

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
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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 Laurence Donovan, a writer, summing near Port Annapolis. 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. 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. Gillespie 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 \$500 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 averred 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 erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. Thus Helen's supposed duplicity was explained. Helen visited Donovan.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"Yes; but it is a mere coincidence. It was a good hiding place for him, as well as for us."

"It is very unfortunate for all of us that he should be here. I had hoped he would bury himself where he would never be heard of again!" she said, and anger burned for a moment in her face. "If he has any shame left, I should think he would leave here at once!"

"It's to be remembered, Miss Holbrook, that he came first; and I am quite satisfied that your father sought him here before you and your aunt came to Annapolis. It seems to me the equity lies with your uncle—the creek as a hiding place belongs to him by right of discovery."

She smiled ready agreement to this, and I felt that she had come to win support for some plan of her own. She had never been more amiable; certainly she had never been lovelier.

"You are quite right. We had all of us better go and leave him in peace. What is it he does there—runs a ferry or manages a boathouse?"

"He is a canoe-maker," I said, dryly, "with more than a local reputation."

Her tone changed at once.

"I'm glad I'm very glad he has escaped from his old ways; for all our sakes," she added, with a little sigh. "And poor Rosalind! You may not know that he has a daughter. She is about a year younger than I. She must have had a sad time of it. I was named for her mother and she for mine. If you should meet her, Mr. Donovan, I wish you would tell her how sorry I am not to be able to see her. But Aunt Pat must not know that Uncle Arthur is here. I think she has tried to forget him, and her troubles with my father have effaced everything else. I hope you will manage that, for me; that Aunt Pat shall not know that Uncle Arthur and Rosalind are here. It could only distress her. It would be opening a book that she believes closed forever."

Her solicitude for her aunt's peace of mind, spoken with eyes averted and in a low tone, lacked nothing.

"I have seen your cousin," I said. "I saw her, in fact, this morning."

"Rosalind? Then you can tell me whether—whether I am really so like her as they used to think!"

"You are rather like!" I replied lightly. "But I shall not attempt to tell you how. It would not do—it would involve particulars that might prove embarrassing. There are times when even I find discretion better than frankness."

"You wish to save my feelings," she laughed. "But I am really taller!"

"By an inch—she told me that!"

"Then you have seen her more than once?"

"Yes; more than twice even."

"Then you must tell me wherein we are alike; I should really like to know."

"I have told you I can't; it's beyond my poor powers. I will tell you this, though—"

"Well?"

"That I think you both delightful." I am disappointed in you, I thought you a man of courage, Mr. Donovan.



"Don't Say 'Must Not' to Me, if You Please!"

garet, and was silent for a moment, while the old clock on the stair boomed out the half-hour and was answered cheerily by the pretty tinkle of the chapel chime. I counted four poppy leaves that fluttered free from a bowl on the book shelf above her head and lastly fell to the floor at her feet.

"I had hoped," she said, "that we were good friends, Mr. Donovan."

"I have believed that we were, Miss Holbrook."

"You must see that this situation must terminate, that we are now at a crisis. You can understand—I need not tell you—how fully my sympathies lie with my father; it could not be otherwise."

"That is only natural. I have nothing to say on that point."

"And you can understand, too, that it has not been easy for me to be dependent upon Aunt Pat. You don't know—I have no intention of talking against her—but you can't blame me for thinking her hard—a little hard on my father."

I nodded.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that you should have these troubles, Miss Holbrook."

"I know you are," she replied, eagerly, and her eyes brightened. "Your sympathy has meant so much to Aunt Pat and me. And now, before worse things happen—"

"Worse things must not happen!"

"Then we must put an end to it all, Mr. Donovan. There is only one way. My father will never leave here until Aunt Pat has settled with him. And it is his right to demand it," she hurried on. "I would have you know that he is not as black as he has been painted. He has been his own worst enemy; and Uncle Arthur's ill doings must not be charged to him. But he has been wrong, terribly wrong, in his conduct toward Aunt Pat. I do not deny that, and he does not. But it is only a matter of money, and Aunt Pat has plenty of it; and there can be no question of honor between Uncle Arthur and father. It was Uncle Arthur's act that caused all this trouble; father has told me the whole story. Quite likely father would make no good use of his money—I will grant that. But think of the strain of these years on all of us; think of what it has meant to me, to have this cloud hanging over my life! It is dreadful—beyond any words it is hideous; and I can't stand it any longer, not another week—not another day! It must end now and here."

Her tear-filled eyes rested upon me pleadingly, and a sob caught her throat as she tried to go on.

"But—" I began.

"Please—please—" she broke in, touching her handkerchief to her eyes and smiling appealingly. "I am asking very little of you, after all."

"Yes, it is little enough, but it seems to me a futile interference. If your father would go to her himself, if you would take him to her—that strikes me as the better strategy of the matter."

"Then am I to understand that you will not help; that you will not do this for us—for me?"

"I am sorry to have to say so, Miss Holbrook," I replied, steadily.

