

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summing near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who had come to Port Annandale to escape Henry Donovan. She feared that her brother would be a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. He learned of Miss Helen's coming and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, a suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough assailant 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 a Harridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country check with \$1,000. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molest the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"An interest in geography, shall we call it?" she chaffed, gayly.

"Or astronomy! We will assume that we are both looking for the Little Dipper."

"Good!" she returned on my own note. "Between the affairs of the Holbrooks and your evening Dipper hunt you are a busy man, Mr. Donovan."

"I am not half so busy as you are, Miss Holbrook! It must tax you severely to maintain both sides of the barricade at the same time, I ventured boldly.

"That does require some ingenuity," she replied, musingly, "but I am a very flexible character."

"But what will bend will break—you may carry the game too far."

"Oh, are you tired of it already?"

"Not a bit of it; but I should like to make this stipulation with you: That as you and I seem to be pitted against each other in this little contest, we shall fight it all out behind Miss Pat's back. I prefer that she shouldn't know what a—" and I hesitated.

"Oh, give me a name, won't you?" she pleaded, mockingly.

"What a beautiful deceiver you are!"

"Splendid! We will agree that I am a deceiver!"

"If it gives you pleasure! You are welcome to all the joy you can get out of it!"

"Please don't be bitter! Let us play fair, and not stoop to abuse."

"I should think you would feel contrite enough after that ugly business of this afternoon. You didn't appear to be even annoyed by that Italian's effort to smash the launch."

"She was silent for an instant; I heard her breath come and go quickly; when she responded with what seemed a forced lightness:

"You really think that was inspired by—" she suddenly appeared at a loss.

"By Henry Holbrook, as you know well enough. And if Miss Pat should be murdered through his enmity, don't you see that your position in the matter would be difficult to explain? Murder, my dear young woman, is not looked upon complacently, even in this remote corner of the world!"

"You seem given to the use of strong language, Mr. Donovan. Let us drop the calling of names and consider just where you put me."

"I don't put you at all; you have taken your own stand. But I will say that I was surprised, not to say pained, to find that you played the eavesdropper the very hour you came to Annandale."

"A moment's silence; the water murmured in the reeds below; an owl hooted in the Glenarm wood; a restless bird chirped from its perch in a maple overhead.

"Oh, to be sure!" she said at last. "You thought I was listening while Aunt Pat unfolded the dark history of the Holbrooks."

"I knew it, though, I tried to believe I was mistaken. But when I saw you there on Tippecanoe creek, meeting your father at the canoe-maker's house, I was astounded; I did not know that depravity could go so far."

"My poor, unhappy, unfortunate father!" she said in a low voice; there was almost a moan in it.

"I suppose you defend your conduct on the ground of filial duty," I suggested, finding it difficult to be severe.

"Why shouldn't I? Who are you to judge our affairs? We are the unhappy family that ever lived; but I should like you to know that it was not by my wish that you were brought into our councils. There is more in all this than appears!"

"There is nothing in it but Miss Pat—her security, her peace, her happiness. I am pledged to her, and the rest of you are nothing to me. But you may tell your father that I have been in now before and that I propose to stand by the gun."

"I shall deliver you," Mr. Donovan; and I give you my father's thanks for it," she mocked.

"Your father calls you Rosalind—before strangers!" I remarked.

"Yes, it's a fancy of his," she murmured, lingeringly. "Sometimes it's Viola, or Perdita, but, as I think of it, it's often Rosalind. I hope you don't object, Mr. Donovan?"

"No, I rather like it; it's in keeping with your variable character. You seem prone, like Rosalind, to woodland wandering. I dare say the other people of the cast will appear in due season. So far I have seen only the Fool."

"The Fool? Oh, yes; there was Touchstone, wasn't there?"

"I believe it is admitted that there was."

"She laughed; I felt that we were bound to get on better, now that we understood each other."

"You are rather proud of your at-



"Is it a Bargain?"

tainments, aren't you? I have really read the play, Mr. Donovan; I have even seen it acted."

"I did not mean to reflect on your intelligence, which is acute enough; or on your attainments, which are sufficient; or on your experience of life."

