

# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY  
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Anandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened 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 the garden at night. Duplicity 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. Helen was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen 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 met the brothers—Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other, in consultation. "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan returning, 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 Italian. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. The 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.

## CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"Their mothers were much alike, but they were distinguishable. If you are proposing a substitution of Rosalind for Helen, I should say to have a care of it. You may deceive a casual acquaintance, but hardly a lover."

"I have carried through worse adventures. Those documents must not get into—into—unfriendly hands! I have pledged myself that Miss Patricia shall be kept free from further trouble, and much trouble lies in those forged notes if your brother gets them. But I hope to do a little more than protect your sister; I want to get you all out of your difficulties. There is no reason for your remaining in exile. You owe it to your daughter to go back to civilization. And your sister needs you. You saved your brother once; you will pardon me for saying that you owe him no further mercy."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and paced the floor a moment, before he said:

"You are quite right. But I am sure you will be very careful of my little girl; she is all I have—quite all I have."

He went to the hall and called her and bowed with a graceful, old-fashioned courtesy that reminded me of Miss Pat as Rosalind came into the room.

"Will I do, gentlemen, all?" she asked, gayly. "Do I look the fraud I feel?"

She threw off a long scarlet cloak that fell to her heels and stood before us in white—it was as though she had stepped out of flame. She turned slowly round, with head bent, submitting herself for our inspection.

"I think I read doubt in your mind," she laughed. "You must not tell me now that you have backed out; I shall try myself, if you are weakening. I am anxious for the curtain to rise."

"There is only one thing: I suggest that you omit that locket. I dined with her to-night, so my memory is fresh."

She unclasped the tiny locket that hung from a slight band of velvet at her throat and threw it aside; and her father, who was not, I saw, wholly reconciled to my undertaking, held the locket for her and led the way with a lantern through the garden and down to the water-side and along the creek to the launch where Ijima was in readiness.

I was taking steering directions from Ijima, but as we neared Port Anandale I glanced over my shoulder to mark the casino pier lights when Rosalind sang out:

"Hard apart—hard!"

I obeyed, and we passed within ear's length of a sailboat, which, showing no light, but with mainsail set, was loafing leisurely before the light west wind. As we veered away I saw a man's figure at the wheel; another figure showed darkly against the cuddy.

"Hang out your lights!" I shouted, angrily. But there was no reply.

"The Stiletto," muttered Ijima, starting the engine again.

"We must look out for her going back," I said, as we watched the sloop merge into shadow.

The lights of the casino blazed cheerily as we drew up to the pier, and Rosalind stepped out in good spirits, catching up and humming the waltz that rang down upon us from the clubhouse.

"Lady," I said, "let us see what hands we shall discover."

"I ought to feel terribly wicked, but I really never felt cheerfuller in my life," she averred. "But I have one embarrassment!"

"Well?"—and we paused, while she dropped the hood upon her shoulders.

"What shall I call this gentleman?"

"What does she call him? I'm blest if I know! I call him Buttons usually; Knight of the Ruyfel Countenance might serve; but very likely she calls him Reggie."

"I will try them all," she said. "I think we used to call him Reggie on Strawberry Hill. Very likely he will detect the fraud at once and I shan't get very far with him."

As we passed the open door the dance ceased and a throng of young people came gayly out to take the air. We joined the procession, and were accepted without remark. Several men whom I had seen in the village or met in the highway nodded amiably. Gillespie, I knew, was waiting somewhere; and I gave Rosalind final admonitions.

"Now be cheerful! Be cordial! In case of doubt grow moody, and look out upon the water, as though seeking an answer in the stars. Though I seem to disappear I shall be hanging about with an eye for danger signals. Ah! He approaches! He comes!"

Gillespie advanced eagerly, with happiness alight in his face.

"Helen!" he cried, taking her hand; and to me: "You are not so great a liar after all, Irishman."

"Oh, Mr. Donovan is the kindest person imaginable," she replied, and turned her head daintily so that the light from a window fell full upon her, and he gazed at her with frank, boyish admiration. Then she drew her wrap about her shoulders, and as I walked away her laughter followed me cheerily.

I was promptly seized by a young man, who feigned to have met me in some former incarnation, and introduced to a girl from Detroit whose name I shall never know in this world. I remember that she danced well, and that she asked me whether I knew people in Duluth, Fond du Lac, Paducah and a number of other towns which she recited like a geographical index. She formed, I think, a high opinion of my sense of humor, for I laughed at everything she said in my general joy of the situation. After our third dance I got her an ice and found another cavalier for her. I did not feel at all as contrite as I should have felt as I strolled round the veranda toward Rosalind and Gillespie. They were talking in low tones and did not heed me until I spoke to them.

"Oh, it's you, is it?"—and Gillespie looked up at me resentfully.

