

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.
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LYDIA BEGINS TO SUSPECT HER FATHER OF DECEIVING HER IN SOME MANNER AND SHE IS DEEPLY GRIEVED—SOME MYSTERIOUS THING SCARES HIM

Synopsis—Lydia Craven, traveling as Lucy Carteret, runs away from her English home to go to her father, Thaddeus Craven, in New York, whom she hasn't seen for five years. Three days out on board the steamer Alsatia, she runs plump into Craven, making love to Mrs. Merrilees, a young widow, engaged to marry him. Later Craven explains his mysterious conduct and supposed bachelorhood by telling Lydia he is a British secret service agent in America. She is attacked at night and a small box containing supposed valuable documents, which he has given her to keep for him, is stolen. Quoin, an amateur detective, recovers it for her, and when the party lands at New York, Lydia, carrying the box openly, has no trouble passing the customs inspection. When Mrs. Merrilees declares a \$50,000 necklace and the inspector finds it an imitation worth \$300, she is held and searched as a smuggler. Despite past tricks, however, Mrs. Merrilees is honest this time.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

After a brief conference he turned back to Lydia and Peter. "A bad business!" he doubted in an undertone, wagging his head. "Betty's played the game straight as a die this trip; but nothing on earth will make these people believe that, after the way she's carried on in the past. Looks like an all-day session—no good your sticking round: nothing either of you can do. Quoin and I will stand by Betty; but you'd better cut along. You won't mind dropping Lydia at the Great Eastern hotel, Peter?"

"No—I won't precisely what you might call mind," Peter declared, brightening.

"I engaged rooms by wireless yesterday. It'll take a day or two, you know, to readjust my diggings to receive a daughter. Now clear out—like good children!"

Lydia bade hurried farewells. Giving Quoin her hand, she hoped he wouldn't forget to call, as he'd promised. Quoin was persuaded that such oversight would be symptomatic of insanity. His tone was light; but his direct and penetrating gaze embarrassed the girl, and she was flustered by consciousness that her cheeks were unaccountably aglow, her fingers tremulous in his firm grasp.

Betty Merrilees offered a cool cheek to Lydia's lips. "Don't worry about me!" she protested pettishly. "Besides, in your heart of hearts you believe I'm guilty—you know you do!"

"I don't!" Lydia insisted, and in the next breath, "You didn't—honestly?"

Betty's mood melted transiently. "Honest Injun!" she declared with mirth in her voice, but downright candor in the eyes that held Lydia's. "And I don't blame anyone for climbing up on the fence, either," she added in cryptic phrase, "all except these despicable customs men!"

Peter's town car was waiting at the pier entrance, and when he had helped her into it, Lydia, looking out through the limousine door, viewed a section of the throng of passengers waiting for taxicabs, in the forefront of which stood two men.

One faced her and first attracted attention by his singularly persistent stare—a stoutish body, by no means tall, snug in a braided morning coat—the London mode, glossy top, white spats and all, down to the silver-mounted stick of malacca—wearing a humorous eye in his square-jawed, scarlet face—one who would readily pass current as an elderly and retired gentleman of means, with a penchant for good cooking and outdoor life.

His companion, some inches taller and built upon more rakish lines, stood half turned aside so that she could see little more than the salient line of a dark, lean cheek, and a long and narrow back-head. But that was quite enough to make her sit up with a start, remembering that she had seen him once before in precisely that pose, outside the window of her stateroom. He turned for a moment toward her bringing to her view his right eye—covered by a black patch!

Happily Peter chose that moment to climb into the car, and so blocked out the disturbing vision. On the other hand, he was quick to note the evidence of her distress.

"Hello!" he cried in deep concern. "What's up? Surely you're not feeling ill!"

She shook her head vigorously, and in heedless agitation raised a gloved hand and pointed. "Peter, who is that man—the tall one, there, with the black patch over his eye?"

"Which? Oh, I see!" Here the car drew away, so that Black Patch was no longer visible. "I'm not dead sure," Peter resumed, "but he looks a heap like a chap Quoin pointed out in the smoking room one night—one of a brace of deep-sea sharks we had aboard. Chap with a queer name—Lefty—no, I've got it—Southpaw Smith. Why do you ask? You certainly can't know the fellow!"

CHAPTER XI.

From the manner of the room clerk Lydia inferred that the name of Thaddeus Craven was well esteemed by the management of the Great Eastern. Nor was this impression at all modified by the rooms to which she was shown—a suite so complete and luxurious in appointments that its appeal was strong to the sybaritic strain with which heredity had endowed the girl.