"Well spoken! I really believe that I am liking you better all the time, Mr. Donovan."

"My heart is swollen with gratitude. You heard my talk with your father at his cottage last night. And then you flew back to Miss Pat and played the hypocrite with the artlessness of Rosalind—the real Rosalind."

"Did I? Then I'm as clever as I am wicked. You, no doubt, are as wise as you are good."

"She folded her arms with a quick movement, the better, I thought, to express satisfaction with her own share of the talk; then her manner changed abruptly. She rested her hands on the back of the bench and bent toward me.

"My father dealt very generously with you. You were an intruder. He was well within his rights in capturing you. And more than that, you drew to our place some enemies of your own who may yet do us grave injury."

"They were no enemies of mine! Didn't you hear me debating that matter with your father? They were his enemies, and they pounced on me by mistake. It's not their fault that they didn't kill me!"

"That's a likely story. That little creek is the quietest place in the world."

"How do you know?" I demanded, bending closer toward her.

"Because my father tells me so! That was the reason he chose it."

"He wanted a place to hide when the cities became too hot for him. I advise you, Miss Holbrook, in view of all that has happened, and if you have any sense of decency left, to keep away from there."

"And I suggest to you, Mr. Donovan, that your devotion to my aunt does not require you to pursue my father. You do well to remember that a stranger thrusting himself into the affairs of a family he does not know puts himself in a very bad light."

"I am not asking your admiration, Miss Holbrook."

"You may save yourself the trouble!" she flashed; and then laughed out merrily. "Let us not be so absurd! We are quarreling like two school children over an apple. It's really a pleasure to meet you in this unconventional fashion, but we must be amiable. Our affairs will not be settled by words—I am sure of that. I must beg of you, the next time you come forth at night, to wear your cloak and dagger. The stage setting is fair enough; and the players should dress their parts becomingly. I am already named Rosalind—at night; Aunt Pat will call the Duchess in exile; and we were speaking a moment ago of the Fool. Well, yes; there was a Fool."

"I might take the part myself. If Gillespie were not already cast for it."

"Gillespie?" she said, wonderingly; then added at once, as though memory had prompted her: "To be sure, there is Gillespie."

"There is certainly Gillespie. Perhaps you would prefer to let him Orlando?" I ventured.

"Let me see," she pondered, bending her head; then: "Oh, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a pulsy tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides."

"That is Celia's speech, but well rendered. Let us consider that you are Rosalind, Celia, Viola and Ariel all in one. And I shall be those immortal villains of old tragedy—first, second and third murderer; or, if it suits you better, let me be Iago for honesty; Othello for great adventures; Hamlet for gloom; Shylock for relentlessness; and Romeo for love-sickness."

Again she bent her head; then drawing a little away and clasping her hands, she quoted: "Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday

humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?"

I stammered a moment, dimly recalling Orlando's reply in the play. I did not know whether she were daring me; and this was certainly not the girl's mood as we had met at St. Agatha's. My heart leaped and the blood tingled in my finger-tips as memory searched out the long-forgotten scene; and suddenly I threw at her the line:

"How is the kiss he denied?" She shrugged her shoulders.

"The rehearsal has gone far enough. Let us come back to earth again."

But this, somehow, was not so easy. Far across the lake a heavy train rumbled, and its engine blew a long blast for Annandale. I felt at that instant the unreasonableness of the day's events, with their culmination in this strange interview on the height above the lake. Never, I thought, had man parleyed with woman on so extraordinary a business. In the brief silence, while the whistle's echoes rang round the shore, I drew away from the bench that had stood like a barricade between us and walked toward her. I did not believe in her; she had flaunted her shameful trickery in my face; and yet I felt her spell upon me as through the dusk I realized anew her splendid height, the faint disclosure of her noble head and felt the glory of her dark eyes. She did not draw away, but stood quietly, with her head uplifted, a light scarf caught about her shoulders, and on her head a round sailor's cap, tipped away from her face.

"You must go back; I must see you safely to St. Agatha's," I said.

She turned, drawing the scarf close under her throat with a quick gesture, as though about to go. She laughed with more honest glee than I had known in her before, and I forgot her duplicity, forgot the bold game she was playing, and the consequences to which it must lead; my pulses bounded when a bit of her scarf touched my hand as she swung a loose end over her shoulder.

