

The Thousandth Woman

By ERNEST W. HORNING

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Illustrations by O. IRWIN MYERS

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Hilton Toye was already a landsman and a Londoner from top to toe. He was perfectly dressed—for Bond Street—and his native simplicity of bearing and address placed him as surely and firmly in the present picture. He did not look the least bit out of it. But Casalet did, in an instant; his old bush clothes changed at once into a merely shabby suit of despoiled blue cut; the romance dropped out of them and their wearer, as he stood like a trussed turkey-cock, and watched a bunch of hothouse flowers presented to the lady with a little gem of a natural, courteous, and yet characteristically racy speech.

To the lady, mark you, for she was one, on the spot; and Casalet was a man again, and making a mighty effort to behave himself because the hour of boy and girl was over.

"Mr. Casalet," said Toye, "I guess you want to know what I'm doing on your cracks so soon it's hog-luck, sir, because I wanted to see you quite a lot, but I never thought I'd strike you right here. Did you hear the news?"

"No! What?" There was no need to inquire as to the class of news; the immediate past had come back with Toye into Casalet's life; and even in Blanche's presence, even in her schoolroom, the old days had flown into their proper place and size in the perspective.

"They've made an arrest," said Toye; and Casalet nodded as though he had quite expected it, which set Blanche off trying to remember something he had said at the other house; but she had not succeeded when she noticed the curious pallor of his chin and forehead.

"Scruton?" he just asked. "Yes, sir! This morning," said Hilton Toye.

"You don't mean the poor man?" cried Blanche, looking from one to the other.

"Yes, he does," said Casalet gloomily. He stared out at the river, seeing nothing in his turn, though one of the anglers was actually busy with his reel.

"But I thought Mr. Scruton was still—" Blanche remembered him, remembered dancing with him; she did not like to say, "in prison."

"He came out the other day," sighed Casalet. "But how like the police all over! Give a dog a bad name, and trust them to hunt it down and shoot it at sight!"

"I judge it's not so bad as all that in this country," said Hilton Toye. "That's more like the police theory about Scruton, I guess, but drawing the bead."

"When did you hear of it?" said Casalet.

"It was on the tape at the Savoy when I got there. So I made an inquiry, and I figured to look in at the Kingston Court on my way to call upon Miss Blanche. You see, I was kind of interested in all you'd told me about the case."

"Well!" "Well, that was my end of the situation. As luck and management would have it between them, I was in time to hear your man—"

"Not my man, please! You thought of him yourself," said Casalet sharply. "Well, anyway, I was in time to hear the proceedings opened against him. They were all over in about a minute. He was remanded till next week."

"How did he look?" and "Had he a beard?" demanded Casalet and Blanche simultaneously.

"He looked like a sick man," said Toye, with something more than his usual deliberation in answering or asking questions. "Yes, Miss Blanche, he had a beard worthy of a free citizen."

eye-witnesses that ever saw daylight!" Casalet laughed harshly, as for no apparent reason he led the way into the garden. "Mr. Toye's made a study of these things," he fired over his shoulder. "He should have been a Sherlock Holmes, and rather wishes he was one!"

"Give me time," said Toye, laughing. "I may come along that way yet."

Casaelit faced him in a frame of tangled greenery. "You told me you wouldn't!"

"I did, sir, but that was before they put on this poor old crook. If you're right, and he's not the man, shouldn't you say that rather altered the situation?"

CHAPTER VI. Voluntary Service. "And why do you think he can't have done it?"

Casaelit had trundled the old canoe over the rollers, and Blanche was hardly vadding in the glassy strip alongside the weir. Below the lock there had been something to do, and Blanche had done it deftly and efficiently, with almost equal capacity and grace. It had given her a charming flush and sparkle; and, what with the sun's bare hand on her yellow hair, she now looked even bonnier than indoors, yet not quite, quite such a girl. But then every bit of the boy had gone out of Casaelit. So that hour stolen from the past was up forever.

"Why do the police think the other thing?" he retorted. "What have they got to go on? That's what I want to know, I agree with Toye in one thing." Blanche looked up quickly. "I wouldn't trust old Savage an inch. I've been thinking about him and his previous evidence. Do you realize that it's quite dark now soon after seven? It was pretty thick saying his man was bareheaded, with neither hat nor cap left behind to prove it! Yet now it seems he's put a beard to him, and next we shall have the color of his eyes!"

