

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN OF ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of *The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN*, *RAFFLES*, Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER I.

A Small World.

Cazalet sat up so suddenly that his head hit the woodwork over the upper berth. His own voice still rang in his startled ears. He wondered how much he had said, and how far it could have carried above the throb of the liner's screws and the mighty pounding of the water against her plates. And then he remembered how he had been left behind at Naples, and rejoined the Kaiser Fritz at Genoa, only to find that he no longer had a cabin to himself.

A snuff assured Cazalet that he was neither alone at the moment nor yet the only one awake; he pulled back the swaying curtain, and there on the settee sat a man with a strong blue chin and the quizzical solemnity of an animated sphinx.

It was his cabin companion, an American named Hilton Toye, and Cazalet addressed him with nervous familiarity.

"I say! Have I been talking in my sleep?"

"Why, yes!" replied Hilton Toye, and broke into a smile that made a human being of him.

Cazalet forced a responsive grin. "What did I say?" he asked, with an amused curiosity at variance with his shaking head and shining forehead.

Toye took him in from crown to fingertips, with something deep behind his kindly smile. "I judge," said he, "you were dreaming of some drama you've been seeing ashore, Mr. Cazalet."

"Dreaming!" said Cazalet, wiping his face. "It was a nightmare! I must have turned in too soon after dinner. But I should like to know what I said."

"I can tell you word for word. You said, 'Henry Craven—dead!' and then you said, 'Dead—dead—Henry Craven!' as if you'd got to have it both ways to make sure."

"It's true," said Cazalet, shuddering.

"I saw him lying dead, in my dream."

Hilton Toye took a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "Thirteen minutes to one in the morning," he said, "and now it's September eighteenth. Take a note of that, Mr. Cazalet. It may be another case of second sight for your psychical research society."

"I don't care if it is." Cazalet was smoking furiously.

"Meaning it was no great friend you dreamed was dead?"

"No friend at all, dead or alive!"

"I'm kind of wondering," said Toye, winding his watch slowly, "if he's by way of being a friend of mine. I know a Henry Craven over in England. Lives along the river, down Kingston way, in a big house."

"Called Uplands?"

"Yes, sir! That's the man Little world, isn't it?"

The man in the upper berth had to hold on as his curtains swung clear; the man tilted back on the settee, all attention all the time, was more than ever an effective foil to him. Without the kindly smile that went as quickly as it came, Hilton Toye was somber, subtle and demure. Cazalet, on the other hand, was of sanguine complexion and impetuous looks. He was tanned a rich bronze about the middle of the face, but it broke off across his forehead like the coloring of a meerschaum pipe. Both men were in their early prime, and each stood roughly for his race and type: the traveled American who knows the world, and the elemental Britisher who has made some one loose end of it his own.

"I thought of my Henry Craven," continued Toye, "as soon as ever you came out with yours. But it seemed a kind of ordinary name. I might have known it was the same if I'd recollected the name of his firm. Isn't it Craven & Cazalet, the stockbrokers, down in Tokenhouse Yard?"

"That's it," said Cazalet bitterly. "But there have been none of us in it since my father died ten years ago."

"But you're Henry Craven's old partner's son?"

"I'm his only son."

"Then no wonder you dream about Henry Craven," cried Toye, "and no wonder it wouldn't break your heart if your dream came true."

"It wouldn't," said Cazalet through his teeth. "He wasn't a white man to me or mine—whatever you may have found him."

"I had a little place near his one summer. I know only what I heard down there."

"What did you hear?" asked Cazalet. "I've been away ten years, ever since the crash that ruined everybody but the man at the bottom of the whole thing. It would be a kindness to tell me what you heard."

"Well, I guess you've said it yourself right now. That man seems to have beggared everybody all around except himself; that's how I make it out," said Hilton Toye.

"He did worse," said Cazalet through his teeth. "He killed my poor father; he banished me to the wilds of Australia, and he sent a better man than himself to prison for fourteen years!"

Toye opened his dark eyes for once.

"Is that so? No. I never heard that," said he.

"You hear it now. He did all that, indirectly, and I didn't realize it at the time. I was too young, and the whole thing laid me out too flat; but I know it now, and I've known it long enough. It was worse than a crash. It was a scandal. That was what finished us off, all but Henry Craven! There'd been a gigantic swindle—special investments recommended by the firm, bogus certificates and all the rest of it. We were all to blame, of course. My poor father ought never to have been a poet. Even I—I was only a youngster in the office, but I ought to have known what was going on. But Henry Craven did know. He was in it up to the neck, though a fellow called Scruton did the actual job. Scruton got fourteen years—and Craven got our old house on the river."

