Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER XXV.

"All mothers cherish the same hope," said Mrs. Vancouver, with a sigh, "but it is a vain one. You may prepare yourself to give up your pretty darling at a moment's warning. Did you notice my son Alec at dinner?" she added, with a suggestive laugh; "he's in love with the dear little girl already."

Mrs. van Cortlandt fairly beamed with gratified pride. Her cup of triumphant joy was full to overflowing.

There was a little interval between the dinner and the theatre going, and some adroit maneuvring Carroll Fitzhugh managed to keep Kelpie all to himself.

"Let's run away and hide ourselves in the conservatory," he said entreatingly, when he had lured her as far as the music room, under the pretense of showing her a new ballad he particularly admired. "You don't care to return to that glaring drawing room and be stared at by all those stupid people, I'm sure. Besides, I want you to find a rosebud for my buttonhole, just to match those in your belt."

"You seem to be very certain about my preferring your company to other people's?" said Kelpie.

"On the contrary, I am wretchedly uncertain about it," replied the young man promptly. "I can scarcely believe you are the dear girl who saved my life at New Castle Light a few months ago."

"I find it hard to believe it myself," replied Kelpie carelessly, but her heart beat fast under her silken bodice.

"You treat me as if I were the veriest stranger," Carroll went on, "and we were such good friends down at the little cottage at Thatcher's Rock. Do you know, dear, that I wish at times that you had let me die instead of nursing me back to life."

"That's nonsense," said Kelpie carelessly, but the color deepened in her cheeks, and when the young man took her hand and drew it within his arm, she made no resistance.

The glamour of those happy summer days, when this handsome and high-bred young aristocrat had whispered sweet, sentimental, meaningless phrases in her ear as they sat together in Nurse Janet's little parlor still dazzled her eyes, and rising, and falling with every throb of her foolish girl's heart was the tiny locket which had come to her under the wandering bird's white wings, through all the midnight storm.

The romance of it all was very sweet and alluring to her girlish fancy.

"It isn't nonsense," said Carroll, in a tone of reproach; "if I am to be a stranger to you now, I wish you had let me die in those blissful days when I fancied—— But no matter."

He broke off with a tremor in his finely modulated voice, and, turning away, suffered her to enter the conservatory alone.

"Shall I select your rosebud now?" said Kelpie, looking back with an arch glance.

Fitzhugh was at her side in a twinkling.

"If you will be so kind," he answered eagerly, "and I want it precisely like those you wear."

"Suppose I forbid you to wear my favorite rose?" she demanded jestingly.

"I won't believe you can be so cruel," he replied. "You used to gather wild roses for me by the armful down at Shaddock Rock."

"We are not at Shaddock Rock now," she said, with a sigh, "but you shall have your rosebud, nevertheless."

She broke three long-stemmed beauties from a bush near by and held them out to the young man.

"Won't you kindly fasten them in my button-hole?" he entreated.

"I've given you an inch, and forthwith you demand an ell," she said, with a charming shrug, "but no matter."

She took a silver pin from her girdle as she spoke, and, leaning forward, fastened the lovely bud in the young man's buttonhole.

He gave a great start, and catching hold of her arm, drew her close to his side.

Through the mistlike lace about her fair throat his keen eyes had caught the flash of the slender gold chain.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, and, taking the chain in the tips of his fingers, he drew forth the tiny locket.

"Kelpie, my darling, did the white bird bring my little gift, after all?" he said.

"How dare you?" she panted, her face crimson with blushes, her bosom heaving.

He caught her in his strong arms for answer, and held her close to his heart.

"My little love gift," he repeated; "did the white bird carry it safely through all the storm, and you have worn it close to your heart ever since? My darling, my sweetheart, my dear little love, it is fate. We belong to each other, and no power on earth shall part us."

Abashed, overwhelmed, and covered with blushes, Kelpie remained passive in his arms, but when he would have kissed her quivering lips she made her escape from the conservatory.

"It is fate," said Carroll, following her slowly. "And fate is even more powerful than love."

"And revenge is stronger than all!" echoed a sibilant voice, and for an instant Aubrey's face appeared like a Nemesis in the gloom of a mystic old aloe tree.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The morning mail brought letters for Kelpie from New Castle Light, a long and loving epistle from old daddy, full of the tender, unselfish love that had always made his brave life of toil and peril so lovely and noble.

As usual he had no thought of himself; his one desire was to make his dear little woman happy. He missed her, of course, but he and Tom were getting along famously, and if his dear little girl was happy and content to remain in her new home, they had not a complaint to make. It was natural she should fancy the life of a grand lady, and desire to be made acquainted with the great world and he was glad she had such a fine opportunity.

Even if it should turn out that what Mrs. van Cortlandt had asserted was really so, and his dear little woman was not his granddaughter, as he had supposed for so many happy years, he had not a word to say. He should feel toward her all the same and it would be pleasant to know that she would be so well cared for when he was gone. But she must not quite forget her old friends in her grand, new life, but some day, when she could spare the time, run down and make them a little visit. Nurse Janet, Tom and Pete, the green parrot, would all join him in giving her a royal welcome.

