

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 Larionov, a Russian, who had been sent to the East by the American government. Miss Patricia thought it a pity that her aunt should be separated from her husband, but she thought it better that she should be separated from her husband than from her aunt. Miss Patricia's husband, a young man, had been captured by the Russians and was being held in a prison. Miss Patricia's aunt, Miss Helen, was a young woman who had been living in a convent. Miss Patricia's husband, a young man, had been captured by the Russians and was being held in a prison. Miss Patricia's aunt, Miss Helen, was a young woman who had been living in a convent.

"I Like You, Larry!"

"Oh, he is much more earnest than you ever could be. I never had any illusions about you, Mr. Donovan. You just amuse yourself with the nearest girl, and besides, for a long time you thought I was Helen. Mr. Gillespie is terribly in earnest. When he was talking to me back there in the corner I didn't remember at all that it was he who drove a goat-team in Central park to rebuke the policeman."

"No, I suppose with the stage properly set—with the music and the stars and the water—one might forget Mr. Gillespie's mild idiosyncrasies."

"But you haven't told me about Helen. Of course she saw through the trick at once."

"She did," I answered, in a tone that caused Rosalind to laugh.

"Well, you wouldn't hurt poor little me if she scolded you!"

"We were on the pier, and I whistled to Jim to bring up the launch. In a moment we were skimming over the lake toward the Tippecanoe."

Arthur Holbrook was waiting for us in the creek.

"It is all right," I said. "I shall keep the papers for the present, if you don't mind, but your troubles are nearly over. And I left Rosalind laughingly explaining to her father how it came about that she had gone to the casino in a scarlet cloak but had returned in a blue one."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Gillespie's Diversions.

In my own room I drew the blinds for greater security, lighted the desk-lamp and sat down before the packet Gillespie had given Rosalind. It was a brown commercial envelope, thrice sealed, and addressed: "R. Gillespie, Personal." In a corner was written "Holbrook Papers." I turned the packet over and over in my hands, reflecting upon my responsibility and duty in regard to it. Henry Holbrook, in his anxiety to secure the notes, had taken advantage of Gillespie's infatuation for Helen to make her his agent for procuring them, and now it was for me to use the forged notes as a means of restoring Arthur Holbrook to his sister's confidence. The way seemed clear enough, and I went to bed resolving that in the morning I should go to Henry Holbrook, tell him that I had the evidence of his guilt in my possession and threaten him with exposure if he did not cease his mad efforts to blackmail his sister.

I rose early and perfected my plans for the day as I breakfasted. A storm had passed round us in the night and it was bright and cool, with a sharp wind beating the lake into tiny white-caps. It was not yet eight o'clock when I left the house for my journey in search of Henry Holbrook. The envelope containing the forged notes was safely locked in the vault in which the Glenasm silver was stored. As I stepped down into the park I caught sight of Miss Pat walking in the garden beyond the wall, and as I lifted my cap she came toward me in the iron gate. She was rarely abroad so early and I imagined that she had been waiting for me.

"You are abroad early, my lord," she said, with the delicious quaint mockery with which she sometimes flattered me. And she repeated the lines:

Hast thou seen ghosts? Hast thou at midnight beard
In the wind's talking an articulate word
Or art thou in the secret of the sea,
And have the twilight words confessed to thee?

"No such pleasant things have happened to me, Miss Holbrook."

"This is my birthday. I have crowned myself; observe the cap!"

"We must celebrate! I crave the privilege of dining you to-night."

"You were starting for somewhere with an air of determination. Don't let me interfere with your plans."

"I was going to the bathhouse."

ished me real diversion. The only thing that puzzles me is that I don't quite see where you stand."

"I haven't always been sure myself, to be frank about it!"

"Why not tell me just how it is: Whether Helen has been amusing herself with you, or you with Helen."

"Oh!" I laughed. "When you came here you told me she was the finest girl in the world, and I accepted your word for it. I have every confidence in your judgment, and you have known your niece for a long time."

"I have, indeed."

"And I'm sure you wouldn't have deceived me!"

"But I did! I wanted to interest you in her. Something in your eye told me that you might do great things for her."

"Thank you!"