"My dear Mr. Donovan, you propose the impossible! We are foes, you must remember, and I cannot accept your escort."

"But I have a guard about the house; you are likely to get into trouble if you try to pass through. I must ask you to remember our pledge, that you are not to vex Miss Pat unnecessarily in this affair. To rouse her in the night would only add to her alarm. She has had enough to worry her already. And I rather imagine," I added, bitterly, "that you don't propose killing her with your own hands."

"No; do give me credit for that!" she mocked. "But I shall not disturb your guards, and I shall not distress Aunt Pat by making a row in the garden trying to run your pickets. I want you to stay here five minutes—count them honestly—until I have had time to get back in my own fashion. Is it a bargain?" She put out her hand as



she turned away—her left hand. As my fingers closed upon it an instant the emerald ring touched my palm.

"I should think you would not wear that ring," I said, detaching her hand, "it is too like hers; it is as though you were pledged to her by it."

"Yes; it is like her own; she gave it—"

She choked and caught her breath sharply and her hand flew to her face.

"She gave it to my mother, long ago," she said, and ran away down the path toward the school. A bit of gravel loosened by her step slipped after her to a new resting place; then silence and the night closed upon her.

I threw myself upon the bench and waited, marveling at her. If I had not touched her hand; if I had not heard her voice; if, more than all, I had not talked with her of her father, of Miss Pat, of intimate things which no one else could have known, I should not have believed that I had seen Helen Holbrook face to face.

CHAPTER IX.

The Lights on St. Agatha's Pier.

On my way home through St. Agatha's I stopped to question the two guards. They had heard nothing, had seen nothing. How that girl had passed them I did not know. I scanned the main building, where she and Miss Pat had two rooms, with an intervening sitting room, but all was dark. Miss Helen Holbrook was undeniably a resourceful young woman of charm and wit, and I went on to Glenarm House with a new respect for her cleverness.

I was abroad early the next morning, retracing my steps through St. Agatha's to the stone bench on the bluff with a vague notion of confirming my memory of the night by actual contact with visible, tangible things. The lake twinkled in the sunlight, the sky overhead was a flawless sweep of blue, and the foliage shone from the deluge of the early night. But in the soft glow of the path the prints of a woman's shoe were unmistakable. I bent down and examined them; I measured them—ungraciously, indelicately, guiltily—with my hand, and rose convinced that the neat outlines spoke of a modish bootmaker, and were not apt to be explained away as markings of the lightly-limbed step of a fairy or the gold-sandaled flight of Diana. Then I descended to St. Agatha's and found Miss Pat and Helen loitering tranquilly in the garden.

"They gave me good morning—Miss Pat calm and gracious, and Helen in the spirit of the morning itself, smiling, cool, and arguing for peace. Deception, as a social accomplishment, she had undoubtedly carried far; and I was hard put to hold up my end of the game. I have practiced lying with pastmasters in the art—the bazaar keepers of Cairo, horse dealers in Moscow and rug brokers in Teheran; but I dipped my colors to this amazing girl."

"I'm afraid that we are making ourselves a nuisance to you," said Miss Pat. "I heard the watchmen patrolling the walks last night."

"Yes; it was quite fendal!" Helen broke in. "I felt that we were back at least as far as the eleventh century. The splash of water—which you can hear when the lake is rough—must be quite like the lap of water in a moat. But I did not hear the clank of arms."

"No," I observed, dryly. "Ijma wears blue serge and carries a gun that would shoot clear through a crusader. The gardener is a Scotchman, and his dialect would kill a horse."

Miss Pat paused behind us to deliberate upon a new species of holly-hedge whose minarets rose level with her kind, gentle eyes. Something had been in my mind, and I took this opportunity to speak to Helen.

"Why don't you avert danger and avoid an ugly catastrophe by confessing to Miss Pat that your duty and sympathy lie with your father? It would save a lot of trouble in the end."

The flame leaped into Helen's face as she turned to me.

