

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

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THE CHARMING AND TALKATIVE MRS. BEGGARSTAFF DISCOVERS THAT LUCY CARTERET HAS A WONDERFUL NECKLACE

Just as the giant passenger steamship *Alsatin* is ready to leave the port of Liverpool for New York, a charming young Englishwoman goes aboard and engages a luxurious stateroom. She is nervous, suspicious and fearful. Presently she learns she is to share the stateroom with Mrs. Amelia Beggarstaff, an amiable chatterbox of fifty years, who lives in New York. Mrs. Beggarstaff learns the girl's name is Lucy Carteret and that she's on her way to America to live. She calmly announces she will act as Lucy's chaperon for the voyage.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"All my life," the girl admitted. "I was born in London, and when I was very young my parents returned to America, leaving me behind because they expected to be gone only a little time. Then my mother died in New York; and my father went into business there, and thought me better off where I was, in the care of friends, than with him."

"But surely," this in shocked expostulation, "he came back to see you!"

"Oh, indeed he did, often; that is, considering the difficulties, the long voyages, and the fact that he isn't a rich man. But I haven't seen him recently—not in several years."

"And now you're going to join him?"

"Yes," Miss Carteret affirmed in a voice that betrayed more doubt than she suspected.

But before her astute inquisitor could take advantage of the weakness her tone suggested there befell an interruption. It was nothing more extraordinary than a knock on the stateroom door; but it brought Miss Carteret to her feet with a start, again pale and trembling.

"Oh!" she cried in alarm. "Oh, what is that?" Involuntarily she stepped back as if to put as much space as possible between herself and the door.

Mrs. Beggarstaff watched her in open wonder.

"It's only the stewardess. I rang for her some time ago."

"Oh, if that's all," Miss Carteret sat down again.

"One moment, stewardess," Mrs. Beggarstaff looked back at the girl.

"You don't object to my letting her in."

"Oh, no, no!" Miss Carteret insisted hastily. "Please don't mind me. I'm very nervous—haven't been—well, I was startled—that is all."

"So I see," said Mrs. Beggarstaff with a quizzical accent. "Come in."

The door opened, admitting a smiling, apple-cheeked, middle-aged Englishwoman.

"Shut the door—there! So many people running up and down."

But when they were alone again, much to the relief of the girl, Mrs. Beggarstaff failed by any word to refer to her recent betrayal of alarm—something hardly to be explained other than by open confession—which wouldn't in the least suit Miss Carteret's book.

"Now," said the elder woman placidly, folding a veil over a most palpable wig, but still a most becoming one, "now I'll hurry on deck and see about our chairs, and then interview the second steward about seats at table. I know most of these people, stewards and all, and generally manage to get just about what I want," Mrs. Beggarstaff added with grim self-conceit.

"I presume you've no objection to sitting beside me? Not that you won't see all you want of me—and more, probably—right here."

"Please," the girl begged, laughing. "I'll be delighted with whatever arrangements you're kind enough to make."

"Very good, then. And for dinner, if you please, put on your prettiest frock. Peter Traff's aboard, and he's a dear—well worth dressing up for."

The bang of the door as Mrs. Beggarstaff went out might have been a signal; immediately the girl became conscious that the ship was in motion—vibrant and sonorous with the drone of its turbines.

The voyage of the *Alsatin* was begun, and—nothing had happened. She had eluded pursuit, was free!

CHAPTER II.

Dinner ran off uneventfully, if enlivened by the quenchless animation of the Dowager Dragon, but Miss Carteret, manifesting little appetite, sat

out the meal with downcast eyes, mute save when courtesy dictated speech. Later she found herself seated by her Dragon's side on the lee of the promenade deck, in darkness save for the beams from lighted ports. For a little the girl relished all this with gladness. But presently her spirits sagged again and she grew drowsy, and lingered from her bed only to please the warm-hearted old woman who had adopted her pro tempore—"on suspicion," as Mrs. Beggarstaff put it, not without a little harmless malice.

Now and again friends paused to pay their addresses to the Dowager Dragon; amiable, light-hearted people, personable and attractive; yet of them all the facile waxes tablets of Miss Carteret's memory retained impressions of but three personalities.

One was the famous Peter Traff, claiming her interest more because of Mrs. Beggarstaff's outspoken delight in him than through any qualities he paraded during the few minutes he spent with the two—a youngish, well-poised body, with a drawl and a sort of insouciant humor that seemed to afford the Dragon intense diversion. But much of this man's discourse was couched in a modified phase of American slang or else barked back to local American topics; both largely unintelligible to a sense of humor nourished on strictly British slang and localisms.

Then there was a Mrs. Merrilees—according to Mrs. Beggarstaff not a year out of mourning for a worthless husband—an adorably pretty creature, and so bewitchingly gracious that Miss Carteret, at sight, first caught her breath with envy, then fell hopelessly in love with her.

