

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

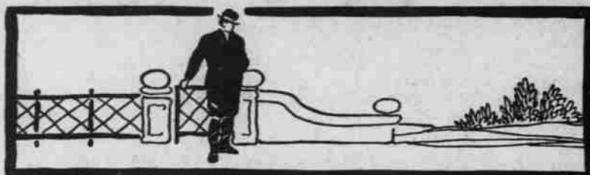
BY
**MEREDITH
NICHOLSON**
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RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

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. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Helen. 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. 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. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unobserved except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$20,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind a "voice," appealed to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befall him. He went to Red Gate. At the canoe-maker's home, Donovan found the brothers Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other in consultation. "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan returned, met Gillespie alone in the dead of night. On investigation he found Henry Holbrook, the sailor, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosalind, who by night he had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mix-up. Her father, Arthur Holbrook, was the canoe-maker, while Helen's father was Henry Holbrook, the erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. Thus Helen's supposed duplicity was explained. Helen visited Donovan, asking his assistance in bringing Miss Patricia Holbrook and Henry Holbrook together for a settlement of their money affairs, which had kept them apart for many years. Donovan refused to aid. He met Gillespie and planned a coup. By making Gillespie give a number of forged notes to Rosalind, who he supposed resembled Helen, so closely did they resemble each other, Donovan cleared the way for a settlement of the Holbrooks' troubles. Helen secured hidden. Helen suddenly appeared. Donovan prepared to substitute Rosalind for her.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"She believes that I forged the Gillespie notes and ruined her father. Henry has undoubtedly told her so."
"Yes; and he has used her to get them away from young Gillespie. There's no question about that. But I have the notes, and I propose holding them for your protection. But I don't want to use them if I can help it."
"I appreciate what you are doing for me," he said quietly, but his eyes were still troubled and I saw that he had little faith in the outcome.
"Your sister is disposed to deal generously with Henry. She does not know where the dishonor lies."
"We are all honorable men," he replied bitterly, slowly pacing the floor. His sleeves were rolled away from his sun-browned arms, his shirt was open at the throat, and though he wore the rough clothes of a mechanic he looked more the artist at work in a rural studio than the canoe-maker of the Tippecanoe. He walked to a window and looked down for a moment upon the singing creek, then came back to me and spoke in a different tone.
"I have given these years of my life to protecting my brother, and they must not be wasted. I have nothing to say against him; I shall keep silent."
"He has forfeited every right. Now is your time to punish him," I said; but Arthur Holbrook only looked at me pityingly.
"I don't want revenge, Mr. Donovan, but I am almost in a mood for justice," he said with a rueful smile; and just then Rosalind entered the shop.
"Is my fate decided?" she demanded.
The sight of her seemed to renew the canoe-maker's distress, and I led the way at once to the door. I think that in spite of my efforts to be gay and to carry the affair off lightly, we all felt that the day was momentous.
"When shall I expect you back?" asked Holbrook, when we had reached the launch.
"Early to-night," I answered.
"But if anything should happen here?" The tears flashed in Rosalind's eyes, and she clung a moment to his hand.
"He will hardly be troubled by daylight, and this evening he can send up a rocket if any one molests him. Go ahead, Jim!"
As we cleared Battle Orchard and sped on toward Glenarm there was a sting in the wind, and Lake Annandale had fretted itself into foam. We saw the Stiletto running prettily before the wind along the Glenarm shore, and I stopped the engine before crossing her wake and let the launch jump the waves. Helen would not, I hoped, believe me capable of attempting to palm off Rosalind on Miss Pat; and I had no wish to deceive her. My passenger had wrapped herself in my mackintosh and taken my cap, so that at the distance at which we passed she was not recognizable.
Sister Margaret was waiting for us at the Glenarm pier. I had been a lit-



Had Wrapped Herself in My Mackintosh and Taken My Cap.

