

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
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NICHOLSON**
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summing away Port Annapdale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she loved her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly entreated her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annapdale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitors. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan sought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Harbridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion, Donovan left. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with \$1000. Gillespie admitted to know of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molest the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another living place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitly of Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted conspiring with her father despite her aunt's precautions, in a night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan.



"There is No One Quite Like Her!"

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

It was plain that he saw nothing out of the way in thus conniving with Helen Holbrook against her aunt, and that he had not been struck by the enormity of the girl's conduct in taking money from him. He drew in his canoe as I debated with myself what to do with him.

"You've got to leave the lake," I said. "You've got to go."

"Then I'm going, thank you!" He sprang into the canoe, driving it far out of my reach; his paddle splashed, and he was gone.

"Is that you, sir?" called Ijima behind me. "I thought I heard some one talking."

"It is nothing, Ijima."

CHAPTER X.

The Flutter of a Handkerchief.

The next morning at eight o'clock I sent a note to Miss Pat, asking if she and the other ladies of her house would not take breakfast with me at nine; and she replied, on her quaint visiting card, in an old-fashioned hand, that she and Helen would be glad to come, but that Sister Margaret begged to be excused. It had been in my mind from the first to ask them to dine at Glenarm, and now I wished to see this girl, to test, weigh, study her, as soon as possible after her meeting with Gillespie. I wished to see how she would bear herself before her aunt and me with that dark transaction on her conscience.

Breakfast seems to be, in common experience, the most difficult meal of the day, and yet that hour hangs in memory still as one of the brightest I ever spent. The table was set on the terrace, and its white napery, the best Glenarm silver and crystal, and a bowl of red roses still dewy from the night, all blended cozily with the morning. As the strawberries were passed I felt that the little table had brought us together in a new intimacy. It was delightful to sit face to face with Miss Pat, and not less agreeable to have at my right hand this bewildering girl, whose eyes laughed at me when I sought shame in their depths. Miss Pat poured the coffee, and when I took my cup I felt that it carried benediction with it. I was glad to see her so at peace with the world, and her heart was not older. I could have sworn, than the roses before her.

"I shall refuse to leave when my time is up!" she declared. "Do you think you could spend a winter here, Helen?"

"I should love it!" the girl replied. "It would be perfectly splendid to watch the seasons march across the lake. We can both enroll ourselves at St. Agatha's as post-graduate students, and take a special course in weather here."

"If I didn't sometimes hear trains passing Annapdale in the night, I should forget that there's a great busy world out there somewhere," said Miss Pat. "I am ashamed of myself for having been so long discovering this spot. Except one journey to California, I was never west of Philadelphia until I came here."

Helen stood by the line of scarlet geraniums that marked the balustrade, at a point whence the best view of the lake was obtainable—her hands clasped behind her, her head turned slightly.

"There is no one quite like her!" exclaimed Miss Pat. "She is beautiful!" I acquiesced.

Miss Pat talked on quickly, as though our silence might cause Helen to turn and thus deprive us of the picture.

"Should you like to look over the house?" I asked a little later, when Helen had come back to the table. "It is said to be one of the finest houses in Interior America, and there are some good pictures."

"We should be very glad," said Miss Pat; and Helen murmured assent.

"But we must not stay too long, Aunt Pat. Mr. Donovan has his own

affairs. We must not tax his generosity too far."

"And we are going to send some letters off to-day. If it isn't asking too much, I should like to drive to the village later," said Miss Pat.

"Yes; and I should like a paper of pins and a new magazine," said Helen, a little, a very little eagerness in her tone.

"Certainly. The stable is at your disposal, and our entire marine."

"But we must see the Glenarm pictures first," said Miss Pat, and we went at once into the great cool house, coming at last to the gallery on the third floor.

"Whistler!" Miss Pat exclaimed in delight before the famous "Lady in the Gray Cloak." "I thought that picture was owned in England."

"It was; but old Mr. Glenarm had to have it. That Melssonier is supposed to be in Paris, but you see it's here."

"It's wonderful!" said Miss Pat. She returned to the Whistler and studied it with rapt attention, and I stood by, enjoying her pleasure. Helen had passed on while Miss Pat hung upon the Whistler.

"How beautifully those draperies are suggested, Helen. That is one of the best of all his things."

But Helen was not beside her, as she had thought. There were several recesses in the room, and I thought the girl had stepped into one of these, but just then I saw her shadow outside.

"Miss Holbrook is on the balcony," I said.