"Then I regret that I shall have to go further; I must appeal to you as a

personal matter purely. It is not easy; but if we are really very good friends—"

She glanced toward Sister Margaret, then rose and walked out upon the terrace.

"You will hate me—" she began, smiling wanly, the tears bright in her eyes; and she knew that it was not easy to hate her. "I have taken money from Mr. Gillespie, for my father, since I came here. It is a large sum, and when my father left here he went away to spend it—to waste it. It is all gone, and worse than gone. I must pay that back—I must not be under obligations to Mr. Gillespie. It was wrong, it was very wrong of me, but I was distracted, half crazed by my father's threats of violence against Aunt Pat—against us all. I am sure that you can see how I came to do it. And now you are my friend; will you help me?" and she broke off, smiling, tearful, her back to the balustrade, her hand at her side lightly touching it.

She had confidence, I thought, in the power of tears, as she slipped her handkerchief into her sleeve and waited for me to answer.

"Of course Mr. Gillespie only loaned you the money to help you over a difficulty; in some way that must be cared for. I like him; he is a fellow of good impulses. I repeat that I believe this matter can be arranged readily enough, by yourself and your father. My intrusion would only make a worse muddle of your affairs. Send for your father and let him go to your aunt in the right spirit; and I believe that an hour's talk will settle everything."

"You seem to have misunderstood my purpose in coming here, Mr. Donovan," she answered, coldly. "I asked your help, not your advice. I have even thrown myself on your mercy, and you tell me to do what you know is impossible."

"Nothing is so impossible as the present attitude of your father. Until that is changed your aunt would be doing your father a great injury by giving him this money."

"And as for me—" and her eyes blazed—"as for me," she said, choking with anger, "after I have opened this page of my life to you and you have given me your fatherly advice—as for me, I will show you, and Aunt Pat and all of them, that what cannot be done one way may be done in another. If I say the word and let the law take its course with my uncle—that man who brought all these troubles upon us—you may have the joy of knowing that it was your fault—your fault, Mr. Donovan!"

"I beg of you, do nothing! If you will not bring your father to Miss Pat, please let me arrange the meeting."

"He will not listen to you. He looks upon you as a meddler; and so do I, Mr. Donovan!"

"But your uncle—you must not, you would not!" I cried, terror-struck to see how fate drew her toward the pitfall from which I hoped to save her.

"Don't say 'must not' to me, if you please!" she flung back; but when she reached the door she turned and said calmly, though her eyes still blazed:

"I suppose it is not necessary for me to ask that you consider what I have said to confidential."

"It is quite unnecessary," I said, not

knowing whether I loved or pitied her most; and my wits were busy trying to devise means of saving her the headache her ignorance held in store for her.

She called to Sister Margaret in her brightest tone, and when I had walked with them to St. Agatha's gate she bade me good-by with quite as demure and Christian an air as the sister herself.

CHAPTER XX.

The Touch of Dishonor.

I was meditating my course over a cheerless luncheon when Gillespie was announced. He lounged into the dining room, drew his chair to the table and covered a biscuit with camembert with his usual inscrutable air.

"I think it is better," he said deliberately, "to be an ass than a fool. Have you any views on the subject?"

"None, my dear Buttons. I have been called both by shrewd men."

"So have I, if the worst were known, and they offered proof! Ah, more and more I see that we were born for each other, Donovan. I was once so impressed with the notion that to be a fool was to be distinguished that I conceived the idea of forming a Noble Order of Serene and Incurable Fools. I elected myself the grand and most worthy master, feeling safe from competition. News of the matter having gone forth, many persons of the highest standing wrote to me, recommending their friends for membership. My correspondence soon engaged three typewriters, and I was obliged to get the post-office department to help me break the chain. A few humble souls applied on their own hook for consideration. These I elected and placed in the first class. You would be surprised to know how many people who are chronic joiners wrote in absent-mindedly for application blanks, fearing to be left out of a good thing. United States senators were rather common on the list, and there were three governors; a bishop wrote to propose a brother bishop, of whose merits he spoke in the warmest terms. Many newspapers declared that the society filled a long-felt want. I received invitations to speak on the uses and benefits of the order from many learned bodies. The thing began to bore me, and when my official stationery was exhausted I issued a farewell address to my troops and dissolved the society. But it's a great gratification to me, my dear Donovan, that we quit with a waiting list."

"There are times, Buttons, when you cease to divert me. I'm likely to be very busy for a few days. Just what can I do for you this afternoon?"

"Look here, old man, you're not angry?"

"No; I'm rarely angry; but I'm often bored."

"Then your brutal insinuation shall not go unrewarded. Let me proceed. But first, how are your ribs?"

"Sore and a trifle stiff, but I'm comfortable, thanks."

"As I understand matters, Irishman, there is no real difference between you and me except in the matter of a certain lady. Otherwise we might combine our forces in the interest of these unhappy Holbrooks."

"You are quite right. You came here to say something; go on and be done with it."

