Aubrey's Revenge.

医月蓝目蓮園 CHAPTER XX.

said to herself, with a gleeful little turned and looked at him in the unlaugh. "I've half a mind never to go back."

prised they would be, and glad, too." Kelpie had no doubt about that. The old man would take her in his arms and say, with tears trickling down his cheeks:

back to old daddy?"

And Tom-surely Tom

and her heart beat faster at the

heed of time or distance

them a glance. sense of freedom, until her storm snowflakes encircled her fair, fresh young face. Then, her breath growing short and her feet somewhat heavy, she sat down on the granite steps of a handsome building to rest for a moment and collect her thoughts, which seemed to be keeping

time with the dancing snowflakes. "I wonder where I am?" she thought vaguely, "and how long it will take me to get back to Van Cortandt Place? Won't there be a racket if they miss me?"

She laughed softly, and then held her breath as the sound of exquisite music fell on her ears. The door o the church, on the steps of which she sat, had opened, and the organ was pealing within. Kelpie arose to her feet, and gazing down the long, dim aisles, caught sight of the twinkling lights and the white-robed priests swinging their censers.

Her heart thrilled with strange rapture and a sudden rush of tears blinded her eyes.

Half a dozen women came up the steps and went in with soft footsteps and bowed heads, and Kelpie followed in their wake.

They sank on their knees before

the altar, and so did she. Then the organ pealed, and the priests chanted, and the incense arose in fragrant clouds.

When it was all over Kelpie arose with the rest and made her way out, deeply touched by this new experience and wondering within herself how people could be content to spend their lives in dressing and dining and living luxurious idleness when the great outside world held such privi-

leges as she had just witnessed. This little lighthouse girl had never known a place of worship save the little stone chapel at Thatcher's

gray twilight came on, and here and storm is getting beastly." there a blaze of electric light flashed out over the snow-clad city.

Kelpie stood with a sudden thril "Daddy is lighting the lamps at

New Castle Light now," she said t young man, wearing a long fur

arted on, and then turned back.

"Beg your pardon," he said, "can assist you in any way?"

Kelpie's thoughts were elsewhere, but his voice thrilled her like the my grand-lady life behind me," she notes of a half-forgotten melody. She certain light.

"You are very kind, sir," she said. And on she went, half fancying that |"I shall be glad if you'll tell me the earest way back to Van Cortlandt Place. I'm a stranger in the city."

daddy and dear old Tom? How sur- glittering whirl of diamonds and bringing out the girl's face into clear and startling relief.

The young man started violently. "Why, it is Kelpie!" he burst forth. The old lightkeeper's granddaughter "Why, little woman, have you come had sturdy Puritan blood in her veins, and it showed itself. She did

caught hold of the girl's hands.

"I am Captain Stonestreet's granddaughter," answered Kelpie, with the dignity of a young princess.

"My dear child, you must listen to eason! We shall both freeze to

Kelpie. "I prefer to walk home."

The young man laughed. "Why, you couldn't walk twenty yards in this blizzard to save your precious life." he said. "At-any rate, don't intend to let you try it. Didn't I understand you to say you want to go to Van Cortlandt Place?"

"Good heavens! I'm booked for a dinner party at Van Cortlandt Place to see me when I came back." this evening, and it's nearly six o'-

The young man spoke the last words in a sort of aside, holding fast to Kelpie's arm and looking distract-

edly in every direction for a carriage. "Heaven be praised! Here comes a cab at last-rather a one-horse affair, but it will serve our purpose. Come along, my dear little girl."

Kelpie's black eyes were dancing and an odd little smile dimpled the corners of her scarlet mouth. All the old half-forgotten admiration of the hard at work for a month or two, and bygone summer blazed up fresh in then I started off on a yachting ex-Carroll Fitzhugh's heart as he looked pedition, intending to take in New

He caught her up boldly as she

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Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this i a sure sign its little stomach, live and bowels are clogged with sou

When listless, pale, feverish, full of eat, sleep or act naturally, has stom- plied, with a soft little laugh: ach-ache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and again. Children love this barmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides"

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and stowed her away in the waiting

"What street, sir?" shouted the "Van Cortlandt Place, please," an-

swered Kelpie before her companion had time to speak. The door closed with a bang, the cabby sprang to his seat, and away

they went through the white, feathery "Well," said the young man, draw- SORE ing a deep breath, "this must be a dream. I can't realize that I am sitting here with your hand in mine."