tle afraid of Sister Margaret. It was presuming a good deal to take her into the conspiracy, and I stood by in apprehension while she scrutinized Rosalind. She was clearly bewildered and drew close to the girl, as Rosalind threw off the wet mackintosh and flung down the dripping cap.
"Will she do, Sister Margaret?"
"I believe she will; I really believe she will!" And the sister's face brightened with relief. She had a color in her face that I had not seen before, as the joy of the situation took hold of her. She was, I realized, a woman after all, and a young woman at that, with a heart not hardened against life's daily adventures.
"It is time for luncheon. Miss Pat expects you, too."
"Then I must leave you to instruct Miss Holbrook and carry off the first meeting. Miss Holbrook has been—"
"—For a long walk!"—the sister supplied—"and will enter St. Agatha's parlor a little tired from her tramp. She shall go at once to her room—with me. I have put out a white gown for her; and at luncheon we will talk only of safe things."
"And I shall have this bouquet of sweet peas," added Rosalind, "that I brought from a farmer's garden near by, as an offering for Aunt Pat's birthday. And you will both be there to keep me from making mistakes."
"Then after luncheon we shall drive until Miss Pat's birthday dinner; and the dinner shall be on the terrace at Glenarm, which is even now being decorated for a fete occasion. And before the night is old Helen shall be back. Good luck attend us all!" I said; and we parted in the best of spirits.
I had forgotten Gillespie, and was surprised to find him at the table in my room, absorbed in business papers.
"Button, button, who's got the button!" he chanted as he looked me over. "You appear to have been swimming in your clothes. I had my mail sent out here. I've got to shut down the factory at Ponsocket. The thought of it bores me extravagantly. What time's luncheon?"
"Whenever you ring three times. I'm lurching out."
"Ladies?" he asked, raising his brows. "You appear to be a little social favorite; couldn't you get me in on something? How about dinner?"
"I am myself entertaining at dinner; and your name isn't on the list, I'm sorry to say, Buttons. But to-morrow! Everything will be possible to-morrow. I expect Miss Pat and Helen here to-night. It's Miss Pat's birthday, and I want to make it a happy day for her. She's going to settle with Henry as soon as the war's preliminaries are arranged, so the war's nearly over."
"She can't settle with him until something definite is known about Arthur. If he's really dead—"
"I've promised to settle that; but I must hurry now. Will you meet me at the Glenarm boathouse at eight? If I'm not there, wait. I shall have something for you to do."
"Meanwhile I'm turned out of your house, am I? But I positively decline to go until I'm fed."
As I got into a fresh coat he played a lively tune on the electric bell, and I left him giving his orders to the butler.
I was reassured by the sound of voices as I passed under the windows of St. Agatha's, and Sister Margaret met me in the hall with a smiling face.
"Luncheon waits. We will go out at

once. Everything has passed off smoothly, perfectly."
I did not dare look at Rosalind until we were seated in the dining room. Her sweet peas graced the center of the round table, and Sister Margaret had placed them in a tall vase so that Rosalind was well screened from her aunt's direct gaze. The sister had managed admirably. Rosalind's hair was swept up in exactly Helen's pomadour; and in one of Helen's white gowns, with Helen's own particular shade of scarlet ribbon at her throat and wrist, the resemblance was even more complete than I had thought it before. But we were cast at once upon deep waters.
"Helen, where did you find that article on Charles Lamb you read the other evening? I have looked for it everywhere."
Rosalind took rather more time than was necessary to help herself to the asparagus, and my heart sank; but Sister Margaret promptly saved the day.
"It was in the Round World. That article we were reading on 'The Authorship of the Collects' is in the same number."
"Yes; of course," said Rosalind, turning to me.
Art seemed a safe topic; and I steered for the open, and spoke in a large way, out of my ignorance, of Michelangelo's influence, winding up presently with a suggestion that Miss Pat should have her portrait painted. This was a successful stroke, for we all fell into a discussion of contemporary portrait painters about whom Sister Margaret fortunately knew something; but a cold chill went down my back a moment later when Miss Pat turned upon Rosalind and asked her a direct question:
"Helen, what was the name of the artist who did that miniature of your mother?"
Sister Margaret swallowed a glass of water, and I stooped to pick up my napkin.
"Van Arsdell, wasn't it?" asked Rosalind, instantly.
"Yes; so it was," replied Miss Pat. Luck was favoring us, and Rosalind was rising to the emergency splendidly. It appeared afterward that her own mother had been painted by the same artist, and she had boldly risked the guess. Sister Margaret and I were frightened into a discussion of the possibilities of aerial navigation, with a vague notion, I think, of keeping the talk in the air, and it sufficed until we had concluded the simple luncheon. I walked beside Miss Pat to the parlor. The sky had cleared, and I broached a drive at once. I had read in the newspapers that a considerable body of regular troops was passing near Annandale on a practice march from Fort Sheridan to a rendezvous at some point south of us.
"Let us go and see the soldiers," I suggested.
"Very well, Larry," she said. "We can make believe they are sent out to do honor to my birthday. You are a thoughtful boy. I can never thank you for all your consideration and kindness. And you will not fall to find Arthur—I am asking you no questions. I'd rather not know where he is. I'm afraid of truth!" She turned her head away quickly—we were seated by ourselves in a corner of the room. "I am afraid, I am afraid to ask!"
"He is well; quite well. I shall have news of him to-night."
She glanced across the room to

