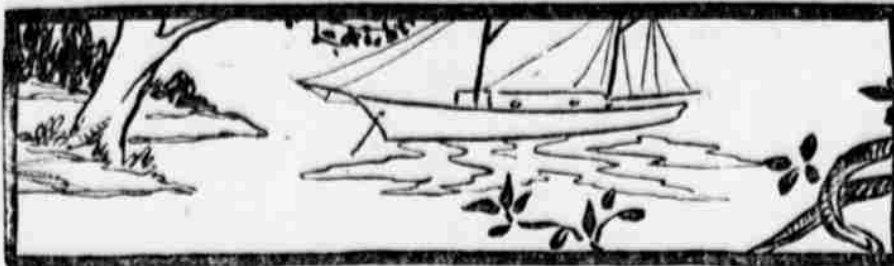


ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annapolis. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who raised a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured 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 the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Harbridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Pat announced her intention of visiting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitous of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a man, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was entranced 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 Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$2,000 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. Calling herself Rosalind a "voice" appealed 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 asserted a murder. Donovan returning, 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 erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. When Helen's supposed identity 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 a member of a secret society, Rosalind, who he supposed was Helen, so cleverly did they resemble each other, Donovan cleared the way for a settlement of the Holbrook troubles. Gillespie had possessed the only evidence of the Holbrook's quarrel. The evidence is securely hidden. Helen suddenly disappeared. Donovan prepared to substitute Rosalind for her. For a time the ruse worked admirably.



"I Have Killed Him—Have Killed Him!"

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Presently, as the dark gathered about us, the candles were lighted, and their glow shut out the world. To my relief the three women carried the talk alone, leaving me to my own thoughts of Helen and my plans for restoring her to her aunt with no break in the new confidence that Rosalind had inspired. I had so completely yielded myself to this undercurrent of reflection that I was startled to find Miss Pat with the coffee service before her.

"Larry, you are dreaming. How can I remember whether you take sugar?" Sister Margaret's eyes were upon me reproachfully for my inattention, and my heart-bents quickened as eight strokes of the chapel chime stole lingeringly through the quiet air. I had half-raised my cup when I was startled by a question from Miss Pat—a request innocent enough and spoken, it seemed, utterly without intention.

"Let me see your ring a moment, Helen."

Sister Margaret flashed a glance of inquiry at me, but Rosalind met the situation instantly.

"Certainly, Aunt Pat"—and she slipped the ring from her finger, passed it across the table, and folded her hands quietly upon the white cloth. She did not look at me, but I saw her breath come and go quickly. If the rings were not the same then we were undone. This thought gripped the three of us, and I heard my cup beating a tattoo on the edge of my saucer in the tense silence, while Miss Pat bent close to the candle before her and studied the ring, turning it over slowly. Rosalind half opened her lips to speak, but Sister Margaret's snowy hand clasped the girl's fingers. The little circlet of gold with its beautiful green stone had been to me one of the convincing items of the remarkable resemblance between the cousins; but if there should be some differentiating mark Miss Pat was not so stupid as to overlook it.

Miss Pat put down the ring abruptly, and looked at Rosalind and then smiled quizzically at me.

"You are a clever boy, Larry."

Then, turning to Rosalind, Miss Pat remarked, with the most casual air imaginable:

"Helen pronounces either with the long e. I noticed at luncheon that you say either. Where's your father, Rosalind?"

My eyes were turning from her to Rosalind when, on her last word, as though by prearranged signal, far across the water, against the dark shadows of the lake's remoter shore, a rocket's spent ball broke and flung its stars against the night.

I spoke no word, but leaped over the stone balustrade and ran to the boathouse where Gillespie waited.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"With My Hands."

Gillespie was smoking his pipe on the boathouse steps. He had come over from the village in his own

launch, which tossed placidly beside mine. Ijima stepped forward promptly with a lantern as I ran out upon the planking of the pier.

"Jump into my launch, Gillespie, and be in a hurry!" and to my relief he obeyed without his usual parley. Ijima cast us off, the engine sputtered a moment, and then the launch got away. I bade Gillespie steer, and when we were free of the pier told him to head for the Tippecanoe.

