ROSALIND AT RED GATE

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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 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 $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 befell 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 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 erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. Thus 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. By making Gillespie give a number of forged notes to Rosalind, who he supposed was Helen, so closely did they resemble each other. Donovan cleared the way for a settlement of the Holbrook troubles. Gillespie had possessed the only evidences of the Holbrooks' disgrace. The evidence is securely hidden. Helen suddenly disappeared. Donovan prepared to substitute Rosalind for her. For a time the ruse worked admirably.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Presently, as the dark gathered about us, the candles were lighted, and their glow shut out the world. To my relief the three women carried the talk alone, leaving me to my own thoughts of Helen and my plans for restoring her to her aunt with no break in the new confidence that Rosalind had inspired. I had so completely yielded myself to this undercurrent of reflection that I was startled to find Miss Pat with the coffee service before her.

"Larry, you are dreaming. How can I remember whether you take sugar?"

Sister Margaret's eyes were upon me reproachfully for my inattention, and my heart-beats quickened as eight strokes of the chapel chime stole lingeringly through the quiet air. I had half-raised my cup when I was startled by a question from Miss Pat—a request innocent enough and spoken, it seemed, utterly without intention.

"Let me see your ring a moment, Helen."

Sister Margaret flashed a glance of inquiry at me, but Rosalind met the situation instantly.

"Certainly, Aunt Pat"—and she slipped the ring from her finger, passed it across the table, and folded her hands quietly upon the white cloth. She did not look at me, but I saw her breath come and go quickly. If the rings were not the same then we were undone. This thought gripped the three of us, and I heard my cup beating a tattoo on the edge of my saucer in the tense silence, while Miss Pat bent close to the candle before her and studied the ring, turning it over slowly. Rosalind half opened her lips to speak, but Sister Margaret's snowy hand clasped the girl's fingers. The little circlet of gold with its beautiful green stone had been to me one of the convincing items of the remarkable resemblance between the cousins; but if there should be some differentiating mark Miss Pat was not so stupid as to overlook it.

Miss Pat put down the ring abruptly, and looked at Rosalind and then smiled quizzically at me.

"You are a clever boy, Larry."

Then, turning to Rosalind, Miss Pat remarked, with the most casual air imaginable:

"Helen pronounces either with the long e. I noticed at luncheon that you say eyether. Where's your father, Rosalind?"

My eyes were turning from her to Rosalind when, on her last word, as though by prearranged signal, far across the water, against the dark shadows of the lake's remoter shore, a rocket's spent ball broke and flung its stars against the night.

I spoke no word, but leaped over the stone balustrade and ran to the boathouse where Gillespie waited.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"With My Hands."

Gillespie was smoking his pipe on the boathouse steps. He had come over from the village in his own launch, which tossed placidly beside mine. Ijima stepped forward promptly with a lantern as I ran out upon the planking of the pier.

"Jump into my launch, Gillespie, and be in a hurry!" and to my relief he obeyed without his usual parley. Ijima cast us off, the engine sputtered a moment, and then the launch got away. I bade Gillespie steer, and when we were free of the pier told him to head for the Tippecanoe.

The handful of stars that had brightened against the sky had been a real shock, and I accused myself in severe terms for having left Arthur Holbrook alone. As we swept into the open Glenarm House stood forth from the encircling wood, marked by the bright lights of the terrace where Miss Pat had, with so much composure and in so few words, made comedy of my attempt to shield Helen. In throwing off my coat my hand touched the envelope containing the forged notes which I had thrust into my pocket before dinner, and the contact sobered me, there was still a chance for me to be of use. But at the thought of what might be occurring at the houseboat on the Tippecanoe I forced the launch's speed to the limit. Gillespie still maintained silence, grimly clenching his empty pipe. He now roused himself and bawled at me:

"Did you ever meet the coroner of this county?"

"No!" I shouted.

"Well, you will—coming down! You will blow up in about three minutes."

I did not slow down until we reached Battle Orchard, where it was necessary to feel our way across the shallow channel. Here I shut off the power and paddled with an oar.

We were soon creeping along the margin of the second lake seeking the creek, whose intake quickly lay hold of us.

"We'll land just inside, on the west bank, Gillespie." A moment later we jumped out and secured the launch. I wrapped our lantern in Gillespie's coat, and ran up the bank to the path. At the top I turned and spoke to him.

"You'll have to trust me. I don't know what may be happening here, but surely our interests are the same to-night."

He caught me roughly by the arm.

"If this means any injury to Helen—"

"No! It is for her!" And he followed silently at my heels toward Red Gate.

