

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Real Entertainment.

In peace times the Atlantic steamship lines offer smooth rascals a fruitful field of labor. Some are gamblers, some are smugglers, some are thieves of every known variety, including blackmailers. In "Sheep's Clothing" Mr. Vance has written a story whose action takes place principally during a single voyage from England to America, and at least three of his characters are smart rascals posing as honest men—wolves in sheep's clothing. This story points no moral. Its chapters are filled with honest, cheerful, entertaining people; the kind we all like to meet and know—and the ending is happy. No, this isn't a problem novel, but a very pleasant—and sometimes thrilling—tale, and you're all going to enjoy reading it.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

In her maiden season the Alsatia, "largest steamship in the world" of her day and generation, was advertised to leave Liverpool for New York via Queenstown, promptly at five o'clock in the afternoon of every third Saturday.

At about one o'clock of a Saturday late in September one forehanded passenger found her way by dint of persistence through the pandemonium in the pier-shade to the Alsatia's first-cabin gangway.

This was a young woman not far beyond her twentieth year, with a tall and slender body, a face of uncommon distinction, and at the time somewhat pale, and a striking abundance of hair the color of raw, red gold. Dressed simply in dark traveling costume, with hat in excellent accord, she carried, in addition to a light wrap and tightly rolled umbrella, a conspicuously new Oxford bag lettered in black, "L. C.—New York." Behind her a porter staggered beneath her only other piece of luggage—a battered black-leather trunk of great age, which, curiously enough, bore the legend in letters of white, half obliterated, "L. C.—London."

Tippling and dismissing the man, the girl confidently ascended the gangway to the saloon deck of the Alsatia, and asked a steward to conduct her to her stateroom, displaying at the same time a ticket entitling "Lucy Carteret, Spinster," to a berth in Room 75, Deck B. Once alone in her room, she bolted the door, lingered before a full-length mirror to remove her hat, eying her reflection with a shadowy, puzzling smile, and turned away to review the cubicle, one-half of which she was entitled to call her own for the next six days. The other half had been engaged by a woman of whom she knew nothing whatever, not even so much as her name.

It was a stateroom unusual in arrangement and luxurious in appointment. Twin brass bedsteads stood end to end against the inner wall. The other furniture comprised a capacious chest of drawers, a comfortable sofa, and two wicker armchairs. At one end narrow doors admitted to a cramped but adequate lavatory and a roomy clothes-press. The woodwork was enameled a creamy white, and the walls boasted panels of golden brocade—a color scheme conveying an effect at once of warmth, airiness and scrupulous cleanliness.

With a grave little nod, the girl approved. If expensive—and it was horribly expensive for her slender purse—this stateroom was well worth all it had cost her. There ran in her blood the instinct for luxury, though now her purse, upon examination, yielded but four golden sovereigns, a half-sovereign, a half-crown, a shilling, and a few ponderous copper pennies, barely enough for the inevitable tips at the end of the voyage. She would land in New York practically penniless. But that would be on a day the seventh distant; sufficient unto it its potential mischief.

She was very tired; the last few nights had brought her little sleep, thanks to the excitement engendered by contemplation of a step whose boldness was unprecedented in her history. But now, with that step successfully taken, excitement yielded place to fatigue. Unlocking and in part unpacking both bag and trunk, she appropriated a fair half of the wardrobe accommodations, then wrapped herself in

a dressing gown and lay down on one of the beds. Transient, odd visions painted the ruddy gloom within her closed eyelids—of the life she had dismissed; of the temerarious adventure that engaged her; of the life to which she looked forward.

In time a knocking sounded on the door. The girl stirred and moved her head impatiently. The knocking grew imperative, and the deeps of sleep were disturbed by other sounds as well, by voices—

Miss Carteret came fully to her senses in the act of unfastening the door. But of a sudden she paused with fingers resting nerveless upon half-drawn bolt, eyes wide with apprehension, and her face robbed of all that gracious color with which sleep had imbued it. For an instant she stood so, in doubt and hesitation, listening; then, as if reassured, she drew the bolt clear and opened the door.

This act disclosed two figures waiting beyond the threshold—a luggage-laden steward and a lady of abundant person and post-mature years, in a gown not three days out of the Rue de la Paix.

"I'm sorry," the girl apologized, standing aside. "I was quite sound asleep, and couldn't seem to wake up."

"But it is I who am sorry to have disturbed you." With a nod and a smile of acknowledgment, the speaker sallied grandly into the stateroom, a somewhat overpowering Presence.