The handful of stars that had brightened against the sky had been a real shock, and I accused myself in severe terms for having left Arthur Holbrook alone. As we swept into the open Glenarm House stood forth from the encircling wood, marked by the bright lights of the terrace where Miss Pat had, with so much composure and in so few words, made comedy of my attempt to shield Helen. In throwing off my coat my hand touched the envelope containing the forged notes which I had thrust into my pocket before dinner, and the contact sobered me; there was still a chance for me to be of use. But at the thought of what might be occurring at the houseboat on the Tippecanoe I forced the launch's speed to the limit. Gillespie still maintained silence, grimly clenching his empty pipe. He now roused himself and bawled at me:

"Did you ever meet the corner of this county?"

"No!" I shouted.

"Well, you will—coming down! You will blow up in about three minutes!"

I did not slow down until we reached Battle Orchard, where it was necessary to feel our way across the shallow channel. Here I shut off the power and paddled with an oar.

We were soon creeping along the margin of the second lake seeking the creek, whose intake quickly lay hold of us.

"We'll land just inside, on the west bank, Gillespie." A moment later we jumped out and secured the launch. I wrapped our lantern in Gillespie's coat, and ran up the bank to the path.

At the top I turned and spoke to him.

"You'll have to trust me. I don't know what may be happening here, but surely our interests are the same to-night."

He caught me roughly by the arm.

"If this means any injury to Helen—"

"No! It is for her!" And he followed silently at my heels toward Red Gate.

The voices of two men in loud debate rang out sharply upon us through the open windows of the houseboat as we crept down upon the deck. Then followed the sound of blows, and the rattle of furniture knocked about, and as we reached the door a lamp fell with a crash and the place was dark.

We seemed to strike matches at the same instant, and as they blazed upon their sticks we looked down upon Arthur Holbrook, who lay sprawling with his arms outflung on the floor, and over him stood his brother with hands clenched, his face twitching.

"I have killed him—I have killed him!" he muttered several times in a low whisper. "I had to do it. There was no other way."

My blood went cold at the thought that we were too late. Gillespie was fumbling about, striking matches, and I was somewhat reassured, by the sound of my own voice as I called him.

"There are candles at the side—make a light, Gillespie."

And soon we were taking account of one another in the soft candle-light.

"I must go," said Henry huskily, looking stupidly down upon his brother, who lay quite still, his head resting on his arm.

"You will stay," I said; and I stood beside him while Gillespie filled a pail at the creek and laved Arthur's wrists and temples with cool water.

We worked a quarter of an hour before he gave any signs of life; but when he opened his eyes Henry flung himself down in a chair and mopped his forehead.

"He is not dead," he said, grinning foolishly.

"Where is Helen?" I demanded.

"She's safe," he replied cunningly, nodding his head. "I suppose Pat has sent you to take her back. She may go, if you have brought my money."

Cunning and greed, and the marks of drink had made his face repulsive. Gillespie got Arthur to his feet a moment later, and I gave him brandy from a flask in the cupboard. His brother's restoration seemed now to amuse Henry.

"It was a mere love-tap. You're tougher than you look, Arthur. It's the simple life down here in the woods. My own nerves are all gone." He turned to me with the air of dominating the situation. "I'm glad you've come, you and our friend of button fame. Rivals, gentlemen? A friendly rivalry for my daughter's hand flatters the house of Holbrook. Between ourselves I favor you, Mr. Donovan; the button-making business is profitable, but damned vulgar. Now, Helen—"

"That will do!"—and I clapped my hand on his shoulder roughly. "I have business with you. Your sister is ready to settle with you; but she wishes to see Arthur first."

"No—no! She must not see him!" He leaped forward and caught hold of me. "She must not see him!"—and his cowardly fear angered me anew.

"You will do, Mr. Holbrook, very much as I tell you in this matter. I intend that your sister shall see her brother Arthur to-night, and time flies. This last play of yours, this flimsy trick of kidnapping, was sprung at a very unfortunate moment. It has delayed the settlement and done a grave injury to your daughter."

"Helen would have it; it was her idea!"

"If you speak of your daughter again in such a way I will break your neck and throw you into the creek!"