The voices of two men in loud debate rang out sharply upon us through the open windows of the house-boat as we crept down upon the deck. Then followed the sound of blows, and the rattle of furniture knocked about, and as we reached the door a lamp fell with a crash and the place was dark. We seemed to strike matches at the same instant, and as they blazed upon their sticks we looked down upon Arthur Holbrook, who lay sprawling with his arms outflung on the floor, and over him stood his brother with hands clenched, his face twitching.

"I have killed him—I have killed him!" he muttered several times in a low whisper. "I had to do it. There was no other way."

My blood went cold at the thought that we were too late. Gillespie was fumbling about, striking matches, and I was somewhat reassured by the sound of my own voice as I called him.

"I Have Killed Him—I Have Killed Him!"

"There are candles at the side—make a light, Gillespie."

And soon we were taking account of one another in the soft candlelight.

"I must go," said Henry huskily, looking stupidly down upon his brother, who lay quite still, his head resting on his arm.

"You will stay," I said, and I stood beside him while Gillespie filled a pail at the creek and laved Arthur's wrists and temples with cool water. We worked a quarter of an hour before he gave any signs of life, but when he opened his eyes Henry flung himself down in a chair and mopped his forehead.

"He is not dead," he said, grinning foolishly.

"Where is Helen?" I demanded.

"She's safe," he replied cunningly, nodding his head. "I suppose Pat has sent you to take her back. She may go, if you have brought my money." Cunning and greed, and the marks of drink had made his face repulsive. Gillespie got Arthur to his feet a moment later, and I gave him brandy from a flask in the cupboard. His brother's restoration seemed now to amuse Henry.

"It was a mere love-tap. You're tougher than you look, Arthur. It's the simple life down here in the woods. My own nerves are all gone." He turned to me with the air of dominating the situation. "I'm glad you've come, you and our friend of button fame. Rivals, gentlemen? A friendly rivalry for my daughter's hand flatters the house of Holbrook. Between ourselves I favor you, Mr. Donovan, the button-making business is profitable, but damned vulgar. Now, Helen—"

"That will do!"—and I clapped my hand on his shoulder roughly. "I have business with you. Your sister is ready to settle with you, but she wishes to see Arthur first."

"No—no! She must not see him!" He leaped forward and caught hold of me. "She must not see him!"—and his cowardly fear angered me anew.

"You will do, Mr. Holbrook, very much as I tell you in this matter. I intend that your sister shall see her brother Arthur to-night, and time flies. This last play of yours, this flimsy trick of kidnaping, was sprung at a very unfortunate moment. It has delayed the settlement and done a grave injury to your daughter."

"Helen would have it; it was her idea!"

"If you speak of your daughter again in such a way I will break your neck and throw you into the creek!"

He stared a moment, then laughed aloud.

"So you are the one—are you? I really thought it was Buttons."

"I am the one, Mr. Holbrook. And now I am going to take your brother to your sister. She has asked for him, and she is waiting."

Arthur Holbrook came gravely toward us, and I have never been so struck with pity for a man as I was for him. There was a red circle on his brow where Henry's knuckles had cut, but his eyes showed no anger; they were even kind with the tenderness that lies in the eyes of women who have suffered. He advanced a step nearer his brother and spoke slowly and distinctly.

"You have nothing to fear, Henry. I shall tell her nothing."

"But"—Henry glanced uneasily from Gillespie to me—"Gillespie's notes. They are here among you somewhere. You shall not give them to Pat. If she knew—"

"If she knew you would not get a cent," I said, wishing him to know that I knew.

He whirled upon me hotly.

"You tricked Helen to get them, and now, by God! I want them! I want them!" And he struck at me crazily. I knocked his arm away, but he flung himself upon me, clasping me with his arms. I caught his wrists and held him for a moment. I wished to be done with him and off to Glenarm with Arthur; and he wasted time.

"I have that packet you sent Helen to get—I have it—still unopened! Your secret is as safe with me, Mr. Holbrook, as that other secret of yours with your Italian body-guard."

His face went white, then gray, and he would have fallen if I had not kept hold of him.

I was beside myself with rage and impatient that time must be wasted on him. I did not hear steps on the deck, or Gillespie's quick warning, and I had begun again, still holding Henry Holbrook close to me with one hand.

"We expect to deceive your sister—we will lie to her—lie to her—lie to her—"

"For God's sake, stop!" cried Arthur Holbrook, clutching my arm.