A third she remembered for no reason she could assign. His name was Quoin—a tall, taciturn man with a quiet voice, a semi-ironic attitude toward the Dowager Dragon's gush of spirited inconsequence, and a suggestion of reserve. For some reason she remembered him more definitely even than she remembered Mrs. Merrilees. As for the others, they might as well have been shadows on a cinematograph screen.

By ten o'clock, leaving Mrs. Beggarstaff firmly fixed in the fourth seat at a card table, engrossed by her one confessed infatuation, auction bridge, Miss Carteret was abed and asleep.

A bed of almost sybaritic luxury it seemed, as it rocked her gently to forgetfulness; but a bed of misery when she awoke in the chill of dawn, with the *Alsatin*, for all her immense bulk, dancing drunkenly to the tune piped by a mad northeaster. And for more than sixty hours she was held the victim of mortal weakness and the elements' immortal rage.

Intervals there were, of course, when her sufferings temporarily abated, when she was able to talk a little with one or the other of her would-be comforters—Mrs. Beggarstaff and the stewardess. But on Tuesday a memorable conversation took place, negligible though it seemed at the time.

It was at about six bells in the forenoon watch when the Dowager Dragon came below, ostensibly to find a book, in reality to convey fair tidings.

"You're feeling better," she asserted, after a shrewd look at the girl.

"Propped up in bed, Miss Carteret moved a languidly negative head.

"Don't tell me! I haven't crossed this mill-pond thirty times not to know when a seasick woman's on the mend. Besides, haven't you noticed how much steadier the boat has been this last hour or two?"

"I thought I must be imagining it," the invalid murmured incredulously.

"Nonsense! The barometer's been rising since midnight. The wind shifted at dawn, and now we've a clearing sky and a falling sea. Of course you're feeling better. You'll be on deck before night."

"Oh, please, Mrs. Beggarstaff!" "Don't worry; I shan't carry you off by force. Bless my inadequate income! What's this?"

The girl turned her head wearily to look.

Mrs. Beggarstaff had been standing beside the chest of drawers, a hand abstractedly toying with her protégée's simple jewelry, and suddenly had singled out a brooch for wondering interest.

This brooch was a very beautiful thing, an exquisite cameo in sardonyx framed in an oval frame of fine diamonds; and Miss Carteret treasured it above all her possessions.

"Where under the sun, child, did you pick this up?"

"It was given me on my fifteenth birthday."

"Five years ago?"

"Just about. Why?"

The Dowager Dragon laughed delightedly. "My roundabout way of asking your age, dear." She turned the brooch over and held it to the light. "If ever you care to part with it, don't forget my passion for antique jewelry."

"Oh, never—I could never part with it!"

"Forgive me. I forgot it was a present."

"But that isn't all," the girl explained with growing animation. "You see, it was a present from my father, and the cameo—it's a portrait of my father himself!"

"It's what?" Mrs. Beggarstaff exclaimed shrilly. "A portrait of your father! Pooh! Absurd! That thing's a genuine antiquity—two thousand years old if a day!"

"I know. I mean, it looks like him. That's why he gave it to me. He showed it to me once—the last time we were together in London—and I saw the resemblance; so he sent it to me on my next birthday. It really does look wonderfully like him."

"Then, my dear, you ought to pride yourself on having a mighty handsome man for your father!"

"I do," the girl said indistinctly, averting her head and closing her eyes.

"And able to make such presents! Why, it must be worth several thousands! An exquisite specimen—per-

fectly preserved—flawless—ought by rights to be in the Metropolitan museum. I shall envy you it till my dying day!"

Miss Carteret didn't answer.

And presently Mrs. Beggarstaff returned the brooch to the top of the highboy and went her way, one fine, thoughtful wrinkle marring the habitual serenity of her forehead.

The Dowager Dragon's deck chair stood in the shelter of a jog near the entrance to the forward promenade deck companionway—a most advantageous coign for the sincere student of seafaring humanity. Here, after a hurried dinner, Mrs. Beggarstaff mounted guard in the blue gloaming, narrowly reviewing the postprandial parade with eyes whose brightness was as yet undimmed by age.

At length she sat up with a quick movement and called imperatively, "Quoin!"

A man who, walking alone, had been on the point of passing, jerked a cigarette stub over the rail, and moved to the lady's side.

"Sit down. Three mortal days I've been moping round the saloons with my tongue hanging out, parched for a bit of scandal—and you never came near me!"

"But I hate to disappoint; I'd nothing on tap high enough for your seasoned palate."

"Don't be impudent, Quoin. What are you doing on this boat? If you answer, 'Crossing the Atlantic,' I'll forget I'm a lady—"

Quoin chuckled. "I'm combining business with pleasure, if you must know. Nothing pleases me more than to be cooped up for a few days with an unsuspecting subject. In such circumstances your humble sleuth learns a lot about human nature."

"Then you're sleuthing! I know it! But on whose trail?"

