

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

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LYDIA CRAVEN LEARNS SOME AMAZING FACTS ABOUT HER FAMILY HISTORY—AND HER FATHER EXPLAINS THE NATURE OF HIS MYSTERIOUS BUSINESS

SYNOPSIS.—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 about sixty years. The girl introduces herself as Lucy Carteret and says she is going to America to meet her father. Lucy's behavior puzzles Mrs. Beggarstaff, who is vastly surprised to find the girl in possession of a magnificent necklace, stolen from a museum some time previously and passes the news on to her friend, Quoin, a private detective on board. Lucy, dressing in the dark in her stateroom, hears a mysterious conversation between two men just outside her window and recognizes one of them as Thaddeus Craven, her father, whom she hasn't seen for five years. She confesses to Mrs. Beggarstaff that she is in reality Lydia Craven, goes on deck, and searching around, discovers her father making love to Mrs. Merrilees, wealthy, beautiful young widow and friend of Mrs. Beggarstaff. They and Lydia are much surprised. Mrs. Merrilees has just promised to marry Craven, but he has always posed as a bachelor and this fact she doesn't relish.

CHAPTER V.

In humor as radiant as that of a child presented with a long-coveted plaything, Craven returned to find his daughter as he had left her, alone. "Lydia! My dear, dear girl!" She yielded without struggle to his embrace, instantly supple to the spell of that blind and unquestioning devotion which never before that night had wavered from his image. In those arms the old enchantment regained full power, doubts and misgivings were all forgotten. Craven became to her once more the most splendid of men, and the handsomest, dearest of fathers. And then he was holding her by the shoulders at arm's length looking her fondly up and down, wagging an indulgent head. "The saints preserve us! But you've blossomed out into a woman, Liddy, my dear, to turn the heads of half the world! As tall as your old dad, as sweet as cherry blossoms, as lovely as the break of a day in June! It's like seeing your mother again, the way she was the day we were married—though she was only eighteen then, and now you're more than twenty! God forgive 'em, but the years have magicked me into an old man before my time! The father of a woman like yourself—I can't believe it!" "You haven't aged a day, daddy dear." Craven would have none of that. "It's of grandchildren I must be thinking now. Don't hang your pretty head; let me look my fill of my girl! But you might be so good as to tell me how it comes you're here. If you dropped from the skies—"

"Surely you know, daddy," the girl protested. "I ran away—I had to. You know why?"

"Devil fly away with me if I do!" "But I wrote you about it, everything, from the very beginning; and when you didn't answer, I thought there was nothing left for me but to run away."

"I tell you, Liddy, I've not heard a word from you for months!" His manner carried conviction—credulous thrall that she was to the magic of that dear, carneying tongue! "You didn't get my letters?"

"Never one. If I hadn't been the busiest man alive these last three months, I'd have written to ask what was the matter. Not that I worried—Mrs. Hicks-Lorrimer's letters were regular and reassuring."

An ominous gleam informed the eyes of the girl. "Then she stole them?"

"Who stole what?"

"My letters to you—Mrs. Hicks-Lorrimer must have stolen them!"

"My dear girl, be fair to her!"

"If my letters didn't reach you, someone must have intercepted them. One might have gone astray by itself, yes; but it isn't likely five would."

"Lydia, I don't get this at all."

"You knew that woman wanted me to marry a man I didn't love?"

"She wrote me you were about to become engaged to young—what's his name—Keyes; gave a good account of him. I wrote to you at the time."

"That was three months ago. I haven't heard from you since. Her later letters must have told you I had refused him."

"They didn't. She said the thing

was hanging fire—young Keyes a bit backward about coming forward. He must have been blind! You don't mean to tell me it's fallen through?"

"I mean to tell you," the girl cried, passionately, "I didn't like him! One of Mrs. Hicks-Lorrimer's tame cats! He may have money and family, as she claimed—I don't know—but he's abominable, and I loathe him! And she wouldn't let me alone. I stood her incessant nagging till I thought I'd go mad. Worst of all, my letters to you got no answers, save indirectly—I mean, she said it was your wish I should marry him."

"I never said that," Craven observed thoughtfully. "I did say that, if it was your wish and for your happiness, I gave my consent gladly. It wouldn't be like me, would it, to wish unhappiness to my own flesh and blood?"

