

# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY  
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrained to the care of Laurance 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 recently 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 another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitly of Helen was confessed by the young lady. It was disclosed as a ruse. Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love to Gillespie was conferred by Donovan. At the town parsonage Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian assassin. 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 \$2000 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. Gillespie himself resembled a "Cassidy" and was in need of help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befall 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. "Rosaland" appeared. Arthur avowed a murder. Donovan returning met Gillespie alone in the dead of night. An investigation led to Helen Holbrook, the sister, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosaland, who by night had slipped a draft to Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mix-up. Her father, Arthur Holbrook, was the canoe-maker, while Helen's father was Henry Holbrook, the erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosaland, were as much alike as twins. Thus Helen's supposed duplicity was explained. Helen visited Donovan, asking his assistance in bringing Miss Patricia Holbrook and Henry Holbrook together for a settlement of their money affairs, which had kept them apart for many years. Donovan refused to aid. He met Gillespie.

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

He was at once sane and serious, and replied, soberly:

"I never doubted that it was Arthur. It he wasn't guilty, why did he run away? It was a queer business, and father never mentioned it. Henry gave out the impression that my father had taken advantage of Holbrook Brothers and forced their failure; but father shut up and never told me anything."

"But you have the notes—"

"Yes, but I'm not to open them, yet. I can't tell you about that now." He grew red and played with his cravat.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"I've just had them sent to me; they're in the bank at Annandale. There's another thing you may not know. Old man Holbrook, who lived to be older than the hills, left a provision in his will that adds to the complications. Miss Pat may have mentioned that stuff in her father's will about the honor of the brothers—"

"She just mentioned it. Please tell me what you know of it."

He took out his pocket-book and read me this paragraph from a newspaper cutting:

And the said one million dollars heretofore specifically provided for shall, after the lapse of ten years, be divided between my said sons Henry and Arthur Holbrook, share and share alike; but if either of my said sons shall have been touched by dishonor through his own act, as honor is accounted, reckoned and valued among men, my said daughter Patricia to be the sole judge thereof, then she shall forfeit his share of said amount thus withheld, and the whole of said sum of one million dollars shall be adjudged to belong to the other son.

Gillespie lit a cigarette and smoked quietly for several minutes, and when he spoke it was with deep feeling.

"I love that girl, Donovan. I believe she cares for me, or would if she could get out of all these entanglements. I'm almost ready to burn that packet and tell Miss Pat she's got to settle with Henry and be done with it. Let him spend his money and die in disgrace and go to the devil; anything is better than all this secrecy and mystery that enmeshes Helen. I'm going to end it; I'm going to end it!"

We had gone to the library, and he threw himself down in the chair from which she had spoken of him so short a time before that I seemed still to feel her presence in the room.

"Cheer up, lad! If we can't untie the knot we'll lose no time cutting the string. There may be some fun in this business before we get through with it."

I began telling him of some of my own experiences, and won him to a cheerier mood. When we came round to the Holbrooks again his depression had passed, and we were on the best of terms.

"But there's one thing we can't get away from, Donovan. I've got to protect Helen; don't you see? I've got to take care of her, whatever comes."

"But you can't take care of her father. He's hopeless."

"I could give him this money myself, couldn't I? I can do it, and I've about concluded that I ought to do it."

"But that would be a waste. It would be like giving whisky to a drunkard. Money has been at the bottom of all this trouble."

Gillespie threw up his hands with a gesture of helplessness.



"I Am Tired of Being Cooped Up Here."

"I shall undoubtedly lose such wits as I have if we don't get somewhere in this business pretty soon. But, Donovan, there's something I want to ask you. I don't like to speak of it, but when we were coming away from that infernal island, after our scrap with the dago, there were two people walking on the bluff—a man and a woman, and the woman was nearest us. She seemed to be purposely putting herself in the man's way so we couldn't see him. It didn't seem possible that Helen could be there—but?"

He clearly wished to be assured, and I answered at once:

"I saw them; it couldn't have been Helen. It was merely a similarity of figure. I couldn't distinguish her face at all. Very likely they were Port Annandale cottagers."

"I thought so myself," he replied, evidently relieved. It did not seem necessary to tell him of Rosaland at Red Gate; that was my secret, and I was not yet ready to share it.

"I've got to talk to somebody, and I want to tell you something, Donovan. I can't deny that there are times when Helen doesn't seem—well, all that I have thought her at other times. Sometimes she seems selfish and hard, and all that. And I know she hasn't treated Miss Pat right; it isn't square for her to take Miss Pat's bounty and then work against her. But I make allowances, Donovan."

"Of course," I acquiesced, wishing to cheer him. "So do I. She has been hard put in this business. And a man's love can't always be at par—or a woman's either! The only thing a man ought to exact of the woman he marries is that she put up a cheerful breakfast-table. Nothing else counts very much. Start the day right, hand him his gloves and a kind word at the front door as he sallies forth to the day's battle, and constancy and devotion will be her reward. I have spoken words of wisdom. Harkon, O Chief Button-Maker of the World!"

Good humor mastered him again, and he grinned his delightful boyish grin.

