ROSE IN DAT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her sister, have been entrusted to the care of Mrs. Lucy Posyton, a widow, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Holbrook's father, a wealthy retired M. P., feared lest the girls, both beautiful, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened them. Donovan, a detective, and supposed an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, Miss Helen's fiancé, and Miss Holbrook's sister, Miss Rosalind, and her fiancé meet on friendly terms. Donovan is also observed going in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Donovan, who is in love with Miss Helen, is her father, who did them both a good turn. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the dark. Miss Helen's sister, Rosalind, and her fiancé, Reginald Gillespie, engaged and bound in a mysterious relationship with Baroness Pulitzo and Holbrook. He released Miss Helen from her engagement to Gillespie, and Miss Helen's young friend Rosalind a "voice" appealed to Donovan for help. Donovan, who had been on Mrs. Posyton's books as a boarder, disappeared. Miss Helen went to Red Gate. At the same moment Miss Donovan found the brothers Arthur and Henry Holbrook, Miss Holbrook's uncles, in a reconciliation. Holbrook's apparent Arthur averted a murder.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"I am grateful to you. Please turn all your trouble over to me."

"You did what I asked you to do," she said, "when I had no right to ask, but I was afraid of what might happen here. It is all right now and we are going away; we must leave at once."

"But I shall see you again."

"No! You have—you have—Helen. You don't know me at all!" You will find your mistake to-morrow."

She was moving toward the steps that led up to the house. Donovan still in the path, heard her laughing, a little hysterically, in her relief that her father had come off unscathed.

"Then you must let me find it out to-morrow; I will come to-morrow before you go."

"No! No! This is good-by," she said. "You would not be so unkind as to stay, when it means so trouble, and there is so much to do!"

We were at the foot of the stairway, and I heard the door near map shut. "Good night, Rosalind!"

"Good-by; and thank you!" she whispered.

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Night Ended.

As my horse whinnied and I turned into the wood a man walked boldly toward me.

"My dear Donovan, I have been consoling your horse during your absence. It's a bad habit we have fallen into of wandering about at night. I lend your dinner, but you were rather too anxious to get rid of me. I came to bear myself!"

Gillespie touched the ashes from his pipe and thrust it into his pocket. I was in no frame of mind for talk with him, a fact that seemed to surprise me.

"It's late, for a fact," he continued; "and we both ought to be in bed; but our various affairs require discussion."

"What are you doing over here?" demanded.

"Well, to tell the truth—"

"You'd better!"

"To tell the truth, my dear Donovan, since I left your hospitable board I have been deeply perplexed over some inquiries into matters of human conduct. Are you interested in human types? Have you ever noticed the man who summons all porters and waiters by the generic name of George? The same in itself is respectable enough, nor is its generic use pernicious—a matter of habit only—but the same man may be identified otherwise by strong traits, as examining the cabinet pudding, the chocolate ice-cream and the fruit in the course of a chastening American bill of fare, after partaking impartially of the preliminary fish. But what I have to do with the federal with hotel clerks, affectionate with chambermaids and all the pretty girls are Nellie to him. Types, my dear Donovan!"

"That's enough! I want to know what you are doing and in my anger I shook him by the shoulders.

"Well, if you must have it, after I started to the village I changed my mind about going, and I was anxious to see whether Holbrook was really there; so I got a launch and came over. I stopped at the island but saw no one there, and I came up the creek till I grounded; then I struck inland, looking for the road. It might save us both embarrassment, Irishman, if we give notice of each other's intentions, particularly at night, and know about thinking you might appear, and—"

"You are a poor liar, Buttons. You didn't come here alone!"—and I dared my weary wits hard in an effort to account for his unexpected appearance.

"All is lost; I am discovered," he spoked.

He had himself freed my horse: I now took the rein and refastened it to the tree.

"Well, inexplicable Donovan!"

I laughed, pleased to find that my delay caused him alarm. It gave comfort that he was not abroad at this hour for nothing, and it again occurred to me that we were on different sides of the matter. My weariness fell from me like a cloak, as the events of the past hour flashed fresh in my mind.