"I don't know what you mean! I have never been spoken to by any one so outrageously!" She glanced hurriedly over her shoulder. "My position is hard enough; it is difficult enough, without this. I thought you wished to help us."

I stared at her; she was drifting out of my reckoning, and leading me into uncharted seas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIVE DAIRY COWS AND TWENTY ACRES OF CORN

Fair Returns of an Illinois Tenant's Dairy and Poultry Business Figured Out in Detail—By Arthur J. Bilt.

The following items of cost and profit of a small tenant's business for one year may be of interest, not for striking results, but as showing a fairly clear farm account in three features. Mr. Nollisch rents a part of Mr. Leigh F. Maxey's 160-acre farm in Sangamon county, paying \$75 per year for the house, barn, lots, orchard and garden, covering about five acres; \$5 per acre for 20 acres of pasture, and one-half the corn raised on another 20 acres. The writer understands that the tenant also makes money by labor outside the farm. The place is well equipped and there is much fruit of several kinds. The total expenses for the year 1908 were: rent, \$175; poultry supplies and lumber, \$23; total, \$345.

Five cows are kept and 1,275 pounds of butter were sold at an average price of 31 1/2 cents per pound, making \$404.81. Three calves were sold for \$27.41. Three hogs, having

received for butter and calves, we have \$159.97 of profit, or \$32 per cow. This is a little more than the average income of the best one-fourth of the dairy cows of Illinois, as figured out by the state experiment station from the full year's record of 554 cows in 36 herds. But strictly speaking, a part of this \$32 should be credited to the work of butter making, and again the cows should be credited with the skim milk fed to the pigs and with the milk used by the family. In thus considering the dairy business alone, it should be remembered that, on the crop side, the farmer made, in addition to the above cow returns, whatever profit there is in raising the high-priced corn of last year. The 650 bushels at 70 cents would be worth \$455.

The total income from the poultry was seen to be \$304.67. The tenant's full estimate for their keep was \$124.52, plus \$23 for supplies and lumber, \$147.52 in all, leaving a net profit of

MAY BE BRITISH ENVOY

Sir Maurice De Bunsen Spoken of as New Ambassador to the United States.

New York.—Sir Maurice De Bunsen, British ambassador at Madrid, who, according to a report received in London from the Spanish capital, may succeed Ambassador Bryce as Great Britain's representative at Washington, will, if he comes to the United States, return to the scene of his first



Sir Maurice De Bunsen.

experience in the diplomatic service. Sir Maurice began the career in which he has rapidly risen as an attaché at Washington in 1878, and while of German origin, may be said to owe the start of the fortunes of his house to America. His grandfather, the first Bunsen, having served as private tutor to young William B. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, who laid the foundation of the great wealth of the present Astor family, was given his start in life through that connection.

Sir Maurice served as secretary of legation at Tokyo, consul general in Siam, secretary of the British embassy at Constantinople, secretary of embassy and minister plenipotentiary at Paris and ambassador at Lisbon before going to Madrid as ambassador in 1906. He has an independent fortune.

CLAY STATUE IS DESIGNED

Chicagoan Makes a Shaft of the Great Statesman to Be Unveiled Next April.

Chicago.—A statue of Henry Clay for the monument erected at Lexington, Ky., 50 years ago, has been designed by Charles J. Mulligan, the Chicago sculptor. It will be set in place April 12, the birthday anniversary of the statesman.

The original was designed by an English architect, but a year ago lightning struck the statue, which was 16 feet high, surmounting a shaft of 125 feet, and the head fell to the ground.



The Clay Statue.

This was not greatly damaged, and it was used as a measurement for the new statue, which Mr. Mulligan has recently made.

An appropriation of \$10,000 was made by the state of Kentucky for the new statue.

Making the Connection. An enterprising Scotch liquor dealer offered a prize for the best answer to a conundrum: "Why is my whisky like the bridge of Ayr?" A boy sent in, "Because it leads to the poor-house," and the unprejudiced umpires gave him the prize. With even reader wit a Yankee saw the connection in a kindred case.

At a certain railway station an anxious man came to the door of the baggage car and said: "Is there anything for me?"

After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage master dragged out a demijohn of whisky.

"Anything more?" asked the man.

