

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

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"THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL"
Etc.

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"Anyway," Lydia returned, "I've the address in my pocketbook. Mrs. Beggarstaff is stopping there too, you know, and I'm to lunch with her Monday!"

"To be sure!" Craven opened his arms and stepped toward her. "My dear, dear girl, you don't know what a help you are to me!"

Lydia didn't move or speak; but her direct and searching gaze proved disconcerting. With arms almost about her, Craven hesitated, his look at once abashed and aggrieved. "My dear Liddy!" he expostulated.

The girl sighed and shook her head. "I'm sorry, father. No, please don't say anything more. I'm glad to be of service; and perhaps, in the course of time, I shall understand you better. But tonight—" She made a helpless gesture, in unfeigned sadness. "There are too many misunderstandings between us, and I don't seem able to think clearly enough to reconcile them tonight. Tomorrow, I hope—"

She was at the door before Craven found a reply. "At your pleasure, my lady!" he laughed, not pleasantly. "I confess it's a new thought to me, that a man in my position may have no secrets from his child."

"Please don't say any more tonight," Lydia begged, with her hand on the knob.

"Oh, very well!" he returned with a shrug and grimace of strained patience. "But—half a minute!"

Opening the door for her, he followed out into the hall, where a stolid bellboy was waiting for his answer to the knave of clubs. To him Craven presented a piece of silver.

"See my daughter down to the ladies' entrance," he said, "the Forty-sixth street elevator, you understand—and after that send up the gentleman who brought that note, by the Broadway elevator."

"Yes, sir," the youth mumbled adoringly to his tip.

Craven stood watching the figures of Lydia and the bellboy diminish down the perspective of the long corridor, until they turned a corner

CHAPTER XIII.

The taxicab chose the northwest corner of Fifty-sixth street as the most inconvenient spot attainable to blow out a rear shoe. But Lydia had drawn luckily in New York's gigantic lottery of chauffeurs. This man knew his business. Before the girl had recovered from the shock of the tire explosion and the subsequent shaking up he had brought his machine to a standstill, jumped down, and was communing with himself in terms of confidential profanity concerning the ruined tire.

Then, opening the door, he announced that this was the last stop. "Sorry," he said, "but I got no spare tire, and if I had I'd need half an hour to make the change. Now I'll have to wait for the repair car."

A prey to vague mistrust, Lydia got out. Southward the avenue lay black and lonely save for the lurching lights of an ungainly bus groping over the wet asphalt; to the north the plaza was like a well in the air, shot through and through with glimmering light.

"I don't know what to do," Lydia ventured in her distress. "I'm a stranger in New York—" With a pang she realized how fatal such an admission might prove.

But her chauffeur was a prosaic soul, who had never chartered his car to a gang, and recked little of the terrors of New York for the overseas immigrant.

"The clock says a dollar twenty," he responded, with a disgusted jerk restoring the "flag" to perpendicular.

"Oh!" said Lydia brightly, after a blank moment; and found her purse. "Please tell me the way to the nearest cab rank."

"Cab rank" was a term not in the chauffeur's vocabulary; but he grappled manfully with its occult significance. "You mean stand," he explained, not kindly. "If you don't mind walking a couple o' blocks, I'll take you to the Margrave. That's about the nearest, and anyway I got to telephone for the repair car."

"Thank you," said Lydia timidly—gratitude leaping in her heart to that kind destiny which had ordered this accident in just this spot. The Margrave!

Lydia marched resolutely into the hotel. She would be delayed not five minutes longer than if she was to engage another cab immediately. Let Craven object if he cared to, when in-

formed! She had every reasonable excuse for desiring to rid herself of her responsibility as quickly as possible and wash her hands of the whole matter; she never wanted to see the collar again.

It was evidently defective hearing alone that caused the desk clerk to require a repetition of the name.

"Mrs. Merrilees."

The clerk retired to consult the room rack, and presently returned with the official smile, impersonally apologetic. "I thought possibly Mrs. Merrilees had arrived during the day—"

"Yes," Lydia affirmed, "she did—this afternoon, I believe."

The smile became even more remotely regretful. "I'm sorry, but Mrs. Merrilees is not among our guests."

Some instants later Lydia became conscious that she was staring, to the pained embarrassment of the young man. Hastily averting her gaze, she remarked the clock, and mechanically noted the hour; it was a quarter to eleven.

"Are you sure?" she faltered.

"Oh, quite."

But Craven had promised to meet her there, had given her the necklace to deliver to Betty at the Margrave. Impossible that he could be mistaken as to his fiancée's hotel, he who had been flying round all afternoon, "getting Betty settled"—his very words!

