

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
**MEREDITH
NICHOLSON**
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RAY WALTERS
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CYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence 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.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"If a strange knight in quest of a lady comes riding through the wood, how shall I know him? What valorous words are written on his shield, and does he carry a lance or a suit-case?" "He is the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance," said Miss Holbrook in my own key, as she rose. "You would know him anywhere by his clothes and the remarkable language he uses. He is not to be taken very seriously—that's the trouble with him! But I have been afraid that he and my brother might join hands in the pursuit of us."

"But the Sorrowful Knight would not advance his interests by that—he could only injure his cause!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, he has no subtlety; he's a very foolish person; he blunders at windmills with quixotic ardor."

"Won't you please say good-night to Miss Holbrook for me?" I said, my hand on the door.

And then an odd thing happened. I was about to take my departure through the front hall when I remembered a short cut to the Glenarm gate from the rear of the school. I walked the length of the parlor to a door that would, I knew, give ready exit to the open. I bowed to Miss Pat, who stood erect, serene, adorable, in the room that was now touched with the first shadows of waning day, and her slight figure was so eloquent of pathos, her smile so brave, that I bowed again, with a reverence I already felt for her.

Then as I flung the door open and stepped into the hall I heard the soft swish of skirts, a light furtive step, and caught a glimpse—or could have sworn I did—of white. There was only one sister in the house, and a few servants; it seemed incredible that they could be eavesdropping upon this guest of the house. I crossed a narrow hall, found the rear door, and passed out into the park. Something prompted me to turn when I had taken a dozen steps toward the Glenarm gate. The vines on the gray stone buildings were cool to the eye with their green that hung like a tapestry from eaves to earth. And suddenly, as though she came out of the ivy wall itself, Helen Holbrook appeared on one of the first-floor rooms, rested the tips of her fingers on the green vine-clasped rail, and, seeing me, bowed and smiled.

She was robed in white, with a scarlet ribbon at her throat, and the green wall vividly accented and heightened her outline. I stood, staring like a fool for what seemed a century of heart-beats as she flashed forth there, out of what seemed a sheer depth of masonry; then she turned her head slightly, as though in disdain of me, and looked off toward the lake. I had uncovered at sight of her, and found, when I gained the broad hall at Glenarm House, that I still carried my hat.

An hour later, as I dined in solitary state, that white figure was still present before me; and I could not help wondering, though the thought annoyed me, whether that graceful head had not been bent against the closed door of the parlor at St. Agatha's, and (if such were the fact) why Helen Holbrook, who clearly enjoyed the full confidence of her aunt, should have stooped to such a trick to learn what Miss Patricia said to me.

CHAPTER II.

Confidences.

Miss Patricia received me the following afternoon on the lawn at St. Agatha's where, in a cool angle of the buildings, a maid was laying the cloth on a small table.

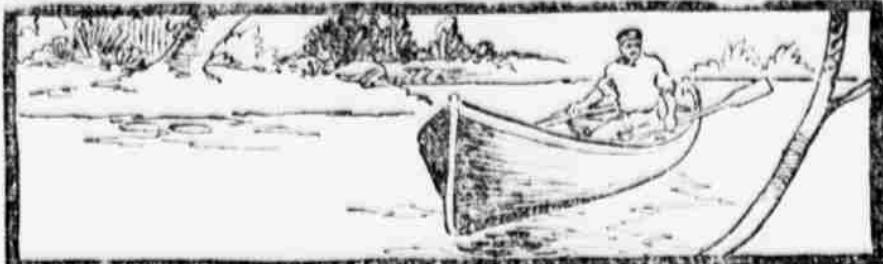
"It is good of you to come. Helen will be here presently. She went for a walk on the shore."

"You must both of you make free of the Glenarm preserve. Don't consider the wall over there a barricade; it's merely to add to the picturesqueness of the landscape."

Miss Patricia was quite rested from her journey, and expressed her pleasure in the beauty and peace of the place in frank and cordial terms.

"I could ask nothing better than this. Sister Margaret is most kind in every way. Helen and I have had a peaceful 24 hours—the first in two years—and I feel that at last we have found safe harborage."