"And feathered it pretty well!" said Toye, nodding. "Yes, I did hear that. And I can tell you they don't think any better of him, in the neighborhood, for going to live right there. But how did he stop the other man's mouth, and—how do you know?"

"Never mind how I know," said Cazalet. "Scruton was a friend of mine, though an older man; he was good to me, though he was a wrong 'un himself. He paid for it—paid for two—that I can say! But he was engaged to Ethel Craven at the time, was going to be taken into partnership on their marriage, and you can put two and two together for yourself."

"Did she wait for him?"

"About as long as you'd expect of the breed! She was her father's daughter. I wonder you didn't come across her and her husband!"

"I didn't see so much of the Craven crowd," replied Hilton Toye. "I wasn't stuck on them either. Say, Cazalet, I wouldn't be that old man when Scruton comes out, would you?"

But Cazalet showed that he could hold his tongue when he liked, and his grim look was not so legible as some that had come and gone before. This one stuck until Toye produced a big flask from his grip, and the talk shifted to less painful ground. It was the last night in the Bay of Biscay, and Cazalet told how he had been in it a fortnight on his way out by sailing-vessel. He even told it with considerable humor, and hit off sundry passengers of ten years ago as though they had been aboard the German boat that night and Toye drew him out about the bush until the shadows passed for minutes from the red-brick face with the white-brick forehead.

"I remember thinking I would dig for gold," said Cazalet. "That's all I knew about Australia. But you can have adventures of sorts if you go far enough up-country for 'em; it still pays to know how to use your fists out there. I remember once at a bush shanty they dished up such fruity chops that I said I'd fight the cook if

He had finished packing; the state-room floor was impassable with the baggage that Cazalet had wanted on the five-weeks' voyage. There was scarcely room to sit down, but in what there was sat Cazalet like a soul in torment. All the vultures of the night before, of his dreadful dream, and of the poignant reminiscences to which his dream had led, might have been gnawing at his vitals as he sat there waiting to set foot once more in the land from which a bitter blow had driven him.

Yet the bitterness might have been allayed by the consciousness that he, at any rate, had turned it to account. It had been, indeed, the making of him; thanks to that stern incentive, even some of the sweets of a deserved success were already his. But there was no hint of complacency in Cazalet's clouded face and heavy attitude. His face was pale, even in that torrid zone between the latitudes protected in the bush by beard and wide-awake. And he jumped to his feet as suddenly as the screw stopped for the first time. The same thing happened again and yet again, as often as ever the engines paused before the end. Cazalet would spring up and watch his stateroom door with clenched fists and haunted eyes. But it was some-long time before the door flew open, and then slammed behind Hilton Toye.

Toye was in a state of excitement even more abnormal than Cazalet's nervous despondency, which indeed it prevented him from observing. It was instantaneously clear that Toye was astounded, thrilled, almost triumphant, but as yet just drawing the line at that. A newspaper fluttered in his hand.

"Second sight?" he ejaculated, as though it were the night before and Cazalet still shaken by his dream. "I guess you've got it in full measure, pressed down and running over, Mr. Cazalet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Real Thing.

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## Hair Ornaments for Evening Wear

but once more Toye was regarding him as shrewdly as when the night was younger, and the littleness of the world had not yet made them confident and boon companion.

Eight bells actually struck before their great talk ended and Cazalet swore that he missed the "watches aft, sir!" of the sailing-vessel ten years before.

"Say!" exclaimed Hilton Toye, knitting his brows over some nebulous recollection of his own. "I seem to have heard of you and some of your yarns before. Didn't you spend nights in a log-hut miles and miles from any human being?"

It was as they were turning in at last, but the question spoiled a yawn for Cazalet.

"Sometimes, at one of our out-stations," said he, looking puzzled.

"I've seen your photograph," said Toye, regarding him with a more critical stare. "But it was with a beard."

"I had it off when I was ashore the other day," said Cazalet. "I always meant to, before the end of the voyage."

"I see. It was a Miss Macnair showed me that photograph—Miss Blanche Macnair lives in a little house down there near your old home. I



"Second Sight!" He Ejaculated, as Though It Were the Night Before.

judges hers is another old home that's been broken up since your day."

"They've all got married," said Cazalet.

"Except Miss Blanche. You write to her some, Mr. Cazalet?"

"Once a year—regularly. It was a promise. We were kids together, he explained, as he climbed back into the upper berth.

"Guess you were a lucky kid," said the voice below. "She's one in a thousand, Miss Blanche Macnair!"

### CHAPTER II.

#### Second Sight.

Southampton Water was an ornamental lake dotted with fairy lamps. It was a midsummer night, lagging a whole season behind its fellows. But already it was so late that the English passengers on the Kaiser Fritz had abandoned all thought of catching the last train to London.

