ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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 Holbrook's fortune, left in trust, had been feared lost when the Annandale Bank failed, but eventually threatened by her money from the failure of a bank of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry Donovan sympathized with the two ladies in their financial misfortune. On being told that Donovan disturbed and captured an intruder who proved to be Raphael Gillespie, a suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A search party soon appeared and was ordered away by Donovan. Gillespie called to see Miss Holbrook and a meeting between Donovan and Gillespie was discovered by Donovan. Gillespie admitted he knew Miss Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been meeting for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to assault Miss Helen. Donovan overpowered him and announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and was wearing another woman's place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Neither of Helen was escorted by the young lady. She admitted consulting with her. Later, despite her father's prevention, Helen met meeting with Donovan. The two went for a morning ride the following day. That night Gillespie was at the gate. Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her that Raphael Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. Helen promised to meet Donovan at the gate. Gillespie admitted to Donovan that he slipped a draft into the hand of the Italian sailor. She signaled to Donovan. Miss Pat and Donovan took in the course carnival. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed along in a car. Donovan followed in another car. He saw the young lady meeting Gillespie. The latter confided giving Helen money for her father. He had come up to spend it. Gillespie told of the queer state of the Holbrook finances. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the garden.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

She sat back in the chair and folded her arms. I had not referred in any way to her transaction with Gillespie. I had never intimated even remotely that I knew of her meeting with the infatuated young fellow on St. Ann's pier, and I felt that those incidents were ancient history.

"It was a delightful time this afternoon. I hope you didn't have too much tennis."

"No; it was pretty enough fun," she remarked, with so little enthusiasm that I laughed.

"You don't seem to recall your victory with particular pleasure. It seems to me that I am due to be told of the subject. How did that score stand?"

"I really forget—I honestly do," she laughed.

"That's certainly generous; but don't you remember, as we walked along toward the gate after the game, that you said—"

"Oh, I can't allow that at all! What I said yesterday or today is of no importance now. And particularly as I might I am likely to be weak-minded, and my memory is poorer then than at any other time."

"I am fortunate in having an excellent memory."

"For example?"

"For example, you are not always the same person—different this and that person; and I must go back to our meeting by the seat on the bluff, for the Miss Holbrook of to-night."

"That's all in your imagination, Mr. Donovan. Now if you wanted to prove that I'm really—"

"Helen Holbrook," I supplied, glad of a chance to break her name.

"If you wanted to prove that I am who I am," she continued, with new animation, "I should at least something interested her, 'how should you go about it.'"

"Please ask me something difficult! There is, there could be only one woman as fair as interesting as whole-ly charming."

"I suppose that is the point at which you usually bow humbly and wait for applause. But I seem to remember something so commonplace. If you were going to prove me to be the same person you met at the Annandale station, how should you go about it?"

"Well, to be explicit, you walk like an angel."

"You are singularly favored in having seen angels walk, Mr. Donovan. There's a popular superstition that they fly. In my own ignorance I can't concede that your point is well taken. What next?"

"Your head is like "an intaglio wrought from men and lower vision, and nimbler fingers than now. With your hair low on your neck, as it is to-night, the picture carries back to a Venetian balcony centuries ago."

"That's rather below standard. What else, please?"

"And that widow's peak—I would risk the clumsiness of perjury in swearing to it alone."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are an observant person. The widow's peak mark on a woman's forehead is usually considered a disfigurement."

"But you know well enough that I did not mention it with such a thought. You know it perfectly well."

"No, foolish one," she said, mockingly, "the widow's peak can not be denied. I suppose you don't know that the peak sometimes runs in families. My mother had it, and her mother before her."

"You are not your mother or your grandmother; so I am not in danger of mistaking you for them."

"Well, what else, please?"

"When Shall I See You Again?"

"There's the emerald. Miss Pat has the same rin, but you are not Miss Pat. Besides, I have seen you both together."

