

**SHEEP'S CLOTHING**

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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 ungalvanic bus groping over the wet asphalt; to the north the plaza was like a well in the air, shrouded 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 unkindly. "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 informed! 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-

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

Divested of her wraps, she sailed tempestuously into the drawing room of the Beggarstaff suite—where Peter Traft uprose 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 wanted 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 insolent eyes, and laughed unpleasantly.

"Well, I've been spooling 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—Thaddeus 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 satisfied 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.)

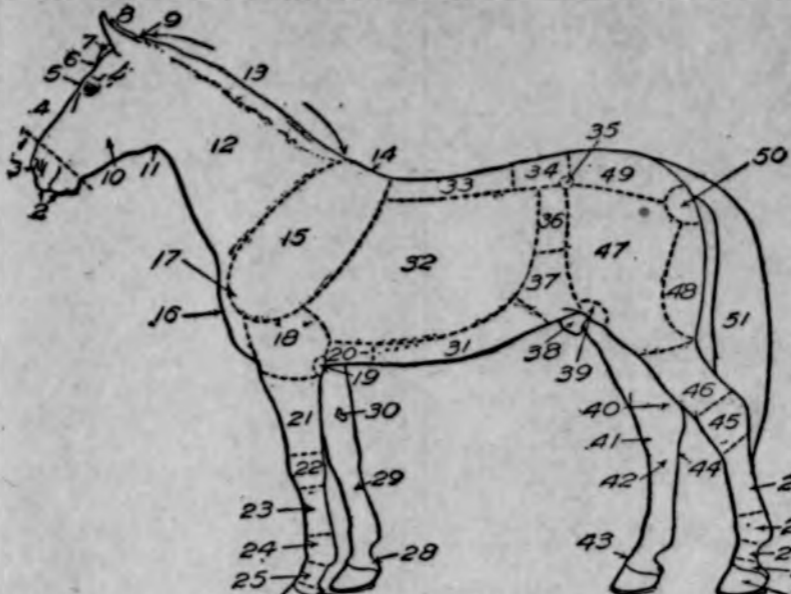
**No Need for Delay.**

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."

**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 snake won't.

LEARN THE POINTS OF A SOUND HORSE



- NAMES OF VARIOUS PARTS OF HORSE.**
- Muzzle.
  - Lips.
  - Nostril.
  - Face.
  - Eye.
  - Forehead.
  - Foretop.
  - Ears.
  - Poll.
  - Jaw.
  - Throatlatch.
  - Neck.
  - Crest.
  - Withers.
  - Shoulder.
  - Breast.
  - Point of shoulder.
  - Arm.
  - Elbow.
  - Forelank.
  - Forearm.
  - Knee.
  - Cannon.
  - Petlock joint.
  - Pastern.
  - Coronet.
  - Hoof.
  - Seat of sidebone.
  - Seat of splint.
  - Chestnut.
  - Abdomen.
  - Ribs.
  - Back.
  - Loin.
  - Point of hip.
  - Coupling.
  - Hind flank.
  - Sheath.
  - Stifle joint.
  - Seat of thoroughpin.
  - Seat of bog spavin.
  - Seat of bone spavin.
  - Seat of ringbone.
  - Seat of curb.
  - Hock.
  - Gaskin.
  - Thigh.
  - Quarter.
  - Croup.
  - Point of buttock.
  - Tail.

HORSES IN ACTION

Advisable to Examine Animal Carefully for Lameness.

OBSERVE THE VARIOUS GAITS

Perfection in Walking is Characterized by Feet Being Brought Up Quickly—Trotting Must Be Without Wabbling.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Lameness due to a variety of causes and of various forms, some not at first apparent, should be carefully looked for when examining a horse in action. When lameness is present only at certain times, it is known as intermittent lameness, consequently it is advisable to examine a horse on several different occasions. In cold lameness the animal will go sound after he is warmed up, while in warm lameness the impediment does not manifest itself until after considerable exercise. Flinching when the horse turns sharply indicates shoulder lameness. The various gaits should be observed from the front, side, and rear, in order that the desirable features and defects may not be overlooked.

**Walking.**—Perfection in this gait is characterized by the feet being brought up quickly from the ground, by their being carried in a straight line, by lengthy stride, and by the cycle being completed quickly. All of these aid in producing a rapid walk, which is a great asset to horses used for any purpose. The defects of gait which may well be noted while the horse is walking are interfering, winging, toeing in or toeing out, and sprawling.

**Trot.**—This gait must be square; that is, it must be without any tendency to wobble, shuffle, or mix gaits, and the hind feet should follow in line with the forefeet. In the roadster and trotting race horse speed is highly valued, while in the park saddle horse a fair degree of nicely balanced knee and hock action is demanded. The highest prized factor of the harness horse expresses itself at the trot in extreme knee and hock action. Even in the draft horse a square, open, well-balanced trot with pronounced knee and hock action adds many dollars to his selling price. The common defects of the trot are interfering, forging, dwelling, hopping, and knee action without a proportionate amount of hock action or vice versa. Lameness may be detected in the trot when it may not be apparent in other gaits. An abundance or lack of energy and ambition is apparent during trotting by the general deportment and carriage.

**Pace.**—The pacing gait is more or less common in harness horses, and it is useful as a fast road gait on smooth thoroughfares. The characteristic movements of the limbs in this gait consist in the feet on the same side of the body striking the ground simultaneously. The principal defects of the pace are cross-firing and hitting the knees.

