

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of 'The Amateur Cracksmen', 'Raffles', Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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 Casalet 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. "I'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 scream 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 her words could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Casalet.

"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 a case, mind you; he's a bit of a detective. It 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 Casalet 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, chucking 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 her.

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

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

He chuckled savagely at the last; and now Toye stood looking at him. "I've heard all you've done," he said. "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."

Casaleto said red-hot words.

"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 lay upon the threshold in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers that Toye instantly recognized as belonging to Casalet. 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 creak and a cove. "Have they run in some other poor devil, or were you talking about me? If so, I'll start a libel action, and call Casalet and that lady as witnesses!"

"This is Scruton," explained Casalet, "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 Casalet, "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 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 Casalet.

"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?"

"The night it all happened," said Casalet 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 intelligent. "Who are these people, Casalet? 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 any—and you gave me your chair. Anyhow, you've been in for a penny, and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Casalet?"

"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 Casalet'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 Charles 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, Casalet, 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 Casalet.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Sarbiton, 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."

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

Casaleto 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 trick 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.

Casaleto paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I don't think—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 to sit on top of all?"

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

Casaleto 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 knew every inch of the ground—except one altered bit that explained itself."

Casaleto 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 premises 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-gown 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 boat. 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 so 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.)

Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good to go about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one 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 gentleman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much longer 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.

Apt to Be Coolly.

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

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

Italians Driven Back.

Berlin.—(By wireless to Sayville)—Austro-Hungarian troops continue their successful attacks on the Italian front at the Tolmino bridge-head and have driven the Italians from fortified positions south of Udine, capturing 283 prisoners, according to an Austrian official statement under Saturday's date. On the Disneter and Bessarabia fronts the enemy artillery was active and the Austrians, through the explosion of a Russian mine near Ucinco, were forced to evacuate a trench, says the statement.

Storm's Death Toll Is One.

Portland.—An electrical storm, accompanied by high wind, swept through Portland and adjoining districts at 5:45 o'clock Sunday night and left a death toll of one. William Marks, a rancher in Happy Hollow, three and a half miles southeast of Lents, was killed when a huge tree fell across the kitchen of his house, pinning him to the floor. His skull was fractured and he died before physicians could reach him. Mrs. Marks and a daughter were bruised severely and shocked. They were in the house, but escaped.

Hood River—The Apple Growers' association learns that it is better off by \$7398.16 than was indicated by the polls of the 1914 apple crop. Early last year shipments of apples for Copenhagen were seized by the British. The apples were diverted and sold at other points, the British government making returns according to prices received at points of final distribution. While the money is in local banks, a series of bonds for its repayment are in existence, until the final execution of certain consular formalities.

Raiders Put Outside Law.

Mexico City.—General Obregon issued a decree Sunday declaring all participants in the Columbus raid outside the law. The decree gives the right to any citizen to apprehend and kill, if necessary, the followers of Villa who crossed the American frontier.

The first victim of this decree was summarily executed Monday in the city of Hermosillo, near which place he was captured by men who denounced him as one of the raiding party.

## VILLA ESCAPES TO HIS LAIR

### Mexican Troops Give Aid to Fleeing Outlaw and His Band—Movement of Soldiers Northward Alarms.

El Paso, Tex.—The Carranza forces have failed to hold their end of the net that was closing about Pancho Villa and the bandit chief has escaped to his mountain haunts about Guerrero, according to reliable information received here Tuesday.

The escape of the bandit is, however, far from being the most serious item of news which reached the border. A feature of the gravest importance was injected into the situation by substantial confirmation of the numerous reports received for the past week that the Mexican government troops were not only failing to co-operate with the American troops, but, in certain instances at least, were actually withdrawing from the field of operations.

The Associated Press learned on unquestionable authority that the troops of the de facto government which had been stationed at Casas Grandes have

a large section of the country supposed to be held by the troops of the first chief. In the last few days he has been variously reported by General Gaviara, the Carranza commander at Juarez, at points along a line reaching north and south from Galena to Namiquipa, a distance of about 75 miles. By the same accounts he has not been moving steadily south, but roving north and east. The mountainous, canyon-split, roadless country in which he is operating adds many miles to the country he has covered as compared with its distance on the map.

The reason for the Carranza troops moving to the border remains unexplained. It is impossible even to make a fair estimate of the number of men under General Gaviara at Juarez. The large staff at his headquarters and the fact that new troops are arriving daily indicate that his force is a large one.