"Afraid I dassen't tell, Mrs. Beggarstaff."

"What if I know?"

"That wouldn't surprise me; you certainly do contrive to know a sur-

prising number of things that don't concern you."

"I'm not sure whether that's flattery or impertinence."

"The man who could flatter your omniscience, madam, wouldn't hesitate to—ah—tackle the job of teaching a New York head-waiter the gentle art of being insolent."

Mrs. Beggarstaff laughed aloud. "But suppose I do know what game you're stalking and can lend a helping hand?"

"Charmed to humor your whim. Consider me a docile little supposer. And then?"

And right away Mrs. Beggarstaff confesses to Mr. Quoin her suspicions about Lucy Carteret. Don't miss interesting developments given in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PEAT AS COAL SUBSTITUTE

Coming Much Into Favor in European Countries Where Fuel Supply Is Limited.

Europeans, paying unusually high prices for coal, are turning to peat as a substitute. Germany has been Sweden's principal source of supply, and that source being cut off the state railways in that country have been forced to curtail their schedules.

Peat is notoriously one of the cheapest—as it is one of the most abundant of fuels. Lack of suitable furnaces for its consumption has hampered its use as it did for a long time that of the crude oil from the American petroleum fields. Recent experiments in Sweden have proved that peat can be made into cakes and used with economy in a proper burner.

A Maine man a few years ago secured patents for turning peat into briquettes which would produce a heat as intense as that of charcoal and could be produced as cheaply as bituminous coal, while the by-products of manufacture would further reduce the cost. The great advantage of the fuel thus produced is that it burns with little ash or smoke, that it is clean to handle and can be used in a stove or furnace about as wood is.

There are extensive peat beds all over New England, and if this process were put in operation the saving in freight rates would make the peat briquettes an economical form of fuel.

Frozen Fish Live for Years.

A live fish gradually frozen in a cake of ice does not die; it merely suspends all life processes. When the ice melts, if it does so slowly, the fish takes up its vital activities again as if nothing had happened. This phenomenon, says the University of Washington News Letter, was described by Prof. E. Victor Smith of the department of zoology, in discussing a recent announcement that a Swiss naturalist had revived frozen fish. "There is no reason why a fish, if frozen in a cake of ice, should not be revived even at the end of ten years," said Professor Smith. "Cases of frozen cold-blooded animals are not uncommon. Frogs are many times frozen for long periods of time, and turtles will live even under ordinary circumstances for a year without food." The process of freezing fish must be accompanied with the greatest care, he said. The temperature of the water must be reduced slowly in the freezing process and must be gradually raised in the thawing part of the experiment.

Masticate Figs Thoroughly.

The composition of dried figs, dates and raisins is similar. Under normal conditions, and when carefully prepared, all three fruits are excellent food for both children and grown people. The fruit should be thoroughly masticated, however, and for young children, or in any case where the skins may prove indigestible, it is safer to run the fruit through the food chopper before otherwise preparing or serving it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cause for Congratulation.

"There are all kinds of optimists in this world, but did you ever see a man who was optimistic when he had the 'grippe'?"

"Only one."

"And what led him to take a cheerful view of life?"

"He was the husband of a suffragist orator and his illness prevented him from accompanying her on a speaking tour."

The Peril.

"There is danger in allowing that gay young soldier to hang around the pretty girls."

"Why so?"

"Don't you know there is always danger when a spark gets so near powder?"

Degrees of Warmth.

We bow to an emergency and embrace an opportunity.—Kansas City Journal.

There is a good impulse in the meanest and a mean impulse in the best.

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Following Legal Advice.

The farmer walked into the little grocery with a firm step.

"I want a tub of butter," he said, "and a lot of sugar, and all that other stuff."

"Good gracious!" said the widow who kept the shop. "Whatever do you want with all them goods?"

"I dunno," said the farmer, scratching his head, "but you see I'm the executor of your husband's will and the lawyer told me I was to carry out the provisions."—Topeka State Journal.

Sure! High Heels Cause Corns But Who Cares Now

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn or callous the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn or callous, root and all, lifts off with the fingers.

Freezone dries the moment it is applied, and simply shrivels the corn or callous without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but will positively rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or hardened callous. If your druggist hasn't any freezone he can get it at any wholesale drug house for you.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

An Eye to Business.

A party bent on "seeing London" rolled out of Hyde park in a big automobile and listened with undisguised interest to the guide's explanation of the various places of interest. Presently they passed an ancient edifice surrounded by a high brick wall. "That is the town house of the Duke of Dea, one of our largest landed proprietors," said the guide.

The eyes of the beautiful young American girl on the rear seat were suddenly illuminated.

"Who landed him?" she cried.—Everybody's.

Also to Be Truthful.

Miss Antique (taking seat politely proffered in crowded car)—Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite. I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?

Polite Boy—No, not all ladies—only old ladies.—Exchange.

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