

ADDED TO THE MISFORTUNE

Discarded Auto Simply Acted as De-coy to Bring Other Under-irables.

Asa Paine, vice-president of the American Automobile association, said in St. Augustine of the automobile industry:

"Cars are now made to last. The rich man no longer finds his 1907 car unfashionable, like his 1907 coat, in 1909.

"At the beginning of the industry a car was antiquated in no time—so antiquated that people laughed at it.

"They tell a story in Detroit about a dealer who had, in 1900, an antiquated 1895 car. He tried vainly to sell this car. He put lower and lower price tags on it—\$100, \$50, \$10—and finally he put on a tag to the effect that the car was to be given away.

"Even then there were no takers.

"So one evening, desperate, the dealer left the 1895 car in a vacant lot beside his shop, hoping that some one would steal it in the night. But when he came down to work the next morning, not only was the old car still there, but another one of similar pattern had been placed beside it."

He Forgot Something.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" she queried, looking off into space.

"Great heavens, girl!" said he, aghast, "what more can I say? Haven't I told you that I worship the very ground you walk on? Haven't I offered you every lot of my worldly possessions? Haven't I said that you would never want for anything, that your relatives could come and stay as long as they wished, that I would work my fingers bare for you, and that I would devote my entire existence to you?"

"Oh, yes, you said all that," she replied, wearily, "but—"

"But what?" he asked, tremulously.

"You—you didn't say right out and out 'I love you,' and that's what I wanted to hear most of all."

Inherited.

"Willie Holt seems to be developing into a very fast young man."

"What else could be expected in his case? Hasn't his father been fined nearly a dozen times for exceeding the speed limit?"

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ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY **MEREDITH NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**
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CHAPTER I.

A Telegram from Paul Stoddard.

Stoddard's telegram was brought to me on the Glenarm pier at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the 5th of June. I am thus explicit, for all the matters hereinafter described turn upon the receipt of Stoddard's message, which was, to be sure, harmless enough in itself, but, like many other scraps of paper that blow about the world, the forerunner of confusion and trouble.

My friend, Mr. John Glenarm, had gone abroad for the summer with his family and had turned over to me his house at Annandale that I might enjoy its seclusion and comfort while writing my book on "Russian Rivers."

If John Glenarm had not taken his family abroad with him when he went to Turkey to give the sultan's engineers lessons in bridge building; if I had not accepted his kind offer of the house at Annandale for the summer; and if Paul Stoddard had not sent me that telegram, I should never have written this narrative. But such was the predestined way of it. I rose from the boat in St. Augustine, and, with the waves from the receding steamer slapping the pier, read this message:

Stamford, Conn., June 5.

Meet Miss Patricia Holbrook Annandale station, five twenty Chicago express and conduct her to St. Agatha's school, where she is expected. She will explain difficulties. I have assured her of your sympathy and aid. Will join you later if necessary. Imperative engagements call me elsewhere. STODDARD.

To say that I was angry when I read this message is to belittle the truth. I read and re-read it with growing heat. I had accepted Glenarm's offer of the house at Annandale because it promised peace, and now I was ordered by telegram to meet a strange person of whom I had never heard, listen to her story, and tender my sympathy and aid. I glanced at my watch. It was already after four. "Delayed in transmission" was stamped across the telegraph form—I learned later that it had lain half the day in Annandale, New York—so that I was now face to face with the situation, and without opportunity to fling his orders back to Stoddard if I wanted to. Nor did I even know Stamford from Stamboul, and I am not yet clear in my mind—being an Irishman with rather vague notions of American geography—whether Connecticut is north or south of Massachusetts.

"Jima!"

I called my Japanese boy from the boathouse, and he appeared, paint brush in hand.

"Order the double trap, and tell them to hurry."

I reflected, as I picked up my coat and walked toward the house, that if any one but Paul Stoddard had sent me such a message I should most certainly have ignored it; but I knew him as a man who did not make demands or impose obligations lightly. As the founder and superior of the Protestant religious Order of the Brothers of Bethlehem he was, I knew, an exceedingly busy man. His religious house was in the Virginia mountains; but he spent much time in quiet, humble service in city slums, in lumber camps, in the mines of Pennsylvania; and occasionally he appeared like a prophet from the wilderness in some great church of New York, and preached with a marvelous eloquence to wondering throngs.

The trap swung into the arched driveway and I bade the coachman make haste to the Annandale station. The handsome boys were soon trotting swiftly toward the village, while I drew on my gloves and considered the situation. A certain Miss Holbrook, of whose existence I had been utterly ignorant an hour before, was about to arrive at Annandale. A clergyman, whom I had not seen for two years, had telegraphed me from a town in Connecticut to meet this person, conduct her to St. Agatha's school—just closed for the summer, as I knew—and to volunteer my services in difficulties that were darkly indicated in a telegram of 45 words. The sender of the message I knew to be a serious character, and a gentleman of distinguished social connections. The name of the lady signified nothing except that she was unmarried; and as Stoddard's acquaintance was among all sorts and conditions of men I could assume nothing more than that the unknown had appealed to him as a priest and that he had sent her to Lake Annandale to shake off the burdens of the world in the conventual air of St. Agatha's.

