kind o' bloke. Last night I'm 'im, "Oo goes there?" An' he 'Friend; an' today he hardly me."—Punch.

WANTED Everyone to know about real, great big light, safe, handy and cheap, oil, water and storm-proof. Fully illustrated. Routledge Seed & Floral Co., 169 N. 2nd St., Portland, Ore.

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Progressing. "I've taken up a course in music." "When does the class meet?" "I've forgotten whether it's on days and Thursdays or Tuesdays and Fridays."

Accommodating. Her Father—The fact is, I can't give my daughter a dowry—just present. Suitor—That's all right, sir. I love her for herself alone in the time.—Boston Transcript.

WANTED—Agents, live ones, in every state. Only Daylight Egg Tester in the U. S. Send \$1.50 for tester and explanatory matter busy in your neighborhood. Address: Egg Tester, 506 Railway Exchange, Portland, Ore.

For The Schoolboy. Wise—I'm glad I won't be going to school after this war. One—Why is that? Wise—Just think how much history there will be to learn.—Boston Transcript.

His Natural Bent. Grubbs—Do you believe that Bryan is sincere in his opposition to preparedness? Stubbs—Certainly. He is sincere in his opposition to everything.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Obliged to Leave Early. "Daughter, your new beau has remained very late. The last one called." "Well, you see, dad, this one is a milkman."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Long. Baker—To the valley of a large valley were the Cattle. The condition of the stock is a minimum of 50 h. per portion of the condition.

Cattle. Baker—To the valley of a large valley were the Cattle. The condition of the stock is a minimum of 50 h. per portion of the condition.

Ran. Baker—To the valley of a large valley were the Cattle. The condition of the stock is a minimum of 50 h. per portion of the condition.

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