Kelpie was blind with tears by the time she had finished reading this letter.

'Dear, precious old daddy, how noble and unselfish he is," she thought. "It was always his way to think only of me and never have a care for himself. But it is plain enough that he is quite heartbroken, and I was a wicked girl to leave him. I'll go back to him and dear old Tom to-morrow. Yes, I will, no matter what Mrs. Cortlandt may say."

But the morrow brought its own interests and pursuits, and Kelpie failed to keep her word.

Mrs. Vancouver gave a grand reception in Kelpie's honor, and all sorts of entertainments followed in swift succession.

If Mrs. van Cortlandt had been a royal lady, instead of an upstart of doubtful origin, as Mrs. Vancouver called her behind her back, her daughter could not have been more highly honored.

It was the third day after the dinner party that Carroll Fitzhugh called at Van Cortlandt Place and asked for a private interview with the mistress of the mansion.

"I've been expecting you," she said, giving the young man her hand with great cordiality, when he was ushered into her boudoir. "Your mother has told you, I suppose?"

"Yes, she has told me, and I was never so utterly astonished in my life. How in the world did such a wonderful thing come to pass?"

"Fate took the matter in hand," replied the lady, "and arranged it to her liking; that's all I can make of it."

"Do you know, my dear Mrs. van Cortlandt," continued Carroll, with a laugh, "I have a strong suspicion that you and my mother, who is the greatest matchmaker under the sun, concocted the whole business between yourselves."

"What right have you to take up such a notion as that," my dear Carroll?" said the lady pleasantly.

"No right whatever; the notion simply struck me, that's all."

"Well, you're mistaken, as my lawyer will prove to you if you cannot take my word."

"Oh, there's no need of proofs, I shall be only too willing to fall in with your plans, but I feel a bit curious to know if it is really a certainty that Miss van Cortlandt will lose her fortune if she refuses to accept my most unworthy self as her husband?"

"It is a certainty, I assure you, and, as I stated a moment ago, I refer you to my lawyer if you desire proofs. This is the way the matter stands: The money comes to Kelpie through my first husband, who was a close friend of your father."

"Yes, I know."

"I regret to say that my life with Kelpie's father was not a pleasant one," the lady went on, "and only a short time after our little daughter's birth we separated. I believe now that I was far more to blame than he. However, that is neither here nor there.

"We separated, and five years later he died abroad, leaving a will in the hands of his attorney. It has only been quite recently that I discovered that such a will existed, and also that my husband had inherited an immense fortune a short time before his death.

"Not a dime, however, comes to me, but the handsome sum of three millions is bequeathed to my daughter, provided she marries the son of the late Colonel Randolph Fitzhugh before attaining her twenty-first year, and she is at liberty to marry and take possession of her fortune at eighteen. I have told you the sum and substance of my first husband's will, and all that remains to be done is to ascertain if you are the man in question, and if you are willing to comply with the conditions I have mentioned.

"Yes, to both questions," answered Carroll, with emphasis.

Mrs. van Cortlandt's lips quivered, and a mist obscured her eyes as she held forth her jeweled hand.

"My dear Carroll, you don't know how delighted I am," she said. "If I had made up my mind to select a husband for my dear little girl, you are the man I should have chosen."

"My dear lady, it is more than kind of you to say so!" cried Carroll, lifting her hand to his lips.

"Will you allow me to add," he went on eagerly, "that I had already made up my mind, before hearing a word of this, to make a determined effort to win your charming daughter?"

"Do you really mean this?" said the lady, with a beaming face.

"I do, indeed, as you would readily believe, madam, if you knew of our little romance."

"Whose romance?" she demanded.

"Kelpie's and mine, of course. She made me promise not to betray our secret, but surely all this absolves me."

"You are talking in riddles," said Mrs. van Cortlandt impatiently. "Tell mee what you mean?"

"I will, and I must trust to Kelpie's forgiveness. We were not strangers to each other when she came to live at Van Cortlandt Place."

"What?"

"Kelpie and I were not strangers when you claimed her as your daughter. We had met and I had fallen in love with her several months before. I was wrecked on the shoals near New Castle Light, and she saved my life and I fell in love with her."

"And she with you, of course!" cried the lady rapturously.

But Carroll shook his head.

"I dare not say that," he answered gravely. "I am miserably uncertain as to her feelings; she quite freezes me out of late, besides, her adorers count by the score. I have but little ground for hope, but if untiring effort and faithful devotion count for anything, she shall be mine in the end."

Mrs. van Cortlandt put her lace handkerchief to her eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant stomach preparation which truly belongs in every home.