"But instead of that you have played into her hands. Why did you let her steal out at night to meet her father, when you knew that could only do her and me a grave injury? And you have aided her in seeing Gillespie, when I particularly warned you that he was most repugnant to me."

I laughed in spite of myself as I remembered the night's adventure; and Miss Pat stopped short in the path and faced me with the least glint of anger in her eyes.

"I really didn't think you capable of it! She will marry him for his money!"

"You are under her spell, and you don't know her! I think—sometimes—I think the girl has no soul!" she said at last.

"The dear voice faltered, and the tears flashed into Miss Pat's eyes as she confronted me in the woodland path."

"Oh, no! It's not so bad as that!" I pleaded.

"I tell you she has no soul! You will find it out to your cost. She is made for nothing but mischief in this world!"

"I am your humble servant, Miss Holbrook."

"Then," she began, doubtfully, and meeting my eyes with careful scrutiny, "I am going to ask you to do one thing more for me, that I may settle all this disagreeable affair. I am going to pay Henry his money; but before I do so I must find my brother Arthur, if he is still alive. That may have some difficulties."

"She looked at me as though for approval; then went on:

"I have been thinking of all these Her gaze lay across the twinkling lake, and her voice was tremulous. She spoke softly as though to herself, and I caught phrases of the paragraph of her father's will that Gillespie had read to me: "Disinherit as it is known, accounted and reckoned among men;—and she bowed her head and on the veranda rail a moment; then she rose suddenly and smiled bravely through her tears."

"Why can't you find Arthur for me? Ah, if you could only find him there might be peace between us all; for I am very old, Larry. Age without peace is like life without hope. I cannot believe that Arthur is dead. I must see him again. Larry, if he is alive find him and tell him to come to me."

"Yes," I said; "I know where he is!"

She started in amazement and, coming close, her hands closed upon my arm eagerly.

"It can't be possible! You know where he is and you will bring him to me!"

"She was pitifully eager and the tears were bright in her eyes."

"Be assured of it, Miss Holbrook. He is near by and well; but you must not trouble about him or about anything. And now I am going to take you home. Come! There is much to do, and I must be off. But you will keep a good heart; you are near the end of your difficulties."

"She was quite herself again when we reached St. Agatha's, but at the door she detained me a moment."

"I like you, Larry!" she said, taking my hand; and my own mother had not given me sweeter benediction. "I never intended that Helen should play with you. She may serve me as she likes, but I don't want her to sing your wings, Larry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN BATTLE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR

BRUIN, WITH BULLET IN HEART, GIVES SCOTCHMAN TERRIBLE FIGHT.

VICTIM HAS A CLOSE CALL

In Clutch of Brute When Bear Falls Dead—Survives After Being Terribly Wounded and Suffers Long Time.

Victoria, B. C.—Of the many battles that have been waged between man and the grizzly wode was ever more exciting or came closer to death for the man than that fought recently by James M. Christie, who has come to Victoria a few days ago for surgical assistance.

Christie and the bear locked in close combat for but a few seconds. Then the brute dropped dead and Christie was hurled into the bushes, crushed, maimed and blood drenched, while the snow for yards around was crimson with the blood of the combatants.

Christie had tracked the bear several miles to punish him for robbing a cache of moose meat. He had just fired a shot at a wolf from his rifle and found that the sights needed adjustment. Luckily he fixed them at once, for within five minutes he heard the crackle of the brushwood and saw the beast that walks like a man. That bear will never attack man is very well in theory; grizzlies are exceptions. This bear came for Christie on the run and the hunter had barely time to swing his rifle and pull trigger with a snap aim for the heart, the brute being less than thirty yards away. The first shot caught the grizzly through the heart and lungs, but failed to stop him; a second hit the animal in the head. Christie shed his snowshoes and tried to dodge into the bushes.

Then came the bear's innings. The brush was too thick for the man, but the bear tramped it down like reeds and pushed forward, roaring and grunting in characteristic grizzly fashion. As Christie fell in an attempt to dodge, the bear clapped his immense paw on the man's head and began tearing at his face and body. The bear gave a vicious snap and Christie felt the teeth about his neck. In desperation the man threw up his right arm and fate directed that he should thrust it into the open jaws of the bear. Then Christie forced back with all his ebbing strength. His effort was coincident with the coming of death to the bear. Its jaws relaxed and Christie half fell, half crawled away.

