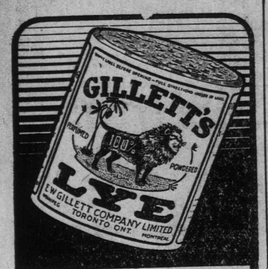

THE STANDARD ARTICLE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XII.

"I'm going to tell you, little one," said the old man, dashing the tears from his face. "Don't mind me, my pet; I'm a foolish old man, that's all. But I'm not selfish, my dear. Old daddy loves his little girl too well to be selfish or to stand in her way, no matter if it breaks his old heart."

"Nonsense!" cried Kelpie. "What's the use of all this foolish talk, daddy? Tell me what has happened; that's the first thing to do."

"You're right," said the old keeper, standing erect, with a flash in his eyes, "and that's what I'm going to do. Now, to cut a long story short, here's a letter from a very great lady in New York who claims you as her child."

"Go on, daddy!" cried the girl breathlessly.

"Well," continued the old man, "if what they say is true, and you are this grand lady's daughter, you can't be my dear little granddaughter, as you've been for so many happy years."

"Then I am not the grand lady's child, and that's all there is about it!" cried Kelpie, with flashing eyes.

"Why, daddy, I can't bear to think of such a thing. Tear up the hateful old letter—throw it in the sea. I won't read a line of it. I'd sooner live here with you and be your own little granddaughter than to be the queen on her throne."

And, clasping her arms about the old man's neck, she hid her face on his shoulder and cried like a baby.

But, after all, there was the letter, and Kelpie was a daughter of Eve.

So, when her cry was over, and she had bathed her eyes and put back her tumbled hair, she eyed the heavy, smooth, cream-tinted package with a wistful and half-timid glance.

"It won't do any harm to read the letter, little woman," suggested her grandfather.

"No, daddy, I don't suppose it will," she assented, with downcast eyes, and the old man picked up the letter and put it in her hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

Kelpie had read the letter a dozen times, perhaps, and had heard the story told by the old keeper almost as often, and she had declared, again and again, that the whole thing was a trumped-up fiction, and she did not believe a word of it; and even if she did, if every word was gospel truth, what did it matter? She was not going to leave dear old daddy; nothing could induce her to think of such a thing, nothing in the round world.

So the days came and went, bright days, with the sky cloudless, and the sea a-glitter like liquid gold; dark days, wild with wind and gray with fog, until a fortnight was gone. Kelpie had read the letter until she could repeat every word of it, lying in her little bed, with her eyes shut and the sound of the sea in her ears.

It was a kind etter, prettily written by the grand lady's hand—a beautiful hand, white and shapely, and glittering with costly rings. Kelpie fancied, as she lay, night after night, thinking it over.

The letter ran:

My good Old Friend: You have been expecting to hear from me for some time, no doubt, and I had intended to write to you and settle up this matter, which, it is needless to say, lies very near my heart. But other duties, more imperative, but far less pleasing, have claimed my attention, and all the time while delaying to do my duty I was comforted by the thought that my dear little girl was in safe hands. But I have made up my mind not to defer the matter a single day longer.

I had intended to pay you a visit and claim my dear little daughter in person, but as you live in a lighthouse, and I am a great coward at sea, even in fine weather, I have decided to stay at home and to beg you to act as my agent in this matter. I know you, my good old friend, and can trust you to do what is just and right, trust you with my whole heart.

Now about the story of the little one's birth. You call her Kelpie, I believe, and really the name is so odd and pretty that I think strongly of retaining it. Wouldn't you? Kelpie Beresford van Cortlandt. That is the name by which she will be known hereafter.

But I had almost forgotten about your having had the child baptized in her infancy. Marion is her baptismal name, I believe? Oh, well, that can be arranged. There is no need of dropping it. We will call her Marion Kelpie Beresford van Cortlandt. How does that strike you? Quite high-sounding, isn't it?

Well, our dear little Kelpie is to be a very grand lady in the future, and it is quite proper that she shall have a very grand name. I hope she's pretty; a woman without beauty seldom achieves a grand success in life, unless she is as rich as—— Ah, well as rich as our little Kelpie will be when she comes into possession of her great fortune. Three millions! Think of it! Miss Cortlandt, heiress of three millions in her own right, and hitherto she has been as glad as other children to get hold of a nickel to spend in molasses taffy. Doesn't it seem incredible? But it is true, nevertheless.

