

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
**MEREDITH
NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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, summing 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 suitor, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared 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 Hartbridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left angrily. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with Eliza. 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 Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted coming 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.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

It was plain that he saw nothing out of the way in thus conniving with Helen Holbrook against her aunt, and that he had not been struck by the enormity of the girl's conduct in taking money from him. He drew in his canoe as I debated with myself what to do with him.

"You've got to leave the lake," I said. "You've got to go."

"Then I'm going, thank you!"

He sprang into the canoe, driving it far out of my reach; his paddle splashed, and he was gone.

"Is that you, sir?" called Ijima behind me. "I thought I heard some one talking."

"It is nothing, Ijima."

CHAPTER X.

The Flutter of a Handkerchief.
The next morning at eight o'clock I sent a note to Miss Pat, asking if she and the other ladies of her house would not take breakfast with me at nine; and she replied, on her quaint visiting card, in an old-fashioned hand, that she and Helen would be glad to come, but that Sister Margaret begged to be excused. It had been in my mind from the first to ask them to dine at Glenarm, and now I wished to see this girl, to test, weigh, study her, as soon as possible after her meeting with Gillespie. I wished to see how she would bear herself before her aunt and me with that dark transaction on her conscience.

Breakfast seems to be, in common experience, the most difficult meal of the day, and yet that hour hangs in memory still as one of the brightest I ever spent. The table was set on the terrace, and its white napery, the best Glenarm silver and crystal, and a bowl of red roses still dewy from the night, all blended coolly with the morning. As the strawberries were passed I felt that the little table had brought us together in a new intimacy. It was delightful to sit face to face with Miss Pat, and not less agreeable to have at my right hand this bewildering girl, whose eyes laughed at me when I sought shame in their depths. Miss Pat poured the coffee, and when I took my cup I felt that it carried benediction with it. I was glad to see her so at peace with the world, and her heart was not older, I could have sworn, than the roses before her.

"I shall refuse to leave when my 'time is up!' she declared. "Do you think you could spend a winter here, Helen?"

"I should love it!" the girl replied. "It would be perfectly splendid to watch the seasons march across the lake. We can both enroll ourselves at St. Agatha's as post-graduate students, and take a special course in weather here."

"If I didn't sometimes hear trains passing Annandale," she might, I should forget that there's a great busy world of there somewhere," said Miss Pat. "I am ashamed of myself for having been so long discovering this spot. Except one journey to California, I was never west of Philadelphia until I came here."

Helen stood by the line of scarlet geraniums that marked the balustrade, at a point whence the best view of the lake was obtainable—her hands clasped behind her, her head turned slightly.

"There is no one quite like her!" exclaimed Miss Pat.

"She is beautiful!" I acquiesced. Miss Pat talked on quickly, as though our silence might cause Helen to turn and thus deprive us of the picture.

"Should you like to look over the house?" I asked a little later, when Helen had come back to the table. "It is said to be one of the finest houses in Interior America, and there are some good pictures."

"We should be very glad," said Miss Pat; and Helen murmured assent.



"There is No One Quite Like Her!"

affairs. We must not tax his generosity too far."

"And we are going to send some letters off to-day. If it isn't asking too much, I should like to drive to the village later," said Miss Pat.

"Yes; and I should like a paper of pins and a new magazine," said Helen, a little, a very little eagerness in her tone.

"Certainly. The stable is at your disposal, and our entire marine."

"But we must see the Glenarm pictures first," said Miss Pat, and we went at once into the great cool house, coming at last to the gallery on the third floor.

"Whistler!" Miss Pat exclaimed in delight before the famous "Lady in the Gray Cloak." "I thought that picture was owned in England."

"It was; but old Mr. Glenarm had to have it. That Meissonier is supposed to be in Paris, but you see it's here."

"It's wonderful!" said Miss Pat. She returned to the Whistler and studied it with rapt attention, and I stood by, enjoying her pleasure. Helen had passed on while Miss Pat hung upon the Whistler.

"How beautifully those draperies are suggested, Helen! That is one of the best of all his things."

