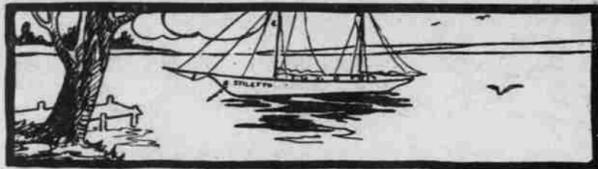


# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY  
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RAY WALTERS  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suit, and Donovan discovered and captured the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left surlily. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with 4,000. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molest the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitous of Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted conniving with her father despite her aunt's precautions in a night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. Helen's lover escaped. At the town office Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft into the hand of the Italian sailor. She also signaled her father. Miss Pat and Donovan "took in" the canoe carnival.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Helen had not appeared, and I now made bold to ask for her.

"Let me send the maid to tell her you are here," said Miss Pat, and we walked to the door and rang.

The maid quickly reported that Miss Holbrook begged to be excused.

"She is a little afraid of the damp night air of the garden," said Miss Pat, with so kind an intention that I smiled to myself. I felt from her manner that she wished to detain me. No one might know how her heart ached, but it was less the appeal of her gentleness that won me now, I think, than the remembrance that flashed upon me of her passionate outburst after our meeting with the Italian; and that seemed very long ago. She had been magnificent that day, like a queen driven to desperation, and throwing down the gauntlet as though she had countless battalions at her back. In decision took flight before shame; it was a privilege to know and to serve her!

"Miss Holbrook, won't you come out to see the water fete? We can look upon it in security and comfort from the launch. The line of march is from Port Annandale past here and toward the village, then back again. You can come home whenever you like. I had hoped Miss Helen might come, too, but I beg that you will take compassion upon my loneliness."

I had hung off my cap with the exaggerated manner I sometimes used with her; and she dropped me a courtesy with the prettiest grace in the world.

"I shall be with you in a moment, my lord!"

She reappeared quickly and remarked, as I took her wraps, that Helen was very sorry not to come.

The gardener was on duty, and I called Ijima to help with the launch. Brightly decorated boats were already visible in the direction of Port Annandale; even the tireless lake "tramps" whistled with a special flourish and were radiant in vari-colored lanterns.

"This is an ampler Venice, but there should be music to make it complete," observed Miss Pat, as we stole in and out among the gathering fleet. And then, as though in answer, a launch passed near, leaving a trail of murmurous chords behind—the mournful throb of the guitar, the resonant beat of hanjo strings. Nothing can be so soothing to the troubled spirit as music over water, and I watched with delight Miss Pat's deep absorption in all the sights and sounds of the lake.

The assembling canoes flashed out of the dark like fireflies. Not even the spirits that tread the air come and go more magically than the canoe that is welded by a trained hand. The touch of the skilled paddler becomes but a caress of the water. To have stolen across Saranac by moonlight; to have paddled the devious course of the York or Kennebec when the sea steals inland for rest, or to dip up stars in lovely Annandale—of such experiences is knowledge born!

I took care that we kept well to ourselves, for Miss Pat turned nervously whenever a boat crept too near. Ijima, understanding without being told, held the power well in hand. I had scanned the lake at sundown for signs of the Stiletto, but it had not ventured from the lower lake all day, and there was scarcely enough air stirring to ruffle the water.

"We can award the prize for ourselves here at the turn of the loop," I remarked, as we swung into place and paused at a point about a mile off Glenarm. "Here comes the flotilla."

The music is almost an impertinence, lovely as it is. The real song of the canoe is 'dip and glide, dip and glide,'" said Miss Pat.

