

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY **MEREDITH NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**



SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, who was passing through Kansas. Miss Patricia concluded to Donovan that she was a bona fide, but was constantly threatened by Donovan who had captured her. Her father, who proved to be Reginald Gillette, sought for the hand of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father sought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who could not be traced. A chance meeting of Helen and Holbrook led to the discovery of the plot. Helen was rescued by her father. Her father's name was Holbrook. She met Reginald Gillette, who told her his love. Gillette was confronted by Donovan. At the town of Tippecanoe, Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. Young Holbrook was discovered alone in a canoe, when he was thought to have been at home. Gillette 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 Gillette was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillette gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillette and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind, a "wanderer" appeared to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury be done to 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.



daisies, and I walked toward her slowly—it must have been slowly—and I think we were both glad of a moment's respite in which to study each other. Then she spoke at once, as though our meeting had been prearranged.

"I hoped I should see you," she said, gravely.

"I had every intention of seeing you! I was killing time until I felt I might decently lift the latch of Red Gate."

She inspected me with her hands clasped behind her.

"Please don't look at me like that!" I laughed. "I camped in a barn last night for fear I shouldn't get here in time."

"I wish to speak to you for a few minutes—to tell you what you may have guessed about us—my father and me."

"Yes; if you like; but only to help you if I can. It is not necessary for you to tell me anything."

She turned and led the way across the daisy field. She walked swiftly, holding back her skirts from the crowding flowers, traversed the garden of the household.

"We can be quiet here," she said, throwing open the door. "My father is at Tippecanoe village, shipping one of his canoes. We are early risers, you see!"

She grew grave again.

"I have important things to say to you, but it's just as well for you to see me in the broadest of daylight, so that"—she pondered a moment, as though to be sure of expressing herself clearly—"so that when you see Helen Holbrook in an hour or so in that pretty garden by the lake you will understand that it was not really Rosalind after all that—that amused you!"

"But the daylight is not helping that idea. You are marvelously alike, and yet"—I floundered miserably in my uncertainty.

"Then"—and she smiled at my discomfiture, "if you can't tell us apart, it makes no difference whether you ever see me again or not. You see, Mr.—but did you ever tell me what your name is? Well, I know it, anyhow, Mr. Donovan."

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I am grateful to you. Please turn all your trouble over to me."

"You did what I asked you to do," she said, "when I had no right to ask, but I was afraid of what might happen here. It is all right now and we are going away; we must leave this place."

"But I shall see you again."

"Not you have—you have—Helen. You don't know me at all! You will find your mistake tomorrow."

She was urging me toward the steps that led up to the house. The sob was still in her throat, but she was laughing a little hysterically, in her belief that her father had come off unscathed.

"Then you will let me find it out tomorrow; I must let me know before you go!"

"No! No! This is good-by," she said. "You would not be so unkind as to stay when I am so troubled, and there is so much to do!"

We were at the foot of the stairway, and I heard the door snap shut.

"Good-night, Rosalind!"

"Good-by; and thank you!" she whispered.

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Night Ended.

As my horse whinnied and I turned into the wood a man walked boldly toward me.

"My dear Donovan, I have been consulting your horse during your absence. It's a bad habit we have fallen into of wandering about at night. I liked your dinner, but you were rather too anxious to get rid of me. I came by boat myself!"

Gillette knocked the ashes from his pipe and thrust it into his pocket. I was in no frame of mind for talk with him, a fact which he seemed to surmise.

"It's late, for a fact," he continued; "and we both ought to be in bed; but our various affairs require diligence."

"What are you doing over here?" I demanded.

"Well, to tell the truth—"

"Would better!"

"To tell the truth, my dear Donovan, since I left your hospitable board I have been deeply perplexed over some important questions of human conduct. Are you interested in human types? Have you ever noticed the man who summons all porters and waiters by the pleasing name of 'George?' The name in itself is respectable enough; nor is its generic use peculiar—a matter of taste only. But the same man may be identified otherwise by his proneness to consume the richest pudding, the choicest ice-cream and the fruit in season from the chestnut American bill of fare, after partaking impartially of the preliminary fish, duck and fowl. He is confidential with hotel clerks, affectionate with chambermaids and all telephone girls are Kellie to him. Types, my dear Donovan—"

"That's enough! I want to know what you are doing," and in my anger I shook him by the shoulders.