Blanche laughed at his vigor of phrase; this was more like the old, hot-tempered, sometimes rather overbearing Sweep. Something had made him jump to the conclusion that Scruton could not possibly have killed Mr. Craven, whatever else he might have done in days gone by. So it simply was impossible, and anybody who took the other side would have to reckon henceforth with Sweep Casaelit.

Mr. Toye already had reckoned with him, in a little debate begun outside the old summer schoolroom at Littleford, and adjourned rather than finished at the iron gate into the road. In her heart of hearts Blanche could not say that Casaelit had the best of the argument. Toye had advanced a general principle with calm ability, but Casaelit could not be shifted from the particular position he was so eager to defend, and would only enter into abstract questions to beg them out of hand.

Blanche rather thought that neither quite understood, what the other meant; but she could not blink the fact that the old friend had neither the dialectical mind nor the unfailing courtesy of the new. That being so, with her perception she might have changed the subject; but she could not like to say, "What's happened to Mrs. Craven?"

"I hear she went into a nursing home before the funeral."

"I expect we should find Savage somewhere. Would you very much mind, Blanche? I should rather like—if it was just setting foot—with you—"

But even that effective final pronoun failed to bring any buoyancy back into his voice; for it was not in the least effective as he said it, and he no longer looked her in the face. But this all seemed natural to Blanche, in the manifold and overlapping circumstances of the case. She made for the inlet at the upper end of the lawn. And her prompt unquestioning acquiescence shamed Casaelit into further and franker explanation, before he could let her land to please him.

"You don't know how I feel this!" he exclaimed quite miserably. "I mean about poor old Scruton; he's gone through so much as it is, whatever he may have done to deserve it long ago. It is conceivable that he should go and do a thing like this the very moment he gets out? I ask you, is it even conceivable?"

Blanche understood him. And now she showed herself golden to the core, almost as an earnest of her fitness for the fires before her.

"Poor fellow," she cried, "he has a friend in you, at any rate! And I'll help you to help him, if there's any way I can."

He clutched her hand, but only as he might have clutched a man's. "You can't do anything; but I won't forget that," he almost choked. "I meant to stand by him in a very different way. He'd been down to the depths, and he'd come up a bit; then he was good to me as a lad, and it was my father's partner who was the ruin of him. I seemed to owe him something, and now—now I'll stand by him whatever happens and—whatever has happened!"

Then they landed in the old inlet. Casaelit knew every knot in the post to which he tied Blanche's canoe. It was a very different place, this Uplands, from poor old Littleford on the lower reach. The grounds were five or six acres instead of about one, and a house in quite another class stood farther back from the river and very much farther from the road.

The inlet began the western boundary, which continued past the boat-house in the shape of a high hedge, a herbaceous border (not what it had

been in the old days), and a gravel path. This path was screened from the lawn by a bank of rhododendrons, as of course were the back yard and kitchen premises, past which it led into the front garden, eventually debouching into the drive. It was the path along which Casaelit led the way this afternoon, and Blanche at his



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heels was so struck by something that she could not help telling him he knew his way very well.

"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 Casaelit, 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 of 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 Casaelit, 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 see that Casaelit was thinking of nothing else; and no wonder, since they were approaching the scene of the tragedy and his own old home, with each long dip of her paddle."

It had been his own wish to start upstream; but she could see the wistful pain in his eyes as they fell once more upon the red turret and the smooth green lawn of Uplands; and she neither spoke nor looked at him again until he spoke to her.

"I see they've got the blinds down still," he said detachedly. "What's happened to Mrs. Craven?"

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me if you like," said he indifferently. "But I suppose you know we've got the man?"

(To Be Continued.)

Tear Down—Build Up. The old gardener was on his knees on the lawn, digging up dandelions. As he drew each long, slender root from the soil, he dropped something into the hole which it had left. "What are you doing?" said I. "Droppin' in grass seed," he answered. "I would be a shame, wouldn't it," he added, holding up a brilliant yellow blossom. "To pull up such a purty thing as this if you didn't plant somethin' better in its place?" Here is a lesson for the mother. If she must refuse some darling wish, or take away some hurtful treasure, let her not leave the little heart of the child torn and empty, but rather fill the void with "something better."—Mother's Magazine.