"Still, there are emeralds and emeralds."

"And there—here are your eyes!"

"There are two of them, Mr. Donovan."

"There not be no more to assure light in a of ful world, Miss Holbrook."

"Good! It really have possibilities!"

She struck her palms together in a mockery of applause and laughed at me.

"To a man who is in love every thing is possible," I dared.

"The ceiling temperament is very susceptible. have undoubtedly likened many eyes to the glory of the heavens."

"I swear—"

"Swear not at all!"

"Then I won't"—and we laughed and were silent while the water rippled in the reeds, the insects were their wood of sound and ten struck musically from an Agatha's.

"I must leave you."

"If you go you leave an empty world behind me."

"Oh, that was pretty!"

"Thank you!"

"Perverted! I wasn't approving your remark, but that meteor that flashed across the sky and dropped into the woods away out yonder."

"Alas! I have fallen farther than the meteor and struck the earth harder."

"You deserved it," she said, rising and drawing the veil about her throat.

"My lack of conceit has always been my undoing; I am the humblest man now. You are adorable," I said, 'if that's the answer."

"It isn't the answer! If mere stars do like to you, what would you be in moonlight?"

As we stood facing each other I was aware of some new difference in her. Perhaps her short outing skirt of dark blue had changed her; and yet in our tramps through the woods and our excursions in the canoe she had worn the same or similar costumes. She hesitated a moment, leaning against the railing and tapping the floor with her boot; then she gravely half questioningly, as though to herself

"It has gone away; you are quite sure that he has gone away—"

"Your father is probably in New York," I answered, surprised at the question "I do not expect him back at once."

"If he should come back—" she began.

"He will undoubtedly return; there is no debating that."

"If he comes back there will be trouble, worse than anything that has happened. You can't understand what his return will mean to us—to me."

"You must not worry about that; you must trust my to take care of that when he comes. Sufficient unto the day must be your watchword. I saw Gillespie to-night."

"Gillespie!" she repeated with unfeigned surprise.

"That was spiritually acted!" I laughed. "I will I knew that he had some nothing more to you than that!" I added, seriously.

She turned, whether with anger or surprise at my swift change of tone, I did not know. Then she said, very soberly:

"Mr Gillespie is nothing to me whatever."

"I thank you for that!"

"Thank me for nothing, Mr. Donovan. And now good-night. You are not to follow me—"

"Oh, surely to the gate!"

"Not even to the gate. My ways are very mysterious. By day I am one person; by night quite another. And you should follow me—"

"To my own gate!" I pleaded. "It's only decent hospitality!" I urged.

"Not even to the Gate of Dreams!"

"But in trying to get back to the school you have to pass the guards; you will fall at that some time!"

"No! I whisper an incantation, and lo! they fall asleep upon their spears. And I must ask you—"

"Keep asking, for to ask you must stay."

"please, when I meet you in daytime do not refer to anything that we may say when we meet at night. You have proved me at every point—even to this spot of ink on my forehead," and she put her forefinger upon the peak. "I am Helen Holbrook; but at—what shall I say?—oh, yes!" she went on, lightly, "as a psychological fact, I am very different at night from anything I ever am in daylight. And I am normally a sober, prosy person with Aunt Pat in the garden, if you should refer to this meeting I shall assume that you are dreaming, even though the Gate of Dreams closed to-night."

"Good-night!"

I clasped her hand for an instant, and she met my eyes with a laughing challenge.

"When shall I see you again—this you that is so different from the you of daylight?"

She caught her hand away and turned to go, but paused at the steps.

When the new moon hangs, like a little feather, away out yonder, I shall be sitting at it from the stone seat on the bluff, do you think you can remember?"