"Well, if you must have it, after I started to the village I changed my mind about going, and I was anxious to see whether Holbrook was really here; so I got a launch and came over. I stepped at the island but saw no one there, and I came up the creek until I grounded; then I struck inland, looking for the road. It might save me such embarrassment, Irishman, if we give notice of each other's intentions, particularly at night. I hung about, thinking you might appear, and—"

"You are a poor liar, Buttons. You didn't come here alone!"—and I drove my sharp wits hard in an effort to account for his unexpected appearance.

"All is lost; I am discovered," he moaned.

He had himself freed my horse; I now took the rein and fastened it to the tree.

"Well, inexplicable Donovan!"

I laughed, pleased to find that my delay annoyed him. I was confident that he was not abroad at this hour for nothing, and I again occurred to me that we were on different sides of the matter. My weariness fell from me like a cloak, as the events of the past hour flashed fresh in my mind.

"Now," I said, dropping the rein and patting the horse's nose for a moment, "you may go with me or you may sit here; but if you would avoid trouble don't try to interfere with me."

"What Are You Doing Over Here?" I Demanded.

I did not doubt that he had been sent to watch me; and his immediate purpose seemed to be to detain me.

"I had hoped you would sit down and talk over the Monroe Doctrine, or the partition of Africa, or something equally interesting," he remarked. "You disappoint me, my dear benefactor."

"And you make me very tired at the end of a tiresome day, Gillette. Please continue to watch my horse; I'm off."

He kept at my elbow, as I expected he would, babbling away with his usual volubility in an effort, now frank enough, to hold me back; but I ignored his talk and plunged on through the wood toward the creek. Henry Holbrook must, I argued, have had time enough to get out of the creek and back to the island; but what mischief Gillette was furthering in his behalf I could not imagine.

There was a gradual rise toward the creek and we were obliged to cling to the bushes in making our ascent. Suddenly, as I paused for breath, Gillette grasped my arm.

"For God's sake, stop! This is no affair of yours. On my honor there's nothing that affects you here."

"I will see whether there is or not!" I exclaimed, throwing him off, but he kept close beside me.

We gained the trail that ran along the creek, and I paused to listen.

"Where's your launch?"

"Find it," he replied, succinctly.

I had my bearings pretty well, and set off toward the lake, Gillette trailing behind in the narrow path. When we had gone about 20 yards a lantern glimmered below and I heard voices raised in excited colloquy. Gillette started forward at a run.

"Keep back! This is my affair!"

"I'm making it mine," I replied, and lunged in ahead of him.

I ran forward rapidly, the voices growing louder, and soon heard men stumbling and falling about in conflict. A woman's voice now rose in a sharp cry:

"Let go of him! Let go of him!"

Gillette flashed by me down the bank to the water's edge, where the struggle ended abruptly. I was not far behind, and I saw Henry Holbrook in the grasp of the Italian, who was explaining to the woman, who held the lantern high above her head, that he was only protecting himself. Gillette had caught hold of the sailor, who continued to protest his innocence of any wish to injure Holbrook; and for a moment we peered through the dark, taking account of one another.

"So it's you, is it?" said Henry Holbrook as the Italian freed him and his eyes fell on me. "I should like to know what you mean by meddling in my affairs. By God, I've enough to do with my own flesh and blood without dealing with outsiders."

Helen Holbrook turned swiftly and held the lantern toward me, and when she saw me shrugged her shoulders.

"You really give yourself a great deal of unnecessary concern, Mr. Donovan."

"You are a damned impudent meddling meddler! You—"

"I have had you watched, you—"

He darted toward me, but the Italian again caught and held him, and another altercation began between them. Holbrook was wrought to a high pitch of excitement and cursed every body who had in any way interfered with him.

"Come, Helen," said Gillette, stepping to the girl's side; and at this Helen Holbrook turned upon him viciously.

"You are another meddling outsider. Your father was a pig—a pig, do you understand? If it hadn't been for him I shouldn't be here to-night, camping out like an outlaw. And you've got to stop annoying my daughter!"

Helen turned to the Italian and spoke to him rapidly in his own tongue.

"You must take him away. He is not himself. Tell him I have done the best I could. Tell him—"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Lady of the White Butterflies.

The twitter of swallows in the eaves wakened me to the first light of day, and after I had taken a dip in the creek I still seemed to be sole proprietor of the world, so quiet lay field and woodland. I followed the lake shore to a fishermen's camp, where the good comradeship of outdoor men the world over I got bread and coffee and no questions asked. I smoked a pipe with the fishermen to kill time, and it was still but a trifle after six o'clock when I started for Red Gate. A line of sycamores 200 yards to my right marked the bed of the Tippecanoe; and on my left hand, beyond a walnut grove, a little flimsy dust-cloud hung above the hidden highway. I thrust my cap into my jacket pocket and stood watching the wind crisp the flowers. Then my attention wandered to the mad antics of a squirrel that ran along the fence.