Insensibly Lydia's eyes darkened and became informed with an expression that had suited better the eyes of one by right of years more inured to mental anguish.

"But surely this is the Margrave!"

"Yes it is. Mrs. Merrilees may be at the Plaza, or the Savoy, or the Netherlands, even the St. Regis—not quite so near. If you care to sit down a moment, I'll inquire by telephone."

"You're very kind," said Lydia; "but I fancy I won't have to trouble you. Mrs. Beggarstaff will know, I hope I'm not mistaken in believing that she is stopping here?"

The smile of the young man passed the bounds of strict decorum, as from a desk clerk to one of the public. He was enchanted to be able to answer reassuringly.

"It was good of you to come over so late, dear—to please an old woman." With this the Dowager Dragon took Betty Merrilees into her arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Truth to tell, for the fun of it," said Mrs. Merrilees. "I was glad of an excuse to stay up. I'm possessed of a devil tonight. If I wasn't at heart a re-



"I'm Sorry, but Mrs. Merrilees is Not Among Our Guests."

spectable widow woman, I'd cut loose and misbehave scandalously. For two cents I'd head a mob to burn the customhouse and lynch that man Loeb."

Divested of her wraps, she sailed temptuously into the drawing room of the Beggarstaff suite—where Peter Traft arose from comfort in a wing chair and bowed politely.

"No wonder they call him Loeb the poor Indian!" he commented. "Though I believe the poor man would die happy if he could get just one long, lingering slant at you as you look tonight. Rip-pin!"

"I feel like rippin' something or somebody, Peter," Betty declared with a brief, metallic laugh. Then she deigned to notice the other man present. "Oh, you, is it, Mr. Quoin? Hardly expected to find you here."

"Deep regrets!" the detective replied cheerfully—and for that was shown a cold if adorable shoulder.

"Oh, come now, Betty!" Peter protested. "Don't cut up rough with Quoin. Angels could do no more than he has done today."

"He still has a sneaking suspicion that I really did smuggle that necklace. Do you believe it too?"

"Don't ask me: I might tell you."

"And you?" Mrs. Merrilees demanded hotly of the Dowager Dragon.

"I don't think you above anything I'd stoop to—if you want the truth, my dear. I myself wasted several hours today trying to make the customs look foolish, and—how shall I say it, Peter?"

"Didn't get away with it."

"Much as I disapprove of slang—thank you, Peter."

"So all three of you are against me!" Mrs. Merrilees lounged more deeply in her chair, swept their faces with in-

solent eyes, and laughed unpleasantly. "Well, I've been spoiling for a row all day, and now I'm going to have one or know the reason why."

"Make your mind easy about that," Peter advised gravely. "As a tidy young disturber of the peace, Betty, you show class."

"Shut up, Peter!" Again her glance challenged the three. "What's up?" she demanded in sudden suspicion. "You didn't call me over here now just to tell me you believe me capable of smuggling that collar—you know you didn't!"

"No, my dear," Mrs. Beggarstaff replied; "but we did want to talk with you about it."

"Well?"

"It's this way, Mrs. Merrilees," Quoin volunteered: "We're all your friends, and all my interest in this matter is purely unprofessional as far as you are personally involved."

Mrs. Merrilees nodded brusquely, but focused an interested regard on the face of the detective. "Proceed," she said sweetly.

"We'd like to have your personal word of honor that you didn't turn this trick."

Betty laughed, staccato. "But if I say I did?"

Quoin shrugged. "That would end my interest."

"And if it turns out I didn't—eh?"

"Then I may be able to tell you something to your advantage."

Betty sat up sharply. "You mean you know where my necklace is?"

"Did you smuggle it?" Quoin counter-questioned.

A note of unimpeachable candor informed the woman's voice. "I give you my word of honor I did not. I know nothing about it. Beyond the fact that I myself placed a genuine necklace in that case, and saw a paste necklace come out of it—"

"There!" Mrs. Beggarstaff exclaimed with a look of triumph at Traft.

The face of this last suddenly assumed a most unbecoming brick-red hue. "That's all very well," he grumbled, "and I'm not doubting Betty a little bit; but," he stammered and gulped, "but I tell you now I can't believe it of Tad, and as for Lydia—" He made an exasperated gesture. "Quoin's crazy—that's all!"

"What's this?" Betty put in quickly. "Tad and Lydia?" She waited an instant, her color waning. "What have they to do with my necklace?"

"I'll tell you," said Quoin gently. "Craven gave his daughter your necklace, hidden in a Chinese puzzle box, to bring through the customs, counting on her exemption, as an alien, from rigid inspection."