But Helen was not beside her, as she had thought. There were several recesses in the room, and I thought the girl had stepped into one of these, but just then I saw her shadow outside.

"Miss Holbrook is on the balcony," I said.

"Oh, very well. We must go," she replied, quietly, but lingered before the picture.

I left Miss Pat and crossed the room to the balcony. As I approached one of the doors I saw Helen, standing tiptoe for greater height, slowly raise and lower her handkerchief thrice, as though signaling to some one on the water.

I laughed outright as I stepped beside her.

"It's better to be a picture than to look at one, Miss Holbrook! Allow me!"

In her confusion she had dropped her handkerchief, and when I returned it she slipped it into her cuff with a murmur of thanks. A flash of anger lighted her eyes and she colored slightly; but she was composed in an instant. And, looking off beyond the water-tower, I was not surprised to see the Stiletto quite near our shore, her white sails flapping lazily in the scant wind. A tiny flag flashed recognition and answer to the girl's signal, and was hauled down at once.

We were both silent as we watched it; then I turned to the girl, who bent her head a moment, tucking the handkerchief a trifle more securely into her sleeve. She smiled quizzically, with a compression of the lips.

"The view here is fine, isn't it?"

We regarded each other with entire good humor. I heard Miss Pat within, slowly crossing the bare floor of the gallery.

"You are incomparable!" I exclaimed. "Verily, a daughter of Janus has come among us!"

"The best pictures are outdoors, after all," commented Miss Pat; and after a further ramble about the house they returned to St. Agatha's, whence we were to drive together to Annandale in half an hour.

I went to the stone water-tower and scanned the movements of the Stiletto with a glass while I waited. The sloop was tacking slowly away toward Annandale, her skipper managing his sheet with an expert hand. It may have been the ugly business in which the pretty toy was engaged, or it may have been the lazy deliberation of her oblique progress over the water, but I felt then and afterward that there was something sinister in every line of the Stiletto. The more I deliberated the less certain I became of anything that pertained to the Holbrooks; and I tested my memory by repeating the alphabet and counting ten, to make sure that my wits were still equal to such exercises.

We drove into Annandale without incident and with no apparent timidity on Miss Pat's part. Helen was all amiability and cheer. I turned perforce to address her now and then, and to find that the lurking smile about her lips, and a challenging light in her eyes, woke no resentment in me.

I left Miss Pat and Helen at the general store while I sought the hardware merchant with a list of trifles required for Glenarm. I was detained some time longer than I had expected, and in leaving I stood for a moment on the platform before the shop, gossiping with the merchant of village affairs. I glanced down the street to see if the ladies had appeared, and observed at the same time my team and wagon standing at the curb in charge of the driver, just as I had left them.

While I still talked to the merchant, Helen came out of the general store, glanced hurriedly up and down the street, and crossed quickly to the post-office, which lay opposite. I watched her as I made my adieux to the shopkeeper, and just then I witnessed something that interested me at once. Within the open door of the post-office the Italian sailor lounged idly. Helen carried a number of letters in her hand, and as she entered the post-office—I was sure my eyes played me no trick—deftly, almost imperceptibly, an envelope passed from her hand to the Italian's. He stood immovable, as he had been, while the girl passed on into the office. She reappeared at once, recrossed the street and met her aunt at the door of the general store. I rejoined them, and as we all met by the waiting trap the Italian left the post-office and strolled slowly away toward the lake.

I was not sure whether Miss Pat saw him. If she did she made no sign, but began describing with much amusement an odd countryman she had seen in the shop.

"You mailed our letters, did you, Helen? Then I believe we have quite finished. Mr. Donovan. I like your little village; I'm disposed to love everything about this beautiful lake."

"Yes; even the town hall, where the Old Georgia Minstrels seem to have appeared for one night only, some time last December, is a shrine worthy of pilgrimages," remarked Helen. "And postage stamps cost no more here than in Stamford. I had really expected that they would be a trifle dearer."