When I turned to the field again I saw Rosalind coming toward me along the path, clad in white, hatless, and her hands lightly brushing the lush grass that seemed to leap up to touch them. She had not seen me, and I drew back a little for love of the picture she made.

She paused abruptly midway of the

Modern Society; Is It Ideal?

Let the duke . . . wander for a while through the streets wanted by working people, and note the stunted forms, the pinched features . . . And if he go to that good charity (but, alas, how futile is charity without justice!) where little children are kept while their mothers are at work, and children are fed who would otherwise go hungry, he may see infants whose limbs are shrunk from want of nourishment. Perhaps they may tell him, as they told me, of that little girl, barefooted, ragged, and hungry, who, when they gave her bread, raised her eyes and clasped her hands, and thanked our Father in Heaven for his bounty on her. They who told me that never dreamed I think, of its terrible meaning. But I ask the duke, . . . did that little child, thank-

Indictment Drawn Up Against It by the Late Henry George.

ful for that poor dole, get what our Father provided for her? Is he so niggard? If not, what is it, who is it, that stands between such children and our Father's bounty? If it be an institution, is it not our duty to God and to our neighbor to rest not till we destroy it? If it be a man, we it not better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he

Emolument of Physicians.
Remuneration of physicians originally consisted in presents, but at the time of Hippocrates payment in money was already customary. Physicians received also public praise, the "crown of honor," the freedom of the city, the privilege of eating at the king's table. Physicians employed by the state received a yearly salary, as high as \$2,000 in some instances. Rich people would pay enormous sums for a successful treatment, and a case is recorded in which \$200,000 was paid.

LAST OF THE WYANDOTTES

Miss Lydia Conley Pleads with Supreme Court for Peace for Her Ancestors.

Kansas City, Kas.—Lydia Conley, last of the once powerful Wyandottes, has returned from her trip to Washington full of hope that the supreme court of the United States will let the ashes of her forefathers lie in peace.

The little cemetery on Minnesota avenue, the main business street of this city, lies almost hidden between the big buildings that border it on either side. The hum of traffic rattles

NEBRASKA NEWS AND NOTES.

Items of Interest Taken From Here and There Over the State.

A paving campaign is to be inaugurated in Kearney.

Mrs. Cleveland, who died at Lyons last week was 99 years old.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson of Beatrice last week celebrated her 94th birthday.

Odd Fellows of Nebraska City are arranging a rally and class initiation March 1.

February 12 was observed by the Bartlett state bank by a big reception and "feed" in observance of the fourth anniversary of the institution.

Floyd Saxon, a young farmer east of Union, Cass county, had his left hand badly mutilated by the bursting of a wood saw.

Some disease much resembling pink eye is affecting the whole herd of horses belonging to Mr. McCartney, a farmer near Lyons and there is apprehension that it may spread.

A great many farmers in Johnson county are holding public sales and will move to South Dakota, Scotts Bluff county and other sections. Land is too high priced in that section of the state to make it profitable to rent and farm.

Hides valued at \$1,000 were stolen from the fur house of W. R. Adams in Fremont by thieves who broke into the building, by taking out a window pane. Most of the hides stolen were in packages. It is believed the goods were taken out of town.

The remains of Miss Maria Hoover, who died in New York City, were taken to the old home at Brownsville for burial. Miss Hoover was one of the leading members of a choir in one of the leading churches in New York City at the time of her death.

Engineer George Himberger of the Burlington, was severely scalded by steam near Washington, Kas. The engine had jumped the track, and it was while working under his engine that an exhaust was turned on accidentally striking him on the head and neck.

Clarence Edwards, aged about 30 years, was arrested at Benkelman for alleged assault on two little children, one his niece, aged 7 years, and the other a step-niece, aged 6 years. He will be tried at the next term of court. Meantime he is admitted to bail on a \$5,000 bond.

Many farmers in Buffalo county are now busy picking the last year's crop of corn, which they were unable to do earlier on account of the heavy snows. Some fields will scarcely be husked before the stalk-cutter is put at work clearing the ground for the crop expected in 1910.

The matter of arranging for the Northeast Nebraska G. A. R. reunion was taken up by a mass meeting of the business men of Lynch. It was decided to leave nothing undone that will insure a great success of the day as far as Lynch is concerned. The reunion will take place in August.