"No—it wasn't like you; that's why I didn't understand. It—it seemed as if you'd turned against me."

"Liddy—dear!"

"Oh, I know I was wrong; but what could I think? You wouldn't write. But I knew if I could see and talk to you, I could make you understand. So I pawned some things—some of your presents—and got enough money for my passage. And now—"

Her voice was breaking. Craven passed an arm round her and drew her close to him. "There, my dear girl, there!"

"And now—I'm in your way!"

"Lydia!" He had lost none of his old-time trick of quieting her with a show of righteous indignation. "You've no right to talk like that to your old daddy!"

"What am I to think? I surprise you making love—you are angry with me—"

"Not angry, dearie, but so surprised I was hardly myself. Do be quiet now for a time, and let me do the talking. Listen, and learn never to judge a man hastily. Has it never struck you how little you really know about our family history?"

"How often have I asked you—"

"Ah, but that was long ago, when you were—ah—too young to understand. I never meant to keep you permanently in the dark. In the first place, you've always believed yourself the child of American parents."

"But surely—" the girl expostulated. "Mrs. Grummie told me—"

"What she believed, too, no doubt. The truth is, your mother was an American; but I'm British to the marrow of me. Craven's a good English name, you know. Not that it matters. I cut away from my people forever when they tried to prevent my marrying the woman I loved, an American girl who'd taken to the stage and somehow drifted to London. Well, we defied the family, and it disowned me, and I went on the stage with my wife. When you were born—yes, in Mrs. Grummie's, Bloomsbury—our combined pay didn't run to anything much. Most of the time, one of us was out of a job. Still, we were happy enough till we went to America."

"He was silent for several minutes, apparently lost in memories. Lydia, fearing to interrupt, waited in mute fascination. Something of this history she had guessed; much she might have guessed from words, hints, clues, carelessly sown in the

past; but little or nothing had she ever known definitely.

"You weren't a strong child, and we feared the effect on you of the Atlantic voyage. Besides, our engagement was to last eight weeks only. So we left you in Mrs. Grummie's care. Five weeks after we reached New York your mother came down with typhoid. A month later she died; and when I had paid funeral expenses I was penniless in a strange land, our company had gone back home, and my chance of ever seeing England again was to earn enough money for my return passage. I wrote Mrs. Grummie to look out for you, and— But this isn't a hard-luck story. Ultimately I left the stage for employment more attractive and better paid; but it meant permanent residence in America. However, nothing called me back to England, since you were in good hands. I think we may say that for Mrs. Grummie."

"She was always kind," Lydia affirmed gently.

"When I could afford a trip back to England, I found you in the best of condition, and it seemed hardly right to uproot and transplant you to a bachelor establishment in a strange country. Moreover, my new work, you see, had divorced me wholly from my stage associations, and none of my new friends knew anything about me before I came to them, properly introduced, and I was careful not to excite their curiosity for reasons that will appear. So I never mentioned your existence. This reticence grew into a habit as years went on. And when Mrs. Grummie died I had come to think it best for you to attain womanhood in England, and if possible marry some decent Englishman."

"Well—a substitute had to be found for Mrs. Grummie. Mrs. Hicks-Lorrimer presented the strongest credentials. I can only say I'm sorry she turned out badly—and surprised. That, however, is well over and done with. Henceforward you live with me."

"Oh, daddy, daddy dear! You mean it? I'm not in the way?"

"It would have been better if this could have been postponed a few

"I'm quite sure you oughtn't to know," he said gravely; "but I'm quite sure you've got to, if our relations are to continue in love and trust. Moreover, I know I can trust you, and were I to keep you in ignorance, much might happen that you wouldn't understand, that might make you doubt, misjudge, mistrust me. You may on occasion see me in conference with strange men, of a class I'd normally have nothing in common with. You'll have to become accustomed to my keeping strange hours—and help me keep them secret. You may even hear odd whispers about me—rumors that I'm not altogether what I seem. Well, they'll be justified; for I'm not. New York knows me as a feather-brained fashionable, with a decent income from the real estate business I maintain as a blind. I'm ashamed to have no object in existence other than amiable idling. Whereas, in reality—"

Though their solitude was absolute, Craven came closer to his daughter and lowered his voice:

"This is a great secret, dear girl. Guard it as you would your life. I'm in charge of the secret diplomatic service representing Downing Street in the United States!"

