ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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"What the Devil Did You Bring Me Up Here For?"

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 for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. 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. After a short discussion Donovan left surlily. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church 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. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted conniving with her father despite her aunt's precautions, in a night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. Helen's lover escaped. At the town post office Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft into the hand of the Italian sailor. She also signaled her father. Miss Pat and Donovan "took in" the canoe carnival. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Donovan met Gillespie.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"I, myself," he continued, taking a chair near me and placing his feet in an open window, "am cursed with rugged health. I have quite recovered from those unkind cuts at the nunnery—thanks to your ministrations—and am willing to put on the gloves with you at any time."

"You do me great honor; but the affair must wait for a lower temperature."

"As you will! It is not like my great and gracious ways to force a fight. Pardon me, but may I inquire for the health of the ladies at Saint What's-her-name's?"

"They are quite well, thank you."

"I am glad to know it;"—and his tone lost for the moment its jauntiness. "Henry Holbrook has gone to New York."

"Good riddance!" I exclaimed, heartily. "And now—"

"—And now if I would only follow suit, everything would be joy plus for you!"

He laughed and slapped his knees at my discomfiture, for he had read my thoughts exactly.

"You certainly are the only blot on the landscape!"

"Quite so. And if I would only go hence the pretty little idyl that is being enacted in the delightful garden, under the eye of a friendly chaperon, would go forward without interruption."

He spoke soberly, and I had observed that when he dropped his chaff a note of melancholy crept into his talk. He folded his arms and went on: "She's a wonderful girl, Donovan. There's no other girl like her in all the wide world. I tell you it's hard for a girl like that to be in her position—the whole family broken up, and that contemptible father of hers hanging about with his schemes of plunder. It's pitiful, Donovan; it's pitiful!"

"It's a cheerless mess. It all came after the bank failure, I suppose."

"Practically, though the brothers never got on. You see my governor was bit by their bank failure; and Miss Pat resented the fact that he backed off when stung. But the Gillespies take their medicine; father never squealed, which makes me sore that your Aunt Pat gives me the icy eye."

"Their affairs are certainly mixed," I replied, non-committally.

"They are indeed; and I have studied the whole business until my near mind is mussed up, like scrambled eggs. Your own pretty idyl of the nunnery garden adds the note piquante. Cross my palm with gold and I'll tell you of strange things that lie in the future. I have an idea, Donovan; singular though it seem, I've a notion in my head."

"Keep it," I retorted, "to prevent a cranial vacuum."

"Crushed! Absolutely crushed!" he replied, gloomily. "Kick me. I'm only the host."

We were silent while the few sounds of the village street droned in. He rose and paced the floor to shake off his mood, and when he sat down he seemed in better spirits.

"Holbrook will undoubtedly return," I said.

"Yes; there's no manner of doubt about that."

"And then there will be more trouble."

"Of course."

"But I suppose there's no guessing when he will come back."

"He will come back as soon as he's spent his money."

I felt a delicacy about referring to that transaction on the pier. It was a wretched business, and I now realized that the shame of it was not lost on Gillespie.

"How does Henry come to have that Italian scoundrel with him?" I asked after a pause.

"He's the skipper of the Stiletto," Gillespie replied, readily.

"He's a long way from tide-water," I remarked. "A blackguard of just his sort once sailed me around the Italian peninsula in a felucca, and saved me from drowning on the way. His heroism was not, however, wholly disinterested. When we got back to Naples he robbed me of my watch and money-belt and I profited by the transaction, having intended to give him double their value. But there are plenty of farm boys around the lake who could handle the Stiletto. Henry didn't need a dago expert."

The mention of the Italian clearly troubled Gillespie. After a moment he said:

"He may be holding on to Henry instead of Henry's holding on to him. Do you see?"

"No; I don't."

"Well, I have an idea that the dago knows something that's valuable. Last summer Henry went cruising in the Sound with a pretty rotten crowd, poker being the chief diversion. A man died on the boat before they got back to New York. The report was that he fell down a hatchway when he was drunk, but there were some ugly stories in the papers about it. That Italian sailor was one of the crew."

"Where is he now?"

"Over at Battle Orchard. He knows his man and knows he'll be back. I'm waiting for Henry, too. Helen gave him $20,000. The way the market is running he's likely to go broke any day. He plays stocks like a crazy man, and after he's busted he'll be back on our hands."

"It's hard on Miss Pat."

"And it's harder on Helen. She's in terror all the time for fear her father will go up against the law and bring further disgrace on the family. There's her Uncle Arthur, a wanderer on the face of the earth for his sins. That was bad enough without the rest of it."

"That was greed, too, wasn't it?"

"No, just general cussedness. He blew in the Holbrook bank and skipped."

"You told me that Henry Holbrook found his way here ahead of you. How do you account for that?"

He looked at me quickly, and rose, again pacing the narrow room.

"I don't! I wish I could!"

"It's about the last place in the world to attract him. Port Annandale is a quiet resort frequented by western people only. There's neither hunting nor fishing worth mentioning; and a man doesn't come from New York to Indiana to sail a boat on a thimbleful of water like this lake."

