

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN BY ERNEST W. HORNING Author of The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc. ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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 friendly. 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 her-



"You Ought to Have Been a Burglar, Sir," said Mr. Drinkwater.

self in with as little hesitation as she proceeded to beard 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 Casalet.

"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 ha'n't heard that go on like that since the night that happened!"

The Casalet 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 hailed 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 faced 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 Casalet'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 Casalet 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 'em somethin'—but I picked him out

of half a dozen at the first time of aakin'!"

Savage said this with a pleased and vacuous grin, looking Casalet full in the face; his rheumy eyes were red as the sunset they faced; and Casalet 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 enjoyably 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 Casalet landed in England from the same steamer.

On this second day ashore, as Casalet 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 Casalet 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!"

"Scrotum!"

"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!" cried Casalet. "What they have found is Craven's watch and

keys, and the silver-mounted truncheon that killed him. But they found



"They Haven't Found the Missing Cap!" Cried Casalet.

them in a place where they couldn't possibly have been put by the man identified as Scrotum!"

"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 Casalet. "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 Casalet, "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 Casalet.

"How 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-dusty stuff that you get in foundations."

"Say, that's bad! That murderer must have known something, or else it's a bully fuke 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 Casalet. "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."

Casale 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 Casalet 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."

Casale excused himself with decision. He had a full morning in front of him. He was going to see Miss Macnair's brother, son of the late head of his father's old firm of solicitors, and now one of the partners, to get them either to take up Scrotum's case themselves, or else to recommend a firm perhaps more accustomed to criminal practice. Casalet was always apt to be elaborate in the first person singular, either in the past or in the future tense; but he was more so than usual in explaining his considered intentions in this matter that lay so very near his heart.

"Going to see Scrotum, too?" said Toye.

"Not necessarily," was the short reply. But it also was elaborated by Casalet on a moment's consideration. The fact was that he wanted first to know if it were not possible, by the intervention of a really influential lawyer, to obtain the prisoner's immediate release, at any rate on bail. If impossible, he might hesitate to force himself on Scrotum in the prison, but he would see.

"It's a perfect scandal that he should be there at all," said Casalet, as he rose first and ushered Toye out into the lounge. "Only think: our old gardener saw him run out of the drive at half past seven, when the gong went, when the real murderer must have been shivering in the Michael Angelo cupboard, wondering how the devil he was ever going to get out again."

"Then you think old man Craven—begging his poor pardon was getting out some cigars when the man, whoever he was, came in and knocked him on the head?"

Casale nodded vigorously. "That's the likeliest thing of all!" he cried. "Then the gong went—there may even have come a knock at the door—and there was that cupboard standing open at his elbow."

"With a hole in the floor that might have been made for him?"

"As it happens, yes; he'd search every inch like a rat in a trap, you see; and there it was as I'd left it twenty years before."

"Well, it's a wonderful yarn!" exclaimed Hilton Toye, and he lighted the cigar that Casalet had given him.

"I think it may be thought one if the police ever own how they made their find," agreed Casalet, laughing and looking at his watch. Toye had never heard him laugh so often. "By the way, Drinkwater doesn't want any of all this to come out until he's dragged his man before the bench again."

"Which—you mean to prevent?"

"If only I can! I more or less promised not to talk, however, and I'm sure you won't. You knew so much already, you may just as well know the rest this week as well as next, if you don't mind keeping it to your self."

Nobody could have minded this particular embargo less than Hilton Toye. He saw Casalet off with a smile that was as yet merely puzzled, and not unfriendly until he had time to recall Miss Blanche's part in the strange affair of the previous afternoon.

Say, weren't they rather intimate those two, even if they had known each other all their lives? He had it from Blanche (with her second re- fusa that she was not, and never had been, engaged). And a fellow who only wrote to her once in a year—still, they must have been darned intimate, and this funny affair would bring them together again quicker than anything.

Say, what a funny affair it was when you came to think of it! Funny all through, it now struck Toye; beginning on board ship with that dream of Casalet's about the murdered man leading to all that talk of the old grievance against him, and culminating in his actually finding the implements of the crime in his inspired efforts to save the man of whose innocence he was so positive. Say, if that Casalet had not been on his way home from Australia at the time!

Like many deliberate speakers, Toye thought like lightning, and had reached this point before he was a hundred yards from the hotel; then he thought of something else, and retraced his steps. He retraced them even to the table at which he had sat with Casalet not very many minutes ago; the waiter was only now beginning to clear away.

"Say, waiter, what have you done with the menu that was in that toast-rack? There was something on it that we rather wanted to keep."

"I thought there was, sir," said the English waiter at that admirable hotel. Toye, however, prepared to talk to him like an American uncle of Dutch extraction.

"You thought that, and you took it away?"

"Not at all, sir. I appened to observe the other gentleman put the menu in his pocket, behind your back as you were getting up, because I passed a remark about it to the head waiter at the time!"

(To Be Continued.) BROWN GABERDINE SMART ONE PIECE FROCK FOR FALL



Buttons and braid are used to trim this one-piece gown of gaberdine. Serge may be used as effectively if preferred. Cloth topped boots and a narrow brimmed sailor hat trimmed with a huge buckle carry out the simple, serviceable design of this frock.

Remember Only Today.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear with its hopes and aspirations to waste a moment upon the yesterday.—Emerson.

Daily Thought.

I should never have made my success in life if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever undertaken the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest.—Dickens.

