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CHAPTER I.

A Telegram from Paul Stoddard. Stoddard's telegram was brought to me on the Glenarm pier at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the 5th of June. I am thus explicit, for all the matters hereinafter described turn upon the receipt of Stoddard's message, which was, to be sure, harmless enough in itself, but, like many other scraps of paper that blow about the world, the forerunner of confusion and

My friend, Mr. John Glenarm, had gone abroad for the summer with his family and had turned over to me his house at Annandale that I might enjoy its seclusion and comfort while writing my book on "Russian Rivers."

If John Glenarm had not taken his family abroad with him when he went to Turkey to give the sultan's engineers lessons in bridge building; if I had not accepted his kind offer of the house at Annandale for the summer; and if Paul Stoddard had not sent me that telegram. I should never have written this narrative. But such was the predestined way of it. I rose from the boat I was caulking, and, fashion." with the waves from the receding steamer slapping the pier, read this message:

Stamford, Conn., June 5. Meet Miss Patricia Holbrook Annandale station, five twenty Chicago express and conduct her to St. Agatha's school, where she is expected. She will explain difficulties. I have assured her of your sympathy and aid. Will join you later if necessary. Imperative engagements call me elsewhere. STODDARD.

To say that I was angry when I read this message is to belittle the truth. I read and re-read it with growing heat. I had accepted Glenarm's offer of the house at Annandale because it promised peace, and now I was ordered by telegraph to meet a strange person of whom I had never heard, listen to her story, and tender from the school?" asked the girl. my sympathy and aid. I glanced at stamped across the telegraph form-I learned later that it had lain half the day in Annandale, New Yorkso that I was now face to face with the situation, and without opportunity to fling his orders back to Stoddard if I wanted to. Nor did I even know Stamford from Stamboul, and I am not yet clear in my mind-being an Irishman with rather vague notions of American geography-whether Con- with undisguised affection as we necticut is north or south of Massachusetts.

"Ijima!" I called my Japanese boy from the boathouse, and he appeared, paint brush in hand.

"Order the double trap, and tell

them to hurry." I reflected, as I picked up my coat and walked toward the house, that if any one but Paul Stoddard had sent rae such a message I should most certamly have ignored it; but I knew himas a man who did not make demands or impose obligations lightly. As the founder and superior of the Protestant religious Order of the Brothers of Bethlehem he was, I knew, an exceedingly busy man. His religious house was in the Virginia mountains; but he spent much time in quiet, humble service in city slums, in lumber camps, in the mines of Pennsylvania; and occasionally he appeared like a prophet from the wilderness in some great church of New York, and preached with a marvelous eloquence

to wondering throngs. The trap swung into the arched driveway and I bade the coachman make haste to the Annandale station. The handsome bays were soon trotting swiftly toward the village, while I drew on my gloves and considered the situation. A certain Miss Holbrook, of whose existence I had been utterly ignorant an hour before, was about to arrive at Annandale. A clergyman, whom I had not seen for two years, had telegraphed me from a town in Connecticut to meet this person, conduct her to St. Agatha's school-just closed for the summer, as I knew-and to volunteer my services in difficulties that were darkly indicated in a telegram of 45 words. The sender of the message I knew to be a serious character, and a gentleman of distinguished social connections. The name of the lady signified nothing except that she was unmarried; and as Stoddard's acquaintance was among all sorts and conditions of men I could assume nothing more than that the unknown had appealed to him as a priest and that he had sent her to Lake Annandale to shake off the burdens of the world in the conventual air of St. Agatha's.

The Chicago express whistled for Annandale just as we gained the edge of the village. It paused a grudging moment and was gone before we reached the station. I jumped out and ran through the waiting room to the platform, where the agent was gathering up the mail bags, while an assistant loaded a truck = 11 (runks. Margaret, who was in charge, and throughout this recital, and I mur-

an important one in my life. Standarm a magazine She was clad in

brown, from bonnet to shoes; the umbrella and magazine cover were of est her struck the same note of color. There was no doubt whatever as to her identity; I did not hesitate a moment; the lady in brown was Miss Holbrook, and she was an old lady, a dear, bewitching old lady, and as I stepped toward her, her eyes brightened-they, too, were brown!-and she put out her brown-gloved hand with a gesture so frank and cordial that I was won at once.

"Mr. Donovan-Mr. Laurance Donovan-I am sure of it!"