He made an attempt to possess himself of Kelpie's hand, but she drew it GO! under the wide sleeve of her storm

my hand, Mr. Fitzhugh," she said, "Why, how unkind of you. You used to let me hold your hand last

Thatcher's Rock " are not at Thatcher's Rock, which makes all the difference in the

world." "I don't see why it should. Oh, Kelpie, if you only knew how many times I've thought of you, you would not treat me like this. Do you remember that last day when my mo-

ther came and carried me off?" "Oh, yes, I remember it distinctly. "I hope you remember your promise, too. You said you would be glad

"But you didn't come back." The young aristocrat flushed with

"Oh, there's the rub," he said to himself. "The little beauty's in the sulks because I didn't show up at New Castle Light according to promise. I do wonder if she's come all the way to New York to hunt me up? I

"No. I didn't come back. Kelpie," he said aloud, "but Heaven knows it was no fault of mine. My affairs, or my mother's affairs, rather, kept me Castle Light and spend some weeks "Where are you going to take me?" in the neighborhood of Shoal Islands. she demanded, as the cab came whir!- But the Fates were against me. My yacht was driven out of its way in an awful storm, and a few days later we answered gallantly. "But let me get were run down by a trading vessel The storm was increasing as the you under cover first of all. The one foggy night. The yacht went down, and more than half the crew perished. I was adrift for a day and spoke, whisked her across the street, a night on an inverted boat; a vessel picked me up and I lay for weeks in a serious condition. Oh, Kelpie, my dear, you can't ever imagine how I thought of you and longed for the sound of your sweet voice and the touch of your soft little hands

through all those dreadful days." He paused and put forth his hand, expecting, no doubt, that Kelpie would give him hers, but she kept it nidden in her sleeve, and after a mo-

ment he went on again: "One night, when I was able to sit up a little, a white sea bird that had been following the vessel all day fluttered into my stateroom. 'It is a nessenger from Kelpie,' \ I said to myself, and I caught it and kept it

Stomach Sour, Sick. slender gold chain and fastened it

cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't her girlish heart, but she only re-

"Very foolish, indeed." you have a well and playful child ces," he thought, "but she's like an

> "You haven't told me vet." he said after a moment, "what you are doing n New York."

> "I am staying at Van Cortland The young man hesitated a m

nent, and then said:

what capacity?" "Certainly," answered Kelpie, graiously; "as Mrs. van Cortlandt' ompanion.'

"Ah, Mrs. van Cortlandt is a fortu ate woman. But may I ask how i the world you came to drift here, m

"Oh, I didn't drift. I came by at "But the story is a long one, and we can't be very far from Van Cortlandt

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"Only a few blocks." "So I supposed. Look here, Mr Fitzhugh I'm going to ask a favor of "Yes. I promise to do anything you ask me, no matter at what risk," an swered Carroll, with a fine show of

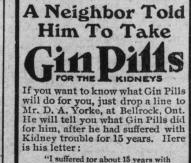
"You are very kind, but the request I'm going to make won't require any risk at all. I think I understood you to say you were invited to a dinner a

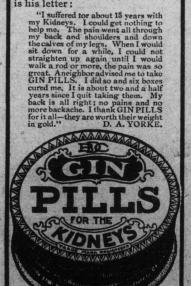
Van Cortlandt Place this evening?" "You are right; that is what I said. "You purpose going, I suppose?"

"I don't see how I can do otherwise. I've accepted the invitation. I is to meet Mrs. van Cortlandt's daughter, recently restored to her, I believe, and to escort the young lady to a theatre party later on. So, you see, it seems hardly possible, under the

want to get out of it," said Kelpie

(To be continued.)





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> Bushnell was scar own day, but has nized as the restor his religious heritag A brief examinati of the public school nature of the child cause the opinion is that the public school

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