"I have been gone two years! It seem to me I am doing pretty well, all things considered! What have you been talking about?"

"—Bout Glints, an' Griffins, an' Elves, An' the Squidgium-Squees 'at swallers themselves!"

Rosalind quoted. "I hope you have been enjoying yourself."

"After a dull fashion, yes."

"I should like to tell her that! We saw you through the window. She struck us as very pretty, didn't she, Reggie?"

"I didn't notice her," Gillespie replied with so little interest that we both laughed.

"It's too bad," remarked Rosalind,

"that Aunt Pat couldn't have come with us. It would have been a relief for her to get away from that dreary schoolhouse."

"I might go and fetch her," I suggested.

"If you do," said Gillespie, grinning, "you will not find us here when you get back."

Rosalind sighed, as though at the remembrance of her aunt's forlorn exile; then the music broke out in a two-step.

"Come! We must have this dance!" she exclaimed, and Gillespie rose obediently. I followed, exchanging chaff with Rosalind until we came to the door, where she threw off her cloak for the first time.

"Lord and protector, will you do me the honor?"

It all happened in a moment. I tossed the cloak across my arm carelessly and she turned to Gillespie without looking at me. He hesitated—some word faltered on his lips. I think it must have been the quick transition of her appearance effected by the change from the rich color of the cloak to the white of her dress that startled him. She realized the danger of the moment, and put her arm on his arm.

"We mustn't miss a note of it! Good-by"—and with a nod to me I next saw her far away amid the throng of dancers.

As I caught up the cloak under my arm something crackled under my fingers, and hurrying to a dark corner of the veranda I found the pocket and drew forth an envelope. My conscience, I confess, was agreeably quiescent. You may, if you wish, pronounce my conduct at several points of this narrative wholly indefensible; but I was engaged in a sincere effort to straighten out the Holbrook tangle, and Helen had openly challenged me. If I could carry this deception through successfully I believed that within a few hours I might bring Henry Holbrook to terms. As for Gillespie, he was far safer with Rosalind than with Helen. I thrust the envelope into my breast pocket and settled myself by the veranda rail, where I could look out upon the lake, and at the same time keep an eye on the ballroom.

Somewhere beneath I heard the rumble and bang of a bowling-alley above the music. Then my eyes, roaming the lake, fell upon the casino pier below. Some one was coming toward me—a girl wrapped in a long cloak who had apparently just landed from a boat. She moved swiftly toward the casino. I saw her and lost her again as she passed in and out of the light of the pier lamps. A dozen times the shadows caught her away; a dozen times the pier lights flashed upon her; and at last I was aware that it was Helen Holbrook, walking swiftly, as though upon an urgent errand. I ran down the steps and met her luckily on a deserted stretch of board walk. I was prepared for an angry outburst, but hardly for the sword-like glitter of her first words.

"This is infamous! It is outrageous! I did not believe that even you would be guilty of this!"

"I am anything you like; but please come to a place where we can talk quietly."

"I will not! I will not be tricked by you again."

"You will come along with me, at once and quietly," I said; and to my

surprise she walked up the steps beside me. As we passed the ballroom door the music climbed to its climax and ended.

"Come, let us go to the farther end of the veranda."

When we had reached a quiet corner she broke out upon me again.

"If you have done what I think you have done, what I might have known you would do, I shall punish you terribly—you and her!"

"You may punish me all you like, but you shall not punish her!" I said with her own emphasis.

"Reginald promised me some papers to-night—my father had asked me to get them for him. She does not know, this cousin of mine, what they are, what her father is! It is left for you to bring the shame upon her."

"It had better be I than you, in your present frame of mind!"—and the pity welled in my heart. I must save her from the heartache that lay in the truth. If I failed in this I should fail indeed.

"Do you want her to know that her father is a forger—a felon? That is what you are telling her, if you trick Reginald into giving her those papers he was to give me for my father!"

"She hasn't those papers. I have them. They are in my pocket, quite safe from all of you. You are altogether too vindictive, you Holbrooks! I have no intention of trusting you with such high explosives."

"Reginald shall take them away from you. He is not a child to be played with—duped in this fashion."

"Reginald is a good fellow. He will always love me for this—"

"For cheating him? Don't you suppose he will resent it? Don't you think he knows me from every other girl in the world?"

"No, I do not. In fact, I have proved that he doesn't. You see, Miss Holbrook, he gave her the documents in the case without a question."

"And she dutifully passed them on to you!"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Miss Holbrook! I took them out of her cloak pocket."

"That is quite in keeping!"

"I'm not done yet! Pardon me, but I want you to exchange cloaks with me. You shall have Reginald in a moment, and we will make sure that he is deceived by letting him take you home. You are as like as two peas—in everything except temper, humor and such trifles; but your cloaks are quite different. Please!"

