

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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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 one'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, t'day'n' 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 dressing?"

"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 engaged 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 name was Carteret, miss."

"Oh!" the girl gasped in transient dismay. Then she laughed. "To be sure, that is the name I sailed 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—he 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 if we will be surprised."

"I warrant!" Winant commented with an ambiguity lost upon Lydia, who accepted the response as one of simple concurrence, whereas the woman at her feet was hiding an ironic smile.

In point of fact, this Tad Craven of Mrs. Beggarstaff's acquaintance was a conspicuous figure among transatlantic travelers, one who crossed frequently, and, lacking any other title to notoriety, would have made himself remembered by his lavish tips. Moreover, Winant read American as well as

English newspapers, and knew a vast deal more about Craven than that man would have cared to credit—who, when all's said, wasn't lightly to be termed a man of retiring disposition.

Thus the discovery that he had a daughter (and why not a wife living, as well?) was one tremendously titillating; for trade in gossip about notabilities goes on as briskly between decks on fashionable Atlantic steamships as below stairs in fashionable homes on either side of the water.

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, sentimentally. "I know everything, including my own mind: my middle 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 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, he's just seen Mr. Craven abaft the deckhouse 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 catfish.

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

CHAPTER IV.

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 ghost-

ly 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 fond 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.)

Part of it All Right. "Wouldn't you like to have her sing beside you in the wilderness?" "Well, I'm in favor of the wilderness, but I wouldn't care to be there."—Judge.

Travel in War Torn Europe



HISTORICAL OLD BERGUND CHURCH

A CURIOUS thing about going to Norway is the indifference and even the boredom of the frontier officials concerning your personality, aims and antecedents. I believe I am correct in asserting that the frontiers you cross going from Sweden into Norway and from Sweden over to Denmark are the only frontiers in Europe today where there are no formalities or intimate questionings. Going from Stockholm to Christiania nobody wants to know even your name. At seven in the morning, when your train gets to Charlottenburg, the customhouse men come aboard, lift the lid of your suitcase, aimlessly fumble a few seconds in the interior, bow, smile, salute and depart. The engine whistles, the train rolls on. In ten minutes you are in Norway.

The Swedes, however, are more inquisitive about you. As you near the Swedish frontier, going south toward Gothenburg, the conductor of your train hands you a long list of questions, starting with the inevitable, "Year of birth, place of birth?" At the beginning of the war the precise recollection of these early personal reminiscences used to be a severe mental effort. Like a lot of recently arrived tenderfeet nowadays, I used to sit drumming elaborately on my fingers, and I never handed the frontier police a filled-in schedule without a subsequent guilty feeling that I had made a year's error in that date. But two years' special service work all over the torn map of present day Europe, has well taught me at least one thing. Now I know indelibly, indubitably and instantaneously the date of my birth.

Questions Vex Travelers. However, the Swedish frontier questionnaire is not so disquieting as the German, so silly as the Russian or so perplexing as the Sicilian. When you are going home the Russian questionnaire asks how long you will stay in your home town, back in Cook county; and where you will go after that. I will leave it to your own intuition to discern the monosyllabic reply to the second part of that question written by mapy irritable and outspoken American citizens. The Sicilian wartime questionnaire inquires minutely not only about you and your parents,

produce satisfactory evidence of my good standing as a transient, they would try to get me a special permit for a breakfast roll.

"You can tell your police—" I began.

"No, sir," answered the waiter. "I can't."

So I breakfasted carnivorously on fish, like an Eskimo, and got no bread until I arrived in Denmark.

Normally only about eighty minutes is occupied in crossing the sound to Copenhagen, but of late the Journey takes two hours, following a route a long way north of Saltholm. The sound today is one great mine field, Swedish, Danish and German. Like the great belt, its international waters—the mid-strait channel—are netted by the Germans to keep the allies' submarines out of the Baltic. The crossing of the sound in these days is not without its hazards, for mines are always breaking loose and drifting into the tortuous shipping lanes. A few weeks ago all the steamship communication between Denmark and Malmo ceased for some days, so numerous were the stray mines. All the time nowadays the steamers cross with lifeboats swung out, ready for emergency.

In the Midst of Dangers. The Germans have camped out in all the waters around Denmark, mining, patrolling, maneuvering, taking neutral vessels in for search at Swinemunde, the Teutonic Kirkwall.

A few miles out of Malmo a dark speck loomed up in the snowstorm and dove over across our course. A group of Englishmen and Italians on board eagerly leveled their field glasses. We were out in international waters now, where all things were possible. In a very few seconds she was seen to be a patrol boat, flying the German flag astern. A couple of hundred yards away she seemed to be making straight for us, with the intention of boarding. Our captain rang down the engines to half-speed. But she passed without interfering with us, only a few feet from our leeward side. Some miles farther we were approached by a torpedo-boat destroyer, but, as she swung round, we saw she flew the Danish flag.

An hour later we were running up the long, narrow harbor, jammed with ships from the ends of the earth, and

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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."

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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.