where Rosalind and Sister Margaret talked quietly together. I felt Miss Pat's hand touch mine, and suddenly there were tears in her eyes.
"I was wrong! I was most unjust in what I said to you of her. She was all tenderness, all gentleness when she came in this morning." She fumbled at her belt and held up a small cluster of the sweet peas that Rosalind had brought from Red Gate.
"I told you so!" I said, trying to laugh off her contrition. "What you said to me is forgotten, Miss Pat."
"And now when everything is settled, if she wants to marry Gillespie, let her do it."
"But she won't! Haven't I told you that Helen shall never marry him?"
I had ordered a buckboard, and it was now announced.
"Don't trouble to go upstairs, Aunt Pat; I will bring your things for you," said Rosalind; and Miss Pat turned upon me with an air of satisfaction and pride, as much as to say: "You see how devoted she is to me!"
I wish to acknowledge here my obligations to Sister Margaret for giving me the benefit of her care and resourcefulness on that difficult day. There was no nice detail that she overlooked, no danger that she did not anticipate. She sat by Miss Pat on the long drive, while Rosalind and I chattered nonsense behind them. We were so fortunate as to strike the first battalion, and saw it go into camp on a bit of open prairie to await the arrival of the artillery that followed. But at no time did I lose sight of the odd business that still lay ahead of me, nor did I remember with any satisfaction how Helen, somewhere across woodland and lake, chafed at the delayed climax of her plot. The girl at my side, lovely and gracious as she was, struck me increasingly as but a tame shadow of that other one, so like and so unlike! I marveled that Miss Pat had not seen it; and in a period of silence on the drive home I think Rosalind must have guessed my thought; for I caught her regarding me with a mischievous smile and she said, as the others rather too generously sought to ignore us:
"You can see now how different I am—how very different!"
When I left them at St. Agatha's with an hour to spare before dinner, Sister Margaret assured me with her eyes that there was nothing to fear. I was nervously pacing the long terrace when I saw my guests approaching. I told the butler to order dinner at once and went down to meet them. Miss Pat declared that she never felt better; and under the excitement of the hour Sister Margaret's eyes glowed brightly.
As we sat down in the screened corner of the broad terrace, with the first grave approach of twilight in the sky, and the curved trumpet of the young moon hanging in the west, it might have seemed to an onlooker that the gods of chance had oddly ordered our little company. Miss Patricia in white was a picture of serenity, with the smile constant about her lips, happy in her hope for the future. Rosalind, fresh to these surroundings, showed clearly her pleasure in the pretty setting of the scene, and read into it, in bright phrases, the delight of a story-book incident.
"Let me see," she said, reflectively, "just who we are: We are the lady of the castle perusing dining al fresco, with the abbess, who is also a noble lady, come across the fields to sit at meat with her. And you, sir, are a knight full of vigor, feared in many lands, and sworn to the defense of these ladies."
"And you"—and Miss Pat's eyes were beautifully kind and gentle, as she took the cue and turned to Rosalind, "you are the well-beloved daughter of my house, faithful in all service, in all ways self-forgetful and kind, our joy and our pride."
It may have been the spirit of the evening that touched us, or only the light of her countenance and the deep sincerity of her voice; but I knew that tears were bright in all our eyes for a moment. And then Rosalind glanced at the western heavens through the foliage.
"There are the stars, Aunt Pat—brighter than ever to-night for your birthday."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