The Woman's Institute association is the name of the new woman's organization in Laurel, which starts out with fifty members. It is an offshoot of the Farmer's institutes for men and at its monthly meetings papers will be read and discussion had upon topics of interest to the home-maker.

Evansville (Ind.) dispatch: Rev. H. D. Helwig of Fremont, Neb., who, under the name of H. J. Smith is charged with uttering a forged check for \$50, has made confession of his guilt and will be sentenced before the close of the week. Strong influences are being brought to secure a suspended sentence.

Joseph Jensen of Lowell suffered a severe injury in Kearney when his horse became frightened at an automobile and made a sudden bolt which threw Jensen and two lady occupants out of the carriage. The ladies were not hurt, but Jensen suffered bad scalp wounds. He was unconscious for several hours.

That the corn which has remained in the fields all winter was damaged more than was thought is proved by some of the lately gathered grain that is being brought to the grain buyers in Beatrice. Recently a load was brought in that was saturated with water, the ears containing so much moisture, that they could be bent easily.

John Head, a farm hand who was almost dismembered a few months ago when he fell through a county bridge along with a threshing machine, has filed a claim for damages with the county board of Dodge county. Head did not state the amount he wanted, but indicated he would be satisfied to leave it for the supervisors to determine.

The experiment station of the state university has designated the eighty-acre tract owned by David D. Reavis of Falls City and situated on the Nemaha bottom, subject to overflow in the past, through which the new lateral drainage ditch has been constructed for a tile experiment, to test the value of that class of drainage on low bottom lands in that part of the state.

Prominent citizens in Bennet, Dunbar, Talmage and Brock have received communications from T. P. Kennard, a promoter, asking what they think about the establishment of an interurban line from Lincoln to Auburn via Cheney.

J. W. Knowles & Son, living one mile north of Craig, held a farm and thoroughbred hog sale, everything bringing good price. Twenty-two head of Poland China sows averaged \$75.43, the top price being \$130, paid by Lute McDonald of near this place. Forty-four head of pigs averaged \$14.95.

Thieves forced open the door of Frank Polak's tailor shop in Wymore, and made away with all the goods, and made up garments on hand. Mr. Polak's loss is about \$100.

The Omaha Commercial club is leading a state-wide campaign for the purpose of interesting farmers in testing their seed corn and thus preventing an economic waste which means millions to the state. Newspaper men, bankers, implement dealers, grain buyers and others are being asked the elimination of loss through planting "dead" seed.

JILTED, LIVES AS HERMIT

Andrew Johnson, University Graduate and Once a Great Musician Has Romantic Career.

Worcester, Mass.—Jilted by the daughter of a rich banker in Sweden nearly half a century ago, Andrew P. Johnson, university graduate doctor of medicine, musician of national reputation and teacher of recognized ability in his country, lost interest in life and became a hermit.

Wandering over his native country in sorrow, he gradually descended the social scale and came to America 30 years ago a physical and mental wreck. For 20 years he has lived the life of a hermit, amid squalor, in a small isolated shack on the Worcester and Auburn line, about two miles below Quinsigamond village.

He has been known for many years as "the crazy hermit," and has sought solitude and silence. He seldom visited the small Swedish settlement of Quinsigamond, and then only to beg food and clothes from the merchants with whom he was acquainted.

His only worship during all these years has been the memory of pretty Mary Olson, who jilted him in Molne-

Immense Blasting Operation.

To get rock for the Morena dam in southern California, one of the biggest blasting operations on record has just been successfully carried out. Describing this feat, the Engineering Record says that a tunnel 125 feet long was first driven into the face of the granite. In this chamber was placed 38,950 pounds of powder and dynamite. This was exploded by electric fuses and dislodged 120,000 cubic yards of rock.

No Doubt About It.

Bowhard had just finished reading a strange occurrence.

"Why do you look so surprised?" he queried of his one-man audience.

"Don't you believe it?"

"Yes, that's the trouble," rejoined the other. "I happen to know that it's true."

Treble Surprised.

"Do you know anything about this 'sported double of Mr. Juggers?'"

"Not a single thing."

Mystery of Snakes.

Snakes are creatures of mystery. I have often tried to trace a snake immediately after it had entered its hole in a small rubbish heap, but always without success. It disappears like magic. The reason is the snake can only burrow in soft mossy or ferny places, and so haunts old runs made by the small mammalia. Brusher never wasted time looking for a snake. "Taint nary a mossy a use; 'tis gone," he would say. "The harmless grass snake deposits its eggs in some warm place, like a manure heap, for incubation. It is a question, 'Have the small reptiles, at the moment of birth, the guidance of a mother to instruct them in life?' I have never seen the grass snake surrounded by her young, nor to my knowledge has any one else. The little snakes, it must be remembered, are more or less matured when the so-called eggs are deposited. At birth both snakes and reptiles are about three inches long, and in a few days grow to a foot and over. I think the young of the adder shift for themselves after birth, never going into the nest hole."—"Uncle Arthur" in The London Express.

