

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.
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LUCY CARTERET ADMITS THAT SHE IS LYDIA CRAVENS AND THAT HER FATHER DOESN'T KNOW SHE IS GOING TO AMERICA TO LIVE WITH HIM

A well-bred young Englishwoman, nervous and suspicious, finds when she boards the steamer *Alsatia*, bound from Liverpool to New York, that her stateroom mate is Mrs. Amelia Beggarstaff, a fascinating, wealthy American widow of sixty years. The girl introduces herself as Lucy Carteret and explains that she is going to make her home with her father in America. Something about the girl's behavior puzzles the widow, and she is much surprised to find that Lucy owns a magnificent necklace which had been stolen from a museum collection some time previously, and informs her friend, Mr. Quoin, a private detective. Lucy, dressing in the dark in her stateroom, hears a mysterious conversation between men just outside her window and recognizes one of them.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Two minutes later the stewardess, hastening to answer a series of impatient rings from B75, found that stateroom bright with light and tenanted by a pale but animated young woman frantically struggling into a haphazard selection of garments, with the evident intention of making immediate appearance in public.

"Winant, do you think you could find me a passenger list?"

"Oh, surely, miss."

"I want very much to see one. Please fetch it at once."

Gravely Winant shrugged and went her way, shrewdly guessing close to the cause of the passenger's excitement. "Some sweet-art, likely," she reflected with the indulgent pity of a self-supporting married woman not obliged to live continuously with her husband. "Found out some 'ow 'e's on board, w'ch she wasn't expectin'."

So instead of summoning the ship's doctor to pass upon the advisability of allowing the convalescent to go on deck, Winant serenely carried out her instructions, returning to find Miss Carteret all dressed save for hooks and shoebuttons.

"You've been in since I went to sleep this afternoon, Winant?" the girl demanded as Winant entered.

"Yes, miss, tidyin' up a bit."

"You didn't notice a brooch anywhere—on top this chest of drawers?"

"A cameo brooch? Yes, miss, I did, and left it w'ere I saw it."

"Really? But it's not there now. What can have become of it? Oh, is that the passenger list?"

In her excitement, almost snatching from Winant's grasp the printed list of first-class passengers, the girl promptly forgot the missing brooch.

"You're sure, miss," the stewardess pursued, first examining the chest and then kneeling to paw the carpet beneath it, "you're sure you didn't by any chance knock it off while dressin'?"

"What?" the girl murmured abstractedly, her gaze racing down the dense columns of small type.

"The brooch, miss—"

"Oh, bother that! It's surely somewhere about. I'll find it later. Oh, Winant!" she broke off with a cry of delight. "It is true! I knew I couldn't be mistaken! He is on the ship!"

Her trembling forefinger indicated midway down the column headed "C" the entry, "Craven, Thaddeus—New York."

"The gentleman as you're enyged to, miss?" Winant hazarded impersonally, and having noted the name stepped behind the girl to hook up her frock.

"Engaged to? Oh, no, Winant!" the girl laughed. "How absurd! Why, he's my father!"

"Mr. Craven, miss? But I thought as 'ow your nime was Carteret, miss."

"Oh!" the girl gasped in transient dismay. Then she laughed. "To be sure, that is the name I salled under. But my real name's Lydia Craven—not Lucy Carteret at all. You see, I didn't want—well—somebody in England—to know I was sailing."

"Your father, miss?" Winant hazarded dispassionately, kneeling again to attend to the girl's shoes.

"No; someone else. I—I didn't know my father was in England, you see. Craven's daughter faltered in a first faint chill of doubt. "He—ne must have made a hurried trip on business—he's a very busy man—and didn't have time to notify me. But that," her spirits dictated on the rebound, "only makes it more strange and wonderful—that we should meet this way! He will be surprised."

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To Lydia, waiting with eyes shining and lips tremulous with anticipation, entered unexpectedly her Dowager Dragon; and entering, for the first and only time in their association betrayed no signs of some slight embarrassment and bewilderment.

"Heaven help our home!" Mrs. Beggarstaff cried, thunderstruck. "Where are you going, child?"

"On deck, probably," Lydia informed her with a twinkle of mischief.

"But—my blessed income—"

"Dear Mrs. Beggarstaff," Lydia interposed impulsively. "I must tell you, something has happened—something so wonderful and delightful that I verily believe it would have got me out of bed had I been at the point of death!"