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my lad," I said. "I'll arrange for you to see Helen to-night! You shall meet and talk and dance with her at Port Annandale casino, in the most conventional way in the world, with me for chaperon. By reason of being Mr. Glenarm's guest here, I'm ex officio a member of the club. I'll manage everything. Miss Pat shall know nothing—all on one condition only."

"Well, name your price."

"That you shall not mention family affairs to her at all."

"God knows I shall be delighted to escape them!" His eyes brightened and he clapped his hands together. "I owe her a pair of gloves on an old wager. I have them in the village and will bring them over to-night," he said; but deception was not an easy game for him. I grinned and he colored.

"It's not money, Donovan," he said, as hurt as a misjudged child. "I won't lie to you. I was to meet her at St. Agatha's pier to-night to give her the gloves."

"You shall have your opportunity, but those meetings on piers won't do. I will hand her over to you at the casino at nine o'clock. I suppose I may have a dance or two?"

"I suppose so," he said, so grudgingly that I laughed aloud.

"Remember the compact; try to

have a good time and don't talk of trouble," I enjoined, as we parted.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A Blue Cloak and a Scarlet.

Miss Pat asked me to dine at St. Agatha's that night. The message came unexpectedly—a line on one of those quaint visiting-cards of hers, brought by the gardener; and when I had penned my acceptance I at once sent the following message by Ijima to the boat-maker's house at Red Gate:

"To Rosaland at Red Gate. It is important for you to appear with me at the Port Annandale casino to-night, and to meet Reginald Gillespie there. He is pledged to refer in no way to family affairs. If he should attempt to, you need only remind him of his promise. He will imagine that you are some one else, so please be careful not to tax his imagination too far. There is much at stake which I will explain later. You are to refuse nothing that he may offer you. I shall come into the creek with the launch and call for you at Red Gate."

"THE IRISHMAN AT GLENARM." The casino dances are very informal. A plain white gown and a few ribbons, but don't omit your emerald!

I was not sure where this project would lead me, but I committed myself to it with a fair conscience. I reached St. Agatha's just as dinner was announced and we went out at once to the small dining room used by the sister in charge during vacation, where I faced Miss Pat, with Helen on one hand and Sister Margaret on the other. They were all in good humor, even Sister Margaret proving less austere than usual, and it is not too much to say that we were a merry party. Helen led me with a particular intention to talk of Irish affairs, and avowed her own unbelief in the capacity of the Irish for self-government.

"Now, Helen!" admonished Miss Pat, as our debate waxed warm.

"Oh, do not spare me! I could not be shot to pieces in a better cause!"

"The trouble with you people," declared Helen with finality, "is that you have no staying qualities. The smashing of a few heads occasionally satisfies your islanders, then down go the necks beneath the yoke. You are incapable of prolonged war. Now, even the Cubans did better; you must admit that, Mr. Donovan!"

She met my eyes with a challenge. There was no question as to the animus of the discussion; she wished me to understand that there was war between us, and that with no great faith in my wit or powers of endurance she was setting herself confidently to the business of defeating my purpose. And I must confess that I liked it in her!

"If we had you for an advocate our flag would undoubtedly rule the seas, Miss Holbrook!"

"I dip my colors," she replied, "only to the long-enduring, not to the valiant alone!"

"A lady of high renown," I mused aloud, while Miss Pat poured the coffee, "a lady of your own name, was once more or less responsible for a little affair that lasted ten years about the walls of a six-gated city."

"I wasn't named for her! No sugar to-night, please, Aunt Pat!"

I stood with her presently by an open window of the parlor, looking out upon the night. Sister Margaret had vanished about her household duties; Miss Pat had taken up a book with the rather obvious intention of leaving us to ourselves. I expected to start at eight for my rendezvous at Red Gate, and my ear was alert to the chiming

of the chapel clock. The gardener had begun his evening rounds, and paused in the walk beneath us.

"Don't you think," asked Helen, "that the guard is rather ridiculous?"

"Yes, but it pleases my medieval instincts to imagine that you need defenders. In the absence of a moat the gardener combines in himself all the apparatus of defense. Ijima is his Asiatic ally."

"And you, I suppose, the grand strategist and field marshal?"

"At least that!"

"After this morning I never expected to ask a favor of you; but if, in my humblest tone—"

"Certainly. Anything within reason."

"I want you to take me to the casino to-night to the dance. I'm tired of being cooped up here. I want to hear music and see new faces."

"Do pardon me for not having thought of it before! They dance over there every Wednesday and Saturday night. I'm sorry that to-night I have an engagement, but won't you allow me on Saturday?"

She was resting her arms on the high sill, gazing out upon the lake. I stood near, watching her, and as she sighed deeply my heart ached for her; but in a moment she turned her head swiftly with mischief laughing in her eyes.

"You have really refused! You have positively declined! You plead another engagement! This is a place where one's engagements are burdensome."

"This one happens to be important."

She turned round with her back to the window.

"We are eternal foes; we are fighting it out to a finish, and it is better that way. But, Mr. Donovan, I haven't played all my cards yet."