### FRANCISCO VILLA



been withdrawn and are now in and about Juarez.

From the same source it was learned that at least one detachment of Carranza troops had refused to fight Villa and had withdrawn on the bandit's approach, leaving him free to pass into his favorite mountain fastnesses in the great continental divide south of Namiquipa. This detachment withdrew on receipt of a message that he was warning, not on Mexicans, but the enemies of Mexicans.

The extraordinary rapidity with which the American cavalry had pushed into Mexico gave rise to high hopes that the unexpected had happened and the notorious bandit was cornered. This seemed inevitable if the Carranza soldiers did their part and if the account of the strength of their field forces was correct.

Villa, cut off from the north by the forward sweep of the American columns, from the west by the Sierra Madre barring the approaches to the state of Sonora, was supposed to be equally barred from east and south by powerful Carranza forces. Those hopes, however, were completely dashed by recent developments.

More than this, it now seems certain that Villa is moving freely in at least small loss in killed and wounded.

Horses Valued at \$25,000 Burned.

Detroit.—Twelve race horses were burned to death in a fire which destroyed six barns at the Michigan state fair grounds early Sunday. The horses were valued at \$25,000 and the loss on the buildings was about \$30,000. The cause of the fire is unknown. Most of the horses burned were being trained by for competition on the Grand Circuit here. Among them were: Aunt Barb, 2:05; Crescent Hal, 2:10; Ina Clare and Durin. Three animals were rescued and a dozen or more were removed from adjoining stables.

Britain Pays for Fruit.

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### IRRIGATION AND CREDITS CONFERENCE ENDS AT SALEM

State Capitol, Salem—Another session of the state credits conference doubtless will be called within the next few months to adopt the form in which the proposed constitutional amendments indorsed by the convention, which closed here Saturday, shall be submitted to the people.

Meanwhile two committees will work in conjunction with the attorney general on the drafts of the proposed measures that are to place the proposed amendments in operation.

If a majority of the committeemen determines that their work should be reviewed by the whole conference before it goes before the people, the conference will be called together again. When the meeting adjourned a majority of the delegates seemed to expect a future meeting.

Since the convention now has determined that it wants two separate measures—one providing a system of rural credits and the other providing state aid for irrigation and drainage—the committees have their work definitely outlined for them, and the rest of the delegates are hopeful that harmony at a future meeting will replace the friction that was so apparent in the sessions of the last few days, carrying both issues to a successful conclusion at the polls.

The convention, so far as carrying out the purposes for which it was called together, virtually concluded its work Friday night. By remaining in session until 1 o'clock in the morning the resolutions expressing the policy of the conference finally were adopted. The session was devoted to the detail of creating two committees that shall have charge of the preliminary legislative work. It also was intended as sort of a harmony meeting, but there was harmony only in the seeming attempt of both factions to drift farther apart.

So the belief is pretty general that, after an interim of a few months, the delegates will have had time to forget their minor differences and that they will be ready to unite in their determination to conduct an aggressive and co-operative effort to enact the proposed amendments into law.

Summarized, the work of the convention is about as follows:

An amendment to the constitution enabling the state to lend its credit to a rural credits system was proposed. An amendment to the constitution enabling the state to use its credit for irrigation and drainage was proposed. The bonds to be sold under either or both of these plans are not to exceed in the aggregate 2 per cent of the assessed valuation of the state.

A committee consisting of J. D. Brown, president of the Farmers' Union; C. E. Spence, master of the State Grange, and T. H. Burdard, president of the State Federation of Labor, was appointed to work with the attorney general in drafting the proposed constitutional amendment for the rural credits plan.

A. L. Mills, chairman of the convention, was authorized to appoint a committee of three members—one drainage man and two irrigation men—to work with the attorney general in drafting the proposed constitutional amendment for state aid to irrigation and drainage.

The committees also will have power to draft the proposed initiative measures that will carry the proposed amendments into effect, and to call another convention if necessary.

"So far as possible" the committees are authorized to co-operate with the convention closed as it had proceeded from the start—divided decisively on one issue, that of linking rural credits with state aid.

The delegates from the State Grange, the Farmers' Union, the Agricultural College, the State University and many from Western Oregon were firmly united in their determination to link with the rural credits plan. They were proponents of rural credits but did not want to "swallow" irrigation in order to get it.

