


Useful for Over 500 Purposes



GILLETT'S LYE
EATS DIRT.

Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XV.

"I think it quite natural you should want to go," was his quiet answer. "Oh, do you?" she cried, eagerly: "then you don't blame me, Tom?" "No, I don't blame you, dear," Kelpie's eyes brimmed quite over this time, and, as she looked up in the young assistant's face, two great crystal tears trickled down her cheeks.

The poor fellow would have given twenty years of his life for the privilege of kissing them away, but he stood like a stone wall. "I'm so glad you don't blame me, Tom," Kelpie went on, quite unconscious of her tears. "I feel easier since I know that, and now, Tom, I want to ask you something. I'm going. I shall never rest satisfied if I don't; but, Tom, if I get there and want to come back, and Mrs. van Cortlandt tries to prevent me, if I don't want to be her daughter, but to come back to daddy, and I send you word, Tom, will you come and bring me home?"

His gray eyes flashed as he answered: "Yes, Kelpie, I'll come and bring you home." "You promise, Tom?" "Yes, Kelpie, I promise on my honor."

"Oh, Tom, how good you are! You have taken such a load off my mind. Why, I feel quite contented now, and you must do all you can to comfort poor-daddy. Tom, promise me that, too."

"Who will comfort me, when you are gone?" was on Tom's lips, but like the hero he was, he forbore to utter the words, and merely answered quietly: "Yes, Kelpie, I promise to do all I can."

"You dear, good, kind, obliging fellow, you have made me quite happy!" she cried, her face radiant. "I don't see what in the world I should do without you, Tom."

"Oh, you ragamuffin," she broke off suddenly, catching hold of his tattered sleeve, "so we're to go down the secret ladder and find that belt at last. I shall be delighted, but I must run away and make a ragwoman of myself first. This is one of my prettiest gowns I have on."

"I say, Tom," she added, with a gay little laugh, "what do you say to a dance before I don my ragged attire, our last dance, perhaps, for many a long day?"

She slipped her hand within his arm as she spoke, and went tripping forward, but he put her from him almost angrily.

"No, I can't dance. Don't try me too far, Kelpie," he said, as he strode away.

"I wonder what made Tom so cross all in a moment?" Kelpie wondered, as she exchanged her pretty gown

for a threadbare wrapper. "I thought I should please him when I suggested a dance. But he's such a queer fellow; one never knows how to take him. I shouldn't wonder if I find him as cross as two sticks for the rest of the afternoon."

But she was agreeably surprised, Tom joined her at the door of the little storage room, with a smiling face, every trace of his late ill humor, if ill humor it was, quite gone.

"Well, Miss Ragwoman, here you are," he said pleasantly, "so I suppose the next thing is to unlock the door and prepare ourselves for—we'll, it is difficult to say what."

"For finding that mysterious belt," said Kelpie promptly. "At any rate, that's what I'm prepared for, and I give you timely warning not to go nosing about on your own hook, Tom Holland, for, if you dare to get your hands on the prize before I do, I shall proceed at once to pitch you down the secret stairs."

"You couldn't have the heart to do anything so dreadful," began Tom, as he opened the door. Then he stopped short, glanced about him, and exclaimed: "Good gracious alive!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said Kelpie.

"Matter enough," replied Tom, "the secret ladder is gone!"

Kelpie stared in amazement. There was the iron hook in the left-hand corner; there were the stout iron rings from which the iron ladder had been suspended, but the ladder itself had vanished!

CHAPTER XVI.

"It won't do, I tell you. Kelpie's nothing more than a child, and I'm not going to pack her off on a journey like that all by herself. You'll have to go with her, Janet, so there's no use in making any more to-do about it. If Mrs. van Cortlandt don't like our coming, she can lump it, that's all."

"I don't see why you can't go with her yourself, sir," said the old Scotch nurse bluntly.

"Well, I can. Who's here to look after the light, now that Tulliver's gone? I can't leave the whole business on Tom Holland's shoulders. Besides, you can do better than a rough old fellow like me. Come now, Janet, don't be stubborn. You won't like to see the little woman going off all by herself, I'm sure."

"I don't like to see her going off at all, sir, for that matter," answered Janet, with tears trickling down her cheeks.

"It doesn't hurt you one bit more to see her go than it does me, but we can't help ourselves," said the old man brokenly. "She's going, and it's only natural she should want to go. And I don't like to stand between her and her good fortune."

"I don't like to see her going off at all, sir, for that matter," answered Janet, with tears trickling down her cheeks.