Mrs. Merrilees rose from her chair, staring fixedly at Quoin. "You know this to be a fact?"

"I saw it in Miss Craven's possession. The rest is inference from contributory circumstances."

The detective endured her stare without flinching; though the color of his dark face deepened and his breath came a trace more quickly. Convinced at length of his sincerity, she turned away, moved to a window, and stood there with her back to the room, gazing thoughtfully out into the misty chiaroscuro of the plaza.

"That's why we wanted your word you were on the level before we told you," Peter explained.

"I see," said the woman in a gentler voice. "Please tell me about it."

"Very well," Quoin responded with the story, from his view and point of Lydia's adventure in the fog. "It was your necklace in the box, the real thing, beyond mistake," he concluded.

"But," Betty argued, bewildered, "I don't see—"

"Wait. I think I can make everything clear. When Southpaw shut the box and gave it up, on my demand, I watched him pretty closely, and saw him slip a playing card in with the necklace. After I got outside I opened the box up on my own account, partly to satisfy myself about the necklace, partly to have a look at that card. It was a knave of diamonds."

Betty swung back from the window "But what can that mean?"

"It's a question I think Craven can answer—if he will. Anyhow, we're safe in assuming the card was intended for him, and certainly it must have had some significance. That, if you'll permit, establishes a secret bond of understanding between two known black-legs and—Thuddeus Craven."

"But why didn't you tell me this at the time?"

"Because, very naturally, I wasn't at all sure you wanted to be told."

"If you'll please explain—"

"Quoin means," Peter interrupted, "you've been such a consistent performer, he hesitated to do anything calculated to cramp your style, if this thing was what it looked like—a frame-up between you and Tad to beat the customs."

"But what right had you to jump at any such conclusion?" Betty insisted.

"Because I knew you knew real gems from false—and the necklace you had shown us that very morning was counterfeit."

"It isn't possible!" Betty protested hotly. "I saw it myself."

"So did I; and was interested enough—well, you'll recall I asked to see them in a strong light? You were so satis-

fied you never looked twice. But I was positive then that they were false, and even more positive later, when I saw the real collar in the puzzle box."

"Still I don't understand."

"If you remember, Craven took his time about fetching that box from the purser. It was a good ten minutes before he got back. He had time and to spare to open your despatch box and substitute the counterfeit for the genuine—duplicate key you knew nothing about, of course."

"Look here—" Peter began excitedly, then checked and turned sullen.

"Well?" Mrs. Beggarstaff demanded, while Betty and Quoin obliged the young man by looking their curiosity.

"Oh, I don't like to say it," he muttered unwillingly. "You've made out too strong a case against him as it is—and I've always had a sneaking fondness for old Tad."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEP CANDY FROM CHILDREN

Sweets Cause Early Decay of Teeth, Is Assertion Made by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

"Rear your children on whole wheat, cornmeal, skim milk and the Bible," said Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chemist and food expert, to the mothers who attended his lecture at the Forsythe dental infirmary the other afternoon, says the Boston Post. Today we are eating too much brand and too little bran," he added.

"One flour is just as good as another and it is ridiculous to pay an extra dollar or two to get some particular brand," he continued. "White flour, regardless of brand and price, is a de-vitalized and demineralized food product. They don't have wholesome foods on sale at the grocery stores because no one asks for them."

"There is only one food that you can live upon alone and that is milk. If you mix whole wheat products with milk you can live forever. We have failed to realize what a splendid food can be found in Indian corn meal. We do not know how to live."

"Women are blindly following a vicious fashion in wearing high-heeled stiletts that ruin their health and make them unable to become mothers. The mothers of this country are eating white bread, cake and ice cream, and then expect their children to be born healthy."

"Candy never should be fed to children. The child does not have a sweet tooth until it is acquired by being fed sweet stuffs. No wonder its teeth decay and fall out before maturity. Some women use mints and make every effort to put on flesh before motherhood. That is bad."

A Vacation.

An evangelist said in a temperance address in Boston:

"The booze even gets into men's vacations and tangles them up."

"A Manyunker took the steamer for Boston with his wife. But the minute he got aboard he disappeared in the black, ill-smelling hole they called the bar."

"His wife, some hours later, hurried down to the bar and said to him: 'Oh, George, come on up and see the scenery. The hills and woods are just beautiful!'"

"Ah, what do I care about your hills and woods. Do you think I'm goin' to lose my vacation over hills and woods?"

Curiosity.

Some persons in high places were touched, once upon a time, with curiosity.