Dear me, what an endless yarn I am spinning, and Kelpie's story is to come yet, and of all things I detest being obliged to write. I can talk by the hour and never tire, and this suggests a happy idea.

I won't write the story, I'll leave you to tell it to the child. Don't you think that will be better? I do, so I shall only add a few words for the dear child herself and leave you to tell the story in your own way:

Kelpie, darling, mamma meant to come for you herself, but you can come to me as well. When you have hetrd the story which our dear old heard the story which our dear old cide for yourself. I don't think it will be right for me to decide for you; so, mignonne, I shall leave the matter in your own hands.

If you are willing, and, of course, you will be, to leave your old life behind you and come to me, I will make you the very happiest little girl under the sun, and, besides, when you are twenty-one, not quite three years longer, you will, as my daughter, come into possession of a fortune of three millions in your own right. Think of that, dearest! Three millions to do with as you please. Won't that be jolly?

Over and above all these money considerations I expect to love you very dearly, little one, and I hope you will learn to love me.

You cannot remember me, of course; you were taken from me while you were yet a baby, as your old daddy, as you call him, will explain to you, and through all the years that followed I have never seen your dear face. But I have pictured it in my dreams time and again, and I am sure I shall soon get to be very fond, as well as proud, of my dear little girl.

If you prefer your old life and poverty, which, of course, you will not, I shall not force you to come to me, but if you decide to come, I want you to reach New York by the eighteenth of the next month at the latest, and, after that, your life will undergo a wonderful change. Instead of a little den in the lighthouse tower, and the sound of the sea for company, you will have a suite of splendid apartments fit for a queen, half a dozen servants to wait on you, and a grand corps of dancing masters, music, and French teachers besides.

Now, ma petite, I'll stop and say good-by until I have the pleasure of seeing your pretty face, for you must be pretty, bear that in mind. I detest a plain woman. I remain yours fondly and affectionately,

Hortense Beresford van Cortlandt.

Kelpie was silent for some minutes after she had finished reading this letter. She held it clutched in her hand, and looked straight out to sea with a curious look in her eyes. She rallied in a little while, however, and turned to the old keeper, who was watching her anxiously.

"Well, daddy," she said, drawing a long breath, "I've read the letter, now tell me the story, please."

"Well," Captain Stonestreet began, at last, his voice a trifle unsteady, "since it's got to be told some day, you might as well hear it now, I s'pose. Where's Tom?"

"In the watch room, I believe, daddy."

"Well, send Briggs up to relieve him. I want Tom to hear the story, and I don't care about having to tell it more than once."

"What's Tom got to do with it?" demanded Kelpie.

"Never mind; do as I bid you."

So Tom was summoned from the watch room, and came in, with an expectant look in his handsome brown eyes.

"Tom," said the old keeper, making a desperate effort to control his voice, "the time's come when the little girl's got to hear the story of her birth, and I want you to hear it, too, if you will. Sit down."

"Perhaps Kelpie doesn't want me to hear her story," said the young assistant.

"Nonsense!" laughed Kelpie. "I don't mind, of course. Sit down, Tom, and listen. You may read this letter, too, if you will," she added, holding it forth.

"Yes, read it, Tom," said the captain. "You'll understand the story better if you do. Don't hesitate about it, my boy," he added, "if I should slip off, the little girl would have nobody but you left, and I want you to know all about this affair in case she should need help."

"I shan't need any help," put in Kelpie, "because I have made up my mind not to accept Mrs. van Cortlandt's offer, but Tom can read the letter, all the same."

"Do you wish me to read it, Kelpie?" inquired the young man, regarding her with a grave, earnest searching gaze.

"Yes, Tom, I want you to read it."

She gave him the letter, and he read it in silence.

"Well," said Kelpie, with a little laugh, "what do you think of it?"

"I can't tell you until I have heard the story."

"Sit down, Tom," said the old keeper, "and you shall hear it now."

CHAPTER XIV.

Captain Stonestreet put aside his pipe, and, turning his chair so that he could look out across the wild gray sea, cleared his throat once or twice, and began the story he had to tell.