"Rest assured of it, Miss Holbrook! The summer colony is away off there and you need see nothing of it; it is quite out of sight and sound. You have seen Annandale—the sleepyest of American villages, with a curio shop and a candy and soda fountain place and a picture postcard booth which the young ladies of St. Agatha's patronize extensively when they are here. The summer residents are just beginning to arrive on their shores,



I Saw a Dark Figure Sprawled on the Veranda.

but they will not molest you. If they try to land over here we'll train our guns on them and blow them out of the water. As our neighbor beyond the iron gate of Glenarm I beg that you look upon me as your man-at-arms. My sword, madam, I lay at your feet."

"Sheathe it, Sir Laurence; nor draw it save in honorable cause," she returned on the instant, and then she was grave again.

"Sister Margaret is most kind in every way; she seems wholly discreet, and has assured me of her interest and sympathy," said Miss Patricia, as though she wished me to confirm her own impression.

"There's no manner of doubt of it. She is Sister Theresa's assistant. It is inconceivable that she could possibly interfere in your affairs. I believe you are perfectly safe here in every way, Miss Holbrook. If at the end of a week your brother has made no sign, we shall be reasonably certain that he has lost the trail."

"I believe that is true; and I thank you very much."

I had come prepared to be disillusioned, to find her charm gone, but her small figure had even an added distinction; her ways, her manner an added grace. I found myself resisting the temptation to call her quaint, as implying too much; yet I felt that in some olden time, on some noble estate in England, or better, in some stately colonial mansion in Virginia, she must have had her home in years long gone, living on with no increase of age to this present. She suggested peace and gentleness and a beautiful patience; and I strove to say amusing things, that I might enjoy her rare luminous smile and catch her eyes when she gave me her direct gaze in the quick, challenging way that marked her as a woman of position and experience, who had been more given to command than to obey.

"Did you think I was never coming, Aunt Pat? That shore-path called for more strenuous effort than I imagined, and I had to change my gown again."

Helen Holbrook advanced quickly and stood by her aunt's chair, nodding to me smilingly, and while we exchanged the commonplaces of the day, she caught up Miss Pat's hand and held it a moment caressingly. The maid now brought the tea, Miss Pat poured it and the talk went forward cheerily.

"Oh, Mr. Donovan," said Helen Holbrook, as I put down her cup, "there are some letters I should like to write and I wish you would tell me whether it is safe to have letters come for us to Annandale; or would it be better to send nothing from here at all? It does seem odd to have to ask such a question—" and she concluded in a tone of distress and looked at me appealingly.

"We must take no risks whatever, Helen," remarked Miss Pat, decisively. "Does no one know where you are?" I inquired of Miss Patricia.

"My lawyer, in New York, has the name of this place, sealed; and he put it away in a safety box and promised not to open it unless something of very great importance happened."

"It is best to take no chances," I said; "so I should answer your question in the negative, Miss Holbrook. In the course of a few weeks everything may seem much clearer; and in the meantime it will be wiser not to communicate with the outer world."

"They deliver mail through the country here, don't they?" asked Hel-

en. "It must be a great luxury for the farmers to have the post-office at their very doors."

"Yes, but the school and Mr. Glenarm always send for their own mail to Annandale."

"Our mail is all going to my lawyer," said Miss Pat, "and it must wait until we can have it sent to us with our danger."

"Certainly, Aunt Pat," replied Helen, readily. "I didn't mean to give Mr. Donovan the impression that my correspondence was enormous; but it is odd to be shut up in this way and not to be able to do as one likes in such little matters."

It was time for me to leave and I picked up my hat and stick. As I started away I was aware that Helen Holbrook detained me without in the least appearing to do so, following a few steps to gain, as she said, a certain view of the lake that was particularly charming.

"There is nothing rugged in this landscape, but it is delightful in its very tranquillity," she said as we loitered on the shimmering lake before us, the wood behind ablaze with the splendor of the sun. She spoke of the beauty of the beeches, which are of noble girth in this region, and paused to indicate a group of them whose smooth trunks were like massive pillars. As we looked back I saw that Miss Pat had gone into the house, driven, no doubt, by the persistency of the west wind that crisped the lake. Helen's manner changed abruptly, and she said:

"If any difficulty should arise here, if my poor father should find out where we are, I trust that you may be able to save my aunt anxiety and pain. That is what I wished to say to you, Mr. Donovan."

