

## Aubrey's Revenge.

BINIS -CHAPTER XVII.

"Only five minutes," said Mrs. Snapdragon, consulting her gold you've barely time to bid your friends 'good-by.' Your baggage is tend to it."

"All aboard!" sang out the conducshouted the conductor, and the bell

The very last moment had come. Kelpie turned to her companions

and burst into tears. "Oh, daddy! oh, nursie! I can't leave you," she sobbed piteously.

"But, little woman, you must, if

"Why, of course, she's made up her if nothing more. You know, my dear, you can go back to your friends whenever you please. 'Tis but a day's journey."

"So I can," assented Kelpie, drying her tears. "I shan't be gone long, daddy."

"All aboard!" sand out the conductor a second time, and the snorting

"Really, my dear, we shall miss our train," said Mrs. Snapdragon, and, catching hold of Kelpie's arm

whisked her away. The old keeper and Janet followed to the very steps of the moving train. "Good-by, and God bless you, little

woman.' "Daddy! daddy! I can't leave you. I'll give it up; I won't go!" sobbed Kelpie, and would have turnd back

but Mrs. Snandragon held her arm in "Don't be foolish, my dear," she leaving the room. said, pushing the girl forward. "My

please."

coach closed, the bell rang furiously, and the train sped away. The old keeper waved his hat to

I had gone with her!" wailed the Scotch woman.

The train sped on, turned a sharp curve, and the tearful face at the window vanished from sight.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

is my mother to-night, Mrs. Snapdragon?"

The woman threw up both her hands, her eyes fairly dancing with blissful breath, "if this is being a fine

"My dear young lady, you mustn't after all." call me Mrs. Snapdragon!" she cried. "I'm your mother's maid, and plain els and having a sound as sweet as a Snapdragon's the proper way to ad- flute, struck eight o'clock.

stiffly, "but answer my question, if sudden thrill at her heart. you please. Shall I see the lady who says she is my mother to-night?"

"No, dear, of course not: My mis- travel worn, and speeding along at a and she won't be out of bed before turned to the window and looked out nocn. Besides, before I left home she told me that she didn't intend to the November twilight.

Kelpie. "Why, what do you mean?"

ed for the evening, of course. My dear old Tom." mistress is wild about beauty. She's She was at Van Cortlandt Place ed in arazement for a moment, then a splendid-looking woman herself, now, attired like a princess, and the opened her arms with a rapturous and it would have broken her heart woman who claimed to be her mother cry.

dragon, for Heaven's sake, tell

whether sh eis pretty or ugly." "What will you tell her?" asked Kelpie, the color fluttering in her

"Oh. I intend to have a great' joke!

ourse, and worry herself ill by eight and distress. gown, what a scene there will be!" gown to wear," said Kelpie, "and, ev- foods without fear.

bit pretty, or positively plain?"

"What a charming simple little soul." she said, sotto voce, "She'll

take the men off their feet." morrow, my dear, if you don't make and bit of supper first. I'll ring for

The scene was one of a handsome suite of rooms on the second floor of an extremely pretentious Fifth Avenue mansion. Van Cortlandt Place is

Kelpie had reached her destination after a somewhat dull and tiresome for whatever might happen, with a sharp little homesick ache at he

Mrs. Snapdragon touched an electric button, and almost instantly pleasant-faced girl in a smart gown and a white cap appeared.

"This is Kitty, your maid, Miss van Cortlandt. She'll assist you with your bath, and then you shall have

"I'd like to have my trunk before I take my bath, if you please," said Kelpie, as Mrs. Snapdragon was

"Your trunk has been put away mistress expects you, but you can go for safe-keeping, miss," she replied. thing you need. Kitty, you can sup-Kelpie yielded, the door of the ply the young lady with everything

she needs." Half an hour later, when Kelpie emerged from the bathroom, attired in a white silk negligee, with the fragrance of sweet violets following "Oh, my bairn! I wish her wherever she moved, she went to

and looked at herself. "I wonder if I'm dreaming?" she thought, her eyes shining and th lovely pink deepening in her cheeks 'Can that wonderful creature be poor little Kelpie, who used to cook dad-"Shall I see the lady who says she dy's supper and then go to bed in a

the pier mirror in her dressing room

pink print nightgown, to be rocked to sleep by the great sea? "Ah!" she murmured, with a long,

lady, I don't think I shall object to it A little Swiss clock, set with jew-

Kelpie arose from the velvet sofa

"Very well," said Kelpie, a trifle on which she was reclining with a

At the same hour of the previous evening she was on the train, dusty, dizzy rate; but noting the time, she across the fields, gray and somber in

"Tom's bolting the door of the old "Until I am dressed?" repeated storage room now and thinking of Kelpie moved out into full view, me," she said to herself, and then her face like a wild rose, her eye "Oh, my dear, until you are dress- she added softly: "God bless you, shining like stars.