"Not Our Can."
A little lad at Carmel, Ind., whose mother was sick, was asked by a neighbor woman to bring the coal oil, as she wished to kindle the fire. The little fellow brought it, and then the woman asked for an open vessel to pour the oil in, as she was afraid live coals were in the stove and an explosion might occur. The little fellow looked at her unconcernedly and said: "Oh, gee, go ahead, it ain't our can."—Indianapolis News.

"Be sure you're right."
"No. Tell 'em you're too proud to fight."—Detroit Free Press.

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.

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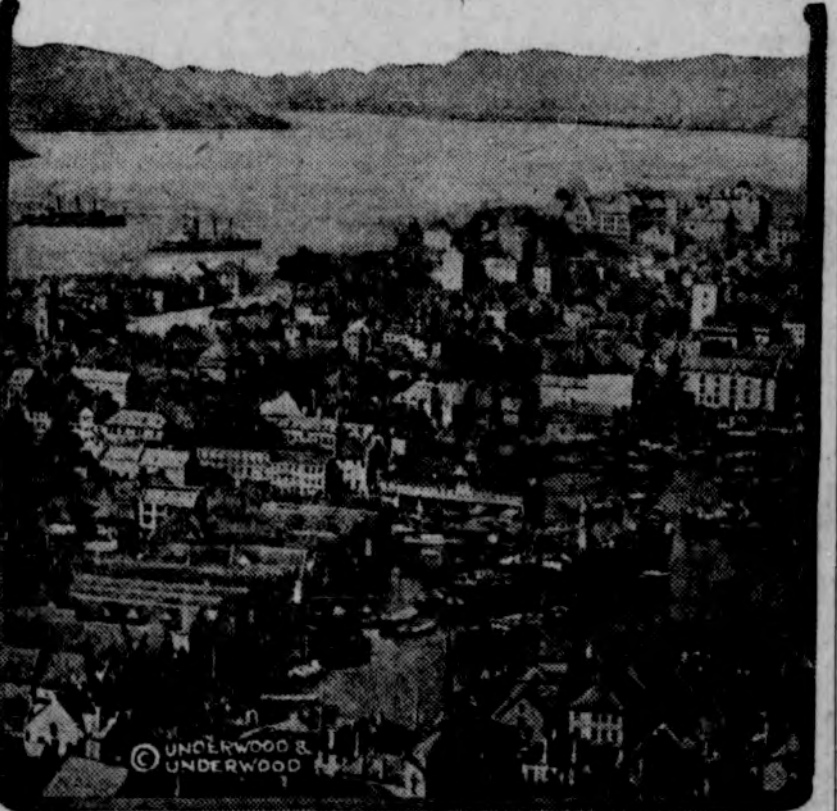
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but it demands intimate information also about your grandparents, including your grandmother's maiden name. A St. Louis man I met in Malta told me that when he ejaculated "Search me!" on being asked his grandmother's maiden name by the Messina police, they wrote it down phonetically as "Cercimi" in the allotted column of the register.

A snowstorm was sweeping over Malmo and the snow lay deep underfoot. There was no steamer for Denmark for three or four hours. I checked my baggage and went over to a hotel for breakfast. Presently they brought my fried place and coffee. But no bread. After a while I reminded the waiter that the bread was lacking. He remarked that it would continue to lack until I produced my bread card. Two days since bread cards had been introduced in Sweden. I explained that I could hardly be expected to have a bread card, as I was merely in Sweden for three hours, as a transient. During our discussion the other lone breakfaster in the restaurant finished his coffee, paid his bill, pocketed all the remaining bread on his table and went out. This spoiled my idea of asking him to lend me a piece of bread; I would have sent him another piece subsequently by registered mail.

Breakfast Without Bread. I told the waiter I knew nothing and cared less about his wretched bread card ritual and had him phone the police. The police graciously replied that if I cared to leave my coffee and place, go out and grope through the blizzard for several blocks until I found the police headquarters and could then

clamorous with rattle and clangor of chains and cranes and the lumbering wagons of the wharves.

Some Simple Remedies. When we are called upon to assist a neighbor in times of sickness or accident, we are often reminded of the fact that there are very few families who keep up a supply of simple family remedies on hand for an emergency. A family medicine chest is one of the necessities in the household, and every housewife should understand how to use its contents. There should be a place for keeping all the bottles and packages together, although it be nothing better than an upper shelf in the closet or pantry. Then they can be found without loss of time, which is not the case where the bottles are left scattered all over the windows and mantels all over the house.

The home medicine chest should contain a bottle of camphor, some good liniment, a few doses of quinine in capsules, sweet oil, castor oil, paregoric, flaxseed, mustard, sulphur, vaseline, linewater, and various other things that have been tried and found good.

Should any member of the family be severely burned, cover the burned portion with linseed oil and linewater; then wrap it with cotton wool. Allow it to remain 24 hours.—Exchange.

Great Memory for Faces. She (after dinner)—Excuse me, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar.
He—Yes; our host introduced us to each other just before dinner.

She—Ah! I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forget a face.