ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

"I Must Ask You Not to Leave Here."

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, sojourning near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of righting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a man, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen $20,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind a "voice" appealed to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befell him. He went to Red Gate. At the canoe-maker's home, Donovan found the brothers—Arthur and Henry Holbrook—who had fought each other, in consultation. "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan returning, met Gillespie alone in the dead of night. On investigation he found Henry Holbrook, the sailor, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosalind, who by night he had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mix-up.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"They were sent to St. Agatha's by Father Stoddard, an old friend of mine. They had suffered many annoyances, to put it mildly, and came here to get away from their troubles."

"Yes; I understand. Uncle Henry has acted outrageously. I have not ranged the country at night for nothing. I have even learned a few things from you," she laughed. "And you must continue to serve Aunt Patricia and my cousin. You see"—and she smiled her grave smile—"my father and I are an antagonistic element."

"No; not as between you and Miss Patricia! I'm sure of that. It is Henry Holbrook that I am to protect her from. You and your father do not enter into it."

"If you don't mind telling me, Mr. Donovan, I should like to know whether Aunt Pat has mentioned us."

"Only once, when I first saw her and she explained why she had come. She seemed greatly moved when she spoke of your father. Since then she has never referred to him. But the day we cruised up to Battle Orchard and Henry Holbrook's man tried to smash our launch, she was shaken out of herself, and she declared war when we got home. Then I was on the lake with her the night of the carnival. Helen did not go with us. And when you paddled by us, Miss Pat was quite disturbed at the sight of you; but she thought it was an illusion, and—I thought it was Helen!"

"I have been home only a few weeks, but I came just in time to be with father in his troubles. My uncle's enmity is very bitter, as you have seen. I do not understand it. Father has told me little of their difficulties; but I know, she said, lifting her head proudly, "I know that my father has done nothing dishonorable. He has told me so, and I am content with that."

I bowed, not knowing what to say.

"I have been here only once or twice before, and for short visits only. Most of the time I have been at a convent in Canada, where I was known as Rosalind Hartridge. Rosalind, you know, is really my name; I was named for Helen's mother. The sisters took pity on my loneliness, and were very kind to me. But now I am never going to leave my father again."

She spoke with no unkindness or bitterness, but with a gravity born of deep feeling. I marked now the lighter timbre of her voice, that was quite different from her cousin's; and she spoke more rapidly, as she had said, her naturally quick speech catching at times the cadence of cultivated French. And she was a simpler nature—I felt that; she was really very unlike Helen.

"You manage a canoe pretty well," I ventured, still studying her face, her voice, her ways, eagerly.

"That was very foolish, wasn't it?—my running in behind the procession that way!" and she laughed softly at the recollection. "But that was professional pride! That was one of my father's best canoes, and he helped me to decorate it. He takes a great delight in his work; it's all he has left! And I wanted to show those people at Port Annandale what a really fine canoe—a genuine Hartridge—was like. I did not expect to run into you or Aunt Pat."

"You should have gone on and claimed the prize. It was yours of right. When your star vanished I thought the world had come to an end."

"It hadn't, you see! I put out the lights so that I could get home unseen."

"You gave us a shock. Please don't do it again; and please, if you and your cousin are to meet, kindly let it be on solid ground. I'm a little afraid, even now, that you are a lady of dreams."

"Not a bit of it! I enjoy a sound appetite; I can carry a canoe like a Canadian guide; I am as good a fencer as my father; and I'm not afraid of the dark. You see how very highly accomplished I am! Now, my cousin Helen—"

"Well—?" and I was glad to hear her happy laugh. Sorrow and loneliness had not stifled the spirit of mischief in her, and she enjoyed vexing me with references to her cousin.

I walked the length of the room and looked out upon the creek that ran singingly through the little vale. They were a strange family, these Holbrooks, and the perplexities of their affairs multiplied. How to prevent further injury and heartache and disaster; how to restore this girl and her exiled father to the life from which they had vanished; and how to save Miss Pat and Helen—these things possessed my mind and heart. I sat down and faced Rosalind across the table. She had taken up a bright bit of ribbon from the work-basket and was slipping it back and forth through her fingers.

"The name Gillespie was mentioned here last night. Can you tell me just how he was concerned in your father's affairs?" I asked.

"He was the largest creditor of the Holbrook bank. He lived at Stamford, where we all used to live."