"Yes," said the baggage man, "here's a grave stone. There's no name on it, but it ought to go with that liquor!"—Youth's Companion.

The Little Darling. Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared he asked:

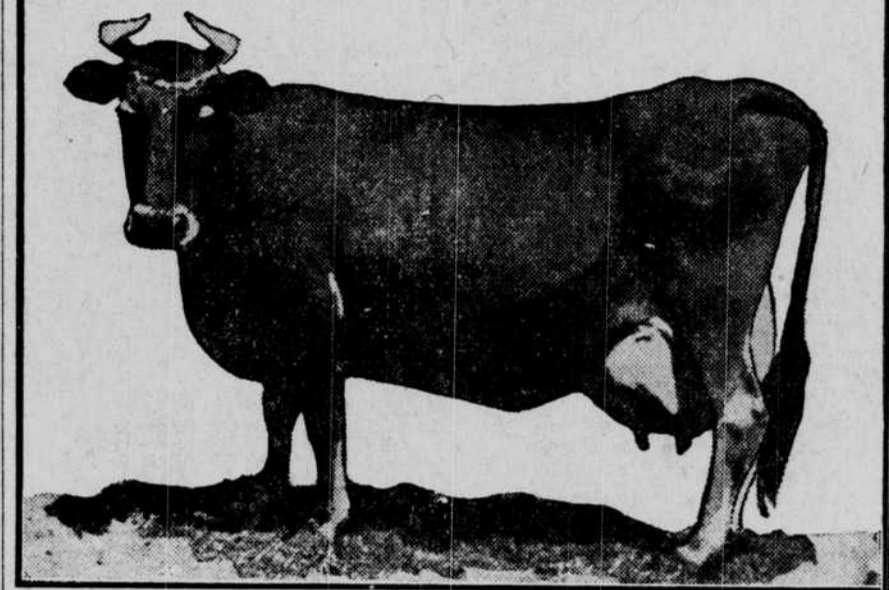
"Where have you been, my pet?"

"Playing postman," replied her pet. "I gave a letter to all the houses in our block. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother, in amazement.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

Sarcasm Extraordinary. "My opponent," thundered the candidate for Little Plumfield-on-the-Marsh, "has called himself a man of sense. I tell you, gentlemen, that if that man's brain was to be placed under a thimble, it would feel like a blackbeetle on the floor of Albert hall."—London Tit-Bits.



Jacoba Irene, Queen of Illinois State Fair.

milk as part of their ration, were sold at six cents per pound, amounting to \$40.80.

Two hundred and fifty hens were kept and from these, 1,144 dozen eggs were sold at an average price of 16 cents, \$183.84; chickens sold, \$100.73; turkeys sold, \$56.90; total of the place

with \$193.15 from the poultry. This lumber was for equipment that would last several years and need not all be charged to the 1908 business.

A large item of expense allowed in figuring the \$509.69 of profit, but not specifically referred to there, is the corn that three work horses ate, but if they were used to earn considerable money outside of the farm, only a part of their expense should be charged to the farm. This account, though not exact and complete in every item, throws much light on the total income and the separate sources of income from this little place.

Cowpeas Useful Crop.

It is a well-established agricultural fact that cowpeas are a very useful crop in a system of rotation for soil improvements. The cowpeas, like the clover and other legumes, is a nitrogen gatherer, and has the power of extracting free nitrogen from the atmosphere, and fixing it as nitrates in the soil through bacteria which grow in the nodules on its roots. Also, the large fleshy roots of the plants penetrate and loosen up heavy soils, improving their physical nature and making them more easily cultivated and more retentive of moisture. The crop will grow on thin land without manuring or inoculation, which is not true for clover and alfalfa, making the crop valuable for building up this land where the use of other legumes would be out of the question.

Cement Promotes Thrift.

Cement is a promoter of thrift. It is so easy to work that the farmer and his help can utilize their spare hours doing a little at a time. For example, they can start with a small feed floor in the barnyard, then add a walk to the barn, then to the well, then continue it to the house, then around it, etc.

Care of Plow.