"Now," I said, dropping the rein and patting the horse's nose for a moment, "you may go with me or you may sit here; but if you would avoid trouble don't try to interfere with me."

I did not doubt that he had been sent to watch me; and his immediate purpose seemed to be to detain me.

I had hoped you would sit down and talk over the Monroe Doctrine, or the partition of Africa, or something equally interesting, for myself. "You disappoint me, my dear benefactor."

"And you make me very tired at the end of a tiresome day, Gillespie. Please continue to watch my horse; I'm off."

He kept at my elbow, as I expected he would, balking away with his usual volubility in an effort, now frank enough, to hold me back; but I ignored his rude and slipped on through the wood toward the creek. Henry Holbrook must, I argued, have had time enough to get out of the creek and back to the island, but what mis chief Gillespie was furthering in his behalf I could not imagine.

There was a gradual rise toward the creek and we were enlisted to cling to the bushes in making our ascent. Suddenly, as I paused for breath, Gillespie grasped my arm.

"For God's sake, stop! This is no affair of yours. Why in your name should you bother with affairs that you here?"

"Will we whether there is or not?" I exclaimed, wrenching my arm free. I kept close beside me.

We gained the bank that ran along the creek, and I paused to listen.

"Where's your launch?"

"Find it," he replied, sourly.

I had my hearing keenly alert, and set off toward the lake. Gillespie trudging behind in the narrow path where we had gone before. Ranch a lantern glimmered below and I heard voices raised in excited colloquy. Gillespie started forward at a run.

"Keep back! This is my affair!"

"I'm making it mine," I replied, and flung in ahead of him.

He was too weary rapidly, the voices growing louder, and soon heard men trampling and splashing in the water. A woman's voice now rose in a sharp cry.

"Let go of him! Let go of him!"

Gillespie and I broke down the bank to the water's edge, where the struggle ended abruptly. I was not far behind, and I saw Henry Holbrook in the grasp of the Italian, who was explaining to the woman by his head the lantern high above her head, that he was only protecting himself. Gillespie had caught hold of the sailor, who continued to protest his innocence of any wish to injure Holbrook; and for a moment we peered through the dark, taking account of one another.

"So it's you, is it?" said Henry Holbrook as the Italian left him and his eyes fell on me. "I should like to know what you mean by meddling in my affairs. By God, I've enough to do with my own flesh and blood without dealing with outsiders."

"What Are You Doing Over Here?" I Demanded.

Helen Holbrook turned swiftly and held the lantern toward me, and when she saw me she shrugged her shoulders.

"You really give yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, Mr. Donovan."

"You are a damned impudent meddler!" blurted Henry Holbrook who have had you watched. You—you—" He started toward me, but the Italian again caught and held him, and another altercation began between them. Holbrook was wrought to a high pitch of excitement and cursed every body who had in any way interfered with him.

"Come, Helen," said Gillespie, stepping to the girl's side, and at this Henry Holbrook became, if possible, more viciously.

"You are another meddlesome out sider. Your father was a pig—a pig, by God—and you're not! If it hadn't been for him I shouldn't be here to-night camping out like an outlaw. And you've got to stop annoying my daughter!"

Helen turned to the Italian and spoke to him rapidly in his own tongue.

"You must take him away. He is not himself. Tell him I have done the best I could. Tell him!"

She lowered her voice so that I heard no more. Holbrook was still heaping abuse upon Gillespie, who stood submissively by, but Helen broke up the bank, the lantern light flashing merrily about her.

The Italian drew Holbrook toward the boat that lay at the edge of the lake. He seemed to overpower him by sheer animal Gillespie, and he kept close behind them. Then I heard the girl's lantern faintly twinkled. Gillespie kept at her after the girl, who even flashing more rarely through the torn in the path, until I caught the glimmer of the lantern as she came out into the lake.

I drew back, seeing nothing to gain by appealing to Holbrook in his present overwrought state. The Italian had his hands full, and was glad. I judged, to let me alone. A moment later he had pushed off his boat and I heard the sound of oars receding toward the island.

