



## Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XVI.

But as he gazed, quivering with rapture, a torrent of impassioned words trembling on his tongue, he caught the glitter of the slender gold chain around the girl's throat and stood silent, letting his last opportunity go by.

"Well, give me that bolt," he said, when he could command his voice, "and I'll put it on, if it's got to be done."

Kelpie turned away, withdrawing her hand from his arm, with a vague sense of pain and disappointment.

The door of the storage room was unlocked when they approached it. "See how careless you are," she said. "This door is seldom locked. I wish daddy would consent to nail it up. I think I'll try to persuade him."

She threw open the door as she spoke and ran down the steps to the floor below.

"I don't suppose I shall ever find that bolt now," she said, and moved by a sudden impulse, she caught hold of the iron hook in the left-hand corner and gave it a jerk.

A sharp snap followed, and the secret panel slid aside. Kelpie stared in speechless amazement for a moment and then gave utterance to a shrill shriek.

Tom Holland threw aside the screws he was assorting and rushed to her side, just in time to see a man disappear down the iron ladder, which was hanging in its accustomed place.

"I saw his face," gasped Kelpie. "He isn't Tulliver. Oh, it was an awful face! He's the ghost! the ghost!"

With a long sigh, she fainted away in Tom's arms.

CHAPTER XVII.

"When a woman wills, she will, and that's the end of it."

There never was a truer saying, perhaps. When a woman once makes up her mind to do a thing she may falter, and waver, and hesitate, but she is almost certain to carry out her first purpose in the end, no matter how bitterly she may repent of it afterward.

Notwithstanding all that happened the previous night, Kelpie carried out her intention of leaving New Castle Light at an early hour the following morning.

Her fainting spell, to be sure, was nothing to speak of, as she emerged from it experiencing no other discomfort than a pretty thorough drenching and an irritating feeling of vexation.

"I don't see how I ever came to do such a stupid thing," she said the next morning. "I never felt so thor-

oughly ashamed of myself in my life. Why didn't you give me a good shaking, Tom, and keep me in my senses?"

"Well, the whole thing was so sudden there was no time for anything but to catch you in my arms before you went tumbling after the ghost," said Tom, laughing in spite of himself. "And, besides, I was a good bit rattled myself."

"And daddy rushed to the rescue and dipped my head in the water bucket, I suppose," Kelpie went on ruefully, shaking upon her damp locks. "I shan't be able to get my hair in shape for a week. Did you ever see such a fright as I am? And, worse than all, I can't ever make fun of a fainting woman again."

"But tell me," she added seriously, "what became of the ghost?"

"The man you saw was no ghost, child; he was Tulliver," said the old keeper wrathfully; "and the scoundrel managed to make his escape before I got down. I only wish I could have got my hands on him."

"Did you see the man, daddy?"

"No; but I found the doors all open and signs that convinced me that a boat had just pulled out."

"You're mistaken, daddy. The man on the ladder wasn't Tulliver," said Kelpie, solemnly. "I saw his face distinctly."

"Well, what did he look like, little woman?"

"Like a dead man. I tell you, daddy, he was the ghost."

"Fiddlesticks! I gave you credit for having more sense, Kelpie," said the old man impatiently. "But, ghost or not, I intend to keep a lookout for him, and I'll bet he tells his business the next visit he makes."

"Tom," said Kelpie, beckoning the assistant aside a few minutes later, "you didn't put that bolt on the door of the strong room last night?"

"No, Kelpie, I didn't."

"Well, come right up with me and do it now, please, Tom."

He followed her without a word, and she stood by and watched him as he put in the strong screws that held the heavy bolt in place.

"It won't be an easy matter to open the door from within now, will it, Tom?" she said, when he had finished his task.

"It will require a battering-ram and noise enough to wake the dead," he replied.

"Well, then, there's nothing remaining but your promise. You know what I told you, Tom? I want you to be here every night at eight o'clock and see for yourself that this door is bolted. You'll promise me not to forget, Tom?"

"Yes, Kelpie."

"Well, give me your two hands, Tom. Now repeat the words after me: 'I promise you, Kelpie, before God, to come here every night at eight o'clock, and to be sure that this door is bolted.'"