Now that the plowing is all done, wipe off all dirt from wood and iron work. Give a good coating of oil to the metal parts next spring so there will be no delay in getting the plows to scour.



Plymouth Rock Cock and Hen.

at \$854.69, which would include the sale of \$41 worth of other products than those named above.

The tenant's half of the corn amounted to 650 bushels, most or all of which was fed on the place. Deducting the total money expense named, \$345, from the income, \$854.69, the profit is seen to be \$509.69. And to get the man's total net income for the year's work there must be added to it whatever money he earned outside of this farm.

Figured in another way, Mr. Nollisch estimates that his total expense for the year was \$824, leaving him a net income of \$30.69, but this expense must include the family living.

But to examine these accounts separately, Mr. Nollisch estimates that the five cows at \$209.95 worth of grain and \$62.30 worth of hay, a total of \$272.25, or \$54.45 per cow. Deducting this large feed bill from the money

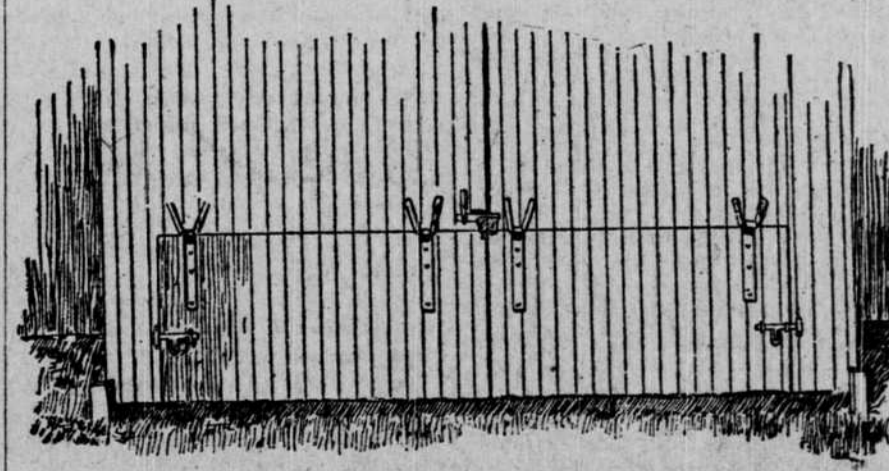
are three feet high and six feet long, are hung on specially made hinges and fastened at each end by small push bars. When the large sliding doors are drawn together and securely fastened, there is no difficulty of handling the secondary doors. During the day the doors are raised but when desired can be lowered and everything made as snug as one pleases. This plan has been worked for two years with very satisfactory results.

Use Attractive Packages.

In supplying either milk, cream or butter to the trade, use the most approved and attractive packages. There are many good ones now on the market.

Ill fitting collars and accumulations of dirt on collars are principal causes of horses having sore shoulders.

BARN DOORS FOR LAMB FEEDING



E. A. Ross, Livingston county, Michigan, has devised a plan for letting feeding lambs out and in a driveway without opening the large doors and unduly exposing the interior. His barn is so arranged that he does his feeding on the ground floor, there being no basement to the barn and the bays raised eight feet from the ground by a board floor. This gives the whole basement of a barn 36x84 feet for feeding purposes. While doors were provided at one end for the sheep, it was desirable on account of partition dividing the basement into two apartments, to provide an opening near the main doors on the rear side of the barn. The accompanying illustrations show how our subscriber accomplished this without the necessity of keeping the large doors open and exposing the whole interior.

As indicated, the trap doors, which

Use it, man!"

Uncle Allen.

"I've noticed," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "that the fellow who really swears off from his bad habits doesn't go around advertising it beforehand."

Emergency All Provided For

Small Wonder Thoughtful Landlord Was Annoyed.

"Gypsy" Smith, the evangelist, complained at a meeting in New York of the discomfort caused by the customs rules.

"They who receive from abroad packets or heavy letters, such as attract the eye of the customs officials, find," said Smith, "that the American government in this matter is as lacking as the Haytian hotelkeeper."

"A gentleman, you must know, stopped at a country hotel some 50 miles from Port-au-Prince to escape one of those tropical deluges so characteristic of Hayti.

"After dinner he turned in, for there was nothing to