"Oh, very well. We must go," she replied, quietly, but lingered before the picture.

I left Miss Pat and crossed the room to the balcony. As I approached one of the doors I saw Helen, standing tiptoe for greater height, slowly raise and lower her handkerchief thrice, as though signaling to some one on the water.

I laughed outright as I stepped beside her.

"It's better to be a picture than to look at one, Miss Holbrook! Allow me!"

In her confusion she had dropped her handkerchief, and when I returned it she slipped it into her cuff with a murmur of thanks. A flash of anger lighted her eyes and she colored slightly; but she was composed in an instant. And, looking off beyond the water-tower, I was not surprised to see the Stiletto quite near our shore, her white sails filling lazily in the scant wind. A tiny flag flashed recognition and answer to the girl's signal, and was hauled down at once.

We were both silent as we watched it; then I turned to the girl, who bent her head a moment, tucking the handkerchief a trifle more securely into her sleeve. She smiled quizzically, with a compression of the lips.

"The view here is fine, isn't it?" We regarded each other with entire good humor. I heard Miss Pat within, slowly crossing the bare floor of the gallery.

"You are incomparable!" I exclaimed. "Verily, a daughter of Janus has come among us!"

"The best pictures are outdoors, after all," commented Miss Pat; and after a further ramble about the house they returned to St. Agatha's, whence we were to drive together to Annapdale in half an hour.

I went to the stone water-tower and scanned the movements of the Stiletto with a glass while I waited. The sloop was tacking slowly away toward Annapdale, her skipper managing his sheet with an expert hand. It may have been the ugly business in which the pretty toy was engaged, or it may have been the lazy deliberation of her oblique progress over the water, but I felt then and afterward that there was something sinister in every line of the Stiletto. The more I deliberated the less certain I became of anything that pertained to the Holbrooks; and I tested my memory by repeating the alphabet and counting ten, to make sure that my wits were still equal to such exercises.

We drove into Annapdale without incident and with no apparent timidity on Miss Pat's part. Helen was all amiability and cheer. I turned perforce to address her now and then, and to find that the lurking smile about her lips, and a challenging light in her eyes, woke no resentment in me.

I left Miss Pat and Helen at the general store while I sought the hardware merchant with a list of trifles required for Glenarm. I was detained some time longer than I had expected, and in leaving I stood for a moment on the platform before the shop, gossiping with the merchant of village affairs. I glanced down the street to see if the ladies had appeared, and observed at the same time my team and wagon standing at the curb in charge of the driver, just as I had left them.

While I still talked to the merchant, Helen came out of the general store, glanced hurriedly up and down the street, and crossed quickly to the post-office, which lay opposite. I watched her as I made my adieux to the shopkeeper, and just then I witnessed something that interested me at once.

Within the open door of the post-office the Italian sailor lounged idly. Helen carried a number of letters in her hand, and as she entered the post-office—I was sure my eyes played me no trick—deftly, almost imperceptibly, an envelope passed from her hand to the Italian's. He stood immovable, as he had been, while the girl passed on into the office. She reappeared at once, recrossed the street and met her aunt at the door of the general store. I rejoined them, and as we all met by the waiting trap the Italian left the post-office and strolled slowly away toward the lake.

I was not sure whether Miss Pat saw him. If she did she made no sign, but began describing with much amusement an odd countryman she had seen in the shop.

"You mailed our letters, did you, Helen? Then I believe we have quite finished, Mr. Donovan. I like your little village; I'm disposed to love everything about this beautiful lake."

"Yes; even the town hall, where the Old Georgia Minstrels seem to have appeared for one night only, some time last December, is a shrine worthy of pilgrimages," remarked Helen. "And postage stamps cost no more here than in Stamford. I had really expected that they would be a trifle dearer."

I laughed rather more than was required, for those wonderful eyes of hers were filled with something akin to honest fun. She was proud of herself, and was even flushed the least bit with her success.

As we passed the village pier I saw the Stiletto lying at the edge of the inlet that made a miniature harbor for the village, and, rowing swiftly toward it, his oars flashing brightly, was the Italian, still plainly in sight. Whether Miss Pat saw the boat and ignored it, or failed to see, I did not know, for when I turned she was studying the cover of a magazine that lay in her lap. Helen fell to talking vivaciously of the contrasts between American and English landscape; and so we drove back to St. Agatha's.