The Chicago express whistled for Annandale just as we gained the edge of the village. It paused a grudging moment and was gone before we reached the station. I jumped out and ran through the waiting room to the platform, where the agent was gathering up the mail bags, while an assistant loaded a truck with trunks. I glanced about, and the moment was an important one in my life. Standing quite alone beside several pieces of hand baggage was a lady—unmistakably a lady—leaning lightly upon an umbrella, and holding under her arm a magazine. She was clad in brown, from bonnet to shoes; the umbrella and magazine cover were of



"Well, He Can Hardly Find Her Here."

like tint, and even the suitcase nearest her struck the same note of color. There was no doubt whatever as to her identity; I did not hesitate a moment; the lady in brown was Miss Holbrook, and she was an old lady, a dear, bewitching old lady, and as I stepped toward her, her eyes brightened—they, too, were brown!—and she put out her brown-gloved hand with a gesture so frank and cordial that I was won at once.

"Mr. Donovan—Mr. Laurance Donovan—I am sure of it!"

"Miss Holbrook—I am equally confident!" I said. "I am sorry to be late, but Father Stoddard's message was delayed."

"You are kind to respond at all," she said, her wonderful eyes upon me; "but Father Stoddard said you would not fail me."

"He is a man of great faith! But I have a trap waiting. We can talk more comfortably at St. Agatha's."

"Yes; we are to go to the school. Father Stoddard kindly arranged it. It is quite secluded, he assured me."

"You will not be disappointed, Miss Holbrook, if seclusion is what you seek."

I picked up the brown bag and turned away, but she waited and glanced about. Her "we" had puzzled me; perhaps she had brought a maid, and I followed her glance toward the window of the telegraph office.

"Oh, Helen; my niece, Helen Holbrook, is with me. I wished to wire some instructions to my housekeeper at home. Father Stoddard may not have explained—that it is partly on Helen's account that I am coming here."

"No; he explained nothing—merely gave me my instructions," I laughed. "He gives orders in a most militant fashion."

In a moment I had been presented to the niece, and had noted that she was considerably above her aunt's height; that she was dark, with eyes that seemed quite black in certain lights, and that she bowed, as her aunt presented me, without offering her hand, and murmured my name in a voice musical, deep and full, and agreeable to hear.

She took their checks from her purse, and I called the porter and arranged for the transfer of their baggage to St. Agatha's. We were soon in the trap with the boys carrying us at a lively clip along the lake road.

"There's a summer resort some-where on the lake; how far is that from the school?" asked the girl.

"That's Port Annandale. It's two or three miles from St. Agatha's," I replied. "On this side and all the way to the school there are farms. Port Annandale lies yonder."

"Of course we shall see nothing of it," said the younger Miss Holbrook with finality.

I sought in vain for any resemblance between the two women; they were utterly unlike. The little brown lady was interested and responsive enough; she turned toward her niece with undisguised affection as we talked, but I caught several times a look of unhappiness in her face, and the brow that Time had not touched gathered in lines of anxiety and care. The girl's manner toward her aunt was wholly kind and sympathetic.

"I'm sure it will be delightful here, Aunt Pat. Wild roses and blue water! I'm quite in love with the pretty lake already."

the diminutive of Patricia, and it seemed very fitting, and as delightful as the dear little woman herself. She must have caught my smile as the niece so addressed her for the first time and she smiled back at me in her charming fashion.

"You are an Irishman, Mr. Donovan, and Pat must sound natural."

"Oh, all who love Aunt Patricia call her Aunt Pat!" exclaimed the girl.

"Then Miss Holbrook undoubtedly hears it often," said I, and was at once sorry for my bit of blarney, for the tears shone suddenly in the dear brown eyes, and the niece recurred to the summer landscape as a topic, and talked of the Glenarm place, whose stone wall we were now passing, until we drove into the grounds of St. Agatha's and up to the main entrance of the school, where a sister in the brown garb of her order stood waiting.

I first introduced myself to Sister Margaret, who was in charge, and then presented the two ladies who were to be her guests. Sister Margaret said just the right thing to every one, and I was glad to find her so capable a person, fully able to care for these exiles without aid from my side of the wall.

"Helen, if you will see our things disposed of I will detain Mr. Donovan a few minutes," said Miss Holbrook.

"Or I can come again in an hour—I am your near neighbor," I remarked, thinking she might wish to rest from her journey.

"I am quite ready," she replied, and I bowed to Helen Holbrook and to Sister Margaret, who went out, followed by the maid. Miss Pat—you will pardon me if I begin at once to call her by this name, but it fits her so capitally, it is so much a part of her, that I cannot resist—Miss Pat put off her bonnet without fuss, placed it on the table and sat down in a window seat whence the nearer shore of the lake was visible across the strip of smooth lawn.