They tramped the deck in their noisy, shining, shore-going boots; they manned the rail in lazy inarticulate appreciation of the nocturne in blue stippled with green and red and countless yellow lights. But Achilles in his tent was no more conspicuous absent than Cazalet in his cabin as the Kaiser Fritz steamed sedately up Southampton Water.

He had finished packing; the state-room floor was impassable with the baggage that Cazalet had wanted on the five-weeks' voyage. There was scarcely room to sit down, but in what there was sat Cazalet like a soul in torment. All the vultures of the night before, of his dreadful dream, and of the poignant reminiscences to which his dream had led, might have been gnawing at his vitals as he sat there waiting to set foot once more in the land from which a bitter blow had driven him.

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It appears that the pursuit of happiness and the pursuit of luxury are very much one and the same thing, judging from the belongings of women who are able to indulge a taste for the beautiful. A study of those things that are made more for the purpose of being decorative than for being useful reveals an enticing play of fancy in their make-up; witness the fans, the jewelry and the hair ornaments of the hour. The matter of first importance with them is to be beautiful and, next to that, to be original and clever in design.

Any number of fascinating decorations for the coiffure allure those who have occasion to wear them. Nearly all of them consist of a band supporting a standing ornament of some kind, and all sorts of sparkling and glowing and colorful materials are used to make them. Spangles, tinsels, rhinestones and pearls—the spangles in all colors, as well as silver and gold—provide the glitter. Tulle and ribbon and flowers play their happy parts, and a few soft and graceful feathers are given places of distinction on the coiffure ornaments of the day, or, rather, of the night. Jet in bands of spangles, in beads and tassels and ornaments, is conspicuous everywhere.

Two typical hair ornaments, designed to meet the requirements of opera goers, are shown in the picture above. At the left a band of jet sequins is combined with rhinestones. It is lined with satin, and the foundation band is wired along its edges, to keep it smooth.

The strand of rhinestones is set above two rows of small jet beads along the center. These terminate in a small ornament and tassel that serve to mount a spray of black feathers at the left side. Black or white marabou is used instead of paradise feathers, on many bands, and a majority of these ornaments do not employ feathers at all. This is especially true of those designed for younger women.

At the right a little cap is shown, made of small pearl beads strung on fine wire. Little jet balls dangle about its edge and a large jet star-shaped ornament serves to mount a crest of feathers at the front.

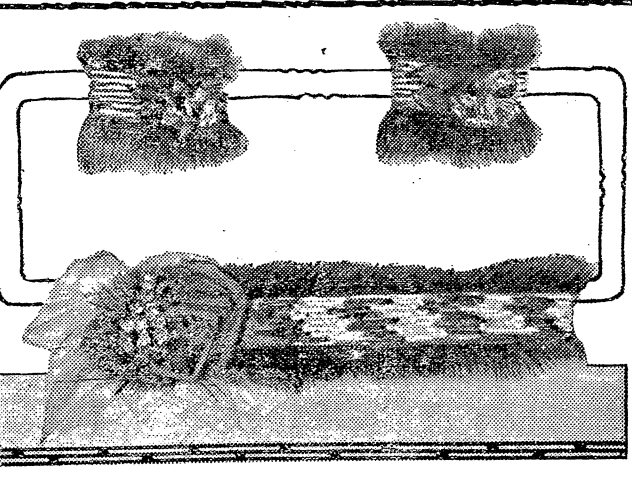
Pretty caps of white or black malines are mounted on bands covered with rows of rhinestones or pearls and sometimes a latticework of these mock jewels crosses their surface. Narrow black velvet ribbon is used to finish them, with long hanging loops at one side and a loose bridle under the chin.

Narrow silver or gold gauze ribbons are wound over bands covered with silk for making many of the less expensive ornaments. Clusters of small flowers, tinsel butterflies or ornaments, and tassels of beads finish them. Nothing is prettier or better liked than spangled bands finished with butterflies to match. These come in silver and gold and in many colors. There are also wreaths of beautifully made flowers of chiffon or satin, and with them malines in light colors is used for wired bows and airy ornaments.

#### A Home-Made Form.

For women who sew at home. Have a well-fitted lining, stitch, press, sew hooks and eyes down front. Stay neck with tape to avoid stretching. Take a bed pillow—the ordinary feather-filled kind—stand on end and fit the lining around it. Gradually work the pillow down into the lining until every part is filled out. You will have a duplicate of your own form ready for draping, pinning and sewing without the fatigue of standing.

## New Entry on Fashion's Stage



The latest and newest of pretty neckpieces makes its entry on fashion's stage accompanied by "wristlets" made to match. Perhaps the revival of the old-fashioned muffler, which has swept over the country, is responsible for that of wristlets, which were knitted, in the days of our grandmothers, to protect the wrists in wintertime. The neckpiece and cuffs pictured here are a very modern and frivolous version of the substantial muffler and wristlets of other days.