"It doesn't hurt you one bit more to see her go than it does me, but we can't help ourselves," said the old man brokenly. "She's going, and it's only natural she should want to go. And I don't like to stand between her and her good fortune."

"Heaven forbid!" groaned the old keeper. "Let's hope for the best, anyhow. Kelpie's got to go. She'll never be contented, now that she's got the idea into her head. She's bound to go and try it, and we might as well make up our minds to make the best of it, Janet. So get yourself ready and go with the little one on Thursday, and I hope you'll make up your mind to stay with her for a week or two, if no longer."

"It isn't a bit likely that Mrs. van Cortlandt will invite me to stay, sir."

"Never mind whether she does or not. You've got a right to stay, anyhow, as the little girl's nurse."

"That won't count if Mrs. van Cortlandt don't want me, sir. I know the woman and you don't, you see, sir!" And old Janet shook her head gravely.

Nevertheless she set to work at once and got herself in readiness. Kelpie's preparations were already made, her sweet, fresh linen neatly packed, and her prettiest gowns put in immaculate order. The little light-house girl's wardrobe was very simple, and by no means extensive, but, like herself, it was very sweet and dainty.

Janet had spent many an hour of loving, painstaking labor over her barn's pretty things, but her own preparations were speedily made. Her bombazine gown was dipped and pressed, her ancient black silk alfred and shaken out, and, with an apron of

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two and a fresh cap, the good soul was ready for the journey she was so reluctant to take.

But at the last moment, when everything was in readiness and the two old-fashioned trunks stood locked and strapped, and Janet was engaged in making cream biscuits to serve as lunch for the next day's journey, there came a message by telegraph from Mrs. van Cortlandt.

She was delighted that Kelpie had made up her mind to come to her, and as it would never do for the dear child to travel alone, Mrs. van Cortlandt's maid—Snapdragon by name, and a most excellent creature—would be waiting at Shoal City on the morning of the twenty-first to meet and take charge of her and bring her safe and sound, to the arms of her loving mother.

"That settles the matter as far as I am concerned," said Janet, when she had heard the message. "but I'll go as far as Shoal City with my little barn, anyhow."

Kelpie was in a flutter of excitement the last night she spent in the old tower. She could not keep still for a moment, but flitted about, busy in making up first one thing and then another, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright.

"I'm afraid you'll tire yourself out, little woman," said the old keeper, watching her with sad, fond eyes. "Why don't you sit down and rest a bit?"

"I can't. I've got so many things to do, you see, daddy; I want to put everything in apple pie order for you and Tom before I go. I've tidied up your rooms and arranged all your papers, and now I'm going to put the cupboard in shape."

"You'll have to be housekeeper when I'm gone, Tom, and I'll make it as easy for you as I can. You'll find the jars all labeled, and a little book filled with suggestions as to what you shall have for your meals; but I'm afraid you'll get things dreadfully mixed up."

The young assistant looked up from the desk with a brave face, determined not to betray the pain at his heart if it cost him his life.

"Oh, don't worry on our account," he said cheerfully. "We shall get along famously, I assure you. At all events, we shan't starve, if I'm to carry the keys."

"Oh, I had quite forgotten about the keys," said Kelpie, taking a jingling bunch from her pocket, "though to tell the truth, I seldom use them. There's not much use in locking up things, though the boys do steal the preserves and pickles once in a while. Tulliver used to make away with a jar every now and then. I caught him in the act once."

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cap'n and I went down yesterday and made a thorough search."

"What did you find, Tom?"

"Not a thing, only the ladder had been taken away."

"Have you any idea who took it away, Tom?"

"I suppose Tulliver must have done it."

"That's what I think, and one of these nights he'll come up and murder you and daddy in your sleep."

"You forget that the cap'n and I never sleep at the same time, Kelpie," laughed the assistant.

"But he might kill one of you and then overpower the other."

"That's not very likely. Besides, the door of the storage room is generally kept locked."

"It would be easy enough to unlock it from the inside, Tom," and Kelpie moved nearer to the young man's side and laid a trembling hand on his shoulder. "Tulliver's a bad man. He threw you over into the sea once."

"I know it, Kelpie."

"He'd do the same thing again, or something worse, if he got a chance. Oh, Tom, I shall be dreadfully uneasy about you. I've half a mind to give up going away, after all, and stay here and take care of you and daddy."

Kelpie's voice trembled, and, though he did not raise his eyes, Tom knew that tears were trickling down her cheeks. The impulse to take her in his arms and tell her how fondly he loved her and entreat her not to leave him was so strong that the poor fellow quite lost his breath for a moment.