How to Absorb an Unlovely Complexion

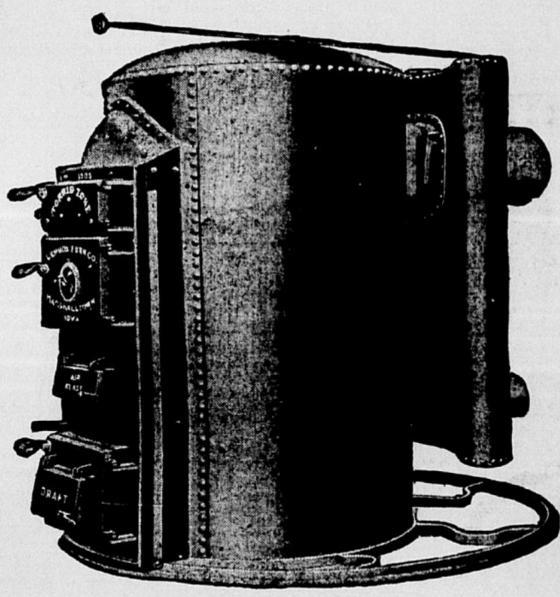
The face which is admired for its beauty must have a satin-smooth skin, pink and white and youthful looking. The only thing I know of that can make such a complexion out of an aged, faded, or discolored one—I mean a natural, not a painted, complexion—is ordinary mercuric wash. This remarkable substance literally absorbs the unsightly outside, a little each day, the clear, healthy, girlish skin beneath gradually peeping out until within a week or so it is wholly in evidence. Of course such blemishes as freckles, moth patches, liver spots, blotches and pimples are discarded with the old skin. If you will procure an ounce of mercuric wash at the drug store, use like cold cream every night, washing this off mornings, you'll find it a veritable wonder-worker. Another valuable natural treatment is a wash lotion to remove wrinkles which can be easily prepared. Dissolve 1 oz. powdered sorbolite in 1/2 pt. witch hazel. Rub the face in this and you'll find it "works like magic."—By the Way, in Frome Falls.

Fresh Air Heating

Pure, fresh air heating is as essential to good health during the six months of closed in housing as sleeping on the porch. Stoves and iron radiators must heat the same foul air of a room over and over again. There is no provision for fresh air in houses heated by stoves, steam or hot water plants and hence it is that living rooms and sleeping rooms so often smell foul and "stuffy" when several people have occupied the rooms until the air in them has become vitiated.

Lennox Torrid Zone steel furnaces warm with a constant supply of fresh air. Either the pure air from the unoccupied rooms is recirculated thruout the building or fresh air from outside is carried constantly to all parts of the house. So fundamental is this mechanical principle and so important to health that many states prohibit the heating of public audience rooms and school house with direct radiation of any kind.

As to cleanliness there was a time thirty years ago when furnaces were considered dirty. It was because the warm air furnace of that day was made of cast iron sections and would leak gas and dirt into the house because the joints between the sections could not be made gas tight. They were cemented but when the iron became heated it would expand and loosen the cement and fire pots would crack.



For twenty years now Lennox Torrid Zone furnaces have been made of heavy steel plates riveted and caulked gas tight like a steam boiler. They will warm a house with less dirt than the radiator which smuts the wall paper clear to the ceiling wherever it stands.

Upright smoke travel and smooth steel causes all soot to fall back into the fire to be consumed for fuel. It can not retard radiation and the instant heating quality of steel causes the greatest amount of heat to radiate from the fuel used so that these furnaces of steel are sold thruout the Canadian northwest where none but the most powerful heaters can battle with a northern winter.

Lennox Torrid Zone steel furnaces are cheaper to install than hot water or steam plants and will heat with less fuel. They will heat quicker and are far more simple to operate. They are vastly cleaner than any other kind of a warm air furnace or stoves and cleaner even than hot water or steam radiators. They heat with fresh air which is absolutely essential to health, and they are provided with water pans which make it possible to have the moisture of sea breezes in your house if you will use water enough.

CONSULT WITH OUR HEATING ENGINEERS

Table listing various locations and their corresponding heating engineers, including Ackley, Alden, Alexander, Allison, Aredale, Belmont, Blairtown, Bradford, Brooklyn, Chelsea, Clerion, Clarksville, Clear Lake, Collins, Colo, Conrad, Deep River, Dike, Durant, Dysart, Elberon, Fredericksburg, Garner, Geneva, Gladbrook, Grafton, Greene, Grundy Center, Hampton, Horton, Hubbard, Hudson, Keystone, Klemme, Ladors, LaPorte City, Marengo, Mason City, Melbourne, Meservey, Montezuma, Nevada, New Hartford, New Providence, New Providence Hdw. Co., Parnell, Plainfield, Plymouth, Readdy, Rockford, Rockwell, Rowan, Sheffield, St. Anthony, Steamboat Rock, Tama, Toledo, Tripoli, Van Horn, Victor, Vinton, Waterloo, Waverly, Williamsburg, Boyd Merc. Co., W. H. Borman, J. W. Kehe, Kluckholm & Koerner, P. B. Bristol & Co., Whitten & Huber, Eggman & Kammeier Co., Jacob Mayer, Cramer Bros., E. G. Penrose, A. H. Conant, B. F. Thomas & Son, Standard Hdw. Co., J. E. Ecklund & Co., P. N. Paulson & Son, D. P. Lanning, J. L. Holden, C. M. Berkley Hdw. Co., Lühring & Pape, Beving & Fleasner, H. A. Lyen, D. Milton Jones.

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