"This Gillespie had a son. I suppose he inherits his father's claims."

She laughed outright.

"I have heard of him. He is a remarkable character, it seems, who does ridiculous things. He did as a child. I remember him very well as a droll boy at Stamford, who was always in mischief. I had forgotten all about him until I saw an amusing account of him in a newspaper a few months ago. He had been arrested for fast driving in Central park; and the next day he went back to the park with with a boy's toy wagon and team of goats, as a joke on the policeman."

"I can well believe it! The fellow's here, staying at the inn at Annandale."

"So I understand. To be frank, I have seen him and talked with him. We have had, in fact, several interesting interviews"—and she laughed merdily.

"Where did all this happen?"

"Once, out on the lake, when we were both prowling about in canoes. I talked to him, but made him keep his distance. I dared him to race me, and finally paddled off and left him. Then another time, on the shore near St. Agatha's. I was taking an observation of the school garden from the bluff, and Mr. Gillespie came walking through the woods and made love to me. He came so suddenly that I couldn't run, but I saw that he took me for Helen, in broad daylight, and I—I—"

"Well, of course you scorned him—you told him to be gone. You did that much for her."

"No, I didn't. I liked his love-making; it was unaffected and simple."

"Oh, yes! It would naturally be simple!"

"That is brutal. He's clever, and earnest, and amusing. But—" and her brow contracted, "but if he is seeking my father—"

"Rest assured he is not. He is in love with your cousin—that's the reason for his being here."

"But that does not help my father's case any."

"We will see about that. You are right about him; he's really a most amusing person, and not a fool, except for his own amusement. He is shrewd enough to keep clear of Miss Pat, who dislikes him intensely on his father's account. She feels that the senior Gillespie was the cause of all her troubles, but I don't know just why. She's strongly prejudiced against the young man, and his whimsicalities do not appeal to her."

"I suppose Helen cares nothing for him; he acted toward me as though he'd been crushed, and I—I tried to be nice to him to make up for it."

"That was nice of you, very nice of you, Rosalind. I hope you will keep right on the way you've begun. Now I must ask you not to leave here, and not allow your father to leave unless I know it."

"But you have your hands full without us. Your first obligation is to Aunt Pat and Helen. My father and I have merely stumbled in where we were not invited. You and I had better say good-by now."

"I am not anxious to say good-by," I answered, lamely, and she laughed at me.

"We met under the stars, Mr. Donovan" (this was impudent; my own r's trill, they say), "at the stone seat and by the boathouse, and we talked Shakespeare and had a beautiful time—all because you thought I was Helen. In your anxiety to be with her you couldn't see that I haven't quite her noble height—I'm an inch shorter. I gave you every chance there at the boathouse, to see your mistake; but you wouldn't have it so. And you let me leave you there while I went back alone across the lake to Red Gate, right by Battle Orchard, which is haunted by Indian ghosts. You are a most gallant gentleman!"

"When you are quite done, Rosalind!"

"I don't know when I shall have a chance again, Mr. Donovan," she went on, provokingly. "I learned a good deal from you in those interviews, but I did have to do a lot of guessing. That was a real inspiration of mine, to insist on playing that Helen by night and Helen by day were different personalities, and that you must not speak to the one of the other. That saved complications, because you did keep to the compact, didn't you?"

I assented, a little grudgingly; and my thoughts went back with reluctant step to those early affairs of mine, which I have already frankly disclosed in this chronicle, and I wondered, with her counterpart before me, how much Helen really meant to me. Rosalind studied me with her frank, merry eyes; then she bent forward and addressed me with something of that prescient air with which my sisters used to lecture me.

"Mr. Donovan, I fear you are a little mixed in your mind this morning, and I propose to set you straight."

"About what, if you please?"

"I can tell you exactly why it is that Helen has taken so strong hold of your imagination—why, in fact, you are in love with her."

"Not that—not that."

She snatched the foil from the table and cut the air with it several times as I started toward her. Then she stamped her foot and saluted me.

"Stand where you are, sir! Your race, Mr. Donovan, has a bad reputation in matters of the heart. For a moment you thought you were in love with me; but you are not, and you are not going to be. You see, I understand you perfectly."

"That's what my sisters used to tell me."

"Precisely? And I'm another one of your sisters—you must have scores of them!—and I expect you to be increasingly proud of me."

