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**Plot That Failed;  
Love That Would  
Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER XXXI.

Captain Howard Murpoint was working fast toward a completion of his plans; but others were working faster, and Mr. Giles, the city detective, had made his report to Mr. Dockett. That report contained enough of information to surprise one more up in the wiles of the wicked than Mr. Dockett, but as he read the story of Howard Murpoint's money dodges he merely raised his eyebrows and muttered:

"He's a rare, clever one—a rare, clever one; it's almost a pity to interfere with him."

So it came to pass that time slipped by, and Howard Murpoint quite unconscious of the Nemesis upon his track, pressed Violet to name an early day for the wedding, for though preparations had for some time been in course, no actual day had been fixed. Violet shrank a little, but she, in her gentle, dreamy way, agreed that the day should be postponed no longer, and, accordingly, the 24th of August was set down, and the lawyers and the dressmakers bidden to hasten.

August the 20th came, and Violet, still dreamy and quietly calm, was seated in the drawing-room; some trifling piece of lady's work was in her hand, but the needle was still, and her hands were idle.

Mrs. Mildmay was seated at the open window, busily engaged in writing out a list of invitations for the wedding breakfast.

From time to time she glanced over at Violet and put some questions, which Violet always answered in her quiet, preoccupied way, and Mrs. Mildmay wrote on.

"Shall we have the candles, my dear?" she said, at last, as the twilight fell and compelled her to pause. "If you like, auntie," said Violet. "Why do you not rest a while? I wish you would let me help you," and she crossed the room, bent over her aunt, and kissed her.

Mrs. Mildmay looked at her and drew her down to a footstool beside her.

"Violet," she said, "you do not seem much excited by—the great event coming."

"No," said Violet, with a smile and a sigh, her face gradually growing abstracted and her eyes more fixed. "Aunt, am I wrong to take things so quietly? Sometimes I think it is wicked. Sometimes I fear that I am cold, indifferent, ungrateful for all Captain Murpoint's kindness."

"No," said Mrs. Mildmay. "I am sure you are not that; but—"

"I know," said Violet. "I know

what you would say. But I cannot help it, auntie. I feel sometimes as if I were not myself—as if Violet Mildmay were dead and I were her shadow and wraith. Do you know what I mean? As if this were all a dream, and that I should in the end find myself dead? I am not dead, aunt, I know, and I strive to rouse myself. I do rouse sometimes, but only for a little while," she sighed. "The strange, numbed, unreal feeling comes over me again very soon, and this wedding seems to be that of some one else; but it is mine—mine—mine!"

She started suddenly, and looked up at her aunt with a look of horror. "There, aunt, I am roused, and, see! I am shuddering. I feel as if this were some dreadful crime I was about to commit. I hear Leicester's voice warning me! I feel his hand drawing me back! No—no, I will not be Howard Murpoint's wife!"

Mrs. Mildmay rose with alarm. "Violet!"

"Hush, aunt!" said Violet. "It has gone! I am wicked and silly. It has gone, that dreadful horror and dread. I am dreaming again and numbed. Do not let us talk any more about it. Sit still, dear auntie, and talk of something else."

Mrs. Mildmay resumed her seat, and looked at her darling with a troubled heart.

"My dear Violet, you must struggle against such feelings, especially to-night. Howard is coming, you know, and Mr. and Mrs. Dodson. We are all to talk over your wedding trip."

"To-night are they coming?" said Violet.

"Yes, Captain Murpoint has to take a journey to Penruddle—Violet shuddered—"to-morrow, and may be away for all the time before the 24th. Think, my dear! You will be the wife of a great and good man. Perhaps—for they are all talking of it—you will be Lady Murpoint."

At that time a servant knocked at the door.

"A gentleman wishes to see Miss Violet, madam."

"It is very late," said Mrs. Mildmay. "What is his name?"

"He has given no name. He wishes to see her on business, I believe, madam."

"Will you see him here, Violet?" added Mrs. Mildmay. "I do not like to send him away."

