

# SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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

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## CHAPTER II—Continued.

The Dowager Dragon glanced fore and aft; but there were no other passengers within earshot, and the ports behind them, though slight, were shut and sound-tight. "Betty Merrilees," she said.

"You're warm—as the children say in hide-and-seek."

"Aha!" the lady cried in triumph. "Well, then! Betty doesn't mean to try to beat the customs. She told me so herself. The row that man Loeb has kicked up about smuggling has scared her so that she's made up her mind to declare every blessed trinket. So you see, Quoin, you're simply wasting your time trailing Betty Merrilees."

Quoin smiled vaguely at his finger tips. "No, I'm not," he contradicted. "Mrs. Beggarstaff sniffed suspiciously. 'I've guessed wrong?'"

"For once in a way, the truth is, I don't care whether Mrs. Merrilees defrauds the government or not. It's over a year since I left the secret service. I don't like the work—too tame—and having learned all it could teach me, I quietly dropped out and returned to my old field."

"Private investigation, eh?"

"There's some fun in that," Quoin said with mild enthusiasm. "Odd jobs—I love 'em. They're generally so very odd—unexpected besides."

"Quoin," the lady inquired with a change of tone, "you remember the Joachim collection?"

"Do I remember it?" Quoin protested with reproachful sincerity. "I wish I might hope ever to be repaid for the sleep I lost on that case!"

"You never got a clue?"

"Never one. That was a masterly job."

"Has none of the stuff ever turned up?"

"Oh, plenty of it, here and there—mostly in Europe. In fact, I'm told that Joachim has reassembled most of the collection; but it has cost him five times his original outlay."

"There are, of course, pieces still missing?"

"Oh, naturally!"

"Well, then," said the lady deliberately, "I don't mind telling you that there's one piece I distinctly remember, on board this ship—a magnificent sardonyx cameo."

"Truly?"

"Would you care to see it? Then—look!"

Mrs. Beggarstaff unclosed her left hand. In its palm lay Miss Carteret's brooch!

With a wondering exclamation, Quoin bent forward to examine the cameo, while Mrs. Beggarstaff regarded with a triumphant smile his bent head. It was something to have started the greatest living detective, which was precisely the distinction the keen-witted old woman accorded this man.

"Take it to the light and have a good look."

"Thank you," said Quoin, rising instantly and moving forward to the lighted companionway, where he lingered a long minute, intently inspecting the brooch with a small magnifying glass.

"Unquestionably one of the missing pieces," he declared flatly, returning, "and, if I'm not mistaken, one of the finest in the collection. How did you come by it, please?"

"It's the property of the young person who shares my cabin; name, Lucy Carteret. She's an American, about twenty, and has lived abroad all her life. Now she's going to New York to join her father, who—she says—gave her this on her fifteenth birthday."

"The question is, Who is Carteret's father?"

"I'm not psychic," Mrs. Beggarstaff objected. "The woods are full of Carterets; but I know none that this child resembles in any way. Besides, she has denied every relationship I've suggested so far."

"But we mustn't forget that, when found, this paternal Carteret will probably prove to be a perfectly honest bourgeois who picked up the cameo casually in some out-of-the-way shop, at home or abroad. I've often thought that the widespread distribution of that loot might be taken as pretty good evidence in support of something I've always contended was a popular chimera—the existence of a regular organization of social freebooters. You're going?" he added as Mrs. Beggarstaff stirred and sat up, preparatory to rising.

"The present owner of this bauble

## MRS. BEGGARSTAFF DISCOVERS THAT LUCY CARTERET OWNS A BEAUTIFUL NECKLACE WHICH HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM A VALUABLE COLLECTION SOME TIME BEFORE

A beautiful, well-bred English-woman, nervous and suspicious, finds when she boards the steamer *Alstia*, bound from Liverpool for New York, that her stateroom mate is Mrs. Amelia Beggarstaff, a fascinating wealthy American widow of about sixty years. The girl says her name is Lucy Carteret and that she is going to America to meet her father, who has lived there many years. Something about the girl's manner makes the widow wonder what's the trouble. She is much surprised to find Lucy possesses a magnificent necklace which the girl said her father had given her for Christmas.

is asleep—and I want to replace it before she wakes up."

"One minute, if you don't mind. Perhaps you can tell me something—"

"On one condition," the old lady stipulated firmly. "You must let me in on the ground floor. I'll not lift my hand to help you in anything that's a mystery to me."

"I don't mind telling you in the least. This isn't a case—just simple curiosity on my part. Did you ever know anybody by the name of Hicks-Lorrimer—in London?"

"Bless my income!" exclaimed Mrs. Beggarstaff indignantly. "No! Who is he—or she?"

"I don't know; that's why I asked you—who know everybody. One question more: What do you know about your friend Mr. Craven?"

"Tad Craven?" exclaimed the Dowager Dragon in blank amazement. "What's he been doing?"

