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"Don't worry a bit—just get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment. Use them according to directions and I am sure you will get prompt relief, and that your skin will be all right in a few days." Resinol Soap and Ointment are sold by all druggists.

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"Which is that?"
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SHEEP'S CLOTHING
By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," Etc.
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CHAPTER XIV.
True to her instinct for the dramatic moment, when the telephone interrupted Mrs. Beggarstaff answered with no apparent emotion and nothing more than a noncommittal "Yes?" followed at a brief interval by "Yes, if you please, at once." Then, hanging up the receiver, she set herself artfully to delay Mrs. Merrilees. "This is all very well," she announced with complacent determination; "but I want to know what real evidence you have got against Craven."

"Nothing," Quoin admitted, "beyond circumstantial evidence, which, however well grounded, wouldn't hold together a minute under the analysis of any able-bodied criminal lawyer."
"No actual proof?"
"Not a whit. You may be sure Craven never took an active hand in any of these affairs; merely engineered them with his inside information and superior intelligence. Be sure, too, that whenever a job was pulled off he was always conspicuously somewhere else."

"Then what do you propose doing?"
"Why—Betty permitting—scare him silly and run him out of town. I don't think we want more than that—aside from the necklace."
"That will content me," Mrs. Merrilees affirmed.

Here a knock fell on the door, and the Dowager Dragon, for all her protested infirmity, rose with the spryness of youth.
"No, don't go yet. It's only something I've been expecting. And I want one word more with you—about the girl Lydia. Whatever you do, understand, I won't have her run out of town, or annoyed, or frightened, or ill-treated in any way."

With this she disappeared down the hallway. Followed a sound of voices murmuring.
Quoin and Mrs. Merrilees lingered in doubt and silence, the gaze of each seeking the other's; while, to one side, by these two forgotten, Peter Traft waited, watching, some little sadness and envy in his heart.

Not that he grudged Quoin the guardian of a lifetime's unselfish devotion; but he felt quite justified in envying them the happiness that was to be theirs. If he could ever hope to see Lydia Craven look up into his face as Betty Merrilees was just then looking up at Quoin—

Betty, in a melting humor and a gown representing the finest flower of the Rue de la Paz, to Peter's fancy cut a figure that filled your eye. And in such matters Peter esteemed himself a distinguished amateur.

But once Lydia Craven had entered the drawing room Peter no longer cared to look at Betty. A fellow's got only a certain limited amount of eyesight, after all, and it's no good wasting it on anything he isn't really crazy about.

In the severity of her street dress the girl's figure had a graciousness that even Betty's couldn't shadow. And Lydia's face, set against the darkness of one of those trim little hats which in those days were just beginning to oust the art-nouveau-coal-hod enormities—Lydia's ruddy hair, the transparent pallor of her brow, the fine glow in cheeks fresh from the rainy night, her dark and animated eyes brightening with surprise and half-timid pleasure—taken altogether Peter thought Lydia's fairness was to Betty's as sun to candlelight.

But with delight apprehension was mixed in his mind. There were still some phases of life Peter hadn't fathomed; for one, the antagonism within the sexes—within the sex, rather; for it was the attitudes often adopted toward one another by the most amiable and delightful of women that perplexed his understanding.

Now, with real provocation on her side, what would be Betty's attitude toward this rival beauty?
His solitude was wasted. Either he underestimated the generosity of Betty, or Lydia's ingenuousness disarmed. Constraint was absent from their meeting; they went at once to each other's arms.

"It's so good to find you here, Betty. Oh, good evening, Mr. Quoin—Mr. Traft, good evening. The best part is, I thought you were stopping here, and was in despair when I found you weren't."
"Is that dear of you; but—"

"As she spoke the puzzle box left Lydia's keeping finally and for all time. Betty Merrilees uttered a low cry. "This" she questioned in a strange voice. "What?"
"Must I say?" Lydia laughed. "I don't believe you really want me to—"

"Not my necklace!" the woman gasped.
"Here! I didn't tell—did I, Mrs. Beggarstaff?"
"No, dear child; but we knew all the time."
Incontinently Lydia was overwhelmed by a very unexpected, un-called-for, motherly and protracted embrace; which, while it didn't lack affection, served as well the most dip-

To you, all old friends, I can talk about this terrible thing. But what about the outsiders? My name linked with that of a common criminal's—oh, I am ashamed, ashamed!"
Unknown to her, the Dowager Dragon was nodding vigorously to Quoin. This last rose awkwardly, and spoke with a hesitation uncommon in him.

"If you'll leave it to me, Betty," he suggested almost timidly, "I think I can arrange matters with Craven and recover your necklace tonight, quite without publicity. And"—he glanced at his watch—"it's a quarter of eleven. If I'm to do anything, I have no time to lose."

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lomatic purpose of preventing the girl from noticing Betty's half-hysterical attempts to open the puzzle box and that the Dowager Dragon was making significant faces at Quoin over her shoulder.
"Permit me, Betty," Quoin suggested. "I think I know the trick—"

In another breath the box was open, the necklace in its owner's hands.
"Merely my foolish delight to see you again so soon, my dear." A hand patted affectionately one of Lydia's flushed cheeks as, released, breathless, and wondering, she stepped back to readjust her hat.