If he had yielded to his great, masterful passion, the girl might have been won then and there, and all the peril and pain of the future spared to her; but a sudden thought of the locked door and the white bird's neck on the night of the storm flashed like lightning across Tom's mind. He looked up and saw the slender chain around the girl's white throat and was silent.

"If I ask you to do something, will you consent, Tom?" Kelpie went on, her soft little hand still resting on his shoulder.

"Why, certainly, I will, Kelpie," he replied, controlling his voice by a desperate effort. "Have I ever refused to do anything you asked me?"

"Never, Tom. You've been good to me always. But listen: I want you to put a bolt on the door of the storage room to prevent its being opened from within. Will you, Tom?"

"Yes, Kelpie."

"But when will you do it, Tom?"

"Oh, before long."

Kelpie shook her head.

"That won't do, Tom. I want you to put it on now. I've got a strong iron bolt and a box of tools out here on deck. Come along, please."

She slid down from her perch on the desk and slipped her hand within his arm as he arose to his feet.

"Come along," she said. "I want to see you do it with my own eyes, and then I shall know it's done; and, Tom, I want you to make me a solemn promise to come here every night at eight o'clock sharp—and see yourself that the door of the storage room is bolted. You'll promise me, won't you, Tom?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure I will."

"Very well," she went on, a little tremor in her voice and a sudden mist softening her uplifted eyes. "I'll make you a promise in return. No matter where I am, or what I am doing, when the clock strikes eight I'll go to the window and look at the stars, and I'll think of you, and say, in my heart: 'God bless you, dear old Tom.' That will be almost as if we stood face to face and shook hands with each other, won't it, Tom?"

Tom could not answer. A great, wild, mad hope filled his heart for the instant, making his pulses bound and his very breath stop. Could it be possible that Kelpie cared for him, after all, he wondered, looking down at her fair, uplifted face.

(To be Continued.)

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to March 15th, 1915.