Mexican Rainfall. The low rainfall of the extreme north of Mexico to two or three inches on the border of Arizona, and the excessive fall, reaching 156 inches, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, with the high rate for Monterey and the moderate fall for the capital, show how remarkable are the hygrometric conditions due to topography. The maximum rainfall is only exceeded in very few regions of the globe.

Self-Control. Room should be reserved in the hall of fame for the motorist who, when stung on the nose by a bee, brought his machine to a stop before swatting the insect.—Chicago Daily News.

WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

[When an advertisement does not give the advertiser's name write a letter addressed as directed in the ad and leave it at the newspaper office, where the advertiser will get it. The publishers can not give the name of the advertiser without the advertiser's consent.] All advertisements for this column must be in the office at 12 o'clock on date of publication to insure classification.

WANTED. Wanted—Lawns to mow and any light work. Phone 1213 red.

Wanted—City collector; steady employment. Address A-27, care T-R.

Wanted—Six meal-boarders. M. J. Duncan, 710 East Linn.

Wanted—One hundred fifty loads of good filling dirt. H. G. Brintnall.

Wanted—To rent 80, 120 or 160-acre farm, improved, for term three to five years. Party has own help. Can give best reference. Address "X-8," care of T-R.

Wanted—Safety razor blades to sharpen. Leave at Old Reliable Drug Store.

Wanted—Ashes, rubbish and garbage to haul. Phone 801 green.

Wanted—Horses to shoe; new shoes 40 cents each. W. B. Hankins.

Wanted—Housemoving. H. S. Miller, 110 North Fourth street.

Wanted—List your property with Crawford. He always has a demand for property on the installment plan. Let your wants be known. I sell fire and automobile insurance, \$5 per \$1,000. W. E. Crawford, real estate, and employment. Phone 898, over 212 East Main.

Wanted—Everyone to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association, are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, by those in straitened circumstances. Telephone Clara Britt, 214 West Main. Phone 327 white.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Bell boys. Stoddard hotel.

Wanted—Immediately, twenty-five apple pickers. Independent Fruit Company, Phone 121.

Wanted—Young man about 20 to work in shop. Wachter's confectionery.

Wanted—Good cook. Sundell's Cafe, 27-29 North First avenue.

Children vs. Routine. With the very young children it is essential to have a fixed regularity in the daily routine, if it can possibly be carried out. This is necessary because it is the only way of getting children into the habit of disposing of the daily necessities in a routine way. In the matter of eating, sleeping and dressing, in putting away toys and clothes, in table manners and in the details of courteous conduct, the routine may be observed with never an exception. It is apparently the only way of making sure of the habits. You know the saying about being offered an inch and taking a yard. Well, that seems to be particularly true of children in the way of learning the rules of life's game. A change from the ordinary means a license to ignore the rule. During this period, therefore, every departure from the routine involves a serious set-back. When habits are being acquired no exception should be permitted. But after habits have been formed they must not be allowed to interfere with common sense or with our happiness.

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Wanted—Become railway mail clerk. \$15 month, common education sufficient. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. 106-G, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Learn barber trade, finest in the world. Strictly modern. Write either address for catalog: 618 Mulberry street, Des Moines, Iowa; or 925 Fourth street, Sioux City, Iowa, Tri-City Barber College.

Wanted—Men out of work or without a trade to learn barbering and be independent. Light, clean, inside work that pays well. Can learn in few weeks. Write for catalog. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE. Wanted—Girls. Meeker laundry.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. J. G. Edgar, 20 South First avenue.

Wanted—Girl for general housework; no washing; good wages. Mrs. J. W. Hook. Phone 738.

"ANGEL OF BLIND" HELPS SIGHTLESS WAR VICTIMS



MISS WINIFRED HOLT

"Going to France to keep blind men from going mad." Such is the mission on which Miss Winifred Holt, chief "light keeper" of the New York Association For the Blind, has gone to

Europe. It has been reported that 1,500 men have been blinded by the war, and many hundreds more are unreported.

