

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 Laurence 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 for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They were to be married. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suit, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, a canoe-maker. Miss Helen appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartledge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.
I kept up a rapid fire of talk, but listened only to the engine's regular beat. The launch was now close to the Italian's boat, and having nearly completed the semicircle I was obliged to turn a little to watch him. Suddenly he set up straight and lay to with the oars, pulling hard toward a point we must pass in order to clear the strait and reach the upper lake again. The fellow's hostile intentions were clear to all of us now and we all silently awaited the outcome. His skiff rose high in air under the impulsion of his strong arms, and if he struck our lighter craft amidships, as seemed inevitable, he would undoubtedly swamp us.

Ijima half rose, glanced toward the yacht, which was heading for the strait, and then at me, but I shook my head.

"Mind the engine, Ijima," I said with as much coolness as I could muster.

The margin between us and the skiff rapidly diminished, and the Italian turned to take his bearings with every lift of his oars. He had thrown off his cap, and as he looked over his shoulder I saw his evil face sharply outlined. I counted slowly to myself the number of strokes that would be necessary to bring him in collision if he persisted, charging against his progress our own swift, arrow-like flight over the water. The shore was close, and I had counted on a full depth of water, but Ijima now called out warningly in his shrill pipe and our bottom scraped as I veered off. This maneuver cost me the equivalent of ten of the Italian's deep strokes, and the shallow water added a new element of danger.

"Stand by the oar, Ijima," I called in a low tone, and I saw in a flash Miss Pat's face, quite calm, but with her lips set tight.

Ten yards remained, I judged, between the skiff and the strait, and there was nothing for us now but to let speed and space work out their problem.

Ijima stood up and seized the oar. I threw the wheel and apert in a last hope of dodging, and the launch listed badly as it swung round. Then the bow of the skiff rose high, and Helen shrank away with a little cry; there was a scratching and grinding for an instant, as Ijima, bending forward, dug the oar into the skiff's bow and checked it with the full weight of his body. As we fended off the oar snapped and splintered and he tumbled into the water with a great splash, while we swerved and rocked for a moment and then sped on through the little strait.

Looking back, I saw Ijima swimming for the shore. He rose in the water and called "All right!" and I knew he would take excellent care of himself. The Italian had shipped his oars and lay where we had left him, and I heard him, above the beat of our engine, laugh derisively as we glided out of sight.

"Miss Holbrook, will you please steer for me?"—and in effecting the necessary changes of position that I might get to the engine we were all able to regain our composure. I saw Miss Pat touch her forehead with her handkerchief; but she said nothing. Even after St. Agatha's pier hove in sight silence held us all. The wind, continuing to freshen, was whipping the lake with a sharp lash, and I made much of my trifling business with the engine, and of the necessity for occasional directions to the girl at the wheel.

My contrition at the danger to which I had stupidly brought them was strong in me; but there were other things to think of. Miss Pat could not be deceived as to the animus of our encounter, for the Italian's conduct could hardly be accounted for on the score of stupidity; and the natural peace and quiet of this region only emphasized the gravity of her plight. My first thought was that I must at once arrange for her removal to some other place. With Henry Holbrook established within a few miles of St. Agatha's the school was certainly no longer a tenable harbor.

As I tended the engine I saw, even when I tried to avoid her, the figure of Helen Holbrook in the stern, quite intent upon steering and calling now and then to ask the course when in my preoccupation I forgot to give it. The storm was driving a dark hood across the lake, and the thunder boomed more loudly. Storms in this neighborhood break quickly and I ran full speed for St. Agatha's to avoid the rain that already blurred the west.

We landed with some difficulty, owing to the roughened water and the hard drive of the wind; but in a few minutes we had reached St. Agatha's where Sister Margaret flung open the door just as the storm let go with a roar.