"You are quite right."

"If Helen Holbrook gave him warning that they were coming here—"

"Don't you dare say it! She couldn't have done! She wouldn't have done it! I tell you I know, independently of her, that he was here before Father Stoddard ever suggested this place to Miss Pat."

"Well, you needn't get so hot about it."

"And you needn't insinuate that she is not acting honorably in this affair! I should think that after making love to her, as you have been doing, and playing the role of comforter to Miss Pat, you would have the decency not to accuse her of connivance with Henry Holbrook."

"You let your jealousy get the better of your good sense. I have not been making love to Miss Holbrook!" I declared, angrily, and knew in my heart that I lied.

"Well, Irishman," he exclaimed with entire good humor; "let us not bring up mine host to find us locked in mortal combat."

"What the devil did you bring me up here for?" I demanded.

"Oh, just to enjoy your society. I get lonesome sometimes. I tell you a man does get lonesome in this world when he has nothing to lean on but a blooming button factory and a stepmother who flits among the world's expensive sanatoria. I know you have never had 'Button, button, who's got the button?' chanted in your ears, but may I ask whether you have ever known the joy of a stepmother? I can see that your answer will be an unregretful negative."

He was quite the fool again, and stared at me vacuously.

"My stepmother is not the common type of juvenile fiction. She has never attempted during her widowhood to rob the orphan or to poison him. Bless your Irish heart, no! She's a good woman, and rich in her own right, but I couldn't stand her dietary. She's afraid I'm going to die, Donovan! She thinks everybody's going to die. Father died of pneumonia and she said ice-water in the finger-bowl did it, and she wanted to have the butler arrested for murder. She had a new disease for me every morning. It was worse than being left with a button-works to draw a stepmother like that. She ate nothing but hot water and zweibach herself, and shuddered when I demanded sausage and buckwheat cakes every day. She caught me one day clearing up a couple of chickens and a mug of Bass with the gardener, and it was all over. She had noticed, she said, that I had been coughing of late—I was doing a few cigarettes too many, that was all—and wired to New York for doctors. She had all sorts, Donovan—alienists and pneumogastric specialists and lung experts.

"The people on Strawberry Hill thought there was a medical convention in town. I was kidnaped on the golf course, where I was about to win the eastern Connecticut long-drive cup, and locked up in a dark room at home for two days while they tested me. They made all the known tests, Donovan. They tested me for diseases that haven't been discovered yet, and for some that have been extinct since the days of Noah. You can see where that put me. I was afraid to fight or sulk for fear the alienists would send me to the madhouse. I was afraid to eat for fear they would think that was a symptom, and every time I asked for food the tape-worm man looked intelligent and began prescribing, while the rest of them were terribly chagrined because they hadn't scored first. The only joy I got out of the rumpus was in hitting one of those alienists a damned hard clip in the ribs, and I'm glad I did it. He was feeling my medulla oblongata at the moment, and as I resent being manhandled I pasted him one—he was a young chap, and fair game—I pasted him one, and then grabbed a suit-case and slid. I stole away in a clamboat for New Haven, and kept right on up into northern Maine, where I stayed with the Indians until my father's relict went off broken hearted to Bad Neuheim to drink the waters. And here I am, by the grace of God, in perfect health and in full control of the button market of the world."

"You have undoubtedly been sorely tried," I said as he broke off mournfully. In spite of myself I had been entertained. He was undeniably a fellow of curious humor and with unusual experience of life. He followed me to the street, and as I rode away he called me back as though to impart something of moment.

"Did you ever meet Charles Darwin?"

"He didn't need me for proof, Buttons.'"

"I wish I might have had one word with him. It's on my mind that he put the monkeys back too far. I should be happier if he had brought them a little nearer up to date. I should feel less lonesome, Irishman."

He stopped me again.

"Once I had an ambition to find an honest man, Donovan, but I gave it up—it's easier to be an honest man than to find one. I give you peace!"

I had learned some things from the young button king, but much was still opaque in the affairs of the Holbrooks. The Italian's presence assumed a new significance from Gillespie's story. He had been party to a conspiracy to kill Holbrook, alias Hartridge, on the night of my adventure at the houseboat, and I fell to wondering who had been the shadowy director of that enterprise—the coward who had hung off in the creek and waited for the evil deed to be done.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Gate of Dreams.

In my heart I was anxious to do justice to Gillespie. Sad it is that we are all so given to passing solemn judgment on trifling testimony! I myself am not impeccable. I should at any time give to the lions a man who uses his thumb as a paper-cutter; for such a one is clearly marked for brutality. My prejudices rally as to a trumpet-call at the sight of a girl wearing overshoes or nibbling bonbons—the one suggestive of predatory habits and weak lungs, the other of nervous dyspepsia.

The night was fine, and after returning my horse to the stable I continued on to the Glenarm boathouse. I was strolling along, pipe in mouth, and was half-way up the boathouse steps when a woman shrank away from the veranda rail, where she had been standing, gazing out upon the lake. There was no mistaking her. She was not even disguised to-night, and as I advanced across the little veranda she turned toward me. The lantern over the boathouse door suffused us both as I greeted her.