He repeated the words obediently, and when he had finished, he still held her hands.

"Now, I want you to make me a promise," he said, "not to think of me every evening at eight o'clock; that shall be optional with you. I want you to promise me this: that if you ever stand in need of a faithful friend you'll let me know. Will you promise me this, Kelpie?"

"Why, to be sure I will, Tom. I promise you with my whole heart."

"All right. I shan't see you again, perhaps. I have duties to attend to now, so this is my good-by. God bless you, little woman," and, still clasping her hands, he raised them to his lips.

"Dear, helpless little hands," he murmured brokenly. "Who can tell when I shall ever kiss them again?"

"It won't be long, Tom," faltered Kelpie, her eyes brimming with tears. "I shall come back soon; I shall come back soon to you and daddy."

But Tom was already gone, and Pete, the green parrot, was perched on the back of a chair, watching her with solemn, reproachful eyes.

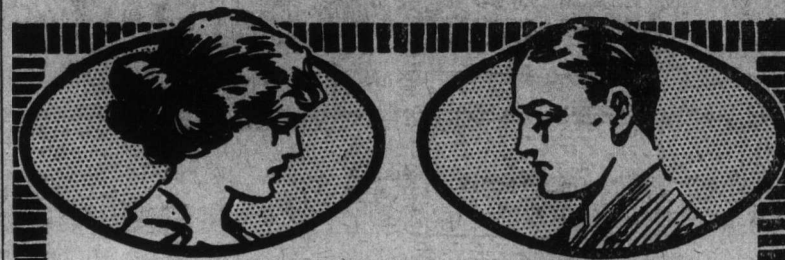
"Poor Pete, I'm going away to leave you," sobbed Kelpie, holding out her hand. "Come and tell me 'Good-by.'"

But the parrot stood on his head and sulked, and Kelpie ran away to her own room, and, kneeling down by her little white bed for the last time, cried like a child.

She was ready to go, however, when the time came, a pretty flush in her cheeks, her eyes radiant and her step brisk and buoyant as she followed the old keeper and Janet down to the shore, where the Sea Nymph, a trim little craft, was waiting to take them across to Shoal City.

"Well, you couldn't have had a finer day for your journey, little woman," said the old man, with cheerfulness he was far from feeling when the little craft was well under way.

Kelpie made no answer. She was looking back for a last glimpse of the old lighthouse and thinking, with a sharp little ache at her heart: "I think Tom might have come out and wished me 'Godspeed.'"



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"My friends will accompany me to the depot, of course," she answered promptly.

"All right. Here comes the carriage. We'll have to tumble in quick," said the woman, as a carriage drove up.

"Come along, daddy," said Kelpie, catching hold of the old man's arm. "Come, nurse."

The old keeper was a gentleman no matter if his face was weather-beaten and his hands rough. He helped his granddaughter and Janet to get into the vehicle and then turned to Mrs. Snapdragon.

"Allow me to assist you, madam," But she drew back with dancing eyes.

"Get in yourself, sir, and I'll follow," she said.

Captain Stonestreet obeyed, and the woman sprang in with alacrity, the door closed, and the carriage rattled away over the stony street.

A train was blowing and whistling when they got out at the depot.

(To be Continued.)

Hot-water bottles, before being hung away, should first be dried, then inflated with air and the stopper put in securely. This prevents sticking together, which in a short time ruins the rubber.

Your mother sent me to take charge of you, if you please, miss, and we have scarcely ten minutes to catch our train. Will you say 'good-by' to your friends, here, or will they accompany you to the depot?"

Kelpie was a great deal bewildered, but something in the woman's manner and the half-insolent, half-amused expression of her bold, yellow eyes roused her temper.

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"Captain Stonestreet and Miss van Cortlandt, I presume," she said pleasantly. "My name is Snapdragon."

## We

Corner Bal

THE THOU

COMPULSORY EDUCAT

A correspondent in The Telegram some weeks ago about Compulsory Education, the face of it makes a pre-

case against it or rather against machinery that would have in force to compel parents their children to school. I

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