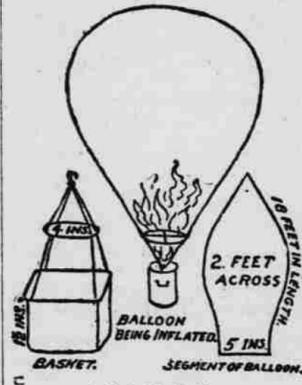
"The Devil and the Deep Sea."
Hazlitt's "English Proverbs" gives the proverb as "Betwixt the devil and the Deep sea," and quotes it from Clarke's "Paroemiologia," 1639, and adds this note of explanation: "On the horns of a dilemma. In Cornwall they say 'deep sea, which may be right.' Reddall's 'Fact, Fancy and Fable' gives the following explanation of the proverb: 'This expression is used by Col. Monroe in his 'Expedition with Mackay's Regiment,' printed in London in 1837. The regiment was with the army of Gustavus Adolphus and was engaged in a battle with the Austrians. The Swedish gunners did not elevate their guns sufficiently, and their shot fell among this Scottish regiment, so that 'we were between the devil and the deep sea.'"



MAKING A HOT AIR BALLOON

Detailed Instructions Given by A. Leo Stevens, the Aeronaut, for Benefit of Boys.

Any boy who will follow the instructions of A. Leo Stevens, the aeronaut, can build a hot air balloon with a lifting capacity of three pounds, says Detroit Free Press. Some time ago Mr. Stevens constructed a miniature aircraft of this type for the amusement of some boys at Chautauqua lake, which soared to an altitude of 1,000 feet and drifted a mile across the swamps, finally landing in the branches of a tree.
A balloon of this type when inflated stands 11 feet high, but in reality is 18 feet long, the difference being explained by the curve. The bag is cut in 14 parts; each part is 18 feet in length, two feet in width at the widest point and tapers to a point at the top and to a width of five inches at the lower end, which forms the mouth.
The parts may be cut from a stiff grade of tissue paper, first pasted in long sheets and then cut out after a pattern. The segments are pasted together with a lap of about two inches.
After the process of joining has been completed the point at the top should be wrapped with a long linen thread and a loop formed through which a nail driven in the end of a stick is passed while the balloon is being inflated.
The mouth is shaped with wire and to make it more secure crosspieces are inserted. The three wires about ten inches in length at the other end are caught to a hook for adjusting the basket.
An ordinary fruit basket without handle will serve the purpose. At each of the four corners is fastened



A Hot Air Balloon.

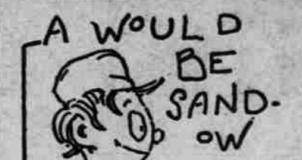
a wire 12 inches long running to a four-inch ring, and four other wires of the same length are carried from the larger ring to a small one that fits over the hook on the bag. When the balloon is ready to be inflated take a tin can and fill it with papers and wood and light a fire. The boy that holds the stick that lifts the bag up should stand on a tall box and three or four other boys should pull the sides in shape. The bag should be held about two feet above the can and should inflate in about two minutes.
If the wind is blowing the experiment should not be attempted, for many large hot air balloons have been burned up by catching fire in such circumstances.
A dummy weighing three pounds can be sent up in the basket.

WHERE POST CARDS STARTED

Mania for Pictorial Pasteboard First Arose in Switzerland, Twelve Years Ago.