**Easy Gaits.**—Plantation horses and five-gaited saddle horses have gaits that are easy on the rider as well as on the horse. Such gaits are desired principally for long rides and are known as slow pace, fox or dog trot, and running walk. Any one of them may constitute one of the gaits of a five-gaited horse, while the faster easy gait demanded in such a horse is the rack or singlefoot. This is intermediate between the trot and pace, the feet hitting the ground one at a time, producing a gait easy on the rider, but tiring to the horse.

**Canter.**—The canter, classed as a saddle gait, may be described as a modified, collected, and very slow gallop. It should be graceful, easy, and handily performed.

**Wind.**—To test the wind have the horse ridden at a very fast gallop, stopping him abruptly so that you may

hear the passing of air through the wind pipe. In roaring, or broken wind, there will be a whistling sound each time the horse inhales. When a horse is affected with the disease called heaves, it has difficulty in forcing air out of the lungs, causing a peculiar and very characteristic movement in the flanks and abdomen, especially after exertion. Horses affected with heaves usually cough in a characteristic manner after drinking cold water. This cough may also be excited in affected horses by tightly grasping the windpipe at the throat latch for a short time. A horse's respiration is greatly hindered by either broken wind or heaves.

**Adaptability for Specific Work.**—A horse may possess proper conformation, be sound, and have good action yet still not be well adapted for a specific work; consequently it is very essential that he be thoroughly examined at the work for which he is wanted. If the horse is to be used for heavy hauling or draft purposes, steady pulling under all conditions is an indispensable quality. For harness use the horse should drive promptly and freely with an easy, rapid gait and an alert expression, taking just sufficient hold of the bit to be in hand without causing the driver to pull on the lines. The saddle horse should have an easy, prompt mouth, with style and graceful carriage.

**Vices.**—Some horses are difficult to harness and object to taking the bit in their mouths; others jump when an attempt is made to place a saddle or harness on their backs; while still others offer a great deal of resistance to having the crupper placed under their tails. If the resistance is due entirely to a heavily muscled and consequently a strong tail it may be an indication of general muscular strength and tension. While being hitched up or mounted the horse should stand quietly and should start promptly but quietly on command. For any purpose the following vices should cause the animal to be rejected: Balking, backing, rearing, kicking, striking with the forefeet, or running away. Less important vices are: Throwing the head up or down, shying, scaring, breaking loose when tied, resting one foot upon the other, grasping the bit between the teeth, rolling with the harness on, or twitching the tail over the lines. Occasionally the last-named vice causes the horse to kick, in which case it becomes dangerous.

**General Considerations.**—Enlargements or scars (due to deformity, unusual mishap, or uncommon disease) not conforming to any of those discussed should cause a horse to be rejected unless the nature of the cause and the detriment to the value and usefulness of the animal is self-evident. Experience gained by examining large numbers of horses will aid in quickening the eye and judgment, thereby making it possible to perceive readily any unusual condition, but it should be remembered that a hurried examination is liable to prove a disappointment; consequently plenty of time should be taken in making the examination, because time is much cheaper than money tied up in an unsatisfactory horse. In some countries nine days are allowed by law to the purchaser in which to learn of the serious forms of unsoundness or vice in a horse, so that in this country it would seem fair to allow at least a day for a fair trial when practicable. If possible, get a history of the animal, and while you are about it, get a history of the person having it for sale. So many defects may be covered up by such unfair methods as drugging that it is a good plan to make purchases only from those with good reputations. Horses offered at auction sales should be thoroughly examined previous to their being brought into the ring, or else they should be tried out in compliance with the rules of the sale before time for settlement.

Finally, it is well not to form the habit of seeing only the defects, for horses, like people, are seldom perfect, consequently in judging them weigh the good qualities against the bad. A horse should be valued by the amount of service he will perform rather than by his minor shortcomings.

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.

**Taking No Chances.**

A big mass meeting was being held in Blimville. The well-groomed and sick-looking individual who was trying to separate the town from its money arose to make a few remarks. "Fellow citizens," he opened up, "apropos—"

"Just a minute, mister," said a small, sandy-whiskered man.

A look of annoyance crossed the speaker's face.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have here a pocket edition of Webster's dictionary, and I want to look up that word 'apropos.' I don't intend to sit here and let some oily tongued stranger slip one over on us," replied the sandy-whiskered man.

"You are little suspicious, I see," said the speaker. "Now, that word to which you refer means—"

"Never mind what it means," enjoined the little man. "I'm looking it up. I let a smooth talker sell me a unicycle one time. He said it was the last word in conveyances, and when I paid the carriage on it from Birmingham I found I had purchased a wheelbarrow."

Possibilities of Bad Verse.

No one has yet written any adequate appreciation of the possibilities of bad verse. The verse, I mean, that is composed at the crises of life, on the mountain tops of exultation and in the joyless valleys, by persons unskilled and ordinarily unpoetic. The verse that is hidden away in vases and bureau drawers, never to be shown and always produced in some moment of vanity. Only a true poet could write a just appreciation of bad verse; and from his pen the words would come too much tainted with the implication of irony. The quality of bad verse is not strained. It is written to suit no magazine's policy. It is rewarded with no check. It is a brave denying of reality; a prayer that is its own answer. It is, to use Maeterlinck's phrase, "a making or invoking of wings by creatures that creep on their bellies."—New Republic.

**A Bit Mixed.**

He—Do hurry, Kate; the train leaves in 20 minutes.

She (absent-mindedly)—Oh, be quiet! You know it's bad form to be on time.

No Excuse.

Order is heaven's first law, but that is no reason why we should want to order everyone around just to please ourselves.—Exchange.