They were championed on the floor of the convention by Thomas B. Kay, state treasurer, and at some stages of the voting had the delegates from the State Federation of Labor with them. They had an abundance of oratorical talent besides the state treasurer, notably Judge W. M. Colvig, present representative of the Southern Pacific; Senator S. M. Garland, of Lebanon; W. H. H. Dufur, of the Grange; A. R. Shumway, of the Farmers' Union; E. J. Stack, of the Labor Federation, and other delegates. Governor Withcomb noted with them when he was in the house.

On the other hand, the irrigationists and most of the drainage people, together with a large proportion of the Portland delegation, stuck together in support of the plan to combine the three issues.

This division was plain throughout the meetings. One break came when Mr. Stack, of the Labor Federation, joined with Ass B. Thompson, Oswald West and W. Lair Thompson in signing the original majority report of the resolutions committee providing for a combination of the three measures. Mr. Stack explained that he did this to permit this plan to come before the convention on its merits. On subsequent ballots he voted with the faction supporting the separation of issues.

When the morning's meeting tried to organize a committee to draft the proposed legislation, Senator L. N. Day, C. C. Chapman and others of those who had supported the omnibus plan proposed a single committee "in the interests of harmony."

But the other side objected even to this. They even went farther and insisted on naming their own committee to draw the rural credits bill.

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### SEAPLANE LOST IN RAID OVER ENGLAND—NINE KILLED IN ATTACK

London—Nine persons were killed and 31 wounded in a raid of four German seaplanes over the East coast of Kent Sunday, it was announced officially here.

A British airman brought down one raider over the sea, the German observer being killed.

The official statement on the raid reads:

"Four German seaplanes flew over Kent Sunday. The first pair appeared over Dover at a height of 5000 to 6000 feet, one at 1:57 p. m.—the second at 2:02 p. m.

"The first dropped six bombs in the harbor; then went northward, dropping bombs on the town. The other raider, after passing over Dover, appeared over Deal.

"The second pair appeared over Ramsgate at 2:10. They dropped bombs on the town. One of this pair went west, the other north, pursued by a British aeroplane. One bomb is reported to have been dropped on Margate.

"The second machine appeared over Westgate at 2:20. Here several of our aeroplanes went up in pursuit. No bombs were dropped on Westgate. The total casualties so far as reported: Killed, three men, one woman and five children. Injured, 15 men, five women, nine children. As far as ascertained 18 bombs were dropped altogether.

"One bomb fell on the Canadian hospital at Ramsgate, causing damage but no casualties. Several houses, the homes of artisans and cottagers, were wrecked.

French Destroyer Sunk by Torpedo in Adriatic Sea

Paris—The French torpedo boat destroyer Renaudin has been sunk in the Adriatic by a submarine. Three officers and 44 of the crew were lost. Two officers and 34 of the crew were saved.

The ministry of marine made the following official announcement regarding the loss of the destroyer:

"The squadron torpedo boat Renaudin was sunk in the Adriatic by an enemy submarine on the morning of March 18. Three officers, among whom were the commandant and second officer, and 44 seamen were lost. Two officers and 34 seamen were rescued by a French torpedo boat which accompanied the Renaudin."

British Repulse Torps.

London—News of an engagement between British and Turkish forces near Aden, in which the British were successful, was given out in an official statement, as follows:

"A Turkish force, accompanied by three German officers, attacked a British outpost at Imad, about 10 miles from Aden, on the 16th, suffered a severe repulse and was pursued four miles. The next day 17 Turkish dead were found on the field. Our losses were one Indian soldier killed and one British officer and 16 men wounded."

Tongs Sign 15-Day Truce.

San Francisco—Special details of policemen and detectives were removed from San Francisco's Chinatown Sunday when announcement was made from a Chinese peace conference that a truce had been signed between the Hop Sing and Sany Ong tongs to extend 15 days. During the truce an attempt will be made, it was said, to settle by indemnity claims of the Bow On tong and the Lee family for members slain by mistake during the recent outbreak in the course of which 10 tong men were shot, three of whom died.

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### 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 1842 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. 148, a report on the geology of a portion of the Grand Canyon by L. P. 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 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.

What is the true test of character, shows it to be his progressive development in the battle and turmoil, in the action and reaction of daily life?—Goethe.