"No; why should you?" said Violet, rising and taking her former seat.

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"I will see him here, John."

The footman returned and ushered in an ordinary-looking gentleman in black. There was another one with him, who came forward with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Thaxton!" said Violet. "Why did you not say it was you?"

"I feared," said Mr. Thaxton, "that you might think I had come on business, and would refuse to see me."

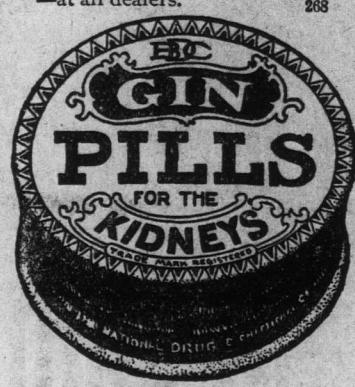
"You wrong me," said Violet.

"This," said Mr. Mildmay, "is a very greatly respected friend of mine. I have brought him to assist me in making a statement which it is necessary you should hear."

Violet bowed to Mr. Dockett—for the gentleman in black was he—and, with a vague look of expectation, sat down.

(To be Continued.)

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**Aubrey's  
Revenge.**

CHAPTER I.

The event which, for the time being, had changed the hopes and prospects of two happy young lives had happened in the following manner:

For ten years—indeed, for the better part of her life, and she was still in her teens on the stormy night in question—Marion Stonestreet, or Kelpie, as her grandfather had nicknamed her, because of her fondness for the sea and her adroit skill with the oars, had made her home at New Castle Light.

Sometimes she went over to Thatcher's Rock to spend a week or two with Janet, her Scotch nurse, or to visit the families of the lighthouse assistants, who inhabited a little village of cottages scattered about over the bare, black rocks. But her favorite abiding place was the gray old light tower, and she seemed never so happy as in her tiny little box of a chamber adjoining her grandfather's room.

As for Captain Stonestreet, he had kept a "good light," as the coast men phrased it, for twenty years, and, next to Kelpie, the great tower lamp, with its glittering lenses and far-reaching light, was the pride and joy of his life.

He made it his boast that never for a single night had the New Castle Light failed to send its grateful rays far out to sea, and during the long years of his arduous service scores of men and women have been saved from watery graves in the shoals below.

Kelpie was his idol, the apple of his eye, the comfort of his lonely, isolated, perilous life. His granddaughter, he called her, but when she was born, or how she came to make her home at New Castle Light, nobody seemed to know.

It may be that old Janet, the Scotch woman who kept the cottage over at Thatcher's Rock and supplied the old lightkeeper and his pretty granddaughter with clean apparel and all the necessaries of life, had somehow enlightened the curious, had she chosen to speak. Perhaps this worthy woman might have thrown some light on the mystery, but she had never felt called upon to do so; so Kelpie's history remained shrouded in darkness, and as she grew and thrived, from year to year, she was known only as the old captain's pretty granddaughter.

The captain spared no pains to make her young life pleasant. He supplied her with pretty apparel and sent her across to a select school in a neighboring town when the weather would permit.

During the midwinter months, when New Castle Light was inaccessible for weeks at a time, an old German professor took up his abode in the gray old tower and taught the pretty child to speak French and German, to sing and dance, and to play a guitar.

So, on the stormy night in question the young girl was not only a pretty, bright, bewitching creature, with her graceful figure, her raven hair reaching far below her slender waist, her wild-rose bloom and starry eyes, but she was a charming dancer and fairly well informed.

Tom Holland, the assistant keeper, adored the very earth, or the rocks, rather, under pretty Kelpie's dainty little feet, and the old captain approved of his love.

"Paint heart never wins fair lady Tom," he was wont to say, with a chuckle, when the poor fellow, declaring he might as well try to win a butterfly, was on the point of giving up in despair. "Persevere, my boy, and you'll come out conqueror in the end."

Then came that fateful happening, putting an end to everything.

CHAPTER II.