His two cheeks were torn from the ears to the mouth, he had a double fracture of the skull, his cheek bones were broken and his jaw fell against his breast. His scalp was out through his abundant hair. His lower jaw bone also was fractured and his right

The Man Was Found Lying on His Back.

and Patrick McGann of 145 West Thirty-fifth street, and several other employes launched a lifeboat from the ferry slip.

The man was found lying on his back. One leg extended over the ice floe and was dragging in the water. His clothes were frozen to the ice. His hair was covered with ice and his body was rigid from the cold. They lifted him off the floe after a great deal of difficulty and took him ashore.

In the hospital he said he was William Wissman, 42 years old, and that he lived at 216 East Forty-first street. On account of his condition it was hard to get a coherent statement from him.

He said he fell from a dock, but he could not tell whether it was near the foot of the street where he lives or in that immediate vicinity.

He struggled to get to the shore, but the tide carried him out to midstream. His shoes and clothes made it difficult for him to swim. He remembers seeing the lights of what he believes were the Williamsburg and the Brooklyn bridges.

Wood Seasoned by Electricity

In France a method of seasoning wood through the agency of electricity is credited with much success. It is called the Nodon-Brottonnean process. The timber is neatly immersed in a tank of water containing ten per cent. of borax, five of resin and a little carbonate of soda, and rests on a lead plate connected with the positive pole of a dynamo. Another similar plate, lying on the exposed surface of the timber, is connected with the negative pole. Thus a current of electricity can be passed through the wood, from which all the sap appears to be removed, while the borax and resin take its place in the pores. In a few hours the timber is taken out and dried and the seasoning is said to be complete.

Luxury.

Though luxury is something which only fools go in for, the incidental crumbs thereof are what feed the multitude. It is proof that Providence doesn't wish the multitude to go hungry when fools with a knack for making money keep on being born.

If all men were wise, and luxury therefore a thing unknown, we might still be fed, after a fashion, but the sum total of happiness would be less. Nobody would be happier: except those few who have been permitted, by trial, to discover what a poor thing luxury is, while the rest of us, having nobody to envy, would be miserable.—Puck.

An Eight-Pound Square Tail Trout.

The largest square tail trout ever taken from Moosehead lake has just been hooked by a party of winter fishermen near Tomhegan stream, a little north of Kineo. It was taken by Crawford Johnson, one of the best known guides in the Maine woods, and tipped the scales at eight pounds two ounces and measured nearly twenty-three inches in length.—Kineo correspondence Boston Herald.

Two Ways of Saying It.

"Then I am to consider myself rejected?" asked the young suitor.

"You are to consider your offer of marriage returned with thanks and the regret that it is impossible at this time to accept it," said the daughter of the magazine editor.—St. Louis Star.

A Festive Appellation.

A little girl was trying to read the inscription at the bottom of a picture in a book of Bible stories.

"Mother," she asked, "what does o-x-c-a-r-t spell?" Cow Bucky?

Pleanty to Discuss.

"I hope you will be interested in yonder gentleman," said the hostess.

"I have assigned him to take you out to dinner."

"I shall be," responded the lady addressed. "That gentleman was formerly my husband and he's behind with his alimony!"—Washington Herald.

Cost of the Army and Navy.

The United States army, including the military academy, cost last year \$103,727,000, and the navy, \$136,000,000.

RESCUED FROM DEATH ON A RAFT OF ICE

NEW YORK MAN FLOATING OUT TO SEA WHEN FEEBLE CRIES ATTRACT ATTENTION.

New York.—Feeble cries for help that seemed to come from far out on the East river were heard early one morning recently by employes of the municipal ferry from the battery from a partially frozen man lying helpless a considerable distance off shore on a large ice floe on which he had floated for several hours.

For ten minutes the men were unable to see the man, who, they believed, was swimming toward the shore. They called out, but in response again heard only his faint cries for help. At that instant the tide carried a number of ice floes across the mouth part of the waters, and the man's form was discovered.

Frank Dugan of 1311 Bristol street



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