"Of course I admire Helen—" I began, I fear, a little sheepishly.

"And you admire most what you don't understand about her! Now that you examine me in the light of day you see what a tremendous difference there is between us. I am altogether obvious; I am not the least bit subtle. But Helen puzzles and thwarts you. You did me a great service last night, and you would serve me again, I am confident of it; and I hope, when all these troubles are over, that we shall continue—my father, and you and I—the best friends in the world."

I cannot deny that I was a good deal abashed by this declaration spoken without coquetry, and with a sincerity of tone and manner that seemed conclusive.

I began stammering some reply, but she recurred abruptly to the serious business that hung over us.

"I know you will do what you can for Aunt Pat. I wish you would tell her, if you think it wise, that father is here. They should understand each other. And Helen, my splendid, courageous, beautiful cousin—you see I don't grudge her even her better looks, or that intrepid heart that makes us so different. I am sure you can manage all these things in the best possible way. And now I must find my father and tell him that you are going to arrange a meeting with Aunt Pat, and talk to him of our future."

She led the way up to the garden, and as I struck off into the road she waved her hand to me, standing under the overhanging sign that proclaimed Hartridge, the canoe-maker, at Red Gate.

CHAPTER XIX.

Helen Takes Me to Task.

I paced the breezy terrace at Glenarm, studying my problems, and stumbling into new perplexities at every turn. My judgment has usually served me poorly in my own affairs, which I have generally confided to Good Luck, that most amiable of goddesses; and I glanced out upon the lake with some notion, perhaps, of seeing her fairy sail drifting toward me. But there, to my vexation, hung the Stiletto, scarcely moving in the indolent air of noon. There was, I felt again, something sinister in the very whiteness of its pocket-handkerchief of canvas as it stole lazily before the wind. Did Miss Pat, in the school beyond the wall, see and understand, or was the yacht hanging there as a menace or stimulus to Helen Holbrook, to keep her alert in her father's behalf?

"There are ladies to see you, sir," announced the maid, and I found Helen and Sister Margaret waiting in the library.

The sister, as though by prearrangement, went to the farther end of the room and took up a book.

"I wish to see you alone," said Helen, "and I didn't want Aunt Pat to know I came," and she glanced toward Sister Margaret, whose brown habit and nun's bonnet had merged into the shadows of a remote alcove.

The brim of Helen's white-plumed hat made a little dusk about her eyes. Pink and white became her; she put aside her parasol and folded her ungloved hands, and then, as she spoke, her head went almost imperceptibly to one side, and I found myself bending forward as I studied the differences between her and the girl on the Tippecanoe. Helen's lips were fuller and ruddier, her eyes darker, her lashes longer. But there was another difference, too subtle for my powers of analysis; something less obvious than the length of lash or the color of eyes; and I was not yet ready to give a name to it. Of one thing I was sure: My pulses quickened before her; and her glance thrilled through me as Rosalind's had not.

"Mr. Donovan, I have come to appeal to you to put an end to this miserable affair in which we have brought you. My own position has grown too difficult, too equivocal, to be borne any longer. You saw from my father's conduct last night how hopeless it is to try to reason with him. He has brooded upon his troubles until he is half mad. And I learned from him what I had not dreamed of, that my Uncle Arthur is here—here, of all places. I suppose you know that."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Ancient Race Dying Out

Veddahs of Ceylon Regarded as Representing the Stone Age.

The oldest inhabitants of Ceylon are passing away. These are the famous Veddahs.

Fifty years ago it was estimated that 8,000 of them were still living in the forests, but Dr. Max Moszkowski, who has recently visited them, says there are only 50 or 60 of them still alive and that a few more years will see the end of their race.

The Veddahs have interested anthropologists because they have been regarded as the best living types of the man of the stone age.

The attitude of the Cingalese toward them is remarkable. They hold the poor creatures in great honor and rank them as belonging to the highest caste in the island. The reason is that they are reputed to have descended from the ancient demons or spirits that were the original possessors of the island.

These nomad, hunting people, never leaving their forests, living under trees and in caves, without knowledge of pottery or any other art except that of making bows and arrows, are perishing because of their way of living and of their inability to stand up when stronger folk are pressing closer around them. They are exactly what they were centuries ago when people of India came and conquered their green island.

His Cue.

"All the world's a stage," remarked the callow youth.