Sneeze Affects Entire Body. Will a bright light cause you to sneeze? It does some people, just as do dust, flower pollen and cold. Dust and pollen cause irritation in the nostrils and the sneeze is nature's way of stopping the irritation, by violently removing the irritant. The sneeze process on the part of mother nature. While the dust or pollen sneeze is confined to the nose, the cold sneeze is an act of the entire body and the nose is simply the scene of the explosion. When the body is suddenly cold, it makes a spasmodic effort to warm the system and thus jerks up every muscle. The act culminates in the nose.

Chance for Hunters. A peculiar feature of Borneo is that it is practically an immense game preserve. The white inhabitants are government officials, planters and business men, and have neither time nor inclination to do any hunting. The result is that the game with which the country abounds is rarely disturbed. Elephants and rhinoceroses are so plentiful that they are a nuisance to rubber and coconut estates by destroying young trees.

FOR SALE—TO RENT—TO EXCHANGE—

rooms for light housekeeping with laundry accommodations, 50 East Linn street. Also four unfurnished rooms at 512 East Linn street. Inquire Egbert's grocery. Phone 86.

To Rent—Partly modern cottage, close in. Phone 1107 green.

To Rent—Nice five-room cottage, corner Fifteenth and Summit streets. W. H. Matthews, 1308 Summit.

To Rent—One large sleeping room in modern house, 213 North Third street. Phone red 789.

To Rent—Eight room apartment in the Sinclair block, 115 North Second street. Phone 158. W. W. Woods.

To Rent—Modern seven room bungalow. Phone 118 white.

To Rent—Eight-room house, close in, all modern. Phone 197.

To Rent—Furnished light housekeeping rooms. Phone 624.

To Rent—Eight-room house, close in, all modern. Phone 197.

To Rent—House at 206 South Third avenue.

To Rent—Suite of furnished rooms, modern. Phone 1708.

To Rent—Five-room modern, heated apartment to family with no children. Mrs. Snelling, 602 West Main.

To Rent—Three or four strictly modern rooms for housekeeping, 402 East Church. Phone 1223 white.

To Rent—Modern unfurnished rooms. Call 396 South Second street.

To Rent—Eight room house, modern. Phone 898.

To Rent—Large modern house newly remodeled. Call 212 North Ninth street.

To Rent—Furnished housekeeping rooms with private bath; no children; 501 West Main.

To Rent—Furnished house. Phone 742 yellow, or call 406 Fremont.

To Rent—270-acre farm, A. No. 1 place. Good soil. Only those with good reference need apply. Address F. G. Brennecke, Parkersburg, Iowa.

To Rent—Front office room over 23 East Main street. Inquire Jones, the sign man.

To Rent—Furnished house to right party. Phone 942 white.

To Rent—Modern furnished rooms, 401 East Main street. Phone 1751.

To Rent—Furnished room at 205 West Main. Phone 936.

LOST. Lost—Bunch of keys. Return to this office.

Lost—Auto number, 138,477. Return to Rulo Auto Co.

Lost—At union depot, pocketbook containing money and small check. Return to this office.

Lost—Sapphire and pearl bar pin, Thursday, between First avenue and Seventh street on Main. Finder please leave at Bradford and Johnson's office. Reward.

TO TRADE. To Trade—Iowa and Missouri land for city property or Wisconsin land. Phone 1190 white; 305 South Third avenue.

MONEY TO LOAN. Money to loan upon farm and city property. G. W. Lawrence & Co., First National Bank building.

MISCELLANEOUS. General painting contractor. A. L. Gillett. Phone 1208 green.

Rug Work—We have an established rug making business in Marshalltown, so you don't have to send your old carpets away to have them made into rugs. All work strictly first class. Phone 1652 or write Iowa Rug Works, 192 Anson street.

Tube and Tire repairing wanted—Best workmanship guaranteed or your money back; auto supplies. Central Tire Company, 11 West Church street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Southwest Iowa is a fertile field for the man with anything to sell that has merit. It is thickly populated and prosperous. Seventy-five thousand people in southwest Iowa read the daily Nonpareil. It is the great want ad medium of this section. It is known far and wide as a producer of results. If you have land or anything else to sell or trade, get in touch with southwest Iowa thru the Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

CUT RATE SHIPPING. Cut rates on household goods to Pacific coast and other points. Superior service at reduced rates. The Boyd Transfer Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

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