He deftly covered another biscuit with the cheese, of whose antiquity he complained sadly.

"I say, Donovan, between old soldier friends, what were you doing up there on the creek last night?"

"Studying the landscape effects by starlight. It's a habit of mine. Your own presence there might need accounting for, if you don't mind."

"I will be square about it. I met Helen quite accidentally as I left this house, and she wanted to see her father. I took her over there, and we found Henry. He was up to some mischief—you may know what it was. Something had gone wrong with him, and he was in all kinds of a bad humor. Unfortunately, you got the benefit of some of it."

"I will supply you a link in the night's affairs. Henry had been to see his brother Arthur."

Gillespie's face fell, and I saw that he was greatly surprised.

"Humph! Helen didn't tell me that."

"The reason Henry came here was to look for his brother. That's how he reached this place ahead of Miss Pat and Helen. And I have learned something—it makes no difference how, but it was not from the ladies at St. Agatha's—I learned last night that the key of this whole situation is in your own hands, Gillespie. Your father was swindled by the Holbrooks; which Holbrook?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

English as She Is Spoken.
Meeker—I'm going to apply for a divorce.

Bleeker—What's the trouble?
Meeker—Oh, my wife's a regular shrew; she beats the children and makes my life a burden.

Bleeker—You don't say! She certainly doesn't look that kind.
Meeker—Great Scott, man! You don't call that kind, do you?

FIGHTERS IN THE MAJORITY

Veteran Member of Congregation Was Tired of Part He Had Been Playing.

Representative Harry Maynard of Virginia tells the story of how a religious old negro in his district put a stop to the exercise of Christian charity in the congregation of which he was a member. It seems that it was a practise in the church to excommunicate for one year any member who had been guilty of a "blood fight"—that is, any man who had attacked another with a pistol or a razor.

At the end of the year, if the offender wished reinstatement, he could go to the "mourners' bench," rise and declare his repentance, and be forgiven by the congregation. This went on for many years. At last a young darky, who had been in a particularly objectionable broil appeared for reinstatement. The pastor made an eloquent appeal to the congregation and everybody began to shout and say "Amen."

It was at this point that the old negro arose and said hotly:

"Look hyah, pahson; eber since I been a membuh of dis congergashun, dar ain' been nothin' but fightin' an' fuhgivin'—an' I been doing all de fuhgivin'. I've tired of it!"

That broke up the meeting.—Popular Magazine.

Diplomacy.

Here is a story about a diplomatic negro waiter; also about two well-known Kansas men, who can go by the names of Smith and Jones, just to tell the yarn.

Smith and Jones look much alike and are frequently taken for each other. One day Smith was in a certain big hotel not a thousand miles from Kansas City and went into the dining room for dinner. The negro waiter busily brushed off the crumbs and said: "Why, how is you, Mr. Jones, how is you? I's glad to see you. I hasn't seen you since I waited on your table when you all used to have a little game upstairs."

"I'm afraid you are mistaken," said Smith, very quickly. "My name isn't Jones. You have the wrong man."

"Nuff said; nuff said," smiled the negro, with much bowing and scraping. "Ah knows all right when to keep mah mouf shet; Ah knows all right, Mr. Jones."—Kansas City Journal.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one remedial disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the constitution and causing the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and causing nature to do its work. The proprietors have much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Women have obtained the right to vote in Krain, a province of Austria. They will be allowed to cast their ballots in person and not by proxy. There is, however, one limitation imposed on them. A special time of the day has been allotted to them for the exercise of this right.

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"Well, as near as I can make out he is matrimonial agent for his two daughters."—Stray Stories.

The expert accountant who is called in to balance a set of books never figures on having a steady job.

A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy.—Ruskin.

To court one's sweetheart is a delight, but to court one's wife is more so, and less expensive.

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A smile that won't come off soon becomes monotonous.

SURELY NO PLACE FOR HER

In the Presence of Such Magic There Seemed But One Thing for Maid to Do.

Prof. Percival Lowell, the eminent Martian astronomer, said in a recent interview in New York:

"The Martian canals are not Panama canals. The word 'canals,' you know, really means 'lines.' It shouldn't be taken literally, as the servant girl in Boston took the parlor magle."

"An amateur magician in a Beacon street house was going through his tricks while a maid passed in and out with refreshments."

"The magician was reading letters placed under a rug as the maid brought in a tray of lemon ices."

"What is this?" a spectator asked.

"That is B," the magician answered; and, sure enough, his answer was correct.

"The maid looked with astonishment at the letter which had been hidden under the thick rug. She turned her gaze on the handsome young magician who had read it. Then, setting down her tray of ices, she hid her rosy face in her hands and ran out of the room."

"What's the good o' me clothes?" she cried.

A Young Diplomat.

Johnny—Going to Sunday school?
Tommy—Nope; it might stir up harsh and bitter feeling between denominations.

Strictly Accurate.

Lawyer—So you say the defendant pushed you against your will?
Witness—No, sir; I said he pushed me against the door.

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