"Yes," she replied, "but so few seem to realize that the last curtain goes down at 11 o'clock."

Realizing that she had given him his cue he made a hasty exit.

Sometimes He Is.

Ram's Horn: Many a man who is rolling down hill thinks he is making a record run.

Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

A "Mad March Hare" Party.

With "Alice in Wonderland" in mind, a hostess planned this party, founding it on the "Hatter and the Dormouse," who were forever drinking tea. This tempestuous month is the time to give it.

It was a luncheon to which a dozen guests were bidden. When they entered the dining room the windows were open, the curtains flying about, chairs were overturned, pictures awry and apparently chaos was the only word with which to describe the scene. On the table there was a large brown rabbit standing on his haunches, one ear turned back, and with wisps of straw clinging to his fur. The center of the table had a large straw hat, the "Hatter," evidently. It was filled with a mass of spring blossoms and vines, placed with a studied careless effect. A wee chocolate mouse peeping out of the hat represented the dormouse. There were dishes of olives, bonbons, silver, china, tumblers, etc., on the table, and soon order was restored, and just as every one thought there was no more "mad" about the party, the hostess said: "Please change places with your right hand neighbor." Then she gave each one a yellow pad to which a pencil was attached and asked that an illustration of a March street scene be made with only four strokes of the pencil; then places were changed with the next course, and four more strokes were made by the guest who took the pad her neighbor had left. When dessert came each guest kept her pad and finished the sketch which was at the place, signing her name. Afterward these "mad" productions were pinned up for inspection. A handsomely bound copy of "Alice in Wonderland" was presented as a prize for the best sketch.

Decorations for St. Patrick's Day.

Bright green makes a stunning decoration when carried out in festoon of cheese cloth, quantities of potted plants, and for a centerpiece this very novel arrangement: Take a large mirror to represent the "Lakes of Killarney;" place in the center of a large round table. Then there are the dearest Irish figures to put in the border of pebbles, with an elevation marked "Blarney castle." Around the border of the lake have wee potted shamrocks (all florists have them at this season). For place cards used green cardboard harps. A few bars of "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall" done in gold is an addition. Little market baskets filled with candy green peas may be used as favors. The confectioners are showing now a wonderful assortment of green novelty candies, and there is really a beautiful collection of snakes from which to select—large or small, gilt, silver or green—as best suits the desire of each hostess. All will show off to advantage on a snowy table cloth and will not offend the most fastidious guests. Parties on March 17 promise to be numerous, and one does not have to lay claim to Irish ancestry to celebrate this day. In fact, it is an opportunity to give the finishing touch of novelty to a breakfast, dinner, luncheon or evening party.

The Jewel Language.

An interested reader of our department kindly sends the list as given below so many of our correspondents will find their resquest answered. This list is a new version to me, and I am very glad to have it:

January—Garnet. Fidelity in every engagement.
February—Amethyst. Peace of mind.
March—Bloodstone. I mourn your absence.
April—Diamond. Pride.
May—Emerald. Success in love.
June—Agate. Long life and health.
July—Ruby. Great courage and success.
August—Pearls. Modest loveliness.
September—Sapphire. Innocence.
October—Opal. Pure thoughts.
November—Topaz. Fidelity.
December—Turquoise. The most brilliant success and happiness in life.

MADAME MERRI.

Two Neat Costumes

CLOTH COSTUME. — Both simple and smart is the costume we show here. It is made up in gray face cloth and has a slightly loose coat, which is slit up each side and completely edged by a band of gray satin, this is also taken up the fronts, which have the right side laid over in a point, they then slope away gradually. The skirt is gored and cut walking length.

Hat of gray satin, trimmed with a bunch of small roses and a feather mount.

Materials required: Seven yards cloth 48 inches wide, three yards satin, seven yards silk for lining coat will be found to be ample.

Walking Costume for Girl from 14 to 16 Years.—This is a smart style for a girl, and would look well in navy serge. The skirt has a panel down front trimmed partly by braid and buttons, all the other seams are wrapped. The semi fitting coat has points cut in front, and is fastened below revers by three buttons, braid covers the front and back seams.

Hat of silk, trimmed with one large rose.

Materials required: Six yards serge 48 inches wide, 1½ dozen buttons, half dozen yards braid, six yards silk for coat lining.

