

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
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NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summing near Fort Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly 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 a friendly errand. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Helen announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in a garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She and Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love, Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Helen, Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe. Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$200.00 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 caged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind, a "voice" appeared to Donovan for 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 "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan returned, met Gillespie alone in the dead of night. On investigation he found Henry Holbrook, the sailor, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosalind, who by night he had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mix-up. Her father, Arthur Holbrook, was the canoe-maker, while Helen's father was Henry Holbrook, the sailing brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, 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 and planned a coup. By making Gillespie give a number of forged notes to Rosalind, who he supposed was Helen, so closely did they resemble each other, Donovan cleared the way for a settlement of the Holbrooks. Gillespie had possessed the only evidence of the Holbrooks' disgrace.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"The hour of enchantment is almost past. I must have one turn before the princess goes back to her castle!"—and Rosalind took my arm.

"Meet me at the landing in two minutes, Gillespie! As a special favor—as a particular kindness—I shall allow you to take the princess home!" And I hurried Rosalind away, regained the blue cloak and flung it about her.

"Well," she said, drawing the hood over her head, "who am I now, anyhow!"

"Don't ask me such questions! I'm afraid to say."

"I like you air of business. You are undoubtedly a man of action!"

"I thank you for the word. I'm breathing hard. I have seen ghosts and communicated with dragons. She's here! Your alter ego is on this very veranda more angry than it is well for a woman to be."

"Oh," she faltered, "she found out and followed?"

"She did; she undoubtedly did!"

As we paused under one of the veranda lamps she looked down at the cloak and laughed.

"So this is hers! I thought it didn't feel quite right. But that pair of gloves!"

"It's in my pocket. I have stolen it!" I led the way to the lower veranda of the casino, which was now deserted. "Stay right here and appear deeply interested in the heavens above and the waters under the earth until I get back."

I ran up the stairs again and found Helen where I had left her.

"And now," I said, giving her my arm, "you will not forget the rules of the game! Your fortunes and your father's are brighter tonight than they have ever been. You hate me to the point of desperation, but remember I am your friend after all."

"You are contemptible and wicked!" she flared. "Let us go."

Gillespie's launch was ready when we reached the pier, and after he had handed her into it he plucked my sleeve, and held me for an instant.

"Don't you see how wrong you are! She is superb! She is not only the most beautiful girl in the world, but the dearest, the sweetest, the kindest and best. You have served me better than you know, old man, and I'm grateful!"

In a moment they were well under way and I ran back to the clubhouse and found Rosalind where I had left her.

"We must go at once," she said. "Father will be very anxious to know how it all came out."

"But what did you think of Buttons?"

"He's very nice," she said.

"Is that all? It doesn't seem conclusive, some way!"

"Oh, he's very kind and gentle, and anxious to please. But I felt like a criminal all the time."

"You seemed to be a very cheerful criminal. I suppose it was only the excitement that kept you going."

"Of course that was it! I was wondering what to call it. I'm afraid the sisters at the convent would have a less pleasant word for it."

"Well, you are not in school now;



"I Like You, Larry!"

and I think we have done a good night's work for everybody concerned. But tell me, did he make love acceptably?"

"I suppose that was what he was doing, sir," she replied, demurely, averting her head.

"Suppose?" I laughed.

"Yes; you see, it was my first experience. And he is really very nice, and so honest and kind and gentle that I felt sorry for him."

"Ah! You were sorry for him! Then it's all over. I'm clear out of it. When a woman's in love for a man—teck! But tell me, how did his advances compare with mine on those occasions when we met over there by St. Agatha's? I did my best to be entertaining."

"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 Hima 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, three 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 Glenarm 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 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 heard
In the wind's talking an articulate word?
Or art thou in the secret of the sea,
And have the twilight woods 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 boathouse," I answered, truthfully.

"Let me come along. I am turned 65, and I think I am entitled to do as I please; don't you?"

"I do, indeed, but that is no reason. You are no more 65 than I am. The cap, if you will pardon me, only proclaims your immaturity from the blasts of Time."

"I wish I had known you at 20," she said, brightly, as we went on together.

"My subtraction could not have been more complete."

"Do you make speeches like that to Helen?"

"If I do it is with less inspiration!"

"You must stop chaffing me. I am not 65 for nothing and I don't think you are naturally disrespectful."

When we reached the boathouse she took a chair on the little veranda and smiled as though something greatly amused her.

"Mr. Donovan—I am 65, as I have said before—may I call you—"

"Larry! and gladden me forever!"

"Then, Larry, what a lot of frauds we all are!"

"I suppose we are," I admitted, doubtfully, not sure where the joke lay.

"You have been trying to be very easy here; and you have had no end of trouble. I am not as dull as I look, Larry."

"If I have deceived you it has been with an honest purpose."

"I don't question that. But Helen has been giving you a great deal of trouble, hasn't she? You don't quite make her out; isn't that true?"

"I understand her perfectly," I averred, recklessly.

"You are a daring young man, Larry, to make that statement of any woman. Helen has not always dealt honestly with you—or me!"

"She is the noblest girl in the world; she is splendid beyond any words of mine. I don't understand what you mean, Miss Holbrook."

"Larry, you dear boy, I am no more blind or deaf than I am dumb! Helen



has been seeing her father and Reginald Gillespie. She has run off at night, thinking I wouldn't know it. She is an extremely clever young woman, but when she has made a feat of retiring early, only to creep out and drop down from the dining room balcony and dodge your guards, I have known it. She was away last night and came creeping in like a thief. It has amused me, Larry; it has furnished 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!"

"Take my word for it, she will do nothing of the kind."

"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 we 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: "Dishonor 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 singe your wings, Larry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman Manages Own Coal Mine.
Mrs. Nellie C. Upham was the only woman delegate at the recent American mining congress which met at Pittsburg. She is the owner of a paying mine, which she manages herself.

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Blinks—What was he convicted of?

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Murphy.

The prisoner at the bar was of swarthy complexion and was charged with peddling without a license. "What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"He says his name is Murphy," repeated the policeman on the bridge.

"An Irishman peddling bananas, eh? What part of Ireland do you come from?"

"He says he was born in Italy," again repeated the bridge policeman.

"Umph! The Murphys are numerous, but I didn't think they had spread to Italy," said the judge as he made the fine \$1 and asked the man to spell his name.

The prisoner wrote on a piece of paper "Giuseppe Muerfee."—New York Sun.

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