Toward six o'clock she dropped, worn out, into an armchair beside an open window in the living room. Wearily the girl's eyelids drooped. Insensibly she drowsed, drifting into a sort of halfwaking nightmare, wherein she with her father waged incessant war against powers of darkness, shapeless, featureless, inscrutably malign—

The last rays of the sinking sun flooded her face, even as it impregnated her dream, with the hue of blood. Twilight, succeeding, caught together the gaping arras of the sky. Minutes wove a web of hours—

Abruptly Lydia found herself on her feet, a low cry shuddering in her throat, aware that the room was ablaze with light, that she was no longer alone. Then, calming, she realized nothing more terrible than Craven's return.

He stood near the center of the room, staring, evidently at a loss to account for her agitation, his face slightly flushed yet lowering.

"Well?" he demanded sharply. "What the deuce is the matter with you?"

"You—you startled me," she faltered with a tremulous smile. "I must have fallen asleep, waiting for you—and then I had a horrible dream—"

Craven's look swept her from head to foot, captious and ugly. "You haven't dressed," he said—meaning that she hadn't changed for dinner. "Been asleep long?"

"Why—some hours, I presume. What time is it? It was just sunset, the last I knew."

"After nine o'clock now. Then you've had no dinner?"

Lydia shook her head. "I was waiting for you."

"You shouldn't have," he grumbled. "Thought I told you not to count on me. I've been busy of course, flying round all afternoon, getting Betty settled. Otherwise should have been home long ago."

"I have been worried about Betty—Mrs. Merrilees—"

"Oh, that business!" He smiled grimly. "It was over sooner than I expected. Unpleasant for her—to submit to being searched by a female inspector. But of course they found nothing, and had to let her go. And now she's threatening all manner of trouble."

"Then the necklace was really stolen? I'm so sorry!"

"Yes," Craven eyed her curiously for an instant. "Yes, it was stolen, right enough, and a clean-cut job, if you ask me. The thief must have been

laying for somebody to buy the thing. He had the counterfeit all ready, of course."

"But that's what I don't understand. Simplest thing in the world. Chance is he found the copy ready made to his hand. Nine out of ten of these smart Frenchwomen, like the original owner of the collar, have their best pieces duplicated in paste for public wear. Somehow or other he must have got hold of that. The only question is, when did he make the substitution? Betty swears it was the genuine article she received, and it hasn't been out of her possession since, except while in the purser's safe, and when I brought it to her, up there in the veranda cafe, day before yesterday. Looks as if it was up to the purser—unless you care to point the well-known finger of suspicion at me—or Peter!"

"How absurd!"

"Think so? Well, I'm glad you do, my dear." His humor had softened. Drawing near, he pinched her cheek affectionately. "Not that there's any reason for you to worry. Only, if Betty still wants to play Lady Bountiful at your wedding, she'll have to disburse the price of another necklace."

"Daddy! As if I thought of that!"

"Probably you don't, being yourself. Still—you'll marry some day, and pearl collars don't grow on every bough of orange blossoms."

"I'm not thinking of being married," Lydia murmured, looking away.

"Oh, I presume not—no more than the next girl of your age! Nothing doing with Peter Traft, eh?"

"Oh, daddy! Don't be silly!"

Lydia met his gaze fairly and honestly, laughter in her eyes, and Craven accepted her disclaimer without question.

"Well, I'm sorry for Peter. He's a good boy—well off too. And he's mighty strong for you. Mustn't let yourself be misled by Peter's reputation. Just because he's got the name of a gay young butterfly is no real reason why he shouldn't be in dead earnest this time."

"I wish you wouldn't say such things."

"Well—don't forget him, when you do come to think of marrying. And," Craven dismissed the subject airily, "of course you would be happier as mistress of your own establishment than well—playing second fiddle in mine."

Had he slapped her the girl could hardly have suffered deeper pain and humiliation. He wanted to be rid of her! That truth was out at last. However kindly Craven's primal impulse to deceive, the time had come when he could or would no longer dissemble.

Her thoughts worked swiftly. Since he found her a drag, she must cease to be such at once—Instantly—tonight. Until she could find some way to become self-supporting the hospitable doors of Mrs. Beggarstaff's home offered a haven where Lydia felt sure of finding a welcome, sympathy, affection.

With a brisk tread and a cheerful countenance Craven returned to the sitting room. "Hello! What's troubling my girl? Something on your mind, eh?"

She eyed him gravely. "Do you really want me to marry Peter Traft?" she demanded.

"Why consult my desires? You'll do as you please anyway—just as I did at your age. It's a good match, and if you find you care enough for the youngster," he raised his hands in mock benediction, "bless you, my children! But—upon my word!—never can tell about you women. Only two minutes ago—"

"That was when I still believed you wanted me with you, when I thought I might be a help to you, not an obstacle in the path of your happiness. Better to marry at once—the first bidder—and repent too late, if that must be—than to know I'm in your way."

"Liddy, my dear little girl!" The tone was fond, the smile indulgent; but with sharpened vision she saw through the pretense.

"No!" she cried passionately. "No! Don't—don't waste time trying to deceive me, daddy!"