"Pardon me, Miss Holbrook; I'm afraid I have disturbed your meditations," I said. "But if you don't mind—"

"You have the advantage of being on your own ground," she replied.

"I waive all my rights as tenant if you will remain."

"It is much nicer here than on St. Agatha's pier; you can see the lake and the stars better. On the whole," she laughed, "I think I shall stay a moment longer, if you will tolerate me."

I brought out some chairs and we sat down by the rail, where we could look out upon the star-sown heavens and the dark floor of stars beneath. Helen bent forward with her elbows resting on the rail, her hands clasped under her chin. The lamplight fell full upon her slightly lifted head, and upon her shoulders, over which lay a filmy veil. She hummed dreamily for a moment while I watched her. Had she one mood for the day and another for the night? I had last seen her that afternoon after an hour of tennis, at which she was expert, and she had run away through Glenarm gate with a taunt for my defeat; but now the spirit of stars and of all earth's silent things was upon her. I looked twice and thrice at her clearly outlined profile, at the brow with its point of dark hair, at the hand whereon the emerald was clearly distinguishable, and satisfied myself that there could be no mistake about her.

"You grow bold," I said, anxious to hear her voice. "You don't mind the pickets a bit."

"No. I'm quite superior to walls and fences. You have heard of those East Indians who appear and disappear through closed doors; well, we'll assume that I had one of those fellows for an ancestor! It will save the trouble of trying to account for my exits and entrances. I will tell you in confidence, Mr. Donovan, that I don't like to be obliged to account for myself!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Much Work For One Wife

Nigerian Needs Several Properly to Minister to His Comfort.

According to the Geographical Journal of London the marital relations among the peoples of Nigeria vary somewhat according to their state of civilization: "Polygamy is the rule, the reason given being that it is impossible for one woman to do all the work of the house, look after the children, prepare and cook the food, fetch the daily supply of water (often an arduous job), cultivate the plantation and go to market. The African is an exceedingly hungry person. It is the custom to eat several times a day when at home, and the men spend most of their day sitting in the palaver house or market place, while the women bring the food all day long. One wife could not possibly do this. Besides, the African lady encourages it, for she says, 'The more wives, the less work.'

"Among the Ahiaras, Onichas, Obuwus and the lower class of pagan tribes in the interior, there is very little form of marriage. As soon as a man has the means, he pays the parents what they want, in the shape of goats, cows, beads and money, and takes the girl. There is no ceremony at all. The more wives the greater riches he is supposed to have and the better he will be looked after.

"If, of course, they can manage to seize a woman from the neighboring tribe while she is fetching water or working on her farm, so much the cheaper. With this method in vogue for centuries, no wonder that it is as much as a native's life is worth to go out of his own village, and that the country is so backward."

Most Obstinate Things.

A bachelor says a mule is the most obstinate thing on earth, but married men know better.—Chicago Daily News.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Is it true than an employe of the street-cleaning department was seen intoxicated on the street?"

"No; the rumor started from the fact that some people said they saw him fall off the waterwagon."

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Simple Home-Made Remedy That Is Free from Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

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PATIENCE UNREWARDED.

"Are there any fish in the lake here?"

"I dunno! This is only the second day I've been fishing here!

Rich Territory Opened up.

The development of the Brazilian Amazon valley must in time amount to untold wealth. In the states of Para and the Amazonas and the federal territory of Acre there are near the water's edge 10,000,000 rubber-bearing trees of the Hevea variety. These trees if properly tapped will live indefinitely and steadily increase their yield. The state of Para is considerably larger than Texas, and much of it will grow excellent cotton.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

He Was an Old Hand.

"Do not anger me!" she said, sternly.

"How am I to know when you are angry?" he asked.

"I always stamp my feet," she answered.

"Impossible," he said. "There isn't room for a stamp on either of them!"

That fetched her.—Lippincott's.

Period of Joy for Casey.

Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a very serious operation a few days before.

Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition.

"Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelley asked.

"No, but I am," said Casey.

Easily Distinguished.

"This," remarked Mr. Cane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me?"

"I think so," said Miss Softee. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

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About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

That's the Question.

Wife—You were late last night.

Hub—Beg pardon, my dear. As I came in the front door the clock struck 11.

Wife—But what time did you arrive at the head of the stairs?

In Demand.

"That's a very popular man."

"Yes; he'll listen to the details of your summer trip without insisting on telling you about his own."

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Irasburg, Vermont.—"I feel it my duty to say a few words in praise of your medicine. When I began taking it I had been very sick with kidney and bladder troubles and nervous prostration. I am now taking the sixth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find myself greatly improved. My friends who call to see me have noticed a great change."—Mrs. A. H. Sanborn, Irasburg, Vermont.

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When He Courted You

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If he realized the full truth he would be more than anxious to have the wife he loves take the right remedy to restore her to true womanly health. Most men don't know that when a woman is weak, nervous, irritable and despondent, there is invariably something radically wrong with the delicate feminine organs with which her entire physique is in sensitive sympathy.

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