"I will not!"

"Please!"

"You are despicable, despicable!"

"I am really the best friend you have in the world. Again, will you kindly exchange cloaks with me? Yours is blue, isn't it? I think Reginald knows blue from red. Ah, thank you! Now, I want you to promise to say nothing as he takes you home about papers, your father, your uncle or your aunt. You will talk to him of times when you were children at Stamford, and things like that, in a dreamy reminiscence. If he speaks of things that you don't exactly understand, refers to what he has said to your cousin here to-night, you need only fend him off; tell him the incident is closed. When I bring him to you in ten minutes it will be with the understanding that he is to take you back to St. Agatha's at once. He has his launch at the casino pier; you needn't say anything to him when you land, only that you must get home quietly, so Miss Pat shan't know you have been out. Your exits and your entrances are your own affair. Now I hope you see the wisdom of obeying me, absolutely."

"I didn't know that I could hate you so much!" she said, quietly. "But I shall not forget this. I shall let you see before I am a day older that you are not quite the master you think you are; suppose I tell him how you have played with him."

"Then before you are three hours older I shall precipitate a crisis that you will not like, Miss Holbrook. I advise you, as your best friend, to do what I ask."

She shrugged her shoulders, drew the scarlet cloak more closely about her, and I left her gazing off into the strip of wood that lay close upon the inland side of the clubhouse. I was by no means sure of her, but there was not time for further parley. I dropped the blue cloak on a chair in a corner and hurried round to the door of the ballroom, meeting Rosalind and Gillespie coming out flushed with their dance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**The Surprised Highwayman.**

A highwayman stepped out behind a fashionable young woman and hit her a tremendous blow across the side of the head with a piece of gas pipe, expecting to send her to the ground unconscious and rob her of her valuables. Imagine his surprise when, instead of a dull thud, a muffled scream and a fall to the pavement, the weapon bounded back as though it had struck a large piece of rubber and the victim of the attack turned about angrily with: "Beast! What do you mean by trying to disarrange my hair!"—Lamar (Ga.) Democrat.

## HE WANTED AN AUTO

Goitt is a man of impulses. The other night he dropped his paper, did some figuring on the back of an envelope and then announced suddenly to Mrs. Goitt: "Well, I've about decided to do it."

"Do what?" asked Mrs. Goitt, looking at him queerly; "have the plumbing fixed in the bathroom? I really think it's about time. I haven't been able to get any hot water for two weeks."

"Oh, no, no, no," corrected Goitt, with a slight frown of annoyance. "I'm not thinking about little trifling things. I'm having thoughts now on a big, broad basis. An automobile—that's what I'm going to buy. Yes, I've been riding around with some of my friends lately, and blamed if I haven't caught the fever. Things are looming up pretty good for me in a business way, considerin' that the panic's so recently over with, and I've just about made up my mind that we might as well have one of the things as anybody else. There's just this about it, though—if I buy an auto it's going to be one of these big ones about the size of a railway coach. I want a great big one that'll make people clear out same as when a passenger train's coming along, or else none at all. That's me. None of this half way business in mine."

The next night after Goitt's surprising announcement he came home and told Mrs. Goitt they would hike down to the automobile show—said he wanted to get a line on the prices.

They went. Goitt walked clear around the armory twice and then stopped in front of the most impressive, pompous appearing machine he'd found and asked the man how much it would come to, including a good tire pump, monkey wrench, oil can and screwdriver. The man, in that nonchalant tone auto agents use in quoting prices, told him how many thousand dollars it would be and offered to wrap up and deliver it right at the front door without extra cost.

"Do you know," he remarked to Mrs. Goitt, in a low tone, "I'm not sure that we wouldn't be making a mistake to get one of these great big 40,000-horsepower cars. The more I look around here, the more I get into the notion that the car to buy is one of those long slim boys like that'n over yonder." He pointed to a machine with a drab abdomen, built along the lines of a flyuptherick and called a chassis because people can be chased out of the way with it just as well as with a larger machine. Goitt sauntered over and asked how much a man had to let go of to add one of these to his chattels. The man told him. Goitt's face fell with a crash.

"Honestly," Goitt said to Mrs. Goitt a minute or so later, "the more I think about it, the nearer I come to the conclusion that the handiest little car for a man like me who isn't an expert mechanic, is one of these real neat little runabout boys that you can buy for a mere trifle. I don't seem to care for these larger cars so much now that I've made a careful examination of the working parts and talked to people that've owned 'em and had experience with 'em."

They walked down to the other end of the building and Goitt put interrogatives to a man who had a trim little car that he would sell for only a few hundred dollars.