"Miss Holbrook-I am equally confident!" I said. "I am sorry to be late, but Father Stoddard's message was

"You are kind to respond at all," she said, her wonderful eyes upon me; "but Father Stoddard said you would not fall me."

"He is a man of great faith! But I have a trap waiting. We can talk more comfortably at St. Agatha's."

"Yes; we are to go to the school. Father Stoddard kindly arranged it. It is quite secluded, he assured me." You will not be disappointed, Miss Holbrook, if seclusion is what you

seek." I picked up the brown bag and turned away, but she waited and glanced about. Her "we" had puzzled me; perhaps she had brought a maid, and I followed her glance toward the

window of the telegraph office. "Oh, Helen; my niece, Helen Holbrook, is with me. I wished to wire some instructions to my housekeeper at home. Father Stoddard may not have explained—that it is partly on Helen's account that I am coming further division between my brothers

"No; he explained nothing-merely gave me my instructions," I laughed. "He gives orders in a most militant

In a moment I had been presented to the niece, and had noted that she was considerably above her aunt's height; that she was dark, with eyes that seemed quite black in certain lights, and that she bowed, as her aunt presented me, without offering her hand, and murmured my name in a voice musical, deep and full, and agreeable to hear.

She took their checks from her purse, and I called the porter and arranged for the transfer of their baggage to St. Agatha's. We were soon at a lively clip along the lake road.

"There's a summer resort somewhere on the lake; how far is that

Port Annandale lies yonder."

"Of course we shall see nothing of it," said the younger Miss Holbrook with finality.

I sought in vain for any resemwere utterly unlike. The little brown lady was interested and responsive enough; she turned toward her niece



"Well, He Can Hardly Find Her Here." talked, but I caught several times a look of unhappiness in her face, and the brow that Time had not touched gathered in lines of anxiety and care.

"I'm sure it will be delightful here, Aunt Pat. Wild roses and blue water! I'm quite in love with the pretty lake

was wholly kind and sympathetic.

already." This was my first introduction to the diminutive of Patricia, and it seemed very fitting, and as delightful as the dear little woman herself. She must have caught my smile as the niece so addressed her for the first time and she smiled back at me in her charming fashion.

"You are an Irishman, Mr. Donovan,

and Pat must sound natural." "Oh, all who love Aunt Patricia call

her Aunt Pat!" exclaimed the girl. "Then Miss Holbrook undoubtedly once sorry for my bit of blarney, for the tears shone suddenly in the dear brown eyes, and the niece recurred to the summer landscape as a topic, and inliked of the Glenarm place, whose stone wall we were now passing until we drove into the grounds of St. Agatha's and up to the main entrance of the school, where a sister in the his own fortune, he says, to save Arbrown garb of her order stood wait-

I first introduced myself to Sister

then presented the two radies who were to be her guests. Sister Margoing quite alone beside several pieces ret said just the right thing to every of hand baggage was a lady-unmistone, and I was glad to find her so takably a lady-leaning lightly upon capable a person, fully able to care an umbrella, and holding under her for these exiles without aid from my side of the wall.

"Helen, if you will see our things disposed of I will detain Mr. Donovan like tint, and even the suitcase near- a few minutes," said Miss Holbrook. "Or I can come again in an hour-I

am your near neighbor." I remarked, thinking she might wish to rest from her journey.

"I am quite ready," she replied, and I bowed to Helen Holbrook and to Sister Margaret, who went out, followed by the maid. Miss Pat-you will pardon me if I begin at once to call her by this name, but it fits her so capitally, it is so much a part of her, that I cannot resist-Miss Pat put off her bonnet without fuss, placed it on the table and sat down in a window seat whence the nearer shore of the lake was visible across the strip of smooth

"Will you please close the door?" she said, and when I came back to the window she began at once.

"It is not pleasant, as you must understand, to explain to a stranger an intimate and painful family trouble. But Father Stoddard advised me to be quite frank with you."

"That is the best way, if there is a possibility that I may be of service,' I said in the gentlest tone I could command. "But tell me no more than you wish. I am wholly at your service without explanations."