The loop once made, we now looked upon a double line whose bright confusion added to the picture. The canoe offers, when you think of it, little



The Sole Occupant of the Canoe Was a Girl.

chance for the decorator, its lines are so trim and so founded upon rigid simplicity; but many zealous hands had labored for the magic of this hour. Slim masts supported lanterns in many and charming combinations, and suddenly, as though the toy lamps had taken wing, rockets flung up their stars and Roman candles their golden showers at a dozen points of the line and broadened the scope of the picture. A scow placed midway of the loop now lighted the lake with red and green fire. The bright, graceful argosies slipped by, like beads upon a rosary. When the last canoe had passed, Miss Pat turned to me, sighing softly:

"It was too pretty to last; it was a page out of the book of lost youth."

I laughed back at her and signaled Ijima to go ahead and then, as the water churned and foamed and I took the wheel, we were startled by an exclamation from some one in a row-boat near at hand. The last of the peaceful armada had passed, but now from the center of the lake, unobserved and unheeded, stole a canoe fitted with slim masts carried high from bow to stern with delightful daring. The lights were set in globes of green and gold, and high over all, its support quite invisible, shone a golden star that seemed to hover and follow the shadowy canoe.

We all watched the canoe intently; and my eyes now fell upon the figure of the skipper of this fairy craft, who was set forth in clear relief against the red fire beyond, the sole occupant of the canoe was a girl—there was no debating it; she flashed by within a paddle's length of us, and I heard the low bubble of water under her blade. She paddled kneeling, Indian fashion, and was lessening the breach between herself and the last canoe of the orderly line, which now swept on toward the casino.

"That's the prettiest one of all—" began Miss Pat, then ceased abruptly. She bent forward, half rising and gazing intently at the canoe. What she saw and what I saw was Helen Holbrook plying the paddle with practiced stroke; and as she passed she glanced aloft to make sure that her slender masts of lights was unshaken; and then she was gone, her star twinkling upon us bewilderingly. I waited for Miss Pat to speak, but she did not turn her head until the canoe itself had vanished and only its gliding star marked it from the starry sisterhood above.

An exclamation faltered on my lips. "It was—it was like—it was—" "I believe we had better go now," said Miss Pat, softly, and, I thought, a little brokenly.

But we still followed the star with our eyes, and we saw it gain the end of the procession, sweep on at its own pace, past the casino, and then turn abruptly and drive straight for Glenarm pier. It was now between us and our own shore. It shone a moment against our pier lights; the star and the fairy lanterns beneath it vanished one after another and the canoe disappeared as utterly as though it had never been.

I purposely steered a zigzag course back to St. Agatha's. Since Helen had seen fit to play this trick upon her aunt I wished to give her ample time to dispose of her canoe and return to the school. If we had been struck by a mere resemblance, why did the canoe not go on to the casino and enjoy the fruits of her victory? I tried

to imagine Gillespie a party to the escapade, but I could not fit him into it. Meanwhile I babbled on with Miss Pat. Her phrases were, however, a trifle stiff and not in her usual manner.

I walked with her from the pier to St. Agatha's.

Sister Margaret, who had observed the procession from an upper window, threw open the door for us.

"How is Helen?" asked Miss Pat at once.

"She is very comfortable," replied the sister. "I went up only a moment ago to see if she wanted anything."

Miss Pat turned and gave me her hand in her pretty fashion.

"You see, it could not have been—It was not—Helen; our eyes deceived us! Thank you very much, Mr. Donovan!"

There was no mistaking her relief; she smiled upon me beamingly as I stood before at the door.

"Of course! On a fete night one can never trust one's eyes!"

"But it was all so bewilderingly beautiful. You are most compassionate toward a poor old woman in exile, Mr. Donovan. I must go up to Helen and make her sorry for all she has missed."

I went back to the launch and sought far and near upon the lake for the canoe with the single star. I wanted to see again the face that was uplifted in the flood of colored light—the head, the erect shoulders, the arms that drove the blade so easily and certainly; for if it was not Helen Holbrook it was her shadow that the gods had sent to mock me upon the face of the waters.

## CHAPTER XII.

The Melancholy of Mr. Gillespie.