He stared a moment, then laughed aloud.

"So you are the one—are you? I really thought it was Buttons."

"I am the one, Mr. Holbrook. And now I am going to take your brother to your sister. She has asked for him, and she is waiting."

Arthur Holbrook came gravely toward us, and I have never been so struck with pity for a man as I was for him. There was a red circle on his brow where Henry's knuckles had cut, but his eyes showed no anger; they were even kind with the tenderness that lies in the eyes of women who have suffered. He advanced a step nearer his brother and spoke slowly and distinctly.

"You have nothing to fear, Henry. I shall tell her nothing."

"But"—Henry glanced uneasily from Gillespie to me—"Gillespie's notes. They are here among you somewhere. You shall not give them to Pat. If she knew—"

"If she knew you would not get a cent," I said, wishing him to know that I knew.

He whirled upon me hotly.

"You tricked Helen to get them, and now, by God! I want them! I want them!" And he struck at me crazily. I knocked his arm away, but he flung himself upon me, clasping me with his arms. I caught his wrists and held him for a moment. I wished to be done with him and off to Glenarm with Arthur; and he wasted time.

"I have that packet you sent Helen to get—I have it—still unopened! Your secret is as safe with me, Mr. Holbrook, as that other secret of yours with your Italian body-guard."

His face went white, then gray, and he would have fallen if I had not kept hold of him.

I was beside myself with rage and impatient that time must be wasted on him. I did not hear steps on the deck, or Gillespie's quick warning, and I had begun again, still holding Henry Holbrook close to me with one hand.

"We expect to deceive your sister—we will lie to her—lie to her—lie to her—"

"For God's sake, stop!" cried Arthur Holbrook, clutching my arm.

I flung round and faced Miss Pat and Rosalind. They stood for a moment in the doorway; then Miss Pat advanced slowly toward us where we formed a little semi-circle, and as I dropped Henry's wrists the brothers stood side by side. Arthur took a step forward, half murmuring his sister's name; then he drew back and waited, his head bowed, his hands thrust into the side pockets of his coat. In the dead quiet I heard the babble of the creek outside, and when Miss Pat spoke her voice seemed to steal off and mingle with the subdued murmur of the stream.

"Gentlemen, what is it you wish to lie to me about?"

A brave little smile played about Miss Pat's lips. She stood there in the light of the candles, all in white as I had left her on the terrace of Glenarm, in her lace cap, with only a light shawl about her shoulders. I felt that the situation might yet be saved, and I was about to speak when Henry, with some wild notion of justifying himself, broke out stridently:

"Yes; they meant to lie to you! They plotted against me and hounded me when I wished to see you peacefully and to make amends. They have now charged me with murder; they are ready to swear away my honor, my life. I am glad you are here that you may see for yourself how they are against me."

"Yes; father speaks the truth, as Mr. Donovan can tell you!"

I could have sworn that it was Rosalind who spoke; but there by Rosalind's side in the doorway stood Helen. Her head was lifted, and she faced us all with her figure tense, her eyes blazing. Rosalind drew away a little, and I saw Gillespie touch her hand.

It was as though a quicker sense than sight had on the instant undeceived him; his eyes were upon the angry girl who was about to speak again. Miss Pat glanced about, and her eyes rested on me.

"Larry, what were the lies you were going to tell me?" she asked, and smiled again.

"They were about father; he wished to involve him in dishonor. But he shall not, he shall not!" cried Helen.

"Is that true, Larry?" asked Miss Pat.

"I have done the best I could," I replied evasively.

Miss Pat scrutinized us all slowly as though studying our faces for the truth. Then she repeated:

"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—" and ceased abruptly, looking from Arthur to Henry. "What was the truth about Gillespie?" she asked.

And Arthur would have spoken. I saw the word that would have saved his brother formed upon his lips.

Miss Pat alone seemed unmoved; I saw her hand open and shut at her side as she controlled herself, but her face was calm and her voice was steady when she turned appealingly to the canoe-maker.

"What is the truth, Arthur?" she asked, quietly.