- A**
Adams, Allan
Adams, A. W.
Anderson, Miss M., card, Military Rd.
- B**
Barron, Miss Maggie, New Gower St.
Bedcombe, S., Allandale Road
Beech, Almond, Water St. West
Brine, John, care Mrs. Halley
Biggitt, Aaron, Casey St.
Biddiscombe, John
Bishop, Mrs. Josie, Barnes' Rd.
Brayon, Miss A., Bond St.
Bonner, Alfred, Gower St.
Boland, M. F.
Butcher, J. W., Brazil's Square
Burdick, P. F.
Broadnick, A., Water & Duckworth St.
Bust, William
Caff, Miss Gertrude M.
Conley, J. W., Brazil's Square
Crawford, J. W., Brazil's Square
- C**
Chafe, Alfred, Torbay Road
Chafe, Miss Alice
Covey, Mrs. James, Bond St.
Cochrane, Michael, Coot's Pond
Conway, Mrs. James, Maxse St.
Conors, Mrs. Jas., card, Barter's Hill
Connor, M., care Gen'l Delivery
Collins, F., Pleasant St.
Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Rd.
Conley, J. Williams' St.
Chesley, William, Adelaide St.
Crose, Miss Mary
Cole, George, Lyon's Square
- D**
Daniel, Thomas H.
Dawo, Frank G., Beaumont St.
Davis, Ernest, care Gen'l Delivery
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Doran, Piemont, George's St.
Mickinle, John, Water St.
Down, Mrs. Richard
- E**
Evans, Miss Agnes, card, Long's Hill
Elliott, W. H., late St. George's
Emily, Miss M.
care Mrs. Bellows, Queen St.
- F**
Freeman, Miss Violet
Green, L., Allandale Rd.
Furlong, Mrs. Peter, Cook's St.
- G**
Green, L., Allandale Rd.
Goss, Silas
Goss, W. T., Signal Corps
Goss, W. T.
Gudger, Maudon, Victoria St.
- H**
Harris, Bert, card
Hagdon, Mrs.
Harrigan, Miss Jennie, Carter's Hill
- I**
Irving, Violet, retd.
- J**
Joy, John L., Pleasant St.
- K**
Kavanagh, Chas., care Reid Co'y
Kelly, John F., Bond St.
Kirby, Mrs. Ellen
Kilcup, D., West End P. Office
King, John
- L**
Layman, Miss Bride, Military Rd.
Layne, Catherine, Mrs.
Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Rd.
Lockyer, Miss Sarah Ann,
LeMarchant Road
Louis, Mary Ann, Springdale St.
Lurren, Miss Alice, Barnes' Square
- M**
Marshall, H. G.
Martin, A. A.
Martin, Mrs. Thos.
Maud, Miss A., Mand. Flavin's St.
Mallard, Mrs. Patrick
Major, Mrs. Brookmill Road
Mandevilla, Mrs. Ellie,
Rennie's Mill Road
Miller, Miss Jennie, Morgan St.
Major, Mrs. Brookmill Road
Moore, John
Morzan, Miss Ethel, New Gower St.
Mugford, J., late Birkenhead
Murphy, H. T., Water St.
Mercer, J., care Stafford's
- Mc**
MacKenzie, Miss, Ordance St.
McGrath, John, Pennywell Rd.
McGrath, K. McKenzie
- N**
Nelson, J. S.
Norman, Miss Minnie
Noworthy, W., Cabot St.
Noworthy, Mrs. S., slip, Dicks' Sq.
Norman, Miss Minnie, Water St.
Noworthy, Miss Carrie,
Livingstone Street
Norman, Miss Minnie, Water St.
- O**
Oakley, Wm., LeMarchant Rd.
Oakley, James
O'Neil, P. J.
O'Connor, J.
- P**
Parrell, Wm., Mt. Scio
Parsons, Mrs. Wm., Coronation St.
Phillips, Miss Sophie, Water St.
Piercey, A.
Pitcher, C., Lime St.
Powell, Mrs. John, Flower Hill (97)
Pollett, Miss L., Theatre Hill
Power, Miss Nellie, Long's Hill
Purchase, Miss Maggie,
Monkstown Road
- R**
Raines, Master J., Care Gen'l P. Office
Rendell, Thomas, Flower Hill
Reid, Miss Mary E.,
care W. Lampin, Livingstone St.
Rowe, Wm., Gill St.
Robinson, Lieut. F., Good St.
Roberts, Miss Lizzie
Russell, Mrs., care Mrs. Bearna,
Allandale Road
Randell, Mrs. James, Prescott St.
- S**
Saunders, Wm., George's St.
St. Croix, Mrs. Margaret,
late Grand Falls
Sparkes, E. C., St. John's West
Smith, Mr., Bank
Strong, Mrs.
Strong, Corial, card
Stickland, Nurse, Water St.
- T**
Taylor, Miss Stella
Taylor, Mrs. Wm., Gower St.
Thorne, Miss Elsie, Lime St.
Tucker, Robert, Signal Hill Road
Tulk, Mrs. A. T., Pilot's Hill
Tobin, Miss Bride, Gower St.
- W**
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road
Walsh, Miss Annie, Lower St.
Ward, Mrs. Thos., Signal Hill
Walsh, Mrs. Richard, George's St.
Warner, A. E., Hamilton Street
Walsh, Robert, Mount Scio
Wiseman, Miss Sarah, George's St.
Winter, H. O., care G.P.O.
Whiteford, Miss Mary, Military Road
White, Robert
White, John, Gower St.
Wilson, Jim, Theatre Hill
Woodford, Miss Elsie B., Forest Rd.
H. J. B. WOODS,
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War News

Messages Received
Previous to 9 a. m. to-day

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.

PARIS, via St. Pierre, March 18. Official—On the Yser the Belgian army progressed anew and repulsed several German counter-attacks. The British front very fierce artillery duels took place. North of Arras the enemy vainly tried, late in the afternoon, to deliver another counter-attack against trenches situated on the spur of Notre Dame de Loree. Hillcock, Solissons and Rheims were again shelled, and ten projectiles struck the Rheims Cathedral, champagne, north of Meuse, and was of Hill 196, we captured, on a front of about 500 metres, an important height occupied by the enemy. In the Argonne several German counter-attacks between Bolante and Four de Paris were thrown back. An artillery contest is reported in Woery district. One of our aviators three bombs on Colmar Barracks.

THE BATTLE OF NEUVE CHAPELLE.

LONDON, March 18. A remarkable tribute to German bravery at the great battle of Neuve Chapelle in Northern France, is paid by the Official Eye Witness' narrative issued to-day by the Government Press Bureau. This account, which describes the fighting around Neuve Chapelle, reports that three German divisions, including Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, member of the reigning family of Germany, were killed in the conflict. The narrative tells of desperate fighting and terrible slaughter in the ranks of the Germans. On the night of March 12th and 13th, the statement says, the Germans attempted to retake their old position, but their attacks were repulsed. For three days the enemy looked by severe bombardment and strong reinforcements from many units that had been arriving continuously since the 10th, attempted to beat us back, but all attempts failed. The German reinforcements were thrown into the fight as soon as they arrived on the field. Captured soldiers were very optimistic. It was a pleasure, who gave us information about the three princes having been

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T. J. Edens