Thereafter, for the matter of ten days, nothing happened. I brought the ladies of St. Agatha's often to Glenarm, and we went forth together constantly by land and water without interruption. They received and dispatched letters, and nothing marred the quiet order of their lives. The Stiletto vanished from my horizon, and lay, so Ijima learned for me, within the farther lake. Henry Holbrook had, I made no doubt, gone away with the draft Helen had secured from Gillespie, and of Gillespie himself I heard nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

The Carnival of Canoes.

I had dined alone and was lounging about the grounds when I heard voices near the Glenarm wall. There was no formal walk there, and my steps were silenced by the turf. The heavy scent of flowers from within gave me a hint of my whereabouts; there was, I remembered, at this point on the school lawn a rustic bench embowered in honeysuckle, and Miss Pat and Helen were, I surmised, taking their coffee there. I started away, thinking to enter by the gate and join them, when Helen's voice rose angrily—there was no mistaking it, and she said in a tone that rang oddly on my ears:

"But you are unkind to him! You are unjust! It is not fair to blame father for his ill fortune."

"That is true, Helen; but it is not your father's ill fortune that I hold against him. All I ask of him is to be sane, reasonable, to change his manner of life, and to come to me in a spirit of fairness."

"But he is proud, just as you are; and Uncle Arthur ruined him! It was not father, but Uncle Arthur, who brought all these hideous things upon us."

I passed rapidly on, and resumed my walk elsewhere. It was a sad business, the shadowy father; the criminal uncle, who had, as Helen said, brought ruin upon them all; the sweet, motherly, older sister, driven in desperation to hide; and, not less melancholy, this beautiful girl, the pathos of whose position had struck me increasingly. Perhaps Miss Pat was too severe, and I half accused her of I know not what crimes of rapacity and greed for withholding her brother's money; then I set my teeth hard into my pipe as my slumbering loyalty to Miss Pat warmed my heart again.

"It's the night of the carnival, sir," Ijima reminded me, seeking me at the water-tower.

"Very good, Ijima. You needn't lock the bathhouse. I may go out later."

The cottagers at Port Annapdale hold once every summer a canoe fete, and this was the appointed night. I was in no mood for zavety of any sort, but it occurred to me that I might relieve the strained relations between Helen and her aunt by taking them out to watch the procession of boats. I passed through the gate and took a turn or two, not to appear to know of the whereabouts of the women, and to my surprise met Miss Pat walking alone.

She greeted me with her usual kindness, but I knew that I had broken upon sad reflections. Helen was not in sight, but I strolled back and forth with Miss Pat, thinking the girl might appear.

"I had a note from Father Stoddard to-day," said Miss Pat. "I congratulate you," I laughed. "He doesn't honor me."

"He's much occupied," she remarked, defensively; "and I suppose he doesn't indulge in many letters. Mine was only ten lines long, not more!"

"Father Stoddard feels that he has a mission in the world, and he has little time for people like us, who have food, clothes and drink in plenty. He gives his life to the hungry, unclothed and thirsty."

And now, quite abruptly, Miss Pat spoke of her brother.

"Has Henry gone?"

"Yes; he left ten days ago."

She nodded several times, then looked at me and smiled.

"You have frightened him off! I am grateful to you!"—and I was glad in my heart that she did not know that Gillespie's money had sent him away.

Defect in Steel Ships.

Steel ships are more easily penetrated by rams, ricks, etc., than the old wooden bottoms.

American City Leads All.

New York has more money invested in better hotels and theaters than any other city in the world.

"HELLO GIRL" FIRE HEROINE

Miss Nina Harrigan Saved 160 Guests When Flames Destroyed Hotel in Kalamazoo.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—The million-dollar fire which swept Kalamazoo recently produced a heroine who has not yet gotten through receiving congratulations from her friends and acquaintances. The heroine is Miss Nina Harrigan, who was night telephone operator at the Hotel Burdick, one of the buildings destroyed by the flames.

When the flames broke through the arcade adjoining the hotel and the building caught fire, she stuck pluckily to her post and notified every guest in the hotel by telephone of the danger.

For nearly half an hour while the blaze was raging, with firemen rushing past her with lines of hose, engines



Miss Nina Harrigan.

pulling outside and a babble of confusion about her, the girl sat calmly at her exchange ringing one by one every room in the building, and telling the guests to escape. She did not leave until firemen told her she would lose her life if she remained longer.

Miss Constance Crowley, an actress appearing at a local theater who had a room at the Burdick, attempted to rush into the burning hotel for her pet monkey, and was only prevented by firemen from doing so. Then a fire ladder found the monk scampering about the icy, water-soaked streets and rescued the chattering simian, to the actress' great joy.