"Poh!" exclaimed the Dowager Dragon impatiently. Surprise faded in her eyes, and was replaced by something strangely like disappointment.

With a quick movement she closed the door and sat down on her bed. "Nonsense!" she added with unaccountable irritation, looking the excited young woman up and down. "My dear, you're not going to tell me you've found out your father is on board?"

"How in the name of wonder did you guess?"

"I didn't guess—I knew," the Dragon retorted, sententiously. "I know everything, including my own mind; my mind—"

Lydia stepped over the high sill of a doorway to open air upon the main deck abaft the superstructure and gained the shadow of the deckhouse wherein the rudder engine clanked and groaned. When she came to the open space between the deckhouse and the taffrail the moon slipped from behind a cloud, drenching the ship with ghostly radiance, and she stopped short. In no other public part of the vessel could one—or two—have found greater privacy.

Two, at least, seemed to have thought of that. In that fan-shaped space behind the deckhouse, close by the singing meter of the log, Craven stood with Mrs. Merrilees in his arms. Wholly unaware that they were not alone, these two clung to each other, lips sealing lips in the ecstasy of a long and passionate embrace, moveless save as they yielded to the motion of the ship.

Lydia stood rooted in incredulous embarrassment. In that pitiless wash of naked moonlight she could not fail to recognize the woman. She was Mrs. Merrilees beyond question, gowned precisely as she had been that first night out, forever to be a figure of radiant loveliness in the galleries of Lydia's memory.

But that the other, her lover, could be Thaddeus Craven—impossible! A passing likeness to his sturdy but graceful figure—deceiving eyes too eager to recognize a beloved parent; it could be nothing more than that. Impossible that he, her father, could be the lover of a woman but little older than herself!

Things happen immediately which Lydia did not bargain for, and the unfolding of a mystery is vastly disconcerting to several persons. The veil is lifted in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

die name is Omniscience. Remember that, next time you try to keep Amelia Beggarstaff in the dark. You're Lydia Craven, and your father's Thaddeus Craven—Tad Craven to me and—"

"You know him? You know my father, Mrs. Beggarstaff? You dear!"

With a grim smile, the Dowager Dragon submitted to a spontaneous embrace, then gently fended off the agitated girl. "There!" she growled with an attempt at acerbity not wholly successful. "Save your kisses for your dad! I dare say you've played the deuce with my complexion, and as for my wig," (this while readjusting that disarranged adornment) "if you can't keep your own hair on for joy, you might at least be good enough to let mine roost where it belongs!"

"But—I don't care!" Lydia retorted with gay defiance. "You know my father, and I've a perfect right to kiss—"

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you for that, if I want to. Tell me how long you have known him, and how long you've known I was his daughter, and what made you begin to suspect, and—"

"In pity's name!" the Dowager Dragon interrupted, covering her ears. "One question at a time. Be still, and I'll tell you."

But here, to her open relief, the stewardess knocked and entered, with the effect of rendering Lydia oblivious to all else.

"Yes, Winant? You've found him? Where?"

"One of the stewards tells me, miss, 'e's just seen Mr. Craven abaft the deck-house on the main deck, astern."

"Thank you so much, Winant. Good-by, Mrs. Beggarstaff!"

Snatching up wrap and scarf, Lydia was off in a breath.

Those she left behind eyed one another oddly—the Dowager Dragon with a twinkling look of inquiry; the stewardess with discreetly tightened lips and half-lowered lids that, hinting at mysteries unutterable, were a plain provocation to any competent catechist.

And the face of Mrs. Beggarstaff grew bright with the light of battle.

CHAPTER IV.

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Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve** in Tubes 25c. For Sale at the Eye Free and Druggists or **Murine Eye Remedy Co.**, Chicago

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A Good Medicine is needed promptly to ward off COLDS AND LA GRIPPE. Ask for **3 WEEKS' BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS**—25c. All druggists sell them.

"There is a Tide," Etc.

Mr. Sidener had made his first public speech and waited for his wife's verdict. He expected her to say, "Oh, it was simply great, Eddy!" But they were half way home, and she had said nothing. "Well," he began awkwardly, "what did you think of my speech?"

"What you said was all right," she answered with guarded enthusiasm, "but you didn't make the most of your opportunities."

"Opportunities?" repeated Mr. Sidener. "What do you mean, Effie?"

"Why," Mrs. Sidener replied, "you had so many chances to sit down before you did."—Christian Register.