"Certainly," I replied, meeting her eyes, and noting a quiver of the lips that was eloquent of deep feeling and loyalty. She continued silent as we marched on and I felt that there was the least defiance in her air; then she drew a handkerchief from her sleeve, touched it lightly to her eyes, and smiled.

"I had not thought of quite following you home! Here is Glenarm gate—and there lie your battlements and towers."

"Rather they belong to my old friend, John Glenarm. In his goodness of heart he gave me the use of the place for the summer; and as generosity with another's property is very easy, I hereby tender you our fleet—canoes, boats, steam launch—and the stable, which contains a variety of traps and a good riding-horse or two. They are all at your service. I hope that you and your aunt will not fail to avail yourselves of each and all. Do you ride? I was specially charged to give the horses exercise."

"Thank you very much," she said. "When we are well settled, and feel more secure, we shall be glad to call on you. Father Stoddard certainly served us well in sending us to you, Mr. Donovan."

In a moment she spoke again, quite slowly, and with, I thought, a very pretty embarrassment.

"Aunt Pat may have spoken of another difficulty—a mere annoyance, really," she smiled at me gravely.

"Oh, yes; of the youngster who has been troubling you. Your father and he have, of course, no connection?"

"No; decidedly not. But he is a very offensive person, Mr. Donovan. It would be a matter of great distress if he should pursue us to this place."

"It is inconceivable that a gentle-

man—if he is a gentleman—should follow you merely for the purpose of annoying you! I have heard that young ladies usually know how to get rid of importunate suitors."

"I have heard that they have that reputation," she laughed back. "But Mr. Gillespie—"

"That's the name, is it? Your aunt did not mention it."

"Yes; he lives quite near us at Stamford. Aunt Pat disliked his father before she visits her displeasure on the son; but she is quite right about it. He is a singularly unattractive and uninteresting person, and I trust that he will not find us."

"That is quite unlikely. You will do well to forget all about him—forget all your troubles and enjoy the beauty of these June days."

We had reached Glenarm gate, and St. Agatha's was now hidden by the foliage along the winding path. Helen threw away the bits of twig when we came to the wall, and, as I swung the gate open, paused mockingly with clasped hands and peeped inside.

"I must go back," she said. Then, her manner changing, she dropped her hands at her side and faced me.

"You will warn me, Mr. Donovan, of the first approach of trouble. I wish to save my aunt in every way possible—she means so much to me; she has made life easy for me where it would have been hard."

"There will be no trouble, Miss Holbrook. You are as safe as though you were hidden in a cave in the Apennines; but I shall give you warning at the first sign of danger."

"My father is—quite relentless," she murmured, averting her eyes.

I turned to retrace the path with her; but she forbade me and was gone swiftly—a flash of white through the trees—before I could parley with her. I stared after her as long as I could hear her light tread in the path. And when she had vanished a feeling of loneliness possessed me and the country quiet mocked me with its peace.

I changed the Glenarm gates together sharply and went in to dinner; but I pondered long as I smoked on the starling terrace. There was no disguising the truth that the coming of the Holbrooks had got on my nerves—at least that was my phrase for it. Now that I thought of it, they were impudent intruders and Paul Stoddard had gone too far in turning them over to me. There was nothing in their story, anyhow; it was preposterous, and I resolved to let them severely alone. But even as these thoughts ran through my mind I turned toward St. Agatha's, whose lights were visible through the trees, and I knew that there was nothing honest in my impatience. Helen Holbrook's eyes were upon me and her voice called from the dark; and when the clock chimed nine in the tower beyond the wall memory brought back the graceful turn of her dark head, the firm curve of her throat as she had listened to the mellow fling of the bells.

Sobered by these reflections, I left the terrace shortly after 11 and walked through the strip of wood that lay between the house and the lake to the Glenarm pier; and at once matters took a turn that put the love of woman quite out of the reckoning.

CHAPTER III.

I Meet Mr. Reginald Gillespie.

As I neared the boathouse I saw a dark figure sprawled on the veranda and my Japanese boy spoke to me softly. The moon was at full and I drew up in the shadow of the house and waited. Ijima had been with me for several years and was a boy of unusual intelligence. He spoke both English and French admirably, was deft of hand and wise of mind, and I was greatly attached to him. His courage, fidelity and discretion I had tested more than once. He lay quite still on the pier, gazing out upon the lake, and I knew that something unusual had attracted his attention. He spoke to me in a moment, but without turning his head.