Ijima Bore Under His Arm a Repeating Rifle.

across the lake—while Sister Margaret stood by murmuring her interest and sympathy. She withdrew immediately and we three sat in silence, no one wishing to speak the first word. I saw with deep pity that Miss Pat's eyes were bright with tears, and my heart burned hot with self-accusation. Sister Margaret's quick step died away in the hall, and still we waited while the rain drove against the house in sheets and the branches of a tossing maple scratched spitefully on one of the panes.

"We have been found out; my brother is here," said Miss Pat.

"I am afraid that is true," I replied. "But you must not distress yourself. This is not Sicily, where murder is a polite diversion. The Italian wished merely to frighten us; it's a case of sheerest blackmail. I am ashamed to have given him the opportunity. It was my fault—my grievous fault; and I am heartily sorry for my stupidity."

"Do not accuse yourself! It was inevitable from the beginning that Henry should find us. But this place seemed remote enough. I had really begun to feel quite secure—but now!"

"But now!" repeated Helen, with a little sigh.

I marveled at the girl's composure—at her quiet acceptance of the situation, when I knew well enough her shameful duplicity. Then by one of those intuitions of grace that were so charming in her she bent forward and took Miss Pat's hand. The emerald rings flashed on both as though in assertion of kinship.

"Dear Aunt Pat! You must not take that boat affair too seriously. It may not have been—father—who did that?"

She faltered, dropping her voice as she mentioned her father. I was aware that Miss Pat put away her niece's hand with a sudden gesture—I did not know whether of impatience, or whether some new resolution had taken hold of her. She rose and moved nearer to me.

"What have you to propose, Mr. Donovan?" she asked, and something in her tone, in the light of her dear eyes, told me that she meant to fight, that she knew more than she wished to say, and that she relied on my support; and realizing this my heart went out to her anew.

"I think we ought to go away—at once," the girl broke out suddenly. "The place was ill-chosen; Father Stoddard should have known better than to send us here!"

"Father Stoddard did the best he could for us, Helen. It is unfair to blame him," said Miss Pat, quietly. "And Mr. Donovan has been much more than kind in undertaking to care for us at all."

"I have blundered badly enough!" I confessed, penitently.

"It might be better, Aunt Pat," began Helen, slowly, "to yield. What can it matter? A quarrel over money—it is sordid!"

ing at her aunt in frank astonishment. Not often, probably never before in her life, had anger held sway in the soul of this woman; and there was something splendid in its manifestation. She had spoken in almost her usual tone, though with a passionate tremor toward the close; but her very restraint was in itself ominous.

"It shall be as you say, Miss Pat," I said, as soon as I had got my breath.

"Certainly, Aunt Pat," murmured Helen, tamely. "We can't be driven round the world. We may as well stay where we are."

The storm was abating, and I threw open the windows to let in the air.

"If you haven't wholly lost faith in me, Miss Holbrook—"

"I have every faith in you, Mr. Donovan!" smiled Miss Pat.

"I shall hope to take better care of you in the future."

"I am not afraid. I think that if Henry finds out that he cannot 'righten me it will have a calming effect upon him."

"Yes; I suppose you are right, Aunt Pat," said Helen, passively.

I went home feeling that my responsibilities had been greatly increased by Miss Pat's manifesto; on the whole I was relieved that she had not ordered a retreat, for it would have distressed me sorely to abandon the game at this juncture to seek a new hiding place for my charges.

Long afterward Miss Pat's declaration of war rang in my ears. My heart leaps now as I remember it. And I should like to be a poet long enough to write "A Ballade of All Old Ladies," or a lyric in their honor turned with the grace of Col. Lovelace and blithe with the spirit of Friar Herrick. I should like to inform it with their beautiful tender sympathy that is quick with tears but reader with strength to help and to save; and it should reflect, too, the noble patience, unimpaired by time and distance, that makes a virtue of waiting—waiting in the long twilight with folded hands for the ships that never come! Men old and battle-scarred are celebrated in song and story; but who are they to be preferred over their serene sisterhood? Let the worn mothers of the world be throned by the freshest or placed at comfortable ease in the shadow of hollyhock and old-fashioned roses in familiar gardens; it matters little, for they are supreme in any company. Whoever would be gracious must serve them; whoever would be wise must sit at their feet and take counsel. Nor believe too readily that the increasing tide of years has quenched the fire in their souls; rather, it burns on with the steady flame

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Diplomatic Sufferer.
It was at a well-known sanitarium. A number of frivolously disposed young convalescents were taking their ease on couches on one of the commodious sun-balconies of the establishment, and, despite the rules, were enjoying perfect silence upon all, were enjoying a lively conversation, mixed in with much giggling. Suddenly from the darkened depths of a room, the windows of which looked out upon their balcony, there came a plaintive voice.