"It is in reference to my brother; he has caused me a great deal of trouble. When my father died nearly ten years ago-he lived to a great age-he left a considerable estate, a large fortune. A part of it was divided at once among my two brothers and myself. The remainder, amounting to \$1,000,000, was left to me, with the stipulation that I was to make a at the end of ten years, or at my discretion. I was older than my brothers, much older, and my father left me with this responsibility, not knowing what it would lead to. Henry and Arthur succeeded to my father's business, the banking firm of Holbrook Brothers, in New York. The bank continued to prosper for a time; then it collapsed suddenly. The debts were all paid, but Arthur disappeared -there were unpleasant rumors-"

She paused a moment, and looked out of the window toward the lake, and I saw her clasped hands tighten; but she went on Ecavely.

"That was seven years ago. Since then Henry has insisted on the final division of the property. My father In the trap with the bays carrying us had a high sense of honor and he stipulated that if either of his sons should be guilty of any dishonorable act he should forfeit his half of the \$1,000,-000. Henry insists that Arthur has "That's Port Annandale. It's two forfeited his rights and that the my watch. It was already after four. or three miles from St. Agatha's," I amount withheld should be paid to "Delayed in transmission" was replied. "On this side and all the him now; but his conduct has been way to the school there are farms, such that I feel I should serve him iil to pay him so large a sum of money. Moreover, I owe something to his daughter-to Helen. Owing to her father's reckless life I have had her make her home with me for several blance between the two women; they years. She is a noble girl, and very beautiful-you must have seen, Mr. Donovan, that she is an unusually beautiful girl."

"Yes," I assented. "And better than that," she said, with feeling, "she is a lovely char-

I nodded, touched to see how completely Helen Holbrook filled and satisfied her aunt's life. Miss Pat continued her story.

"My brother first sought to frighten me into a settlement by menacing my own peace; and now he includes Helen in his animosity. My house at Stamford was set on fire a month ago; then thieves entered it and I was obliged to leave. We arranged to go abroad, but when we got to the steamer we found Henry waiting with a threat to follow us if I did not accede to his demands. It was Father Stoddard who suggested this place, and we came by a circuitous route, pausing here and there to see whether we were followed. You can imagine how distressing-how wretched all this has been."

"Yes; it is a sad story, Miss Holbrook. But you are not likely to be molested here. You have a lake on one side, a high wall shuts off the road, and I beg you to accept me as your near neighbor and protector. The servants at Mr. Glenarm's house have been with him for several years and are undoubtedly trustworthy. It is not likely that your brother will find you here, but if he should-we will The girl's manner toward her aunt deal with that situation when the time comes!"

"You are very reassuring, no doubt we shall not need to call on you. And I hope you understand," she continued, "that it is not to keep the money that I wish to avoid my brother; that if it were wise to make this further division at this time and it were for his good, I should be glad to give him all-every penny of it,"

"Pardon me, but the other brother -he has not made similar demands -you do not fear him?" I inquired, with some hesitation.

"No-no!" And a tremulous smile played about her lips. "Poor Arthur! He must be dead. He ran away after the bank failure and I have never hears it often," said I, and was at heard from him since. He and Henry were very unlike, and I always felt more closely attached to Arthur, Ho. was not brilliant, like Henry; he was gentle and quiet in his ways, and father was often impatient with him. Henry has been very bitter toward Arthur and has appealed to me on the lit's merely to add to the picturesquescore of Arthur's ill-doing. It took all | ness of the landscape." thur and the family name from dishonor.

She was remarkably composed place in frank and cordial terms.

veled at her more and more. Now, after a moment's silence, she turned to me with a smile.

We have been annoyed in another way. It is so ridiculous that I hesitate to tell you of it-"

"Pray do not-you need tell me

nothing more, Miss Holbrook." "It is best for you to know. My nicce has been annoyed the past year by the attentions of a young man whom she greatly dislikes and whose persistence distresses her very much

Well, he can hardly find her here; and if he should-Miss Holbrook folded her arms

upon her knees and smiled, bending toward me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "he isn't a violent person, Mr. Donovan. He's silly, absurd, idiotic! You need fear no violence from him."

"And of course your niece is not interested-he's not a fellow to appeal to her imagination."

"That is quite true; and then in present unhappy circumstances, with her father hanging over her like a menace, marriage is far from her thoughts. She feels that even if she were attached to a man and wished to marry, she could not. I wish she did not feel so; I should be glad to see her married and settled in her own home. It's a very dreadful thing, as you can understand, for brother and sister and father and child to be arrayed against one another."

I wished to guide the talk into cheerfuller channels before leaving. Miss Pat seemed amused by the thought of the unwelcome suitor, and determined to leave her with some word in reference to him.