#### Sick, Sour Stomach, Indigestion or Gas

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Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsia occacown, what a scene there will be!" sionally keeps this delicate organ "I haven't any charming evening regulated and they eat their favorite

tell me what you think of me? I lion, it your room the quickest, lion; if your food is a damage instead want the truth now. Am I the least surest, most harmles relief is Pape's Diapensin which costs only fifty cents The woman threw up her hands for a large case at drug storcs. It's truly wonderful-it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach:

aloud, "but you must have your bath pie did not forget her compact with Tom when the dainty little clock from the velvet couch and went to escape my memory. Here, Snap-

> The glitter and grandeur, the busy life of the great city were below, but Kelpie looked upward at the solemn stars that were looking down on the

by this time. I wish I was with "and I had made up my mind to find silver or stamps. them. Oh I wish I was back at the

There came a tap at the door and

Mrs. Snapdragon entered. landt." she said, "and I've come to conduct you to my mistress. But let me take another look at you first and see if I can make you one bit pret-

Kelpie came out into the glow of the electric lights with an eager light

in her eyes. "I hope I shall please her." she said. "I hope she will like me." Mrs. Snapdragon stood silent, her yellow eyes kindling as she looked

Kelpie's evening gown was a dream of beauty, and fitted her to perfection. A cluster of scarlet roses was fastened in the corsage, and a golden bandeau, set with rubies, held her jet-

"You're a beauty-a downright beauty! You fairly dazzle my eyes," said Mrs. Snapdragon at last, "and I told my mistress you were a poor plain little thing. Won't it be a great

her waiting." She led the way to 'my lady's boudoir,' as Mrs. van Cortlandt's private sitting room was called, and tapped lightly on the door.

"Come in." Mrs. Snapdragon turned the silver knob and held the door open while

Kelpie entered. "Mrs. van Cortlandt, I have brought you your daughter." she said.

with jeweled combs in her iron-gray hair, came out from an alcove and looked about inquiringly.

"My daughter?" she said. "My poor ugly duckling? Where is she?"

Mrs. van Cortlandt stood and star

wny, sne's a beauty! My daring, my darling, come to my arms!"

But Kelpie stood motionless, with-"Why, she's a beauty! My dar-

CHAPTER XIX. "Why, my good Snapdragon, the girl is perfect—simply perfect. If I houldn't possibly be prettier, and surprised in my life. One would sup-If your stomach doesn't take care and trained in the heart of Paris, and ing pretty. See here, Snapdragon, of your liberal limit without rebel- you tell me she has known no home

> The woman laughed and shrugged her shoulders as she replied:

of the sea. Snapdrågon, what does it

not a cabbage head, no matter where you plant it. Miss van Cortlandt is her mother's own daughter."

the window. Putting aside the silken dragon, suppose you jot it down on The woman obeyed with a pleased

Cortlandt's accomplishments haven't been wholly neglected; she told me fortable fulness below the hips. the old keeper was watching his herself that she had a professor and great, golden lamp and Tom Holland a dancing master at the lighthouse in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. winter, and in good weather she was

little laugh, and then, turning toward

"Well, well," sighed the lady, leaning back amid the silken cushions, to any address on receipt of 10c, in her an ignoramus."

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#### BRITISH STEAMER. TORPED

LONDON, To-d The British steamer Cair (2293 tons), was reported torpe this afternoon off Beachy Head i English Channel and sank, acco to a Central News despatch Eastbourne. The crew es boats put out to her and attem tow her into port. The Cairnto hound from Newcastle for Geno

#### PRAISE FOR FRENCH SQUAD

the forts by the bombardn e based on this as owing to th s caused by drifting mines. tack was not pressed to its ion on that day. The power fleet to dominate the fortress the superiority of fire seems to countered, but nothing has ha which justifies the belief the cost of the undertaking will what has always been expect Robeick has telegraphed iralty as follows: "I des bring to the notice of Your Lo



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