"Will you young ladies be good enough to stop talking so loud?" it said. "I was trying to take up, upon your lovely voices I get mine eyes open already yet."—Harper's Weekly.

The Rising Man.
Gyer—There goes a young man who invariably rises to the occasion.
Myer—Indeed!
Gyer—Fact; he's an elevator chauffeur.—Chicago Daily News.

of sanctuary lights. Lucky were he who could imprison in song those qualities that crown a woman's years—voicing what is in the hearts of all of us as we watch those gracious angels going their quiet ways, tending their secret altars of memory with flowers and blessing them with tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Lady of Shadows and Starlight.

It was nine o'clock before Ijima came in, dripping from his tumble in the lake and his walk home through the rain. The Italian had made no effort to molest him, he reported; but he had watched the man row out to the Stiletto and climb aboard. Ijima has an unbroken record of never having asked me a question inspired by curiosity. He may inquire which shoes I want for a particular morning, but why, where and when are unknown in his vocabulary. He was, I knew, fairly entitled to an explanation of the incident of the afternoon, though he would ask none, and when he had changed his clothes and reported to me in the library I told him in a word that there might be further trouble, and that I should expect him to stand night watch at St. Agatha's for a while, dividing a patrol of the grounds with the gardener. His "Yes, sir," was as calm as though I had told him to lay out my dress clothes, and I went with him to look up the gardener that the division of patrol duty might be thoroughly understood.

I gave the Scotchman a revolver and Ijima bore under his arm a repeating rifle with which he and I had diverted ourselves at times in the pleasant practice of breaking glass balls. I assigned him the water-front and told the gardener to look out for intruders from the road. These precautions taken, I rang the bell at St. Agatha's and asked for the ladies, but was relieved to learn that they had retired for the situation would not be helped by debate, and if they were to remain at St. Agatha's it was my affair to plan the necessary defensive strategy without troubling them. And I must admit here, that at all times, from the moment I first saw Helen Holbrook with her father at Red Gate, I had every intention of shielding her to the utmost. The thought of trapping her, of catching her, flagrante delicto, was revolting; I had, perhaps, a notion that in some way I should be able to thwart her without showing my own hand; but this, as will appear, was not to be so easily accomplished.

I went home and read for an hour, then got into heavy shoes and set forth to reconnoiter. The chief avenue of danger lay, I imagined, across the lake, and I passed through St. Agatha's to see that my gun's were about their business; then continued along a wooded bluff that rose to a considerable height above the lake. There was a winding path which the pilgrimages of schoolgirls in spring and autumn had worn hard, and I followed it to its crest, where there was a stone bench, established for the ease of those who wished to take their sunsets in comfort.

The path that rose through the wood from St. Agatha's declined again from the seat, and came out somewhere below, where there was a spring sacred to the schoolgirls, and where, I dare say, they still indulge in the incantations of their pedagogue. I amused myself picking out the pier lights as far as I had learned them, following one of the lake steamers on its zigzag course from Port Annandale to the village. Eleven chimed from the chapel clock, the strokes stealing up to me dreamily. A moment later I heard a step in the path behind me, light, quick, and eager, and I bent down low on the bench, so that its back shielded me from view, and waited. The steps drew closer to the bench, and some one passed behind me. I was quite sure that it was a woman from the lightness of the step, the feminine quality in the voice that continued to hum a little song, and at the last moment she spoke her name before my eyes were sure of her.