It Is Different.

"Papa, what is meant by placing a witness under the rule?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I was wondering if it is anything like placing a school boy under the rule?"

Only Chance.

"Do you believe," queried the fair widow, "that universal peace will ever be established?"

"Not unless people quit getting married!" growled the old bachelor.

NEW ENVOY'S WIFE

Mme. Chang-Yin-Tang Greatly Interested in America.

Has Always Lived in Peking, But Has Studied the United States and Its Language—Woman's Work in China.

Washington.—From a social standpoint no minister from the orient has come to the United States under more pleasant auspices than Chang-Yin-Tang, the new Chinese envoy to Washington. The capital always is interested in the minister from China and his family. Dr. Wu Ting Fang gave the Americans much to talk about and always aroused their interest. Dr. Wu always was asking questions, and it is probable that when he went back to China several weeks ago he knew more about the government of the United States than some of the men who are sitting in congress.

Mr. Chang-Yin-Tang is not a human interrogation point, as was Wu, but he is one of China's greatest statesmen. While much notice has been given him Washington has shown lively interest in his wife and young daughters, who are attractive and full of sympathy for America and full of curiosity to learn the philosophy of femininity, which appeals so alluringly from their side of the world.

"I have lived always in Peking," said the affable chatelaine of the Chinese legation, "and except to travel in my own country and the neighboring lands I am experiencing my first sensation in a great journey. Certainly this one can be considered an ambitious attempt for a beginner."

"I anticipated my first winter in Washington much as a young girl who has learned everything from books and who wants to see things for her-

Miss Lydia Conley.

through the busy thoroughfare. The artery of the hustling city throbs all about the spot where the ashes of the old chiefs lie.

Miss Conley, who has just pleaded the cause of her ancestors before the highest court of the land, believes that they will be left in peace.

The city seeks to condemn the old cemetery and turn it into a park. Miss Conley, who, with her sisters, armed with rifles, once defended the old cemetery against city intrusion, is a lawyer. The city has carried its case clear up to the supreme court. Miss Conley has fought successfully thus far to prevent molestation of her ancestors.

She is a quiet little woman, without the least facial characteristic of her Indian forbears, but they do say her address stirred the great judges deeply, and she clings to the belief that, at any rate while she lives, the old Huron warriors will be allowed to slumber in peace.

Mme. Chang-Yin-Tang.

I have read much about this country, and met many of its people, and, of course, I have studied the language, especially after it was determined that we should come to Washington.

"I find that my visitors are as interested in my country as I am in theirs, and that they have read as much about it. So many American women have traveled in China, and each year brings travelers from the east to see the wonders of the west. We have a woman's question, but not in the acute form which it has taken here. To begin with, the Chinese people have ideas founded on many centuries of noting results. We prefer to keep our women at home, and every girl is reared with the idea that her place is at home and that there she is safer, happier and more useful. In poor families the girls work, of course, but at home.

"That vast source of income to China, embroidery ivory, wood and metal carving, tapestry and feather work, are done by women at home. Some factories are coming into prominence, and the way women work in these, compared to the population of the empire and the way factory systems prevail in other lands, they are scarce indeed. We never employ women in stores or commercially at all.

"There are fewer still employed as servants and the whole of our way of disposing of the question which is causing such unrest in the other parts of the world is to permit women to enlarge their horizon if they will but keep the national idea always foremost in all that is done for them."

Andrew P. Johnson.

baka Buck, Sweden, when he was a popular young organist, with a position in the State Church, at Karlstad.

Such has been his physical and mental condition this winter that the officials of Worcester and Auburn to be good of him, and he is now in the Worcester city hospital for treatment.

Andrew P. Johnson.

He has been known for many years as "the crazy hermit," and has sought solitude and silence. He seldom visited the small Swedish settlement of Quinsigamond, and then only to beg food and clothes from the merchants with whom he was acquainted.

Andrew P. Johnson.

"I am positive of it!" I exclaimed; yet I was really sure of nothing, save that I was talking to an exceedingly pretty girl, who was amazingly like another very pretty girl whom I knew much better.

"You are her guardian, so to speak, Mr. Donovan. You are taking care of my Aunt Pat and my cousin. Just how that came about I don't know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)