Submitting perforce to the necessity of traveling without privacy, Miss Carteret hadn't bargained for the company of a dowager duchess; and this Presence bodied forth every redoubtable inch of that high estate. Her sixty years were quick with the spirit of forty. She wore her nose with the high, patrician bridge. A make-up of



She Drew the Bolt and Opened the Door.

most excellent discretion supplemented charms by no means hopelessly passeé. An impeccable taste in dress achieved a sobriety to suit her age, while escaping gloom and stiffness. There were evidences of a vigorous temper, dominated by a lively appreciation of the humorous, an invincible self-confidence, a seasoned acquaintance with the world, and a devastating curiosity—a handsome figure, a personality to be reckoned with.

By accent and mode of speech a true American, this was no duchess unless through accident of matrimony. But indubitably she was a dragon.

Miss Carteret was quick to endure the lady with a mental nickname, "the Dowager Dragon," a term whose asperity she modified by the admission that, if dragonish, she was most probably a dear. Then she seemed conscious that she had been staring steadfastly, and for a time far too long, at the subject of her reverie.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, averting her eyes.

"I'd rather you didn't," said the Dowager Dragon brusquely. "If you apologize, I'll have to—I've been staring every whit as hard as you, my dear—and I never apologize." The conceit relished; the lady rolled it over her tongue and paraphrased, "I may be rude, I may be wrong; but admit it? Never!" Then she laughed heartily.

Miss Carteret ventured a smile. "I was thinking—" she offered in conclusive amendment.

"Believe me, I saw that," the other interrupted, "and more; I read your thoughts quite plainly."

"Oh, no!" the girl protested in alarm.

"But yes, my dear. You were think-

ing that in me you'd caught something of a tartar. Now weren't you? But a hand-painted bark doesn't necessarily imply a venomous bite. And if my complexion is candidly artful—must a woman look her age or lose caste? I do wear a wig; but think what a fright I should be without one! On the other hand, my figure and eyes and teeth are all my own," the last were frankly exhibited in an infectious laugh, "and so is my heart. In short, at my worst I'm a perfectly respectable old gossip—But—gracious, child!—how you do run on!"

With this bewildering reproach, the Dowager Dragon rose, and producing an impressive bunch of keys, began to unlock her various pieces of hand luggage.

"Really," she pursued, "you don't give one a chance to ask a single question. Here you've dragged out of me the most private bones in my skeleton cupboard without so much as telling me your name. No matter; you won't refuse it when you know mine. It's Beggarstaff—Amelia—widow. Now, as Peter Traft says, what do you know about that?"

Miss Carteret knew nothing whatever about that, and owned her ignorance with a look of blankness that earned an indulgent chuckle.

"Confess you have never heard of me! But that's only because you're English."

"Oh, but I'm not!" Miss Carteret insisted impulsively. "My mother's parents were English; but I—"

Here she choked in undisguised dismay. But her companion wasn't looking—didn't, indeed, need to look; such is the resource of one ripe in the knowledge of humanity.

"Go on, my dear. Tell me all—as well now as later. You will, anyway, in the end—and if you don't, I'll engage to find you out for myself. By the way, your name would help."

"Lid—" Miss Carteret announced incoherently, stopping abruptly as though half-choked by the monosyllable.

"How very odd!" commented Mrs. Beggarstaff with a straight face. "Miss Lid! Almost as bizarre as Beggarstaff. But that's my own fault; I married it with my hearing unimpaired. But Lid! I never—"

"My name isn't Lid!" the girl interrupted indignantly. "I never said so. Something was tickling my throat. My name is Lucy Carteret."

WHAT DECAYED TEETH COST

Are More Injurious to the Health of Humanity Than Strong Drink.

Decayed teeth are causing more harm to the human race than alcohol. Dr. Alfred C. Fones of Bridgeport, Conn., says that approximately 95,000,000 of persons in the United States have decayed teeth, notes Popular Science Monthly. Dentistry's next step, in his opinion, is to wipe out or prevent tooth decay by a systematic campaign of education on the care of the teeth among schoolchildren.

How shall this be done? Bridgeport's plan has attracted wide attention already. Every child in that city submits to a thorough examination of the mouth and is given free treatment. This type of clinic costs about 80 cents per child per year. The city assumes one-half the responsibility in educating and helping the children to preserve their teeth. The other half, which is placed on the child and its parents, consists in providing proper food and in caring for the mouth.

How to Deal With Germs.

In dealing with germs, it should be remembered that a germ of the mildest appearance may very often be most savage. Don't be deceived by a germ that looks harmless. The male germ, as a rule, is the most voracious and it may always be known by its gay plumage. Germs, as we have been taught, bring with them every sort of disease, and while germs are not always fatal, they try their best to be. The average conscientious germ is chagrined when he falls to kill. If a number of germs are engaged on a job and do not succeed they are in disgrace with the folks back home. Teach the children to swat the germs. Particularly the young germs. Germs, like people, are most odious at the adolescent age.