"Miss Holbrook!" I exclaimed.

She did not cry out, though she stepped back quickly from the bench.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Donovan, is it?"

"It most certainly is!" I laughed.

"We seem to have similar tastes, Miss Holbrook."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE

THE FARMERS OF CENTRAL CANADA REAP WHEAT AND RICHES.

Up in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the provinces that compose Central Canada have such a quantity of land suitable for the growth of small grains, which grow so abundantly, and yield so handsomely that no fear need be feared of a wheat famine on this Continent. The story reproduced below is only one of the hundreds of proofs that could be produced to show the results that may be obtained from cultivation of the lands in these provinces. Almost any section of the country will do as well.

With the country recently opened by the Grand Trunk Pacific, the latest of the great transcontinental lines to enter the field of the development of the Canadian West, there is afforded added ample opportunity to do as was done in the case cited below:

To buy a section of land, break it up and crop it, make \$17,550 out of the yield and \$10,880 out of the increase of value all within the short period of two years, was the record established by James Bailey, a well known farmer within a few miles of Regina. Mr. Bailey bought the 640 acres of land near Grand Coulee two years ago. He immediately prepared the whole section for crop and this year has 600 acres of wheat and 40 acres of oats. The wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, and the oats yielded 4,750 bushels. The whole of the grain has been marketed and Mr. Bailey is now worth \$17,550 from the grain alone. He bought the land at \$18 an acre, and the other day refused an offer of \$35 an acre, just a \$17 advance for the time of his purchase. The land cost \$11,320 in the first instance. Here are the figures of the case.—Land cost, 640 acres, at \$18, \$11,320. Wheat yielded 19,875 bushels, at 84 cents a bushel, \$16,685. Oats yielded 4,750 bushels at 28 cents a bushel, \$555. Offered for land, 640 acres at \$35 an acre, \$22,400. Increase value of land, \$10,880. Total earnings of crop, \$17,550, together with increase in value of land a total of \$28,540.

It is interesting to note the figures of the yield per acre. The wheat yielded 33 1/2 bushels to the acre, and oats 118.7 bushels to the acre. The figures are a fair indication of the average throughout the district.

Agents of the Canadian Government in the different cities will be pleased to give you information as to rates, etc.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

"Waiter, when are you going to bring us that roast chicken?"

"Why, you've already eaten your dinner, sir!"

"Then bring me the check!"

"But you've already paid, sir!"

AGONIZING ITCHING.
Eczema for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—In Despair Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I was troubled with a severe itching and dry, scurfy skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907." Poter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Precocious.

The little girl was acting naughtily before company. Her mother warned her sharply.

"If you do that again, I'll smack you," she said.

"No you won't," replied the pert daughter. "I'll sit down on myself and then you can't."

Our idea of heaven is a place big enough to make it possible for people to be without neighbors.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE
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Best for Baby and Best for Mother
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All Druggists, 25 cents.

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Described.
Miss Giddigosh—Oh, uncle, have you seen the Williamses' baby? Do describe it to me.
Uncle Snark—Description! Um!—ah! very small features, clean shaven, red-faced, and looks a hard drinker.

Financial.
Stella—Isn't Mabel going to marry the duke?
Bella—No, he rejected the budget.

Allen's Lung Balsam
Is the old reliable cough remedy. It cures in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Better a poor man at large than a rich man in jail.

Coming to Terms.
Possible Boarder—Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms.
Scotch Farmer—Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample of yer appetite?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, colic, the grippe, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. The only one thing to run into debt and another to crawl out.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for their rich, mellow quality.

The first step toward keeping your mouth shut is to close it.

Mrs. Housewife—There's a Happy Medium in Everything

Anything that is overdone or underdone is not good. This is especially true of baking—and it is just as true of baking powder. If you use the cheap and Big Can Kinds you are getting quantity at the sacrifice of quality. It cannot be as good—or as economical as Calumet—the medium price kind. If you use the High Price Kind, you are paying tribute to the Trust—the quality is no better.

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—if as good.

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