The set shown in the picture is made of blue and green chenille braid, edged with a narrow border of black fur. They are lined with green satin and embellished with sprays of forget-me-nots in light brown velvet. The spray at the end of the neckpiece is set in a choux of brown malines. Fancy bands and ribbons of various sorts and colors are used for these sets, but the fur border is always present and the small sprays of flowers a necessary part of their composition.

Sets of this kind are useful for converting the plain tailored waist of coat suit into something more dressy, and for providing a means for a bit of refurbishing up. With them, and other similar accessories, it is possible to vary the appearance of a dress that is worn day after day. The dark silk waist, which is worn for traveling or to business, loses its identity by the addition of a pretty finish of this kind. Organdie collar and cuff sets and those made of ribbon answer the same purpose but do not add any warmth.

Sets like that illustrated, and those made of ribbon, make lovely Christmas gifts. Roman striped or other striped ribbon in bright colors, or plaid ribbons, are chosen for the ribbon sets. Fancy silk and chenille braids offer a wide choice of color and design for the braided sets. Plain satin is used for lining them and they are fastened with snap fasteners.

Julia Bottomley

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;  
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;  
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;  
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

### HOLIDAY DISHES.

The holidays are at hand with tables groaning with the good things provided. These feast days recall the good things of our grandmother's day and we turn with delight to some of the old and tried recipes.



#### Oyster Cocktail.

For each person allow the strained juice of half a lemon, one-half a teaspoonful of vinegar, three drops of tabasco sauce, one-half teaspoonful of freshly-grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of tomato catchup; pour this mixture over five medium-sized oysters.

#### Chestnut Stuffing for Turkey.

Shell a quart of large, sound chestnuts. Put them in hot water and boil until the skins are softened. Remove skins and put the nuts on to boil again and cook until soft. Take out a few at a time and rub them through a sieve. They mash more easily when hot. Season with one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, a few dashes of pepper and a teaspoonful of parsley. Add one tablespoonful of grated ham, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs and two well beaten eggs. Do not have the stuffing too wet or it will be unpalatable and heavy.

#### Celery Stuffing.

Saute one tablespoonful of chopped onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add one cupful of chopped celery, one cupful of chopped apples; cook for five minutes, then add a cupful of soft bread crumbs, salt, pepper and grated nutmeg to taste, with enough stock to moisten.

#### Prune Stuffing.

Stew a half pound of large prunes without sugar until tender. Remove the stones and cut the pulp in small pieces. Add one and a half cupfuls of boiled rice, one-half cupful of bread crumbs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of poultry seasonings, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper.

#### Potato Stuffing for Fowl.

Chop fine the giblets of one chicken, mix with a cupful of mashed potatoes, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of bread crumbs, two eggs and salt, pepper and sage to taste.

### CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Who could imagine a Christmas without home-made candies? Largely the fun is in the making. Candy forms a most acceptable gift and may be planned for during the year by collecting cute little baskets that are inexpensive or boxes may be covered with fancy cloth like chintz or cretonne to make most fancy and stylish little receptacles. Someone has said that the reason men are so much more successful in culinary matters is that they know and appreciate the difference between an eighth and a sixteenth of an inch. Now we will not admit that this is true, yet accuracy to the smallest detail is necessary especially in candy-making. A candy thermometer may be purchased for a dollar which will insure good results as it gives the temperature when the sirup should be taken from the fire. The very best flavoring should be used as well as the best and purest colorings. Sugar for the little folks' cakes and candies may be colored at home. Drop little coloring on a greased paper with dry granulated sugar, rub it in well then place in a dry place to dry. Put in bottles for future use.

#### Marzipan.

This is a German Christmas sweet which is growing in favor each year. Vegetables, fruits, figures, nuts and various things are represented and look so like the real thing that it is easy to be deceived. Make as follows: Put a half pound of granulated sugar and three-quarters of a gill of water on to boil, dissolve carefully, then boil to 242 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove from the fire and add six pounded almonds, and the white of an egg, stir vigorously. Return the pan to the fire to cook the egg. Pour the mixture on a platter and work it with a wooden spoon until it cools somewhat and thickens. Then knead in a tablespoonful of confectioners' sugar, continue this process until the marzipan is smooth and firm. Divide and color, then mold into forms of fruit or vegetables. Pink, green and one part white will make any number of different fruits.

#### Not So Serious.

"What do I see? This year's rules cut out hugging in the clinches."  
"Horrors! Does it mean the new dances?"  
"No; it seems this alludes to prize fights."

#### Make Your Own Selection.

"Could you recommend a good physician?"  
"I'm sorry, but there are two persons that I no longer recommend—doctors and servant girls."