I laughed a moment ago when, in looking over my notes of these affairs, I marked the swift transition from those peaceful days to others of renewed suspicions and strange events. I had begun to yield myself to blandishments and to feel that there could be no further interruption of the idyllic hours I was spending in Helen Holbrook's company. I still maintained, to be sure, the guard as it had been established; and many pipes I smoked on St. Agatha's pier, in the fond belief that I was merely fulfilling my office as protector of Miss Pat, whereas I had reached a point where the very walls that held Helen Holbrook were of such stuff as dreams are made of.

The only lingering blot in the bright calendar of those days was her meeting with Gillespie on the pier, and the fact that she had accepted money from him for her rascally father. But even this I excused. It was no easy thing for a girl of her high spirits to be placed in a position of antagonism to her own father; and as for Gillespie, he was at least a friend, abundantly able to help her in her difficult position; and if, through his aid, she had been able to get rid of her father, the end had certainly justified the means. I reasoned that an educated man of good antecedents who was desperate enough to attempt murder for profit in this enlightened twentieth century was cheaply got rid of at any price, and it was extremely decent of Gillespie—so I argued—to have taken himself away after providing the means of the girl's release. I persuaded myself eloquently on those lines while I exhausted the resources of Glenarm

in providing entertainment for both ladies. There had been other breakfasts on the terrace at Glenarm, and tea almost every day in the shadow of St. Agatha's, and one dinner of state in the great Glenarm dining room; but more blessed were those hours in which we rode, Helen and I, through the sunset into dusk, or drove a canoe over the quiet lake by night. Miss Pat, I felt sure, in so often leaving me alone with Helen, was favoring my attentions; and thus the days passed, like bubbles on flowing water.

She was in my thoughts as I rode into Annandale to post some letters, and I was about to remount at the post-office door when I saw a crowd gathered in front of the village inn and walked along the street to learn the cause of it. And there, calmly seated on a soap box was Gillespie, clad in amazing checks, engaged in the delectable occupation of teaching a stray village mongrel to jump a stick. The loungers seemed highly entertained, and testified their appreciation in loud guffaws. I watched the performance for several minutes, Gillespie meanwhile laboring patiently with the dull dog, until finally it leaped the stick amid the applause of the crowd. Gillespie patted the dog and rose, bowing with exaggerated gravity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for your kind attention. Let my slight success with that poor cur teach you the lesson that we may turn the idlest moment to some noble use. The education of the lower animals is something to which too little attention is paid by those who, through the processes of evolution, have risen to a higher species. I am grateful, gentlemen, for your forbearance, and trust we may meet again under circumstances more creditable to us all—including the dog."

The crowd turned away mystified, while Gillespie, feeling in his pocket for his pipe, caught my eye and winked.

"Ah, Donovan," he said, coolly, "and so you were among the admiring spectators. I hope you have formed a high opinion of my skill as a dog trainer. Once, I would have you know, I taught a Plymouth Rock rooster to turn a summersault. Are you quite alone?"

"You seem to be as big a fool as ever!" I grumbled in disgust, vexed at finding him in the neighborhood.

"Gallantly spoken, my dear fellow! You are an honor to the Irish race and mankind. Our meeting, however, is not inopportune, as they say in books; and I would have speech with you, gentle knight. The inn, though humble, is still not without decent comforts. Will you honor me?"

He turned abruptly and led the way through the office and up the stairway, babbling nonsense less for my entertainment, I imagined, than for the befuddlement of the landlord, who leaned heavily upon his scant desk and watched our ascent.

He opened a door and lighted several oil lamps, which disclosed three connecting rooms.

"You see, I got tired of living in the woods, and the farmer I boarded with did not understand my complex character. The absurd fellow thought me insane—can you imagine it?"

"It's a pity he didn't turn you over to the sheriff," I growled.