"It would be fun to see what sort of a living the world can make with one hand tied behind its back!" they remarked and so saying started the debacle involving half the nations.

But their curiosity wasn't satisfied. "Let's see if the world can make any sort of a living with both hands tied behind its back!" they proposed, and drew the rest of the nations into the debacle.

Hostilities were prolonged during a number of years, but in consideration of what they settled in the event they were well worth while.—Exchange.

No Need for Delay.

Johnny was invited to a party, but could not go, because he had to go with his mother to the depot to meet his uncle. Upon the uncle's arrival he said to Johnny: "If you are a good boy while I am here I will buy you a baseball," whereupon Johnny replied: "You don't need to wait. You can buy it right away. Just think how good I was—I stayed away from a party to meet you."

Maxims of Agriculture.

"It is a maxim universally agreed upon in agriculture that nothing must be done too late; and again, that everything must be done at its proper season; while there is a third precept which reminds us that opportunities lost can never be regained."—Pliny the Elder.

A Word for the Rattler.

The difference between a rattler and a rattler is that the snake gives the other fellow a chance and the sneak won't.

EUGENIE WAR AID

Former French Empress Active,
Though 92 Years Old.

Consort of the Ill-Fated Napoleon III
Spending All Her Means and
Strength Caring for Wounded
at English Home.

When German prisoners of war are marched to a barbed-wire inclosure near Frimley, Aldershot, England, they pass down an avenue below a beautiful mansion standing on a wooden hill. It often happens that as the Germans file past the gateway lodge, a sad-eyed, venerable woman is standing or sitting there. It is doubtful if any of the prisoners know that she is the surviving consort of Napoleon III, who delivered his sword to the king of Prussia at Sedan, September 1, 1870.

Empress Eugenie celebrated her ninety-second birthday recently by watching the sight of a new and large detachment of prisoners marching toward their concentration camp. It was a dramatic contrast to the events of many years ago which robbed her of her seat on the French imperial throne.

Surely there is not another woman in the world who has lived through such experiences as this one, who forms the link between the riotous past of the French and the glorious present of united democracies. It was her beauty and popularity which aided Napoleon III to establish himself as monarch. It was the interest aroused by her marriage with Napoleon III which enabled him to bring about the Crimean war, although that war marked the beginning of his fall.

Eugenie's influence over her husband was well known and it is possible that her intelligence went far toward helping him to realize that Prussianism was the real menace of Europe. When the North German Bund was formed in 1866 he knew that here was his real rival. From the date of the formation of this bund Prussia has gone steadily forward with plans for world power, and it must be with feelings of joy that Empress Eugenie sees today the greatest countries on earth allied with France against the old enemies of Napoleon III.

Throughout England the name of Empress Eugenie is revered. Wherever charity and kindness were to be found it was almost certain that her name would appear in connection therewith. Throughout the years that have elapsed since she went to England with Napoleon III after the defeat at Sedan, she has worked unceasingly among the poor and the sick. Her wealth has been at the disposal of charitable organizations. Her only son, Prince Louis, who went to England with her, died on the field of battle in Zululand.

Her home on Farnborough Hill has been transformed into a hospital for British officers. Since early in 1915 she has been using all of her means and what strength she has left in caring for these men who come to her from the battlefields of France.

Timiskaming.

The name Timiskaming is from the word Timiskaming of the Nipissing Indians, the intrusive letter "s" being due to Canadian French. It is derived from timiw, "it is deep," and gaming, "in the water," meaning in "the deep water." It is the name of the lake lying between northwestern Quebec and northwestern Ontario, and through it flows the Ottawa river. Near its western shore is the Cogalt district, famous for its rich silver mines. In places the waters of the lake are very deep, as the Indians evidently knew, for they gave it a name that means "in the deep water." A band of Algonquin Indians, known as the Timiskamings, and closely related to the Abitibi, once lived on the shore of the lake.

His Choice.

Bright Lad—Oh, I say, Uncle, what animal do you think you'd like to be on a cold day?

Uncle—Um—er—ah—let me see—I think I should like to be a little otter. Anything else?

'Twasn't Fair.

"What's the fastest time made by the junction train?"

"A train with three passengers made the trip in 17 minutes and 42 seconds. It was discovered later that the brakeman was pushing."

Different.

"He used to say he loved the ground she walked on."

"Now?"

"Since her father bought a limousine she'd be insulted if he even dared to hint that she ever walked."

None Whatever.

"A woman never learns how to get off a street car."

"That seems to be true, but she never has the slightest difficulty learning to step in and out of a swell limousine."