"Nothing very desperate; only making love to Mrs. Merrilees. Think she'll marry him?"

"Couldn't say. She's a flighty creature, and Tad's tremendously amusing. What concern is it of yours?"

"None whatever. You haven't told me what you know about him."

"Why—of course!—what the world knows. He's an entertaining little man who came out of nowhere to cheer us up about fifteen years ago. Never was heard of before one fine morning when we all woke up to find he be-



Almost immediately the Hiss was Answered by Quick, Light Footsteps.

longed. No money, so far as I know—or just enough to enable him to live well without working too hard. Nowadays New York teems with just this type of unaccountable persons—decent, diverting, well-bred, and three-quarters idle. That's all—except I like the man."

"You never heard he was married?"

"He isn't!" Mrs. Beggarstaff exclaimed, dumfounded.

"I don't say so. I only wonder. Of course, if you never heard he was married, you never suspected him of having a daughter—you're too pure-minded."

"Thank you for nothing. What are you driving at?"

"And if he hasn't a daughter, who in thunderation is Lydia?"

"Quoin," said the Dowager Dragon solemnly, "I warn you, if you keep me on tenterhooks another instant—"

"Here you are, then," the detective interposed hastily; "but keep it to yourself. Yesterday afternoon, when I was killing time in the wireless house, a message came in which I read over the operator's shoulder as he wrote it down. It was for Craven, and ran something like this: 'Lydia disappeared. What shall I do? Awaiting advice before notifying police.' Signed, 'Hicks-Lorrimer.' And after a while Craven's reply was brought in for transmission. 'Keep away from police. If girl doesn't return, wire me New York Saturday.' Addressed, 'Hicks-Lorrimer, eleven King Charles' court, London, West.' Now who is 'Lydia' to Craven if not wife or daughter, that wireless messages must advise him of her disappearance? Not his wife; for he refers to her in his reply as the 'girl.' If his daughter, he must be a widower."

After a thoughtful moment the Dowager Dragon exclaimed, "Quoin! This Joachim brooch—has it struck you that the cameo bears a resemblance to anyone we know?"

"Craven, of course! Now you mention it, a distinct resemblance."

"This Miss Carteret says her father gave it to her because of its likeness to him."

"What did you say the name was, in full?"

"Lucy Carteret. But when she told me she tripped and stumbled over something that sounded suspiciously like 'Lid,' 'Lid' for Lydia, eh?"

"Lucy Carteret—Lydia Craven," the detective mused aloud.

"Help me up," the Dowager Dragon demanded excitedly. "I'm going downstairs this minute and have a good look round that cabin, if the girl isn't awake. Quoin," she added with animation, "if it turns out as we think—"

"Hope?" he suggested, smiling.

"For my part, hope. If it turns out as we hope, this voyage is going to be most amusing. And I was afraid of being bored!"

"Then," Quoin reminded her, "you ought to be very grateful to me."

"I love you for it!" Mrs. Beggarstaff declared ardently.

## CHAPTER III.

Long after dark Miss Carteret wakened. For some minutes she lay in lazy content, unstirring, wide eyes dreaming into obscurity. The stateroom was dusky with shadows; but deck lights beyond the open window ports pointed wan squares upon the white interior woodwork. The sweep of clean sea air through the room was as sweet as fresh cool water to a parched throat. Feeling stronger and more herself for each delicious breath, humbly the girl gave thanks; for it seemed that, with the passing of the gale, the ghastly incubus of mal-demer had been exorcised.

Presently, conscious of a pang of hunger, she touched the repeating spring on her bracelet watch—an exquisitely small, jeweled extravagance, her father's gift of the previous Christmas—and bent an attentive ear to its elfin chime. Eight o'clock. It was too late to dress and dine in public. But as she lay in doubt, trying to decide whether she was really as hungry as she felt, or would do better to deny herself food until breakfast, she heard a sound from the outer deck so singular that in a twinkling it focused her drowsy, errant wits.

The sound was "Psst-pssst-pssst."

## AMERICAN WEDS A RULER

Alice Heine, Who Enjoyed Unusual Distinction, Soon Tired of Life as Princess of Monaco.

Alice Heine, the only American woman to enjoy the distinction—and suffer the disillusionment—of being the wife of a sovereign, was born in New Orleans fifty-nine years ago. Her father was Michael Heine, a Jewish banker, and her mother Miss Amelie Mittenberger, who came of a prominent Louisiana family.

Having made a fortune in New Orleans, Michael Heine settled in Paris after the Franco-Prussian war, and rose to be a noted financier. His daughter, Alice, became the bride of the duc de Richelieu, scion of an ancient French line. She bore him a son and a daughter, after which he died. The son inherited the title, and a few years ago followed the example of his father by taking an American wife, Miss Eleanor Douglas Wise of Baltimore.