"Generously spoken! But I came here and hired most of this inn to be near the telegraph office. Though as big a fool as you care to call me I nevertheless look to my buttons. The hook-and-eye people are formidable competitors, and the button may in time become obsolete—stranger things have happened. I keep in touch with our main office, and when I don't feel very good I fire somebody. Only this morning I bounced our general manager by wire for sending me a letter in purple type-writing; I had warned him, you understand, that he was to write to me in black. But it was only a matter of time with that fellow. He entered a bull pup against mine in the Westchester bench show last spring and took the ribbon away from me. I really couldn't stand for that. In spite of my glassy splash in the asparagus bed, I'm a man who looks to his dignity, Donovan. Will you smoke?"

I lighted my pipe and encouraged him to go on.

"How long have you been in this baw-ow?"

"I moved in this morning—you're my first pilgrim. I have spent the long hot day in getting settled. I had to throw out the furniture and buy new stuff of the local emporium, where, it depressed me to learn, furniture for the dead is supplied even as for the living. That chair, which I beg you to accept, stood next in the shop to a coffin suitable for a carcass of about your build, old man. But don't let the suggestion annoy you! I read your book on tiger hunting a few years ago with pleasure, and I'm sure you enjoy a charmed life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Surely to the Limit.

"Some kinds of dishonesty are almost unbelievable," says the Philosopher of Folly. "Cheating at solitaire is a common form. But I know a man who gives himself short change at his own store."

## YOUNG GIRL HAS A TATTOOED EYE

SURGEON, WITH NEEDLE, MAKES WHITE SURFACE MATCH HEALTHY OPTIC.

## HER BEAUTY IS RESTORED

English Woman to Whom Sight Was Returned by Knife, Was Surprised at Size and Color of the Human Face.

Philadelphia.—An operation performed only a few times by the greatest eye specialists of the world was successfully completed in a hospital clinic before the senior class of the Medico-Chirurgical college by Dr. L. Webster Fox, who occupies the chair of ophthalmology in the college.

By the use of six needles, Indian ink, and a vegetable dye the doctor succeeded in tattooing the perfect semblance of an eye on a young girl's blind eyeball, which was covered by an ugly white blemish the size of a five-cent piece.

The girl asked Dr. Fox to put a glass eye in place of the diseased tissues, which made her face repulsive to look at. The doctor, upon examination, found that the growth over the corner was so strong that the delicate operation that came in his mind could be performed with a chance of success.

Cocaine was inserted to destroy whatever sensibility remained, but no anesthetic was administered to the patient, who did not appear to suffer any pain while the operation was going on.

The students saw the skillful hand of the doctor guiding the tattooing needles produce the semblance of an eye with the skill and patience of a trained artist on a surface that had been a blank white.

India ink was used for the pupil. For the iris a vegetable dye which had been carefully experimented with was employed, and the brown color of the other and healthy iris in the girl's other eye was duplicated.

As Dr. Fox dropped his last needle and turned to his class he was greeted with enthusiastic applause of the students.

The operation, Dr. Fox told his class, can never become a common



The Doctor Succeeded in Tattooing the Perfect Semblance of an Eye.

one, as it is seldom that the eyeball of a blind person is in condition to permit tattooing.

Blind from birth and now 36, Miss Annie Hubbard of Maidstone, England, has just obtained her sight. Hers is a remarkable case. Born in 1873, Miss Hubbard was first taken to the Maidstone hospital at the age of three months and discharged as "hopeless." At 4½ she was taken to London and operated upon several times, but unsuccessfully.

Sightless, she returned home and remained there about five years, finally leaving again to enter St. George's Hospital, Southwark.

In 1901 Miss Hubbard returned home again until three weeks ago, when, acting on the advice of her parents, she visited the Royal Kent Ophthalmic hospital—as a last resort. Here a woman who had entered the hospital seeing nothing descended the hospital steps with all the wonders of men and things suddenly unfolded to her sight.