"Will you please close the door?" she said, and when I came back to the window she began at once.

"It is not pleasant, as you must understand, to explain to a stranger an intimate and painful family trouble. But Father Stoddard advised me to be quite frank with you."

"That is the best way, if there is a possibility that I may be of service," I said in the gentlest tone I could command. "But tell me no more than you wish. I am wholly at your service without explanations."

"It is in reference to my brother; he has caused me a great deal of trouble. When my father died nearly ten years ago—he lived to a great age—he left a considerable estate, a large fortune. A part of it was divided at once among my two brothers and myself. The remainder, amounting to \$1,000,000, was left to me, with the stipulation that I was to make a further division between my brothers at the end of ten years, or at my discretion. I was older than my brothers, much older, and my father left me with this responsibility, not knowing what it would lead to. Henry and Arthur succeeded to my father's business, the banking firm of Holbrook Brothers, in New York. The bank continued to prosper for a time; then it collapsed suddenly. The debts were all paid, but Arthur disappeared—there were unpleasant rumors—"

She paused a moment, and looked out of the window toward the lake,

and I saw her clasped hands tighten; but she went on bravely.

"That was seven years ago. Since then Henry has insisted on the final division of the property. My father had a high sense of honor and he stipulated that if either of his sons should be guilty of any dishonorable act he should forfeit his half of the \$1,000,000. Henry insists that Arthur has forfeited his rights and that the amount withheld should be paid to him now; but his conduct has been such that I feel I should serve him ill to pay him so large a sum of money. Moreover, I owe something to his daughter—to Helen. Owing to her father's reckless life I have had her make her home with me for several years. She is a noble girl, and very beautiful—you must have seen, Mr. Donovan, that she is an unusually beautiful girl."

"Yes," I assented.

"And better than that," she said, with feeling, "she is a lovely character."

I nodded, touched to see how completely Helen Holbrook filled and satisfied her aunt's life. Miss Pat continued her story.

"My brother first sought to frighten me into a settlement by menacing my own peace; and now he includes Helen in his animosity. My house at Stamford was set on fire a month ago; then thieves entered it and I was obliged to leave. We arranged to go abroad, but when we got to the steamer we found Henry waiting with a threat to follow us if I did not accede to his demands. It was Father Stoddard who suggested this place, and we came by a circuitous route, pausing here and there to see whether we were followed. You can imagine how distressing—how wretched all this has been."

"Yes; it is a sad story, Miss Holbrook. But you are not likely to be molested here. You have a lake on one side, a high wall shuts off the road, and I beg you to accept me as your near neighbor and protector. The servants at Mr. Glenarm's house have been with him for several years and are undoubtedly trustworthy. It is not likely that your brother will find you here, but if he should—we will deal with that situation when the time comes!"

"You are very reassuring, no doubt we shall not need to call on you. And I hope you understand," she continued, "that it is not to keep the money that I wish to avoid my brother; that if it were wise to make this further division at this time and it were for his good, I should be glad to give him all—every penny of it."

"Pardon me, but the other brother—he has not made similar demands—you do not fear him?" I inquired, with some hesitation.

"No—no!" And a tremulous smile played about her lips. "Poor Arthur! He must be dead. He ran away after the bank failure and I have never heard from him since. He and Henry were very unlike, and I always felt more closely attached to Arthur. He was not brilliant, like Henry; he was gentle and quiet in his ways, and father was often impatient with him. Henry has been very bitter toward Arthur and has appealed to me on the score of Arthur's ill-doing. It took all his own fortune, he says, to save Arthur and the family name from dishonor."

She was remarkably composed throughout this recital, and I marveled at her more and more. Now, after a moment's silence, she turned to me with a smile.

"We have been annoyed in another way. It is so ridiculous that I hesitate to tell you of it—"

"Pray do not—you need tell me nothing more, Miss Holbrook."

"It is best for you to know. My niece has been annoyed the past year by the attentions of a young man whom she greatly dislikes and whose persistence distresses her very much indeed."

"Well, he can hardly find her here; and if he should—"

Miss Holbrook folded her arms upon her knees and smiled, bending toward me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "he isn't a violent person, Mr. Donovan. He's silly, absurd, idiotic! You need fear no violence from him."

"And of course your niece is not interested—he's not a fellow to appeal to her imagination."

"That is quite true; and then in present unhappy circumstances, with her father hanging over her like a menace, marriage is far from her thoughts. She feels that even if she were attached to a man and wished to marry, she could not. I wish she did not feel so; I should be glad to see her married and settled in her own home. It's a very dreadful thing, as you can understand, for brother and sister and father and child to be arrayed against one another."

I wished to guide the talk into cheerfurther channels before leaving. Miss Pat seemed amused by the thought of the unwelcome suitor, and I determined to leave her with some word in reference to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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