CUTICURA IS SO SOOTHING

To Itching, Burning Skins—it not Only Soothes, but Heals—Trial Free.

Treatment: Bathe the affected surface with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. Repeat morning and night. This method affords immediate relief, and points to speedy healing. They are ideal for every-day toilet uses.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Billing Clerk Only.

Boss—I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Lovum, about your attentions to Miss Sweet during office hours. I engaged you as billing clerk only; no cooling mentioned. That will be all for the present.—Exchange.

Wanted.

"Say, where's the missus?" "She's upstairs washing her face." "Then tell her she had better come down and see the laundress who's here facing her wash."—Baltimore American.

Worrying.

"You seem troubled about your gardening proposition." "Yes, replied Mr. Crosslots. "I'm wondering whether I can raise enough to take care of the exceptional appetite the outdoor exercise will give me."—Washington Star.

A PROMINENT WOMAN ENDORSES OUR STATEMENT.

Portland, Oregon.—"I was troubled for years with female trouble and tried a great many remedies without any benefit until I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took several bottles of it and received great benefit therefrom. I can heartily recommend this medicine to all women who are expecting to become mothers, as I do not think there is anything to equal it. It is also good during the period of middle life."—Mrs. C. A. ANDERSON, 1451 Macadam Street.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true friend to women in times of trial and at times of pain when the organs are not performing their functions. For headache, backache, hot flashes, catarrhal condition, bearing down sensation, mental depression, dizziness, fainting spells, lassitude and exhaustion, women should never fail to take this tried and true woman's medicine.

For girls about to enter womanhood, women about to become mothers, and for the changing days of middle age, Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription should always be on hand.

It's a temperance remedy that is extracted from roots with pure glycerine and its ingredients are published on wrapper.

Any medicine dealer can supply it in either liquid or tablet form. The cost is modest, the restorative benefits truly remarkable.

Write Doctor Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free 136 page book on woman's diseases. Every woman should have one. You can also have confidential medical advice without cost.

HAD AN EXCELLENT REASON

Witness Explains How He Knew All About Dead Man Without Ever Having Seen Him.

The learned counsel in the great will case literally beamed with joy. Here was a witness who was everything a witness should be.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said, enthusiastically. "Your memory for detail does you infinite credit. And on behalf of the numerous relatives of the testator who are present in court I should like to thank you for the very flattering, though none the less truthful, description that you have just given of the esteemed gentleman who is now, alas! no more."

A murmur of applause went round the crowded court.

"I presume," continued the learned counsel, "that you were very intimate with the testator during his lifetime?"

The witness hesitated and blushed a crimson red. "N-n-no," he answered, lamely. "In fact, I never saw him in my life."

"But, really, sir," cried the lawyer, in surprise. "I fail to see how you could give such an accurate and flattering description of him if you never saw him!"

The witness gave a very sickly smile. "Perhaps you will understand better," he said, "when I tell you that I married his widow!"—Rochester Times.

Front-Row Patron.

Patience—Your father is very bald, isn't he?

Patrice—Well, he wears a wig.

"But he never has a wig on when I see him in the front row at the theater."

"No; you see he always takes his wig off then, so he can get a good seat."

Most-Sought-After Thing.

In the American Magazine a writer says:

"Men have been living in this world for many centuries. They have traded in their lives for many different things—fame, money, power. But the consensus of opinion through the ages is that the thing most to be desired is happiness. No man can be really happy unless his conscience is clear; therefore it pays to be honest and to treat the other fellow as one would like to be treated. No one can be happy who sacrifices his health; therefore fame and too much money—either of which usually demand health in exchange—are not to be desired. No man can have the highest happiness unless he can feel that he is doing a little good by living, that he is going to leave the world a bit better after he has gone. Therefore it pays to bring children into the world and care for them; it pays to be a good neighbor and a good employer and a good friend."

Cables Contain Much Wire.

It is estimated that the total length of wire in the sheathing and core of the world's cables made since their introduction in 1857 is sufficient to reach from the earth to the moon. Where the sea is about three miles deep, and the ship is steaming at its usual rate, in paying out a new line, it has been found that over two and a half hours pass before the cable reaches the bed of the sea. By the time the cable has settled to rest the ship is 25 miles away.

A Time for Everything.

Edith—"Is it true that you have quarreled with Jack?" Ethel—"I should say not! My birthday is next week."

Concrete piles 100 feet long and that weigh 20 tons have been used in building a wharf in New Zealand.