"I live in a dream," said Miss Hubbard, "and my only fear is that I shall awake some morning and find that I cannot really see, after all, for my luck seems much too good to last. How do I see things? Well, they are very much as I had imagined them, only much larger and of a lighter color. The first thing I saw in my life I saw when the bandage was removed from my eye and I beheld my nurse's face.

"I was surprised. The face seemed so large and pale. I had always imagined faces were much smaller and that human flesh was always deep in color. But when I left the hospital ward and, for the first time, walked unassisted down a flight of stairs and so out into the street, I realized that I was wrong, for all the people seemed very large, and appeared to have very pale faces and hands.

"I cannot find words to describe my first impressions of shop windows and street crowds."

## SLAIN BY BULL DOG, VERDICT OF CORONER

NEW YORK MAN FOUND DEAD WITH FACE CHEWED AND ANIMAL AT HIS SIDE.

New York.—Carl F. Limpert was found dead recently in the dining room of his flat. Beside him on the floor was a big brindle bull dog. Limpert's face was cut and chewed, and Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon is certain he was killed by the dog after a fight. He died several hours before he was found.

Limpert lived with his sister, Mrs. Emily Schuermann, and her husband, in an apartment on the top floor. Mr.



They Saw Limpert Lying on His Face.

and Mrs. Schuermann went out, leaving Limpert and the dog in the house. When the Schuermann's returned they lighted up the dining room where the dog always slept.

They saw Limpert lying on his face. There was blood about him. The dog jumped up and ran about the room, but showed no signs of anger. Mr. Schuermann's family physician, Dr. Oretine said Limpert had been dead several hours.

Dr. O'Hanlon and Dr. Albert Weston, also a coroner's physician, made an examination of the premises and Limpert's body, and when they got through they ordered the body sent to the morgue, where an autopsy was held. Dr. O'Hanlon said that there was no doubt Limpert was killed by the dog which had the reputation of being vicious.

It was thought at first that Limpert might have died from a hemorrhage or from apoplexy before he was attacked by the dog. Dr. O'Hanlon said he didn't believe it. The dog was shot.

Mrs. Emily Beckers is in a critical condition as a result of an attack made upon her by a dog which had been a pet in the house for seven years. Mrs. Beckers was asleep when the dog snapped at her hand and tore it. Mrs. Beckers leaned over and her face was bitten. Her brother grabbed the dog and called in the police. The dog will be shot.

## CHICKEN THIEF PENITENT

Looter of Coop Reforms and Wants to Pay for Fowl Stolen Years Ago.

Kenton, O.—An anonymous letter in which the writer asks forgiveness for stealing chickens from the coop of William Taylor more than 28 years ago, has been received by Mr. Taylor here.

The writer says that he has reformed and desires to "straighten up all of his past offenses." It requests Mr. Taylor to forgive the deed and to state the value of the chickens through a local newspaper and he says that he will then mail the amount named.

Mr. Taylor remembers the theft and says that there were 16 chickens stolen at the time. He has notified the writer of the letter through the paper that he forgives him everything and that, since the reformed man is so anxious to pay for the chickens, he will call the matter square for two dollars.

## Idol Brought Disaster.

A small idol of Buddha which was looted from a Japanese temple by a United States army officer in 1901 and has since brought him misfortune has been forwarded to the acting consul-general for America at Yokohama, in the hope that the restitution of the bronze image to Japan will break the spell. The following letter accompanied the idol: "Dear Sir:—Inclosed find a Japanese image which is supposed to have been taken from a temple in Japan by a United States army officer in 1901. This image is said to have brought misfortune to the possessor and I was given it the other day to dispose of. If it is possible to restore it to its original owner, kindly do so. If not, dispose of it as you see fit."

## Provide Sermons for All.

A syndicate established in the United States undertakes to provide pastors of any denomination with one sermon a week for an inclusive payment of \$10 a year. In the prospectus of the syndicate, the sermons for sale are guaranteed to contain from 2,200 to 2,500 words, and described as being "strictly up-to-date and containing allusions to current affairs and matters of national interest."