It was on the 23rd day of March that the Ocean Queen was driven ashore on the dangerous shoals below New Castle Light. A regular north-easter had been raging, or mustering its forces, rather, for several days, and on the evening above mentioned it broke with terrific fury. The wind shrieked and howled like a pack of demons, and the wild waves beat against the lighthouse until it was almost buried at times in billows of seething foam.

But the good light that had burned steadily for so many years bravely defied the raging elements and shone like a golden-hope star far above the treacherous rocks and swirling billows.

There were three assistant keepers in the tower that night, and a pair of strong, clear, faithful eyes kept constant watch from hour to hour on the far-reaching light.

Kelpie was in the old tower that night; she adored a storm, and, although her grandfather had insisted on sending her across to Thatcher's Rock early in the afternoon, she begged to be allowed to remain where she was.

"Don't send me away, daddy," she implored. "I would rather be here with you if I were certain the old lighthouse would be blown out to sea. Don't send me away, daddy; I shall cry my eyes blind if you do."

So the old man let her have her own way, never dreaming of what the night would bring forth.

Kelpie quite adored a storm, as has already been stated, she was never happier than when the winds were abroad and the sea in a mad commotion. She seemed in wonderful spirits that night; her restless feet were here, there and everywhere, and the sound of her merry laughter filled the old tower with strange, sweet music.

She had been cooking a great heap of doughnuts to comfort the poor fellows who had to keep watch through the wild, black night, and when she came out into the sitting room, her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes shone like stars.

Tom Holland watched her with his many heart thumping furiously against his ribs. In the whole world there was no one as precious or as charming in the eyes of the assistant keeper as this wayward little sea nymph. For her sake, to spare her a moment's pain or to win a smile from her rosy lips, the great, strong, foolish fellow would have risked his life.

Kelpie's eyes were sharp as well as bright. She was not ignorant of her power over the young man, and now and then it pleased her to exercise it. She came tripping out, her scarlet skirts held up in either hand, her black braids fastened with a golden arrow, that glittered whenever she turned her head.

"Which will you have, Tom?" she demanded, with a coquettish glance over her shoulder, "doughnuts smoking hot, or a dance with me?"

"A question like that needs no answer," said the happy fellow, with his heart in his eyes.

"You'll take the dance, then," said Kelpie, with a gay laugh. "Well, you will play for us, won't you, daddy?"

The old lighthouse keeper chuckled, and, taking an old violin from its place on the wall, fell to scraping away with a will.

There are some women who are born dancers. Kelpie was one of them. She whirled, and gilded, and pirouetted all in the same breath, her graceful arms thrown over her head, leading her partner on one moment with sweet allurements and bewitching glances, and eluding his eager arms the next, until the poor fellow quite lost his head.

(To be continued.)

Potatoes will remain firm and neatly all winter if air-tight limes are sprinkled over the barrels or bins; the lime absorbs the moisture.

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1226.—A SIMPLE, BECOMING AND ATTRACTIVE MODEL.



Ladies' Waist with or without Rolled Collar, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This model may be worn over a separate guipure, if collar is omitted, or, for high neck a chemisette could be added. As here shown striped taffeta in blue tones, with white pique for collar and cuffs, was used. Georgette crepe, white satin, or crepe de chine, are all fashionable materials for this style. It is equally effective in voile, madras, cashmere, flannel or ratine. The sleeve with deep cuff is new and smart but the short length is equally popular. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 40 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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1220.—A Dainty Lounging Sack OR NEGLIGEE.



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If flour is placed in the oven until it is thoroughly heated, it will not be so apt to lump in making thickening for gravies, soups and sauces.

Ratline dresses, when washed satisfactorily, are not put through the wringer, but are loosely wrung with the hands and hung out rather heavy with water.

If after a pumpkin has been cut you do not use it all, pour melted paraffin over the cut surface; it will keep the pulp of the leftover portion sweet and solid.

When the fastener comes off your glove, pull out the other side of the fastener and work a buttonhole, then sew a button on the other side, and the gloves are as good as before.

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