Goitt looked at the little car once more, twirled his watch charm three or four times and drifted along with the crowd. "By Jingo," said he to his wife, "did you read that doctor said the other day in one of the papers about people not walking enough? I'm a son of a gun if I don't believe he's right. That's one trouble with automobiles. If a man owns an auto he'll want to ride in it, and won't walk enough to get sufficient exercise to insure proper digestion and good health. I've heard several doctors say that same thing and I believe there's a lot of truth in it. Why—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Goitt, "these automobile agents and the rest of the folks that ride in machines and never walk a step don't look very unhealthy. They're the ruddiest, healthiest looking lot of people I ever saw. I've just been noticing them this evening."

"Well," replied Goitt, "these doctors that say people don't walk enough must know what they're talking about or else they wouldn't say such things. Why would a doctor tell people to take more exercise and get big and husky and full of good health if it wasn't so? Well, seems to be about time for 'em to close up here. Better hustle up street and catch our car before the crowd all gets out of here."

On the car Goitt added two or three supplementary observations.

"After all," says he, "street car riding has its advantages. Here we sit free from responsibility, with a motorman out there in front to have all the bother of looking out for other cars ahead and vehicles at cross streets, and all such like. Must be a pretty tiresome job to sit up behind a steering wheel and drive an automobile all day long. 'Tisn't near as much of a cinch as sitting here with a newspaper in your hand and letting somebody else do all the work."

Mrs. Goitt was sitting back silently tapping her lips with a little wad of a handkerchief the size of a Red Cross stamp and looking more and more like a woman who nourished a great secret sorrow.

But when he got home Goitt said mebbe he'd slip down and take an other look.

## DOG KILLS BULL IN HOUR'S FIGHT

CANINE AND KING OF BOVINE HERD IN BATTLE TO DEATH.

### GETS FATAL GRIP ON THROAT

Bulldog Skillfully Evades Mad Rushes of Larger Animal and Awaits Opportunity to Get His Favorite Hold.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—After one of the most desperate battles ever fought between two animals, a bull dog killed a mad bull near here a few days ago. The struggle lasted an hour.

Both dog and bull belonged to A. B. Hawkins, who with other members of his family witnessed the desperate encounter.

The animals had been together on the farm for some time and there was no thought of a battle between them. Hawkins was feeding his stock and the dog, as usual, was at his side. Among the cattle was a monster bull. The king of the bovine herd never had shown a tendency to be cross until the morning of the battle, when Hawkins struck him with a whip. This aroused the bull's fighting spirit and he charged the farmer. Hawkins escaped through the gate leading to the feeding pen as the dog rushed to his rescue.

Snapping at the heels of the bull, the dog brought blood and turned the big beast from his intended prey just as Hawkins slammed the gate.

Fearing the fight would terminate fatally and not wanting to lose either animal, Hawkins attempted to call the dog off. Jack, the bulldog, had no intention of giving up after once being charged by the bull, and he remained in the fray.

With lowered head the bull belloyed a challenge and the dog stood awaiting the attack. The bull rushed madly, but the dog leaped aside. Again and again the bull tried to impale Jack on his horns or crush him against the ground. The dog skillfully eluded the charges of the enraged bull.

Growing more furious as each charge failed, the bull tore at the brave dog with roars of anger. Other animals in the herd took up the challenge, but still Jack stood his ground.

By this time, other members of the family had reached the scene. The children wept, fearing their pet dog would be trampled to death. Jack knew his business, however, and paid no attention to the commands of Hawkins and the others. Once a horn struck him lightly on the side. Then the dog charged. He grabbed the bull near the jaw, but the great animal shook him off. A great piece of the bull's flesh was firmly clutched in the dog's teeth. The taste of blood aroused the canine instinct for battle and the dog tried again. Blood was flowing

from the great wound in the bull's jaw and as he shook his head in rage the life fluid covered the dog.

Crouching low, the dog awaited the bull's next attack. As the animal rushed, Jack sprang to meet the charge. This time his teeth reached the proper spot. Into the throat of his huge foe the dog sank his fangs. With a growl, the first sound he had uttered during the fierce encounter, Jack hung on.

All efforts on the part of the bull to shake the dog off were futile. The bull reared, lifting Jack from the ground. The master of the herd tried to paw the dog off, but it was useless. Jack had a death hold and knew it.

Commands of the master and the little playmates were alike unheeded. The dog was there to fight to the death and nothing less than the bull's life would satisfy him. The attempts of the bull to shake off the dog grew weaker and weaker, and finally the big animal sank to his knees. Jack hung on. Then the bull rolled over on his side. Blood was flowing in a stream. The dog was nearly choked, but would not let go. At last with a shudder the bull gave up and Hawkins rushed into the pen. With great difficulty he pried open the jaws of the dog. The bull was dead.



The Dog Skillfully Eluded the Bull's Charges.

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