Turning she stumbled blindly into her bedroom, shut the door, and threw herself across the bed, sobbing.

After some time the door latch clicked. "Liddy!"

The girl made no answer. She couldn't; she was struggling to hush her sobs.

"Liddy!" Craven came to her side, and seated himself on the bed. "Little girl," he said, with melancholy, "you've hurt me terribly, misjudged me so cruelly. But no matter. I realize that you don't understand."

He touched her hair caressingly. She suffered this without response. Tonight her wits were keyed to a pitch of divination. Beneath the cloying tenderness in his accents she read the truth too clearly.

"I've just telephoned for dinner. It'll be up presently, and I want you to try to eat something. Get up, please, and dry your eyes, compose yourself, and be fair to me."

"Very well," Lydia said stiffly, without stirring.

With a final approving pat Craven rose. "Thank you, my dear," he said gently. He sighed, moved toward the door, but there paused. "By the way," he observed carelessly, "that thing I gave you the other night—the puzzle box—it is safe, I presume?"

"Yes," said Lydia, sitting up. "Do you want it?"

"If convenient."

Without another answer she rose and went to the bureau, found her handbag, produced the puzzle box, and silently, with averted face, gave it to her father.

His footsteps were audible crossing the sitting room. Then she heard him closing his bedchamber door.

With some effort Lydia pulled herself together, rose, bathed her face and eyes with cold water, then sought her mirror to survey and repair as best she could the ravages of tears.

Do you suspect Craven of being up to some trickery? Why should he become grouchy to his daughter? There is a big development of the story in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SMOKED HIS CIGAR BY PROXY

Bismarck Gave Cherished "Weed" to Wounded Soldier and Enjoyed Watching Man's Contentment.

With all his brusqueness and even, at times, brutality, Bismarck, says Frederick Marvin, had much of the "live-and-let-live" philosophy, and it humanized him so that men loved him and willingly followed after him. The story of the last cigar at Koeniggratz illustrates what has been said, says the Yorkshire (Eng.) Post.

"The value of a good cigar," said Bismarck, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Koeniggratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it."

"I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I miscalculated my chances. And what was the cause of my miscalculations? A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, asking for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay, I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

An Odd Collision.

"One would imagine it to be safe, in preparing a list of improbabilities, to include such a thing as a collision between an airplane and a steam roller," says the Popular Mechanics Magazine. "A rear-end crash of two so utterly different machines seems extremely incongruous. And yet this is precisely what occurred not long ago at an aviation field near Buffalo, N. Y. The steam roller was being used on the turf when an airman attempted to make a landing. In doing this he either miscalculated the relative positions of his craft and the heavy roller, or became 'object struck' for the nose of the plane was plunged with considerable force against the rear of the other machine. Fortunately no one was badly injured, but the propeller of the aircraft was broken, the landing gear wrenched, and the radiator smashed."

To Close London Churches.

The City of London will have forty or fifty of its churches closed in the near future, till after the war, as a result of the bishop's scheme for releasing clergy for national war work. There are now only about 20,000 people resident in the city (the central portion of the whole municipality), and if present plans go through, only eight churches will be kept open for their use.

To Explain Russian Mineral Deposits

An important geological expedition is to be undertaken by Russian scientists into the mountainous region of Juban, South Caucasus, for the exploration of mineral beds there. It is hoped that the expedition will be able to recommend the exploitation of extensive beds of coal and certain rare minerals. The expedition will be led by M. Androussov, a well-known Russian geologist.

No Use For Them.

Richard, aged four, accompanied by his mother, was watching a regiment of soldiers, headed by its band, marching by. "Mamma," he asked, "what's the use of all them soldiers that don't make music?"

Playing Safe.

Eusebius was told by his mamma not to stay to meals at his aunt's without asking her. He was invited to dinner and his aunt said she would ask his mamma by phone. He said: "Don't ask her, tell her."

And Pay Dearly.

The road to ruin is kept in good repair at the expense of those who travel over it.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and Nobody will Know.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

TO BREAK IN NEW SHOES ALWAYS USE Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It prevents tightness and blistering. Relieves Corns, Bunions, and Swollen, Sweating, Aching Feet. Gives rest and comfort. Accept no substitute. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SUFFERING CATS! GIVE THIS MAN THE GOLD MEDAL

No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out, without a particle of pain or soreness.

This drug is called freezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callous.

Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callous. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This drug freezone doesn't eat out the corns or callouses but shrivels them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist don't have freezone have him order it for you.

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

Low-priced, fresh, reliable, prepared by western stock men, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00. 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00. Use any injector, but Cutter's is simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. It is unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California.

MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aurora, Ill.—"For seven long months I suffered from a female trouble, with severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair, and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my housework, I was giving up hope of ever being well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARL A. KIESO, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory, many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.