She vanished away into the wood toward St. Agatha's. I started to follow, but paused, remembering my promise, and sat down and yielded myself to the thought of her. Practical questions of how she succeeded to slip out of St. Agatha's vexed me for a moment, but in my elation of spirit I dismissed them quickly enough. I would never again entertain an evil thought of her. Her confidence had taken from Gillespie I would in some way return to him and make an end of any claim he might have against her by reason of that help. And I resolved to devote myself diligently to the business of straightening out her father. I was even impatient for him to return and resume his blandly guardly practice of intimidating two helpless women, that I might deal with the spirit of his own despicable actions.

My heart was heavy as I thought of him, but I lighted my pipe and found at once a genuine glory in the stars. Then as I stared out upon the lake I saw a shadow gliding softly away from the little promontory where St. Agatha's pier lights shone brightly. It was a canoe. I should have known from its swift steady flight if I had not seen the paddler's arm raised once, twice, until darkness fell upon the clay agreay like a cloak. I ran out on the pier and started for the gate, but the sleeper of the lake was complete. Then I crossed the valley of wood to St. Agatha's, and found Ijima and the police faithfully patrolling the grounds.

"Has any one left the buildings to-night?"

"No one."

"Sister Margaret hasn't been out—or any one?"

"No one, sir. Did you hear anything, sir?"

"Nothing, Ijima. Good night."

I wrote a telegram to an acquaintance in New York who knows everybody and asked him to ascertain whether Henry Holbrook of Stamford was in New York. This I sent to Annandale and thereafter watched the stars from the terrace until they slipped into the dawn, and then I slept might sreal away my memories and dreams of the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

Battle Orchard.

When I called at St. Agatha's the following morning and said that I knew that Miss Pat was ill and that Miss Helen asked to be excused I walked fearlessly about the grounds until luncheon, thinking Helen might appear, and later I contrived to act on an impulse, with which I had trifled for several days, to seek the cottage on the Hippopotamus—recently back of Holbrook's absence. A sharp shower had cooled the air, and I took the canoe for greater speed and paddled along into the shallow creek. I knew nothing comparable to paddling as a lifter of the spirit, and with my coat and head bared and a cool breeze at my back I was quickly skimming along as buoyant of heart as the responsive canoe beneath me. It was about four o'clock when I dipped my paddle into the farther lake, and as the water broadened before me at the little strait I saw the Stiletto lying idly at anchor off the eastern shore of Battle Orchard. I drew close to the craft and waited, but there were no signs of life on board, and I paddled to the western side of the island.

It had already occurred to me that Holbrook might have another hiding place than the cottage at Red Gate, where I had talked with him, and the island seemed a likely spot for it. I ran my canoe on the pebbly beach and climbed the bank. The trail bore up hard and I soon came upon a small clearing about an acre in extent that had once been tilled, but it was now overgrown by weeds as high as my head. Beyond lay an ancient orchard chiefly of apple trees, and many bore reckless stood faithful to the hardhand that had marshaled them there. Every orchard is linked to the lies perides sweet apple wafts for Atlantis—if not for Eve!) I stooped to pick a will flower and found an arrow head lying beside it.

Fumbling the arrow head in my fingers, I passed on into the orchard and ben away in the orchard. I approached warily, remembering that if this were Holbrook's camp, the man would have no had probably left the Italian to look after the yacht, which could be seen from the orchard. There was a circuit of the cabin without seeing any habitation, and was about to enter by the front door when I heard the swish of branches in the under brush to the east and dropped into the grass.

In a moment the Italian appeared from the direction of cabin and the boarder. He had evidently just landed as the blades were dripping. He threw his head back as he came and looked round to the western window, drew out the pin from an iron staple with which it was fastened and lifted the hood in. He was greeted with a howl that caught a fragment of dismal sort, to which he replied in monosyllables and after several minutes of this parley I caught a fragment of dialect which seemed to be final in the subject under discussion.

"Let me out or it will be the worse for you; let me out, I say!"

"My bose he sometime come back; then you get out, maybe."