I laughed rather more than was required, for those wonderful eyes of hers were filled with something akin to honest fun. She was proud of herself, and was even flushed the least bit with her success.

As we passed the village pier I saw the Stiletto lying at the edge of the inlet that made a miniature harbor for the village, and, rowing swiftly toward it, his oars flashing brightly, was the Italian, still plainly in sight. Whether Miss Pat saw the boat and ignored it, or failed to see, I did not know, for when I turned she was studying the cover of a magazine that lay in her lap. Helen fell to talking vivaciously of the contrasts between American and English landscape; and so we drove back to St. Agatha's.

Thereafter, for the matter of ten days, nothing happened. I brought the ladies of St. Agatha's often to Glenarm, and we went forth together constantly by land and water without interruption. They received and dispatched letters, and nothing marred the quiet order of their lives. The Stiletto vanished from my horizon, and lay so Ijima learned for me, within the farther lake. Henry Holbrook had, made no doubt, gone away with the draft Helen had secured from Gillespie, and of Gillespie himself I heard nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

The Carnival of Canoes.

I had dined alone and was lounging about the grounds when I heard voices near the Glenarm wall. There was no formal walk there, and my steps were silenced by the turf. The heavy scent of flowers from within gave me a hint of my whereabouts; there was, I remembered, at this point on the school lawn a rustic bench embowered in honeysuckle, and Miss Pat and Helen were, I surmised, taking their coffee there. I started away, thinking to enter by the gate and join them, when Helen's voice rose angrily—there was no mistaking it, and she said in a tone that rang oddly on my ears:

"But you are unkind to him! You are unjust! It is not fair to blame father for his ill fortune."

"That is true, Helen; but it is not your father's ill fortune that I hold against him. All I ask of him is to be sane reasonable, to change his manner of life, and to come to me in a spirit of fairness."

"But he is proud, just as you are; and Uncle Arthur ruined him! It was not father, but Uncle Arthur, who brought all these hideous things upon us."

I passed rapidly on, and resumed my walk elsewhere. It was a sad business, the shadowy father; the criminal uncle, who had, as Helen said, brought ruin upon them all; the sweet, motherly, older sister, driven in desperation to hide; and, not less melancholy, this beautiful girl, the pathos of whose position had struck me increasingly. Perhaps Miss Pat was too severe, and I half accused her of I know not what crimes of rapacity and greed for withholding her brother's money; then I set my teeth hard into my pipe as my slumbering loyalty to Miss Pat warmed my heart again.

"It's the night of the carnival, sir," Ijima reminded me, seeking me at the water-tower.

"Very good, Ijima. You needn't lock the boathouse. I may go out later."

The cottagers at Port Annandale hold once every summer a canoe fete, and this was the appointed night. I was in no mood for gaiety of any sort, but it occurred to me that I might relieve the strained relations between Helen and her aunt by taking them out to watch the procession of boats. I passed through the gate and took a turn or two, not to appear to know of the whereabouts of the women, and to my surprise met Miss Pat walking alone.

She greeted me with her usual kindness, but I knew that I had broken upon sad reflections. Helen was not in sight, but I strolled back and forth with Miss Pat, thinking the girl might appear.

"I had a note from Father Stoddard to-day," said Miss Pat.

"I congratulate you," I laughed. "He doesn't honor me."

"He's much occupied," she remarked, defensively; "and I suppose he doesn't indulge in many letters. Mine was only ten lines long, not more!"

"Father Stoddard feels that he has a mission in the world, and he has little time for people like us, who have food, clothes and drink in plenty. He gives his life to the hungry, unclothed and thirsty."

And now, quite abruptly, Miss Pat spoke of her brother.

"Has Henry gone?"

"Yes; he left ten days ago."

She nodded several times, then looked at me and smiled.

"You have frightened him off! I am grateful to you!"—and I was glad in my heart that she did not know that Gillespie's money had sent him away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Defect in Steel Ships.
Steel ships are more easily penetrated by rams, ricks, etc., than the old wooden bottoms.

American City Leads All.
New York has more money invested in better hotels and theaters than any other city in the world.