It was in Switzerland that the mania for pictorial postcards first arose, and all can well remember the astonishment evoked some dozen years ago at seeing at the Theodule Hut the excitement of a party of Germans upon their ascertaining that they could dispatch thence, via Italy, a sheaf of views of the Matterhorn, says the London Globe. If one may judge from the very interesting collection of old Alpine prints now on view at the Alpine club, Saville Row, our ancestors were eager to carry away souvenirs of scenes unlike any to which they were accustomed and of which the terrors and dangers were doubtless exaggerated. And to the Swiss, who were among the earliest to exploit colored engravings, provided them with material with a sufficient spice of exaggeration to satisfy those who stayed at home. These they dedicated to the "amateurs of the marvels of nature," and for them they crowded into a single landscape a dozen Staubbachs, and any number of aiguilles and glaciers, with artists portraying them and peasants holding festival beneath them.

Why Trees Grow Large.
Washington and Oregon have some of the largest trees in the world, and the climatic conditions of that section can be blamed for this fact. In the Puget sound country the rainfall is about 53 inches, while up in the higher Cascades, near Seattle, it is 100 inches, and sometimes reaches the 150-inch point. Under such climatic conditions the seeds of the trees germinate readily and all the trees continue to make a vigorous growth.



GOOD DOG SAVES BAD BOY

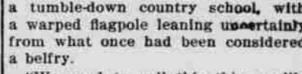
Epigrams Enliven Address of District Superintendent of Schools to Teachers.

"Many a bad boy has been saved by a good dog. It is a good thing to bring these opposites together."
"Tens of thousands of back yards in Chicago are going to waste, and many boys are going to waste with them. The public doesn't realize the possibilities for good or evil in a back yard. I wouldn't have a stuffed bird in a schoolhouse or on a woman's hat."
These epigrams by Orville T. Bright, district superintendent of schools of Chicago, enlivened an address which Mr. Bright delivered before the public school principals the other day.
The lecture was illustrated by exceptionally fine stereopticon views of birds and boys, used to emphasize Mr. Bright's theory that the boys should help to save their birds because the birds help to save the boys.
After he had thrown upon the canvas a picture of a beautifully colored bird photographed as it perched on a bit of shrubbery in a school yard, Mr. Bright said:
"When these plants, flowers, shrubs and trees are properly installed in our school yards, the birds will follow, and then we will be able to put into practice the principles of the right treatment of our dumb animals as prescribed by the laws of the state."
"This business of stuffing dead birds for the purpose of making women more attractive to men is a nefarious one. The women's hats are no places for the birds which once have cheered the world with their beauty and their singing."
Mr. Bright showed the picture of a rear yard which had been transformed into a veritable garden.
"There is a picture I like," he said. "I know positively that that back yard has done more for boys than any other one exhibit I can offer. Amid the flowers and shrubbery there you will find holes dug by the boys. They make the picture more attractive. Digging holes in those surroundings is as harmless a pleasure as we can offer a little fellow. Every yard should be made so attractive that the boys would be content to stay there and just dig holes."
Mr. Bright exhibited the picture of a tumble-down country school, with a warped flagpole leaning uncertainly from what once had been considered a belfry.
"We used to call this thing a liberty pole," he said, pointing to the flagstaff. "Well, I think it is a travesty on liberty to run an American flag up on a pole such as that over a building that could hardly do good service as a coal shed."

KANGAROO STYLE OF BICYCLE

Does Not Materially Differ From Ordinary Machine, Yet It Is Not Propelled by Feet.

This bicycle does not differ materially from an ordinary bicycle, yet it is not propelled by the feet. The wheels are so constructed as to have the hubs out of center, making them turn like an eccentric, writes W. S. Jacobs in Popular Mechanics. The propelling of the wheel is done by the weight of the body, which is shifted backward and forward on each half turn of the wheels. In starting, the wheels must be set with the rear hub up and the front hub down.



Positions for Propelling.

Animals and Rain.
Lions, tigers and all the cat tribe dread rain, says Our Dumb Animals. On a rainy day they tear nervously up and down their cages, growling and trembling. They are usually given an extra ration of hot milk, which puts them to sleep. Wolves love a gray day of rain. They are then very cheery. Treacherous as the wolf is, no keeper need fear him on a rainy day. He is too happy to harm a fly.