"Why go into this now? Why not let bygones be bygones?"—and for a moment I thought I had checked the swift current. It was Helen I wished to save now, from herself, from the avalanche she seemed doomed to bring down upon her head.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Balkan Situation.

"Nations are a good deal like men."

"How so?"

"Always willing to rush at each other if there's a fair chance of being held apart."

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach



A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

Strength of Legs Differ. In 54 cases out of every hundred the left leg is stronger than the right.

EXPOSURE TO COLD and wet is the first step to Pneumonia. Take Dr. Perry's Kidney Pills and the danger is averted. 100 Doses for 50c, 500 Doses for \$2.50, 1000 Doses for \$5.00.

Single Blessedness. Emerson—There's nothing like single blessedness!

Waters—What? This sounds strange from a happily married man.

Emerson—I know. But I was very much afraid that the doctor was going to say "twins" last night.—The Circle.

Everybody in This Town

In sick or will be some time with some of the diseases that NATURE'S REMEDY (N.R. tablets) will cure or prevent. If every person knew as much about Nature's Remedy as I do, most of this sickness would be prevented. I want you to know about Nature's Remedy. I want to send you free at my expense a 19 day treatment that you may know just how good Nature's Remedy is for Constipation, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaint, and why Nature's Remedy is Better than Pills for Liver Ills. All Druggists. Write me to-day for free 19 days' treatment. A. H. Lewis, St. Louis.

Saving His Life.

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking.

"Sing Loo, greatest doctor," said his servant; "he save my life once."

"Really?" queried the Englishman.

"Yes; 'me tellable awful," was the reply; "me callee in another doctor. He give me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He save my life."

Up to Papa.

"John, I think you would better give Edgar a good whipping."

"What has he been doing?"

"He won't study his lessons or do any chores about the house."

"What reason does he give?"

"No reason that amounts to anything. I tell him that I want him to study and work in order that he may become a great and successful man, and he just says he would rather be like you."

Evidently Not.

They had met at Blueprint, L. L. two years before and were celebrating it by a little dinner at a cafe.

"I shall never forget how we became acquainted," he was saying. "So romantic. In swimming. That was when I first saw you. You went into three feet of water and got frightened. I rescued you from a watery grave and we were friends at once."

He called the waiter. "Bring me the wine list," he said, explaining. "Because we began our acquaintance in a watery way, it needn't always be watery."

Have Their Troubles.

Samuel Gompers, at the recent convention in Washington of the Civic Federation, said of children:

"Children should be protected from wage slavery, for, when free as air, they have enough trouble, dear knots."

"Walking along an East side street, I came on two tiny tots, the smaller of whom was bawling as if to break his lungs."

"A window opened and a little girl shrieked:

"Tommy, who's been a-hittin' of ye?"

"Nobody's been a-hittin' of him," the larger tot answered. "He's swallowed a worm."

Civilization and Missions.

There is a question that is larger than government or trade, and that is the moral well-being of the vast millions who have come under the protection of modern governments. The representative of the Christian religion must have his place side by side with the man of government and trade, and for generations that representative must be supplied in the person of the foreign missionary from America and Europe. Civilization can only be permanent and continue a blessing to any people if, in addition to promoting their material well being, it also stands for an orderly individual liberty, for the growth of intelligence and for equal justice in the administration of law. Christianity alone meets these fundamental requirements. The change of sentiment in favor of the foreign missionary in a single generation has been remarkable.

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.

WALTON, KISSAM & HAYES, 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.

Another Instance.

The Fiji cannibal reluctantly produced a quart in response to the Lightning Calculator's pathetic plea at the psychological moment.

"If you would only cut out the booze," he growled, "and pass up the crap and dice and the handbook thing, you wouldn't have to be touching your friends for a grub-stake so regularly."

"Ah! You're like so many others, my Phillistine friend," sighed the Lightning Calculator; "it seems impossible for you to understand the eccentricities of genius!"—Los Angeles Herald.

Day After Day

One will find

Post Toasties

a constant delight.

The food is crisp and wholesome and so dainty and tempting, that it appeals to the appetite all the time—morning, noon and night.

Some folks have pronounced Post Toasties the choicest flavoured bits of cereal food ever produced.

Popular pkg. 10c. Family size 15c.

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