The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds himself regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."



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WE ABSOLUTELY FRAZIER'S DISTEMPER CURE GUARANTEE TO CURE AND PREVENT this loathsome disease of horses. It is a sure cure for any case of Distemper, Colic, Pinkie, Epizootic, Shipping Fever, Gonorrhoea, Colic, etc. One bottle, Free Horse Booklet on request. \$1.00 bottle holds three 6-cent bottles. Sold by druggists or prepared from 30¢ of

BINKLEY MEDICAL CO., Napanee, Ind.

A SPECIAL ORDER.



Divorced Woman—I like that doll very much, only I wish you could arrange it so that instead of saying Papa and Mamma, it would only say, Mamma.—Lustige Woche.

Not Appropriate.
Senator Beveridge was replying at a dinner in Washington to a defender of the sugar trust.

"You remind me of a man at his brother's funeral. This man bent over the grave and closely watched the lowering of the coffin down into the clean-cut rectangular chamber prepared for it. He heaved a sigh as the coffin came to a rest, and said to the undertaker heartily:

"It's the neatest fit I ever saw in my life. Come and have a drink on the head of it."—Sunday Magazine of the Cleveland Leader.

Not Willing to Commit Himself.

The teacher had called upon Freddie Brown to give an illustration of the proper manner in which to compare the adjective "clean."

"Mother is clean," said he falteringly, "father is—cleaner—" Here he paused.

"And," prompted the teacher. Freddie was still silent and very thoughtful.

"Haven't you some other relative?" asked the teacher, smiling.

"Oh, yes," replied Freddie, "there's auntie—but I ain't sure about her!"

Storm Episode.
Two handsome young women, becomingly dressed, slipped and fell together in the slushy pool of the crossing. They arose wet and angry.

"Wring out, wild belles!" commented an observer, such an addition of insult to injury being condoned by all who overheard.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Thinking of Garden Time.

Bacon—I think much of the man who can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

Egbert—I've not got my eye on him. I admire more the man who can make only one weed grow where a dozen grew before.

Called Her Bluff.

"He's a brute!"

"What has he been doing now?"

"I threatened to leave him and he told me he would button my gown up the back if I would hurry."—Houston Post.

CHANGE THE VIBRATION

It Makes for Health.

A man tried leaving off meat, potatoes, coffee, and etc., and adopted a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts with cream, some crisp toast and a cup of Postum.

His health began to improve at once for the reason that a meat eater will reach a place once in a while where his system seems to become clogged and the machinery doesn't work smoothly.

A change of this kind puts aside food of low nutritive value and takes up food and drink of the highest value, already partly digested and capable of being quickly changed into good, rich blood and strong tissue.

A most valuable feature of Grape-Nuts is the natural phosphate of potash grown in the grains from which it is made. This is the element which transforms albumen in the body into the soft gray substance which fills brain and nerve centers.

A few days' use of Grape-Nuts will give one a degree of nervous strength well worth the trial.

Look in pkgs for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WESTERN CANADA

What Governor DeWolfe, of Illinois, Says About It:

Governor DeWolfe, of Illinois, says: "I have seen the West, and I have seen the future of the West. It is a land of opportunity, and it is a land of hope. It is a land where the future is bright, and where the future is bright."

60 ACRES
WESTERN CANADA
FREE

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Western Canada produces for 1909 will yield 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, or \$170,000,000 in cash.

Free Homesteads in the West, and pre-emption of 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. In the West, the Land Commission has land for sale at reasonable prices, and the Government has paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop.

For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to obtainable location and low settlers' rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Ont., or to Canadian Gov't Agent.

J. S. Crawford, 125W. W. St., Kansas City, Mo.; C. J. Brant, 412 Michigan, Leas & Trust Building, Chicago, Illinois.

For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, have the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof.
Mr. A. W. Price, Fredonia, Kans., says: "We have used Sloan's Liniment for a year, and find it an excellent thing for sore throat, chest pains, colds, and hay fever attacks. A few drops taken on sugar stops coughing and sneezing instantly."

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