The Eligible Class.

Milly—"I would only marry a man who has lived and suffered." Billy—"I suppose what you want is a widower."

"Sorry I misunderstood—and glad Lucy Carteret's much prettier and—ah—human. The Maryland Carterets, I hope?"

"Oh, no," said the girl hastily. "Too bad; it's a good family. Let me see—there are no Carterets worth mentioning in New York, Virginia branch, perhaps?"

"Oh, no." The iterated denial was less bold than its original; Miss Carteret was beginning to be sorry she hadn't waited for a later steamer, as well as that she had thought it necessary, not to say romantic, to adopt a pseudonym to fit the initials on her luggage.

"Then you can't be anybody!" Mrs. Beggarstaff asserted vigorously. "Too bad. Unless possibly," she brightened, "you come of the English family?" There are, I believe, some Carterets in Hertfordshire—"

"No!" the persecuted young woman said firmly. "I told you I was an American—and if the matter is of any importance, I'm perfectly willing to admit I'm nobody."

"Don't be cross with an inquisitive old woman, my dear." The Beggarstaffian smile was very fetching. Miss Carteret's indignation melted before it. "I'm only trying to find out if we haven't friends in common. Who are your friends on board? I know everybody, and—"

"I'm traveling alone," the girl interposed meekly, "and to the best of my knowledge I don't know a soul on the ship."

Mrs. Beggarstaff chose shrewdly to disapprove. "That's not right! You're too young and good-looking to travel without at least a chaperon. These transatlantic boats are all alive with adventurers. Luckily, you now have me—unless, perhaps, you're too high-spirited to utilize an old woman's interest?"

"You're very kind," Miss Carteret murmured—not altogether insincerely. She was too intelligent to be blind to the advantage of having so thorough-paced a Dowager Dragon to protect and advise her. And she was anything but anxious to incur ill-will by refusing an offer that, however forward, seemed unquestionably to be dictated by the kindest spirit.

"I'm glad you think so—or have the grace to say so, at least. So that's settled. Now tell me more about yourself. Is this your first crossing?"

"It's my first trip home." Plainly no help for it; with this persistently friendly body catechizing her, she might as well now as later stand and deliver some account of herself.

"Your first trip home? That means you've been over a long time?"

And in very short order Mrs. Beggarstaff has the confidence of Lucy Carteret, and that young lady is telling the story of her life. Don't miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reading Faces.

The New York Medical Record in an article entitled "The Face and Its Expression in Diagnosis" is of the opinion that the Sherlock Holmes faculty in the average doctor enables him to read in his patient's face in a moment's observation that which the laboratory or physical examination will be a long time finding out. Going somewhat further the writer says that the physician may have read something in the face of the dog of the patient's household. That at the doctor's first visit the dog's face would have shined forth a welcome; at the next day he could read unalloyed gladness at his visit and confidence in him; at the third visit the dog's face would wear a dejected look. The wise physician would know what this meant. The family had "changed doctors."

Aptly Named.

A bootblack was puffing at the end of a cigar when a gentleman, thinking to have a little fun at the youth's expense, asked him if he always smoked cigars. "Oh, yes, sir, pretty often," announced the youth.

"What brand do you generally smoke?" asked the gentleman.

"Robinson Crusoe, sir," replied the bootblack.

The gentleman pondered a while. "I never heard of that brand," he said. "It's a name I've given 'em myself," said the youth. "You see, gov'nor, old Crusoe was a castaway!"—Rochester Times.

First Motion Picture.

The motion picture is more than fifty years old, if we understand by that term any device for producing the optical illusion of moving objects. These toys were called by various names, such as thaumatope, zoetrope, stroboscope, phenakistoscope, stereoscopic cabinet, kinematoscope, etc. The first exhibition of photographic motion pictures was made by Henry Heyl, in Philadelphia, in 1870.

Wisdom and Laughter.

One should take good care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life as laughter.—Addisa.

Start Tomorrow and Keep It Up Every Morning

Get in the habit of drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

We're not here long, so let's make our stay agreeable. Let us live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, and look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet, how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of inside-bathing before breakfast.

Misunderstood.

She—Does Dr. Cutter treat many people?

He—No; he's notoriously stingy.—Boston Transcript.

The Reason.

"The young officer you introduced to me appeared to be blue."

"Naturally. He is a submarine."—Baltimore American.

SAGE TEA TURNS GRAY HAIR DARK

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients for 50 cents a large bottle, all ready for use. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens 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 the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

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