With this deliverance, accomplished with some difficulty, the Italian turned away, going in the direction he came for a pail with which he trudged off toward the lake. He had not closed the window and could undoubtedly return in a few minutes; so I waited until he was out of sight, then rose and crawled through the grass to the opening.

I looked in upon a bare room when one door opened inward, and I did not for a moment account for the voice when Gillespie appeared at the farther corner, and I slowly made out the figure of a man tied band and foot, lying on his back in a pile of grass and leaves.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

They Cannot Understand.

When a true gentle appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederate against him.—Swift.

DOUBLE REWARD OF VIRTUE

Love Story Written by Small Boy at School Clean Up Things to a Happy Conclusion.

Apropos of love stories in general, Jerome B. McWade, the well-known Duluth connoisseur, said at a recent dinner:

"At the approach of Valentine day last year I played a prize of five dollars to the little boy of my Sunday school class for the best short love story. I have one of the stories here, and I am going to read it to you."

Mr. McWade then read:

"A poor man fell in love with a lady whose mother was a rich toy dealer

"The poor man could not marry the rich lady, because he had no money.

"A villain then offered him $50 if he would become a drunkard.

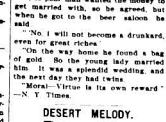
"The poor man wanted the money to get married with, so he agreed, but when he got to the beer saloon he said

"No. I will not become a drunkard, even for great riches.

"On the way home he found a bag of gold. So the young lady married him. It was a splendid wedding, and the next day they had twins.

"Moral—Virtue is its own reward."—N. Y. Times.

DESERT MELODY.



"I can sing," said one Tourain, "you bet,"
And so can I," said one that he met.
"So if I can, and you can,"
Said the two Tourains to a duet.
So the two Tourains made a duet.

Big Bugs.

Dr. Cook was talking to a Washington correspondent.

"The man is wrong in his attacks," he said. "He errs as ludicrously in his attack of polar conditions as the Brook lyn domestic, who said

"It must be a filthy place, that north pole, no sun. I hear it's full of ice bugs as big as churches."—Washington Star.

Thinking of Garden Time.

Bacon—I think much of the man who can make two blades of grass grow where none grew before.

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

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cathartic, Tonic, Laxative. Refuse substitution, and Ask Dealer.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

GENUINE must bear signature: Brent Good

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

Don't make a horse ill because you are afraid to use a blister. Absorbine will reduce the swollen glands without laying the horse up.

ABSORBINE

Mr. W. F. Young, P. D. F., will reduce any painful, swollen veins, wens, varicose veins, varicosities, allays pain and inflammation. Will tell you more if you write. Book "Evidence" free. $2 a bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

PATENTS Caveats and trade marks obtained, and all Patent Office business conducted for moderate fee. Our office is opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address, E. G. SIGGERS, Washington, D. C.

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PISO'S

is the word to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS & COLDS

For Pain in Chest

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, Frederick, 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 takes on sugar stops coughing and sneezing instantly."

Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin. It is an excellent antiseptic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of strangling automatic pains.

All druggists keep Sloan's Liniment. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Dunnam, of Illinois, Says About It:

Governor of Illinois, writes a letter, in which he says: "I have visited Western Canada and am convinced that it is the best country for the man of small means in the United States. I have seen the crops growing and ripening, and have talked with the farmers who have been successful in raising them. I am convinced that there is no better country for the man of small means than Western Canada."

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

Will be raised on the 60,000,000 acres of Canada's Western Prairies. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat were raised in 1909 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in 1910 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in 1911 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in 1912 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in 1913 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in 1914 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in 1915 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. Over 125,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in 1916 on the 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation. 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FOR SALE 9 acres at Sorgenfrei, 1 railroad, 1 elevator, 1 bank, 1 school within 2 miles. If you want 1 telephone, 1 R. F. D. and 1 automobile, write for particulars.

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"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I tried many medicines and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the best thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in healthy condition. They are very nice to eat."

Harry Stucks, 221 Quack Chunk, Pa.

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