"A man has been rowing up and down the shore for an hour. When he came in close here I asked him what he wanted and he rowed away without answering. He is now off there by the school."

"Probably a summer boarder from across the lake."

"Hardly, sir. He came from the direction of the village and acts queerly."

I flung myself down on the pier and crawled out to where Ijima lay. We lay by the post that bore the three lanterns, and watched the slow movement of a rowboat along the margin of the school grounds. St. Agatha's maintains a boathouse for the use of students, and the pier lights—red, white and red—lay beyond the boatman, and he seemed to be drawing slowly toward them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There is no place in the world where the clove tree thrives as well as in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. It is the principal product of the islands, and, together with copra and the ivory brought from the mainland, cloves form the principal item of export.

NEW STRENGTH FOR WOMEN'S BACKS.

How to Make a Bad Back Better.

Women who suffer with backache, bearing down pains, dizzy spells and that constant feeling of dullness and tiredness, will find hope in the advice of Mrs. Mary Hinson of 21 Strother St., Mt. Sterling, Ky. "Had I not used Doan's Kidney Pills, I believe I would not be living today," says Mrs. Hinson. "My eyesight was poor, I suffered with nervous, splitting headaches, spots would dance before my eyes and at times I would be so dizzy I would have to grasp something for support. My back was so weak and painful I could hardly bend over to button my shoes and could not get around without suffering severely. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and I continued until practically well again."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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A CLOSE BOND.



Farmer's Wife—They were born the same day.

Neighbor—Twins, in fact.

Grace. A paper out in northwestern Kansas tells of a pious old farmer who has the habit of gazing at the rafters in his dining room when saying grace. One day while so engaged he forgot himself, and his grace sounded something like this: "We thank thee for this food and—by Joe! thank thee that darned gimlet I've been looking for for the last six months. I'll have Jim go up there and get it. Thou hast been gracious to us, O Lord, and again we thank thee. Amen!"—Kansas City Star.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WABDOL, KISSAN & MARSH, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Relics of the Stone Age. During excavations conducted near Willendorf, on the Danube, by the prehistoric section of the Austrian Natural History museum, a chalk figurine, 11 centimeters high, has been discovered in a stratum containing instruments and weapons characteristic of the stone age. The figurine shows traces of having been painted and represents a female figure with remarkable precision of artistic execution.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.



DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

Quickly Cures Rheumatic Pains, Also Splendid System Builder.

Go to any good prescription drug store and get the following and read them: If he does not have these ingredients he will get them from his wholesale house.

One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla, and one ounce Tincture compound. Add these to a half pint of first-class whiskey, and use a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time. The bottle must be well shaken each time. This simple remedy is one of the most effective known. The restorative action will be felt after the first few doses.

The Price of Courtesy. "Politeness costs nothing," said the man who quotes proverbs.

"You are wrong again," answered Mr. Sirina Barker. "You have evidently not figured how much it costs to persuade a New York waiter to look pleasant and say 'thank you.'"—Washington Star.

Short and Ugly. "Professor, what is the latest word of science as to there being inhabitants on Mars?" asked the reporter.

"Rot!" answered the eminent astronomer on the other side of the controversy.

Many Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cures Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

If a riddy woman could hear what is said about her giddiness behind her back it would knock some of the giddiness out of her.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH. It certainly racks your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Lung Balm will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

Gratitude is the sweetest music that flows from the human heart.—Henry Lee.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny, granules, easy to take. No griping.

If a man is a liar it is useless to tell him so. He knew it all the time.

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Assorted china in the Family Size Package



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

For Rheumatic Pains

As we get older the blood becomes sluggish, the muscles and joints stiffen and aches and pains take hold easier. Sloan's Liniment quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops any pain or ache with astonishing promptness.

Proof that it is Best for Rheumatism.
Mrs. DANIEL H. DIEHL, of Mann's Choice, R.F.D., No. 1, Pa., writes:— "Please send me a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for rheumatism and stiff joints. It is the best remedy I ever knew for I can't do without it."

Also for Stiff Joints.
Mr. MILTON WHEELER, 2100 Morris Ave., Birmingham, Ala., writes:— "I am glad to say that Sloan's Liniment has done me more good for stiff joints than anything I have ever tried."

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is the quickest and best remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and Insect Stings.

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