"I look upon you as a resourceful person and I shall be prepared for the worst. Shall we say Saturday night for the dance?"

"No!" she exclaimed, tossing her head. "And let me have the satisfaction of telling you that I could not have gone with you to-night, anyhow. Good-by."

I found Ijima ready with the launch at Glenarm pier, and, after a swift flight to the Tippecanoe, knocked at the door of Red Gate. Arthur Holbrook admitted me, and led the way to the room where, as his captive, I had first talked with him.

"We have met before," he said, smiling. "I thought you were an enemy at that time. Now I believe I may count you a friend."

"Yes; I should like to prove myself your friend, Mr. Holbrook."

"Thank you," he said, simply; and we shook hands. "You have taken an interest in my affairs, so my daughter tells me. She is very dear to me—she is all I have left; you can understand that I wish to avoid involving her in these family difficulties."

"I would cut off my right hand before I would risk injuring you or her, Mr. Holbrook," I replied, earnestly. "You have a right to know why I wish her to visit the casino with me to-night. I know what she does not know, what only two other people know: I know why you are here."

"I am very sorry; I regret it very much," he said, without surprise but with deep feeling. He would have said more, but I interrupted him.

"As far as I am concerned no one else shall ever know. The persons who know the truth about you are your brother and yourself. Strangely enough, Reginald Gillespie does not know. Your sister has not the slightest idea of it. Your daughter, I assume, has no notion of it—"

"No!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "She has not known; she has believed what I have told her; and now she must never know how stupid, how mad, I have been."

"To-night," I said, "your daughter and I will gain possession of the forged notes. Gillespie will give them to her; and I should like to hold them for a day or two."

He was pacing the floor and at this wheeled upon me with doubt and suspicion clearly written on his face.

"But I don't see how you can manage it!"

"Mr. Gillespie is infatuated with your niece."

"With Helen, who is with my sister at St. Agatha's."

"I have promised Gillespie that he shall see her to-night at the casino dance. Your sister is very bitter against him and he is mortally afraid of her."

"His father really acted very decently, when you know the truth. But I don't see how this is to be managed. I should like to possess myself of those papers, but not at too great a cost. More for Rosaland's sake than my own now, I should have them."

"You may not know that your daughter and her cousin are as like as two human beings can be. I am rather put to it myself to tell them apart."

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Good Student.

"How is young Chunk getting on in college?"

"Splendidly. He would have made the scrub team his first year if he hadn't been deficient in all of his studies."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## COULDN'T SPEAK.



They never speak as they pass by. They both keep mum; No need to ask the reason why— They're deaf and dumb.

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### Desperate Remedy.

"Yes," said the musician in a reminiscent mood, "my wife fell in love with me and married me when I was learning to play the cornet."

"Are you sure," asked his friend, "that she married you because she loved you, or to make you stop practicing on the cornet?"

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by E. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Easily Explained.

"Strange," murmured the editor, "that this anecdote of George Washington has never been in print before."

"Not at all," explained the occasional contributor. "I only thought of it last night."

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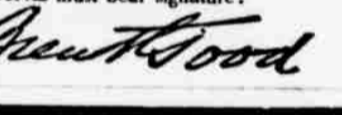
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If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

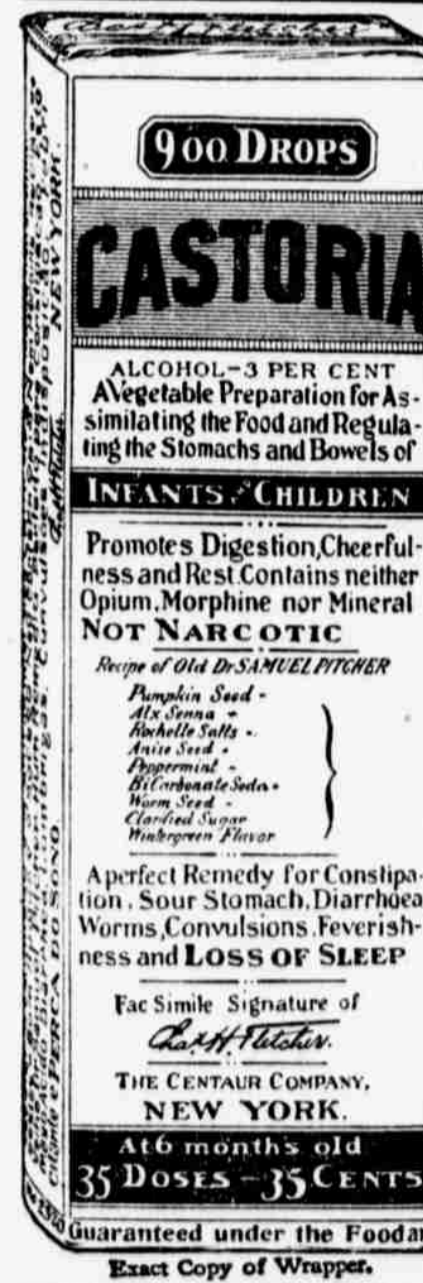
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