IS BOOSTED BY UNCLE SAM

America's Fight on Zelaya in Nicaragua Made Dr. Jose Madriz the President.

Bluefields, Nicaragua.—Dr. Jose Madriz, the new president of Nicaragua, owes the honor that has come to him to the intervention of the United States in the affairs of that country. When Secretary Knox got after President Zelaya, who has been a trouble-maker in Central America for some time, it was not with a definite plan of making Madriz president, as Uncle Sam had no especial approval to bestow upon Madriz.

When Madriz resigned as minister to Washington because he was dissatisfied with the Zelaya government, Zelaya banished him. Since that time



New President of Nicaragua.

he has been president of the Central American court of justice, organized for the purpose of harmonizing the Central American republics.

Grand Duke Victim of Cupid.

A pretty story is told of the manner in which the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who has taken a house near Hampstead, met his wife. He was riding one day in Nice, when a charming girl with flying hair was swept past him on a runaway horse. The grand duke spurred after her, overtook the runaway, and rescued the lady. He found she was a daughter of Prince Nicholas of Luxembourg. Later he fell in love with her, and in due course married her. The marriage made the Czar Alexander so angry that he banished the grand duke from Russia, and deprived him at the same time of his titles and estates. It was not until the present czar came to the throne that the ban was removed.

Specially Fortified.

"Bliggins says he thinks he would like to go into the diplomatic service."

"But he stutters terribly."

"That's where he is strong. He has to think at least twice before he says anything."

"QUANTITY, QUALITY AND PRICE"

THE THREE ESSENTIALS THAT ARE GIVING WESTERN CANADA Greater Impulse Than Ever This Year.

The reports from the grain fields of Central Canada, (which comprises the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta) are to hand. The year 1909 has not only kept pace with previous years in proving that this portion of the Continent is capable of producing a splendid yield of all the smaller grains, but it has thoroughly outstripped previous seasons. There is quantity, quality and price and from all parts of an area of about 320,000 square miles there comes the strong refrain of contentment and satisfaction. In the distribution of the conditions causing it no district has been overlooked.

Various estimates of the total yield of wheat for the country have been made, but it is not the vast total that influences the general reader so much as what has been done individually. The grand total—say 130 million bushels—may have its effect on the grain price of the world; it may be interesting to know that in the world's markets the wheat crop of Canada has suddenly broken upon the trading boards, and with the Argentine, and with Russia and India, is now a factor in the making of prices. If so today, what will be its effect five or ten years from now, when, instead of there being seven million acres under crop with a total yield of 125 or 130 million bushels, there will be from 17 to 30 million acres in wheat with a yield of from 325 to 600 million bushels. When it is considered that the largest yield in the United States but slightly exceeded 700 million bushels, the greatness of these figures may be understood. Well, such is a safe forecast, for Canada has the land and it has the soil. Even today the Province of Saskatchewan, one of the three great wheat growing provinces of Canada, with 400,000 acres under wheat, produces nearly 90 million bushels, or upwards of one-tenth of the greatest yield of the United States. And Saskatchewan is yet only in the beginning of its development. As Lord Grey recently pointed out in speaking on this very subject, this year's crop does not represent one-tenth of the soil equally fertile that is yet to be brought under the plough.

Individually, reports are to hand of yields of twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five bushels to the acre. Scores of yields are reported of forty and some as high as sixty bushels. The farmer, who takes care of his soil, who gets his seed-beds ready early, is certain of a splendid crop.

The news of the magnificent crop yield throughout the Canadian West will be pleasing to the friends of the thousands of Americans who are residents in that country and who are vastly instrumental in the assistance they are rendering to let the world know its capabilities.

Harvard Scored.

It was the morning of the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, and two of the New Haven collegians were wandering through the Harvard yard, looking at the university buildings.

Down a walk toward them came a youth of serious aspect, but palpably an undergraduate.

"I beg your pardon," said the Yale man, who is a bit of a wag, to the stranger, "can you tell me where I can find Harvard university?"

"I'm very sorry," said the serious one, with never a smile. "They've locked it up. You see, there are so many Yale men in town."

"Off His Feed."

Diner (to his neighbor after having three helpings of fish and meat)—I've got no appetite to-night.

Neighbor—You hide it very well, then.

Charity and Courage.

Knicker—Do you ever cast your bread on the waters?

Newed—No; all I dare to do is to throw cold water on the bread.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

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