Does it seem to you that the nature of Tad Craven's work as a British secret service man justifies his posing as a bachelor for many years and his treatment of Lydia?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BIG WASTE IN FISH TRADE

Public Could Buy Its Seafood Much Cheaper If Industry Were on Efficient Basis, It Is Declared.

If the entire fishing industry were put on an efficiency basis, the general public would buy its seafood much cheaper and better, is the opinion of William K. Beardsley, manager of the New England fish exchange. He asserts, however, that even under present conditions fish is the most economical of foodstuffs in this country.

"The fishing industry has been conducted in a more or less haphazard manner," he says. "Small competition has developed it, but up to date little has been done to put it on a sound business basis. Those intimately connected with the industry do not seem to realize that the extensive waste must be eliminated and efficiency brought in."

"For example, dealers still ship fish in small quantities everywhere. This necessitates enormous transportation expenses with slow service, when the same goods could be shipped in carload lots to control distributing points, and much needless expenditure saved."

"Fish is the coming food of America, and it therefore behooves this country to awaken to the value of its fisheries. It is also necessary for our fish merchants to awaken to the value of efficiency and place their trade on a systematic basis. Every dollar wasted comes out of the public's pockets, so that the people as a whole have a vital interest in this matter."

Continuing, he states that government experts contend that before long this country will be actually forced to look to its fisheries for food.—New York Times.

Rescue Pigeons From a Cat.

Sometimes the crow may be suspected of being altruistic. Not long ago a Hartford Courant man saw four of the birds in a tree watch a cat which was stalking a pair of pigeons in a field near by. The cat came near enough to its quarry so that it crouched for a spring, when one of the crows leasurably glided out of the tree and swooped down to within a foot of the cat's head. The cat was surprised and the pigeons were warned and moved on a little. Once more the cat made a forward movement, and another crow dipped over it and said a few things which its predecessor had overlooked. That ended the cat's pigeon hunt for the day. The crows were safe at every stage of the game, but no one knows whether they took a hand in it through liking for the pigeons or dislike for the cat.

Island Classed as Battleship.

Ascension is a curious and out-of-the-way little island in the south Atlantic, about as far from any place else as it is possible for an island to get. Its nearest neighbor is St. Helena of Napoleonic fame, and that is 700 miles away. Ascension belongs to Great Britain and, for some inscrutable reason known to the powers of England, it is not carried on the lists of the colonial governments, but perhaps because of its importance as a naval station is governed by the admiralty. It is treated as part of the British fleet, and is the only piece of land on the globe that is carried on a roll of ships as part of the naval force of the nation. Instead of being garrisoned by the army, it is manned by the navy. It is classed as a battleship in the admiralty offices.

You can't convince a man with a 1915 model that there's such a thing as a car shortage.

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 Book of the Eye from Ask Druggists or **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills flies. Not clean, personal, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of meal, oat flour and soap. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express post paid for \$1.

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TYPHOID

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy of Amityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccines, results from us, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. **THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL.** PRODUCING VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

Reliability.

"Bliggins believes in himself implicitly."

"No reason why he shouldn't. He's the one person to whom he can't tell whoppers without being caught at it."

—Washington Star.

An Inside Bath Makes You Look and Feel Fresh

Says a glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast keeps illness away.

This excellent, common-sense health measure being adopted by millions.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing ill health, while the pores in the ten yards of bowels do.

Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of helping to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Just as soap and hot water cleanse and freshen the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the eliminative organs.

Those who wake up with bad breath, coated tongue, nasty taste or have a dull, aching head, sallow complexion, acid stomach; others who are subject to bilious attacks or constipation, should obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to demonstrate the value of inside bathing. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.

Changed.

"Crimson Gulch doesn't seem like the same town since it went dry."

"That's right," replied Broncho Bob. "It has changed both in joy and grief. The boys don't have neither so many frolics nor so many funerals."

—Washington Star.

FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL

No Relief—Mrs. Brown Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for if I stepped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains.

A friend who is a nurse asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home."—Mrs. W. C. BROWN, 2844 W. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