I flung round and faced Miss Pat and Rosalind. They stood for a moment in the doorway; then Miss Pat advanced slowly toward us where we formed a little semi-circle, and as I dropped Henry's wrists the brothers stood side by side. Arthur took a step forward, half murmuring his sister's name, then he drew back and waited, his head bowed, his hands thrust into the side pockets of his coat. In the dead quiet I heard the babble of the creek outside, and when Miss Pat spoke her voice seemed to steal off and mingle with the subdued murmur of the stream.

"Gentlemen, what is it you wish to lie to me about?"

A brave little smile played about Miss Pat's lips. She stood there in the light of the candles, all in white as I had left her on the terrace of Glenarm, in her lace cap, with only a light shawl about her shoulders. I felt that the situation might yet be saved, and I was about to speak when Henry, with some wild notion of justifying himself, broke out stridently:

"Yes; they meant to lie to you! They plotted against me and hounded me when I wished to see you peaceably and to make amends. They have now charged me with murder; they are ready to swear away my honor, my life. I am glad you are here that you may see for yourself how they are against me."

"Yes; father speaks the truth, as Mr. Donovan can tell you!"

I could have sworn that it was Rosalind who spoke; but there by Rosalind's side in the doorway stood Helen. Her head was lifted, and she faced us all with her figure tense, her eyes blazing. Rosalind drew away a little, and I saw Gillespie touch her hand. It was as though a quicker sense than sight had on the instant undeceived him; but he did not look at Rosalind; his eyes were upon the angry girl who was about to speak again. Miss Pat glanced about, and her eyes rested on me.

"Larry, what were the lies you were going to tell me?" she asked, and smiled again.

"They were about father; he wished to involve him in dishonor. But he shall not, he shall not!" cried Helen.

"Is that true, Larry?" asked Miss Pat.

"I have done the best I could," I replied evasively.

Miss Pat scrutinized us all slowly as though studying our faces for the truth. Then she repeated:

"But if either of my said sons shall have been touched by dishonor through his own act, as honor is accounted, reckoned and valued among men—" and ceased abruptly, looking from Arthur to Henry. "What was the truth about Gillespie?" she asked.

And Arthur would have spoken. I saw the word that would have saved his brother formed upon his lips.

Miss Pat alone seemed unmoved; I saw her hand open and shut at her side as she controlled herself, but her face was calm and her voice was steady when she turned appealingly to the canoe-maker.

"What is the truth, Arthur?" she asked, quietly.

"Why go into this now? Why not let bygones be bygones?"—and for a moment I thought I had checked the swift current. It was Helen I wished to save now, from herself, from the avalanche she seemed doomed to bring down upon her head.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Balkan Situation.

"Nations are a good deal like men."

"How so?"

"Always willing to rush at each other if there's a fair chance of being held apart."

PERSEVERANCE.

Out in my garden mother has set
Pinks and roses and mignonette, and pansies, too, for a border;
And she says I must weed it every day,
For that, you know, is the only way
To keep it in perfect order.

I mustn't fret if the sun is hot,
And wish I could sit in a shady spot,
And wait till it's cool and breezy.
If my back should ache I never must shirk,
And complain that weeding is such hard work.
(Tho', really, it isn't easy.)

But if I would have my garden fair,
I must give it patient and constant care,
Until the summer is ended;
If I would make it a daily delight,
Always fragrant and becoming and bright,
I must keep it faithfully tended.

Yesterday, when I tried to spell
"Perseverance," I couldn't tell
How many letters was needing.
But, by-and-by, when I pick a bouquet
To take to my teacher, perhaps I can say
I have learned perseverance a-weeding.
—Anna M. Pratt.

TRICKS WITH COLORED WATER

Interesting Experiment to Produce Different Hues on Screen With the Aid of Candles.

Place a vertical screen in front of a couple of candles, and between the candles and the screen interpose some opaque object, such as a large book, having on top of it a little figure cut out of cardboard. This will give you two black shadows, corresponding with the candles. Now put between the candle on the right and your cardboard figure a bit of colored glass, or a glass filled with colored water, say

A Good Experiment.

red, and you will see the image on the right in red, while the figure on the left will have disappeared. But, looking a little more attentively, you will see that it is now replaced by the likeness of a figure in pale green, the complementary color to that which illuminates the screen. If you put yellow liquid in your glass, the left-hand figure will seem violet. If you use blue water, the left-hand figure will look orange. The figure on the right will always be the color of the water.—Magical Experiments.

TO HANDLE A GUN PROPERLY

Dangerous Weapon Unless Care Is Exercised—Six Rules for Guidance of Boys in Hunting.