FANCIES OF FASHION

In ready-made petticoats modern jersey cloth is most used for tops, since it gives ample warmth without objectionable bulkiness.

Nattier blue, that exquisite shade, bids fair to be most fashionable for spring. One sees it in the newest dress fabrics and silks.

Some dainty shirt waists, fastening under a plaited frill in the center front, are made of printed bordure batiste in pretty colors.

With the double blouse of chiffon and a contrasting material a plisse or lace frill is worn when a jacket is slipped on for outside wear.

Black satin gowns are smart this season, but they are veiled with tunics of embroidered net, of chiffon, covered with a jerselylike bodice of heavy embroidery net and jet combined or silk with jet.

The waist made of chiffon or net over metallic tissue or contrasting chiffon is easily the leader for the two-piece suit. Such waists are more or less elaborate, with self-colored embroidery and self-colored braid.

Laundering Table Linen.

The cheapest and most ordinary table linen may be made to take a sheen as beautiful as the finest damask by ironing in this way: After linen has been carefully washed, boiled and rinsed, wring dry as possible and roll up in a dry sheet and leave for one hour. Iron till thoroughly dry. The linen escapes the wear and tear of swinging on line and keeps its shape better.—Woman's Home Companion.

Veiled Sashes.

One of the new touches on lovely evening frocks for dinners and dances is the veiled sash. These are of satin or metal tissue, veiled with chiffon or exquisite lace. On one gown the sash was of ivory white satin, veiled with filmy chiffon in the most entrancing shade of pale green.

These sashes are draped and festooned about the bodice of the frock and end in long streamers finished with silk or beaded fringe.

A LITTLE COLD.

He caught a little cold—
That was all.
So the neighbors sadly said,
As they gathered round his bed,
When they heard that he was dead.

He caught a little cold—
That was all. (Puck.)

Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

Clubwomen Plan Meet.

Nineteen hundred and ten means much to club women, for another biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, with a membership of 800,000, will be held in Cincinnati, O., in May, bringing together women with a common purpose from the four corners of the world.

His Status.

"Well, my little man," inquired a visitor pleasantly, "who are you?"

"I'm the baby's brother!" was the ingenuous reply.—The Truth Seeker.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

To know how good the Bitters is in cases of Sick Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe and Malaria, it is only necessary to try one bottle. The results speak for themselves.

WESTERN CANADA

What J. J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About its Wheat-Producing Power:

"The greatest need of this country [United States] in another generation or two will be the providing of homes for its people and producing sufficient for them. The days of our prominence as a wheat exporting country are gone. Canada is to be the great wheat country."

This great railroad magnate is taking advantage of the situation by extensive railway building to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres at $3 per acre, are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water easily procured; mixed farming a success. Write as to best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive illustrated "Last Best West" (sent free on application), and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT
Room 4 Bee Bldg. Omaha, Neb.
(Use address nearest you). (4)

Nebraska Directory

JOHN DEERE PLOWS ARE THE BEST
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR
JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., OMAHA, NEB.

WELDING (AUTO GENOUS) By this process all broken parts of machinery made good as new. Welds cast iron, cast steel, aluminum, copper, brass or any other metal. Expert automobile repairing.
BERTSCHY MOTOR CO., Council Bluffs.

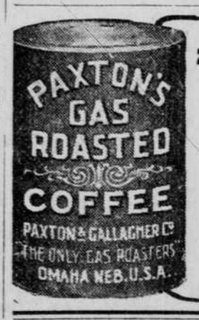
TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS
1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.
Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
½ to ⅓ Mfr's price. Cash or time payments. Rented, rent applies. We ship anywhere for free examination. No deposit. Write us for price list and offer.
B. F. Swanson Co., 427 Woodmen Bldg., Omaha

AIR COOLED ENGINE CASTINGS
We furnish complete castings and parts machined or in the rough for 3x3 motor. Will develop 2 horse-power.
BERTSCHY MOTOR CO., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

MILLARD HOTEL 13th and Douglas Sts.
American--$2.00 per day and upwards.
European--$1.00 per day and upwards.

OMAHA Take Dodge Street Car at Union Depot.
ROME MILLER



2 Lb. Red Cans
25c Per Pound
At Your Grocers

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES
An absolutely harmless remedy for Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Give immediate relief in Bronchial and Lung Affections.
Fifty years' reputation.
Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per box.
Sample sent on request.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.