Alice Heine, duchess of Richelieu, remained a widow many years before she was won by the prince of Monaco, whose prior marriage to Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, an Englishwoman, had been annulled by the church. Life with the sovereign prince of the tiny country of Monaco—noted principally for its great gambling resort, Monte Carlo—was not a bed of roses, and she soon tired of it. The prince was given a divorce.

## Lesson of the Tug.

There's nothing dishonorable in being a tug. In times of need a tug is worth a thousand pleasure boats. It's what a man is able to do and does that tells what his worth is. Good clothes are pleasant to look upon, but they are often a hindrance in times of distress. Kid gloves may have a place in the family pew and social functions, but the ways of the world demand tougher stock in labor. It takes overalls, corduroy and buckskin

a trisyllable hiss of which each part was longer and more emphatic than its predecessor. Unmistakably of human origin, though as odd and alarming as the warning of a serpent, it brought the girl from her bed to her feet with a start.

Her movement was a noiseless one. The man who had sounded that strange call she discovered stealing immediately outside the window; his back was to it, so that she could see little more than the concave line of his dark, lean, shaved cheek, and the back of a long, narrow head beneath a steamer cap with visor well down over his eyes.

Almost immediately the hiss was answered by quick, light footsteps, and the voice of one as yet invisible, a voice of guarded accent but vibrant with indignation. "What the devil do you mean by buzzing me like that?"

The girl trembled. Unless her senses were untrustworthy, she knew that voice better than her own. It seemed impossible that she could be mistaken.

It was again audible, the response of the man outside the window having escaped her. "You infatuate ass! Don't you know better than to take such chances?"

"Oh, it's all right. He's up on the boat deck, chinin' with some skit. I made sure of that before I laid for you. Trust me."

"Trust you to play the fool! Don't you know every word you utter can be overheard in those staterooms?"

Instinctively the girl crouched in the shadow of her bedstead, in deadly terror lest she be detected at her involuntary eavesdropping—so strong upon her sensitive perceptions the psychological effect of this surreptitious passage.

But her fears were quickly dissipated, the interview terminating as abruptly as it had begun.

"Good-night!" that well-remembered voice continued incisively. "And for the last time I warn you: Don't approach me again aboard this ship!"

"But—listen," the other pleaded and threatened in the one breath. "We got to get a straight answer out of you—"

"I've given it already—twice. For the third time—no!" With this the last speaker strode briskly forward.

Rising as silently as any shadow, Miss Carteret again turned her face to the port.

The man who had hissed was still there, watching the other way.

She fancied something sullen and menacing in the lowering inclination of his head, the stoop of his narrow shoulders.

Suddenly, with a mumbled word, inarticulate with anger, he turned and went swiftly aft.

Do you believe that Lucy Carteret is telling the truth and that she is an honest, high-class girl; or do you think she is one of a band of shrewd crooks? The next instalment brings important developments.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SAYS HOT WATER WASHES POISONS FROM THE LIVER

Everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it, before breakfast.

To feel as fine as the proverbial fiddle, we must keep the liver washed clean, almost every morning, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins, says a noted physician.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you catch cold easily, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath or stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion, watery eyes all denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected organ of the body. Few know its function or how to release the dammed up body waste, bile and toxins. Most folks resort to violent calomel, which is a dangerous, salivating chemical which can only be used occasionally because it accumulates in the tissues, also attacks the bones.

Every man and woman, sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, to wash from the liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, the poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Limestone phosphate does not restrict the diet like calomel, because it can not salivate, for it is harmless and you can eat anything afterwards. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, and any pharmacist will sell you a quarter pound, which is sufficient for a demonstration of how hot water and limestone phosphate cleans, stimulates and freshens the liver, keeping you feeling fit day in and day out.

## If Your Skin Itches Just Use Resinol

No remedy can honestly promise to heal every case of eczema or similar skin ailment. But Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap, gives such instant relief from the itching and burning, and so generally succeeds in clearing the eruption away for good, that it is the standard skin treatment of thousands and thousands of physicians. Sold by all druggists.

## Getting Used to It.

"Turkish women muffle the entire lower part of the face with a veil, leaving only the eyes exposed. Queer costume, eh?"

"I thought so until our girls began wearing their furs that way."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## AN OPERATION AVERTED

Philadelphia, Pa.—"One year ago I was very sick and I suffered with pains



in my side and back until I nearly went crazy. I went to different doctors and they all said I had female trouble and would not get any relief until I would be operated on. I had suffered for four years before this time, but I kept getting worse the more medicine I took. Every month since I was a young girl I had suffered with cramps in my sides and periods and was never regular. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper and the picture of a woman who had been saved from an operation and this picture was impressed on my mind. The doctor had given me only two more days to make up my mind so I sent my husband to the drug store at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and believe me, I soon noticed a change and when I had finished the third bottle I was cured and never felt better. I grant you the privilege to publish my letter and am only too glad to let other women know of my cure."—Mrs. THOS. MCGONIGAL, 3432 Hartville Street, Phila., Pa.

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