If boys go hunting they must carry guns, and guns are dangerous unless they are handled properly. A writer in Forest and Stream gives six rules for the guidance of boys in handling guns, that are worth publication.

1. Empty or loaded, never point a gun toward yourself or any other person.

2. When a-field, carry your gun at the half-cock. If in cover, let your hand shield the hammers from whipping twigs.

3. When riding from one shooting ground to another, or whenever you have your gun in any conveyance, remove the cartridges, if a breech-loader, it being so easy to replace them.

4. Never draw a gun toward you by the barrel.

5. More care is necessary in the use of a gun in a boat than elsewhere—the limited space, confined action and uncertain motion making it dangerous, at the best. If possible, no more than two persons should occupy a boat. Hammerless guns are a constant danger to persons boating.

6. Always clean your gun thoroughly as soon as you return from a day's sport, no matter how tired you feel; the consequence of its always being ready for service is ample return for the few minutes' irksome labor.

Things You Cannot Do.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving, if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both your feet lengthwise touching the wainscoting.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward, or putting your feet under it; that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair, and not on the edge of it.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand, and passed under the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

You can't stand with your heels against the wall and pick up something from the floor.

Don't try to rub your ear with your elbow, for it will be a failure. It takes a clever person to stand up when placed two feet from a wall with his hands behind his back and his head against the wall.

WHAT DONKEY TAUGHT BOYS

Sagacious Little Animal Teaches Two Youths Lesson in Kindness to Dumb Creatures.

John and James were tramping through a dusty lane one day when they spied a little toad in the road.

"Look, look!" exclaimed John. "Here is a toad. Let's stone him!"

"Why?" asked James. "He isn't hurting you, is he?"

"No; but it would be fun to see him jump. Come on, see if you can aim straight."

James felt that it would be wrong to hurt the innocent thing, but John had often called him a "baby" and "coward"; so to avoid a repetition of these remarks he took up a stone and

Toad Hopped Away Safely.

was about to throw it when a donkey cart came up the lane. The cart was well laden, and the donkey's burden was heavy, but the donkey trudged on, his head down, and thus it happened that the animal spied the toad almost under his foot. He stopped short and kept his foot up until the toad hopped safely out of the way. Then the donkey moved on with his load.

James dropped the stone without attempting to aim.

"Rebuked," he cried, "rebuked by a donkey! I say, John, that donkey has more horse sense than you and I."

"Yes," answered John, blushing for shame, "that donkey has taught us a lesson in kindness to dumb creatures."

GIRL PEARL DIVERS OF JAPAN

Young Women, Often as Young as Fourteen Years, Engage in Work—Clothes and Equipment.

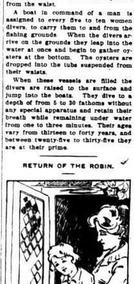
The pearl divers of Japan are the women. Along the coast of the Bay of Ago and the Bay of Gokasho the thirteen and fourteen year old girls after they have finished their primary school work go to sea and learn to dive. They are in the water and learn to swim almost from babyhood and they spend most of their time in the water except in the coldest season, from the end of December to the beginning of February.

Even during the most inclement of seasons they sometimes dive for pearls. They wear a special dress, white underwear, and the hair is twisted up into a hard knot. The eyes are protected by glasses to prevent the entrance of water. Tubs are suspended from the waist.

A boat in command of a man is assigned to every five to ten women divers, to carry them to and from the fishing grounds. When the divers arrive on the grounds they leap into the water at once and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped into the tubs suspended from their waists.

When these vessels are filled the divers are raised to the surface and jump into the boats. They dive to a depth of from 5 to 30 fathoms without any special apparatus and retain their breath while remaining under water from one to three minutes. Their ages vary from thirteen to forty years, and between twenty-five to thirty-five they are at their prime.

RETURN OF THE ROBIN.



Ah! you little robin, tapping at the pane
Of my chamber window, here you are again!
I am glad to see you. Come, dear robin, come,
I will bring my breakfast and throw you out a crumb.
After you have picked it with your little beak,
Thank me with a chirrup, though you cannot speak.

Spanish Proverbs.

It's a long step from saying to doing.

While we are asleep we are all equal.

By night all cats are gray.

One swallow does not make a summer.

Hunger is the best sauce in the world.

Great deeds are reserved for great men.

Each of us is the son of his own works.

He that rails is ready to forgive.

Many a one goes for wool and comes back shorn.

There's no book so bad but has some good in it.—Cervantes.