"If a strange knight in quest of a lady comes riding through the wood. I Saw a Dark Figure Sprawled on the 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 thathe could only injure his cause!" I ex-

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

to Miss Holbrook for me?" I said, my hand on the door.

And then an odd thing happened. 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 tain that he has lost the trail." the length of the parlor to a door that would, I knew, give ready exit to the you very much." open. I bowed to Miss Pat, who stood I had come prepared to be disilerect, serene, adorable, in the room lusioned to find her charm gone but that was now touched with the first her small figure had even an added shadows of waning day, and her slight distinction; her ways, her manner an figure was so eloquent of pathos, her added grace. I found myself resistsmile so brave, that I bowed again, with a reverence I already felt for as implying too much; yet I felt that

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 ivied wall itself, Helen Holbrook appeared on the little balcony opening from 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 gowned 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 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 angered 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

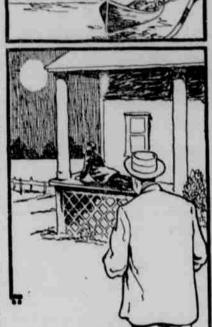
of the Glenarm preserve. Don't consider the wall over there a barricade;

Miss Patricia was quite rested from her journey, and expressed her pleasure in the beauty and peace of the

"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! have seen Annandale—the sleeplest 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 We should sell you an overare here. The summer residents are just beginning to arrive on their shore,



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-atarms. My sword, madam, I lay at your feet,"

"Sheathe it, Sir Laurance; 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. "Won't you please say good-night 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 cer-

"I believe that is true; and I thank

ing the temptation to call her quaint, in some olden time, on some noble estate in England, or, better, in some steried 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 nover coming, Aunt Pat? That shore-path calls for more strenuous effort than I imagined, and I had to change my gown again."

Helen Holbrook advanced quickly and stood by her nunt'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 sheer depth of masonry; then she 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, scaled; and he put it away in a safety box and promised not to open it unless something of very great importance hap pened."

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

"Yes, but the school and Mr. Glenarm always send for their own mall 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 out danger."

"Certainly, Aunt Pat," replied Helen, readily. "I didn't mean to give Mr. Donovan the impression that my correspondence was enormous; but it

## The summer colony is away off there and you need see nothing of it; it is quite out of sight and sound. You clearlest

and it does

coat

## THIS WEEK

Any overcoat in stock at one fourth off for cash.

Our Loss--Your Gain



WESCOTT'S SONS. "Where Quality Counts."

## TRADE REVIEW FOR THE WEEK.

Industrial Operations Are Still Below the Normal.

New York, Feb. 12.-Bradstreet's says: Unsettled, stormy weather has accentuated the quiet prevailing in general trade and the situation as a whole is rather irregular. The first of the spring season's buyers' excursions are, however, attracting mer chants to the leading markets east and west and while conservatism char acterizes dealing, the feeling is still one of optimism as to the future. In the industries, operations as a whole are still below the normal. Best reports come from the textile trades, particularly cotton and woolen dress goods lines. The metal and coal trades are rather conspicuous for the duliness of demand and the continuance in the former industry of output at a reduced rate. Reports as to collections reflect the irregularities due to the weather or the reduced purchas ing power of the country and are still only about fair.

Wheat exports for the week aggregate 2,070,754 bushels. Corn exports for the week are 1,281,349 bushels,

## SOUTH DAKOTA LEGISLATURE.

Warm Debate Over Headlight Bill, Which Passes by Decisive Vote.

Pierre, S. D., Feb. 12 - The house was easily the center of attraction when the electric headlight bill was up for action. The debate warmed up before it was finished and was shut off by the previous question, when the bill passed by a vote of 82 to 18.

The senate passed the house resolution for the submitting to the people of an amendment to the constitution allowing state lands to be leased for agricultural purposes,

Among the house bills introduced was one by Morris, re-enacting the primary election law, to cut out two primaries in presidential years and such other amendments as may be deemed best.

The house passed the bill to make it a misdemeanor to drink intoxicating liquors or be drunk on a passenger train and giving justices general jurisdiction to deal with such cases; and postponed the bill for insurance of bank deposits until Wednesday of next week, the bill being opposed in its present shape by Speaker Chancy, who left the chair to take a part in the discussion.

(Continued next Issue.)