"It was in the month of November, and I had filled the position of keeper at New Castle Light for over six years, when a messenger came from Thatcher's Rock one stormy evening, bringing me very bad news. My son who held the position of inspector on the lighthouse board, and came to New Castle Light on the government steamer about four times a year, had fallen overboard and been drowned, and his wife, hearing the terrible news, had died almost instantly of heart failure, in the city of New York, leaving one child, a little girl not quite three years old.

"That little girl was I, daddy?" interrupted Kelpie, in a tremulous voice.

The old man put forth his hands and drew her to his side.

"I thought you were, little one. I've thought so all these years, in spite of all old Janet's fears, but it seems now that she was right, and I was wrong."

"Does Nurse Janet say that I am not your granddaughter?" cried Kelpie, with flashing eyes. "Does she dare to assert such a thing?"

"Never mind, little one," said the old man sadly, "I'll tell you the story, and then you shall decide for yourself. That will be the best way, won't it, Tom?"

"Yes, I think it will," replied Tom gravely; and the old keeper went on:

"My son and a young friend of his, named Tom Hilyard, my assistant aboard the lighthouse steamer, married two sisters, twins, and as much alike as two peas. For my own part I couldn't tell one from the other if they happened to be dressed alike.

(To be Continued.)

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You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. It quickly loosens the dry, hoarse or painful cough, and also heals the inflamed membranes. It also has a remarkable effect in overcoming the persistent loose cough by stopping the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes.

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Colleen Bawn	30c.
The Wearing of the Green	30c.
Dear Little Shambrock, 10 &	30c
That's Irish Love	30c.
Kathleen Mavourneen	35c.
Blarney	35c.
As Long as the Shamrock Grows Green	35c.
Come Back to Erin	30c.
My Irish Rose	30c.
My Rose of Old Kildare	35c.
Kate Kearney	30c.
Sweet Eileen Asthore	35c.
Believe me if all those endearing young charms	15c.
It takes an Irish heart to sing an Irish song	15c.
You're the sweetest rose that grows in Old Killarney	35c.
Killarney, My Home O'er the Sea	30c.
Barney Take Me Home Again	10c.
Bell Mahone	10c.
The Mulligan Guard	10c.
His Name is Patrick Brannigan	10c.
Brannigan's Band	10c.
The Four-leaved Shamrock,	10c.
It's Patrick's Day Parade	10c.
The Irish Jubilee	10c.
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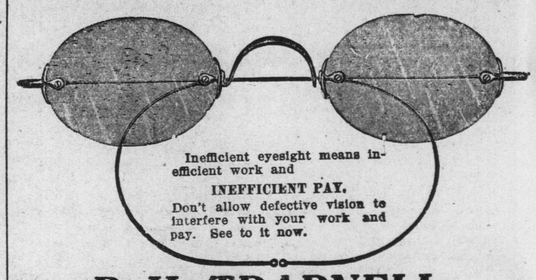

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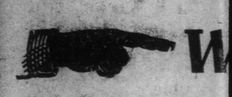

'Phone 768.

War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, March
The Governor, Newfoundland:
The War Office reports slight
ther progress near Neuve Cha
On Friday the enemy were rei
ed, by two divisions. Our ai
destroyed the railway junction
Don and Douai and blew up a
A counter attack was repulsed
Neuve Chapelle on Saturday.
prisoners number 1,700. The en
losses are estimated at not far
of 10,000 in the three days' figh
The French Government re
continued progress by the Be
troops near the Yser, and fu
progress in Champagne.
The Russian Government re
less activity, but successful en
ments in various points.
HARCO

THE DRESDEN SUNK.

LONDON, March
The Governor, Newfoundland:
The Glasgow, Kent and O
caught the Dresden near Juan
nandez. After five minutes' fig
she hoisted the white flag, and
sank. The crew were saved.
were no British casualties and
damage to our ships.
HARCOUR

THE ADMIRALTY ANNOU MENT.

LONDON, March
The British Admiralty annou
to-night that on the 14th inst., H
Glasgow, Capt. John Luce,
Auxiliary Cruiser Orama, Capt.
Seagrave, and H.M.S. Kent,
Allen, caught the Dresden near
Fernandez Islands. An action
sued, and after five minutes' fig
the Dresden hauled down her c
and displayed the white flag.
was much damaged and set on
and after she had been burning
some time her magazine explo
and she sank. The crew were sa
fifteen who were badly wounded.
ing landed at Valparaiso. No Br
casualties and no damage to ship

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censor.)—It is stated on exce
authority that a number of fisher

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