"You're awfully good to me, Mrs. Beggarstaff. But I can't stop a minute. I've another errand to run for father—he's very busy tonight—"

"Another errand!" Betty Merrilees parroted out of a mind perhaps pardonably confused.
"Yes—I sha'n't be long. Father asked me to bring that to you; but promised to call for me within an hour. So I was to attend to the other errand first, and wait here with you for him. But my taxicab broke down and—"

"Craven coming here?" Betty interrupted incredulously, but checked suddenly at a look from Quoin.
"As soon as he can get away," Lydia affirmed. "I mean, of course, wherever you're really stopping—"

"The Plaza."
"That's just across the way, isn't it? It's odd of him to make such a mistake. He said the Margrave distinctly. But I'll ask for you at the Plaza in half an hour, if you don't mind."

"Mind! On the contrary," Mrs. Merrilees said pleasantly, "I'll be delighted. Tad, too. That will be fun—rather! We'll have supper together—all of us."
"And so—good night for thirty minutes," Lydia laughed. "I must hurry."
"Wait a minute," Peter put in. "I'm off too, you know, and going your way."

"How do you know you are!" Lydia demanded, smiling back from the doorway.
"Because that's the way I'm going."
"But I don't want you now, Mr. Traft—though I shall hope to see you again in half an hour. Good-by."

The hall-door closed, leaving Peter as dashed as Betty Merrilees was thunderstruck, as Quoin was thoughtful, as the smile of the Dowager Dragon was satiric.

There was a little pause.
"Wait," Peter demanded, "what do you know about that?"
"After her, you loon," Quoin snapped, waking up with a start. "If Craven told her to go somewhere else first, be sure he never meant her to bring that necklace here. Don't you see?"

"Ass!" Peter groaned, smiting his forehead. "Why didn't I think? Seizing hat and coat, he threw open the door even as the elevator gate clanged.

The car had dropped from sight before he reached the shaft. Planting a thumb on the push-button, he edged only a thin, persistent grumble from the annunciator bell, steadily diminishing in volume as the car continued wilfully to descend.

Infuriated, the young man committed the soul of the elevator attendant to the nethermost depths of damnation and, turning to the stairway, plunged down the flights in breakneck haste, three steps at a time.

Across the lobby he sped as one hounded by furies, and gained the carriage entrance barely in time to see a taxicab pulling away from the curb.
Peter gave chase, affording midnight wayfarers the diverting spectacle of a beautifully arrayed young man—coat-tails flat to the wind and rain, top coat streaming wildly from one arm, the other brandishing the derrier er in toppers—in mad, mute pursuit of a self-contained taxicab proceeding stolidly about its business.

Happily for Peter, its business involved observance of traffic regulations; and when it paused to give precedence to a Fifty-ninth street cross-town car Peter caught up—if something more rudely than he had thought to. Unable to check quickly on the greasy asphalt, he skidded against the door with a crash.

"Hold hard!" he begged between breaths. "Give me a chance!"
"Wait—the—" commented the chauffeur suspiciously.

But at the same time Peter jerked the door open, and—a crawling, sinking sensation deserted his midst: the fare was Lydia, after all!
She greeted this breathless apparition with an inarticulate cry.
"You forgot something," Peter gasped in response, climbing in.
"Wait?"
"Me!" he declared settling into the place by her side; then thrust his head out of the door and panted, "It's all right, driver. Cut along—and don't go too fast—slippery pavements—"

In the Old Days.
"We got this boat together in remarkably short time," remarked Noah jubilantly as he stood off and surveyed the ark. "Yes," replied Japhet. "All we had to do was to go ahead and build her of wood. There hasn't been any steel construction to stand and argue about."—Washington Star.

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That Itch, Burn and Torture With Cuticura—Trial Free.
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Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Little Lacking.
Rector's daughter—How splendid of Joe Jarvis' son to volunteer for that very dangerous job! I'm so glad he got the military medal!
Mrs. Mullins (not to be outdone)—Yes, Miss. And my boy could have got it, too, if he'd cared to have taken the risk.—Punch.

Warned in Vain.
Mrs. Housefly—I warned that daughter of mine to beware of the men, and now she's gone and got mashed on an old bald head.—Exchange.

It Works! Try It
Tells how to loosen a sore, tender corn so it lifts out without pain.
No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out, without a particle of pain or soreness. This drug is called freezezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man. Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callous. Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callous. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers. This drug freezezone doesn't eat out the corns or callouses but shrivels them without even irritating the surrounding skin. Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist don't have freezezone have him order it for you.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease
Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all flies. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap.
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Sold by dealers, or 4 cent per dozen, direct, H. C. HAROLD ROBERTS, 180 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Heard in a Cafe.
Waiter—Do you mind if I put your bag out of the way, sir? The people coming in are falling over it.
Diner—You leave it where it is. If nobody falls over it, I shall forget it's there.—Boston Transcript.

Awoke to Her Value.
Nell—So he jilted her, did he? That must have been her feel cheap.
Belle—On the contrary, it gave her a very expensive feeling—she sued him for \$25,000 for damage to her heart.—Boston Transcript.

"Fair and warmer" is the dope. That from many points we get. And it gives us cause to hope. We shall have a summer yet.

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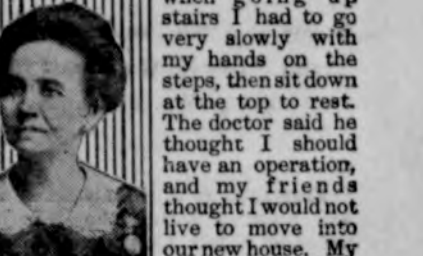
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