I found my horse, led him deeper into the woods and made a fire of dry sticks. Then I walked down to the lake, and crawled into the loft and slept.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Lady of the White Butterflies.

The twitter of swallows in the eaves awakened me at daybreak. I was stiff, and after I had taken a dip in the creek I still seemed to be solo person on the world, so quiet lay field and woodland. I followed the lake path to a fisherman's cabin, where in the good comradeship of outdoor men the world over I got bread and coffee and no questions asked. I smoked a pipe with the fishermen to kill time, and it was still but a trifle after six o'clock when I started for Red Gate. A line of greenness 200 yards to my right marked the bed of the Tippecanoe; and on my left hand, beyond a walnut grove, a little slimy dust-cloud line above the hidden highway. I thrust my cap into my jacket pocket and stood watching the wind crisp the flowers. Then my attention wandered to the mud antics of a squirrel that ran along the fence.

When I turned to the field again I saw Rosalind coming toward me along the path, clad in white, hatless, and her hands lightly brushing the lush grass that seemed to leap up to meet them. She had not seen me, and I drew back till she was out of my nature she made.

She paused abruptly midway of the dalsies, and I walked toward her slowly. To—it must have been slowly—and I think we were both glad of the moment's respite in which to study each other. Then she spoke at once, as though our meeting had been prearranged.

"I hoped I should see you," she said, gravely.

"I had every intention of seeing you! I was killing time until I felt I might safely hit the latch of Red Gate."

She inspected me with her hands clasped behind her.

"Please don't look at me like that!" I laughed. "I camped in a barn last night for fear I shouldn't get here in time."

"I wish to speak to you for a few minutes, before we go," she said; "you have guessed about us—my father and me."

"Yes; if you like; but only to help you if I can. It is not necessary for you to trust me, you know."

She turned and led the way across the dairy. Then she stopped short, holding back her skirts from the crowding flowers, and entered the garden of Red Gate, and continued down to the homeborn.

"We can be quite here," she said, throwing open the door. "My father and I have continue talking—a matter of his canoes. We are early risers here, you see."

She grew grave again.

"I have important things to say to you, but first, as early as you to see me in the broadest of daylight, I'll thank you to express your wish though to be sure of expressing her wish clearly—so that when you see Helen Holbrook you will not be sure that pretty garden by the lake you have described to me was not really Rosalind after all that—that—amused you!"

"But the daylight is not helping that idea. You are marvelously alike, and I—"

"Please don't misunderstand me," she interrupted, with a pique—a pique that was delightful to me, who viciously.

"You are another meddlesome out sider. Your father was a pig—a pig, by God—and you're not! If it hadn't been for him I shouldn't be here to-night camping out like an outlaw. And you've got to stop annoying my daughter!"

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STATE NEWS

Aurora.—Melancholia caused Miss Ella Bessie Hopkins, niece of former United States Senator Hopkins, to commit suicide at the latter's home by drowning herself in a cistern. Her body was found later by the colored butler at the bottom of the cistern. When Miss Hopkins' sister missed her from the room a search was begun. The top of the cistern was found open, and an investigation resulted in finding the body at the bottom. Coroner Norton summoned a jury, which returned a verdict of death from drowning while suicidal insane. Miss Hopkins had been an invalid for years and had been under treatment by a private sanitarium. Recently she returned from the Bellevue sanitarium in Batavia apparently improved in health. Her suicide was a shock to the family of Mr. Hopkins. Her father died several years ago, and since his death Miss Hopkins and her mother have made their home with Senator Hopkins.

Chicago.—Fifty women and children were carried down ladders, one fireman is believed to have been fatally injured and a woman tenant gave birth to a child in a fire which for a time threatened destruction to the Chatham apartment building at Forty-sixth street and Cottage Grove avenue. The building, which is four stories high, contains 64 flats and is occupied by over one hundred persons. Benjamin Engen, 4020 Indiana avenue, a member of Engine Company No. 45, was cut with glass and on the extremities narrowly escaped injury when a big plate glass window was blown outward in an explosion. Engen was rescued from beneath the wreckage by his comrades. Mrs. Lee Sleeding from deep cute about the head and body and it was reported that her jugular vein was severed.