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.
Beddecombe, S., Allandale Road
Beech, Almond, Water St. West
Brine, John, care Mrs. Halley
Biggbitt, Aaron, Casey St.
Biddiscombe, John
Bishop, Miss Josie
Brayon, Miss A., Bond St.
Bonner, Alfred, Gower St.
Boland, M. F.
Brown, Martin, card, Long's Hill
Bowridge, P. F.
Broadnick, A., Water & Duckworth St.
Butt, William
Butcher, J. W., Brazil's Square
Bastow, Mrs. M., Brazil's Square

C
Chafe, Alfred, Torbay Road
Chafe, Miss Alice
Cowey, Mrs. James, Bond St.
Cochrane, Michael, Coot's Pond
Coneway, Mrs. James, Maxse St.
Conors, Mrs. Jas., card, Barter's Hill
Connor, M., care Gen'l Delivery
Collins, F., Pleasant St.
Cuff, Miss Gertrude M.
Conley, J. Williams' St.
Chesley, William, Adelaide St.
Crouse, Miss Mary
Cole, George, Lyon's Square

D
Daniel, Thomas H.
Dawe, Frank G., Beaumont St.
Davis, Ernest, care Gen'l Delivery
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill
Doran, Plemont, George's St.
Doody, Miss Agnes
Dowen, 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
Foley, Miss M., Springdale St.
Furlong, Mrs. Peter, Cook's St.

G
Green, L., Allandale Rd.
Goss, Silas
Goss, T. T., Signal Corps
Goss, W. T.
Gudger, Mundon, Victoria St.

H
Harris, Bert B., card
Hagdon, Mrs.
Harrigan, Miss Jennie, Carter's Hill
Harris, Miss Elsie, Queen's Road
Hollett, John, late North Hr.
Harvey, W. T.
Halfyard, Miss Lena, King's B. Rd.
Harden, Miss Beatrice, 22 —— St.
Halley, John, Water St.
Hill, Miss M. C., Victoria St.
Hickey, Mrs. Ellen, King's Road
Hookey, Chas. T., Cuddihy St.
Hookey, Master Hubert, Gower St.
Hurley, Miss A.
Hunt, Edmund, Gower St.
Hurtin, Mrs. Arthur, Barnes' Rd.
Hurder, John, Water St.
Hann, Miss Rose, Military Road

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, Brazil's Square

M
Marshall, H. G.
Martin, A. A.
Martin, Mrs. Thos.
Manuel, Miss A, Maud. Flavin's St.
Mallard, Mrs. Patrick
Major, Mrs., Brookmill Road
Mandevilla, Mrs. Ellie,
Rennie's Mill Road
Miller, Miss Jennie, Morgan St.
Mickmidle, John, Water St.
Moores, John
Morgan, Miss Ethel, New Gower St.
Mugford, J., late Birkenhead
Murphy, H. T., Water St.
Mercer, J., care Stafford's

Mc
MacKenzie, Miss, Ordnance St.
McGrath, John, Pennywell Rd.
McGrath, K. McKenzie

N
Nelson, J. S.
Norman, Miss Minnie
Noseworthy, W., Cabot St.
Noseworthy, Mrs. S., slip, Dicks' Sq.
Norman, Miss Minnie, Water St.
Noseworthy, 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.
Philipen, 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. Bearns,
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, W. J.
Smith, Mr., Bank
Strong, Mr.
Strong, Cerial, 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, Gower 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.

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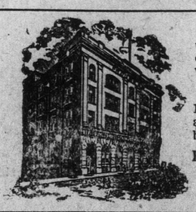

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Stafford's Lini... Newfoundland," Rheumatism, Lu... gia and all aches ... everywhere.—feb...

Church F...

The volunteers of ... held their regular c... terday; those of the ... land attending Divi... Thomas's, the Roman ... Cathedral and the M... ch Street Church. ... men were on parad... dismissed immediat...

In Milady's B...

By GWEN... SE...

BEAUTY AND AF...

The afternoon tea ... er a conventional an... stitution in this cou... together a pretty hab...

The afternoon tea, ... the health viewpoint ... more harmless than ... cial functions, where ... observed and an exce... indulged in in an ov... Afternoon tea is a lei... fair, or, at least, sh... curs in those dull ho... afternoon, when there ... ever to be anything v... ing on; the tea itself ... right, is a wholesome ... age, mildly stimulati... cleansing to the diges...

The main temptation ... noon reception which ... complexion is found i... which so often accom... such as rich sweets, e... large and small som... sandwiches of almost ... position and things, b... sour, which stimulate ...

All of these are usu... and the temptation is ... wisely, but too well, ... a 'perfectly good' dinner ... up the stomach with n... healthful and in a few ... harvest of tiny specks ... upon the chin and fore...

The afternoon tea gu... the afternoon tea user ... be warned in time an... ingly of all of these ... condiments. Just a s... this or of that, just a t... things will not harm ... yield to temptation a... much, to overeat, ... sweets, is to make a m... girl careful of her c... be guilty of.