Marseilles.—The unnerving of a new scheme to lure young Italian girls into white slavery has resulted in the arrest of Rosario Bonfiglio, a father and day laborer, Italians, who were brought to Culinary to answer to charges of trafficking in women. The arrests were made by Detective Fagey C Smale of Chief Steward's office and a representative of Attorney Clifford G Roe. Mr. Roe said many Italian women had been lured from Chicago to Marseilles and there sold to white slavers in other cities. Many of the women, it is said, were sold in other places in Chicago Heights, Patrick Bonfiglio, a brother of Rosario, if 7 years old, wife of Pturino Sabitino, a laborer of 624 Sangamon street.

Springfield.—Patient labor at the Elgin State Hospital has become one of the most striking features of all the 17 charitable institutions of Illinois. Under the direction of Dr. Whipp of the state board of administration has just completed the Elgin where he has been investigating the construction of buildings of cement blocks veneered with granite. Patients already have built a cold storage room and bathhouse and are at work on a cottage for the acute insane. They made the concrete blocks in the basement of the institution in which the buildings are to be constructed. They have been employed no more than a year, but already have worked out with remarkable success.

Aurora.—B. M. Craft, fireman on the west switch engine, and his two-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs. C. H. Hiltz fourth street, on the wheels of the engine by jumping from the cab and watching the child from the tracks The crew was busy switching and failed to notice the child playing between the rails. The engine was travelling at 15 miles an hour when the fireman looked from the cab. ran ahead of the engine and rescued the baby.

Chicago.—John Agan, old soldier and pensioned printer, was run over and killed by a street car at avenue and West Monroe street by an open avenue car Agan, who was about 65 years old, apparently did not hear the car coming and stepped directly in front of it. He died in a police ambulance while being removed to the county hospital. He was identified by a card of Typographical Union No. 16 found in his pocket.

Hillsboro—Two hundred men employed in the Kortkamp Mining Company's mine, a mile from this city, struck today. Frank Kortkamp, W. W. Davenport, a mine examiner, discovered fumes in the mine and succeed in an ingenious way with the electrical equipment that a current of wiring was so arranged that when the power was turned on the powder would have been exploded.

Kewanee—Oscar Kilfine of New Boston, west of here, died while driving with Miss. Pansie Mollenga. Miss Mollenga drove rapidly home, a mile away, and as she turned into the yard the young man's body fell from the buggy. He was dead when his heart weakness.

Chicago.—The happiest season of my life is now to begin," said Lieut. William H. Anderson, U. S. N. at the Congress hotel. "For the first time in many years my family and I will be wife and myself united, and I am just about as happy as I could wish." He reached Chicago from his ranch at Cody, Wyo. "My young grandson, Cody Isaiah, is with me. The whole works out west right now, for he knows that I am coming back for one right scenes and showed us where we should be together. The lad's right, and he can just have anything he wants.

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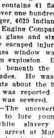

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WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Dennen, of Illinois, says:

"Governor Dennen, of Illinois, owns a section of land in Western Canada, which he purchased from the Canadian Government. He has said of it:

"I have farmed land in Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, but I have never seen any land that will produce as much per acre as the land I own in Western Canada. I have raised 125 bushels of wheat to the acre, 100 bushels of oats to the acre, and 40 bushels of barley to the acre. I have also raised potatoes, timothy and clover. I have never seen any land that will produce as much per acre as the land I own in Western Canada. I have raised 125 bushels of wheat to the acre, 100 bushels of oats to the acre, and 40 bushels of barley to the acre. I have also raised potatoes, timothy and clover. I have never seen any land that will produce as much per acre as the land I own in Western Canada."

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J. A. Broughton, 113 Northumberland Trust Building, Minneapolis, Minn., Canadian Government Agent. Write him today.

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