ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH 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, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her for money from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Drop one of the canoes into the water," I said; and I watched the prowling boatman while Ijima crept back to the boat house. The canoe was launched silently and the boy drove it out to me with a few light strokes. I took the paddle, and we crept close along the shore toward the St. Agatha light, my eyes intent on the boat, which was now drawing in to the school pier. The prowler was feeling his way carefully, as though the region was unfamiliar; but he now landed at the pier and tied his boat. I hung back in the shadows until he had disappeared up the bank, then paddled to the pier, told Ijima to wait, and set off through the woodpath toward St. Agatha's.

Where the wood gave way to the broad lawn that stretched up to the school buildings I caught sight of my quarry. He was a young fellow, not above average height, but compactly built, and stood with his hands thrust boyishly in his pockets, gazing about with frank interest in his surroundings. He was bareheaded and coatless, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled to the elbow. He walked slowly along the edge of the wood, looking off toward the school buildings, and while his manner was furtive there was, too, an air of unconcern about him and I heard him whistling softly to himself.

He now withdrew into the wood and started off with the apparent intention of gaining a view of St. Agatha's from the front, and I followed. He seemed harmless enough; he might be a curious pilgrim from the summer resort; but I was just now the guardian of St. Agatha's and I intended to learn the stranger's business before I had done with him. He reached the driveway leading in from the Annandale road without having disclosed any purpose other than that of viewing the vine-clad walls with a tourist's idle interest. The situation had begun to bore me, when the school gardener came running out of the shrubbery, and instantly the young man took to his heels.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled the gardener.

The mysterious young man plunged into the wood and was off like the wind.

"After him, Andy! After him!" I yelled to the Scotchman.

I shouted my own name to reassure him and we both went thumping through the beeches. Whoever the young gentleman was, he had no intention of being caught; he darted in and out among the trees with astounding lightness, and I saw in a moment that he was slowly turning away to the right.

"Run for the gate!" I called to the gardener, who was about 20 feet away from me, blowing hard. I prepared to gain on the turn if the young fellow dashed for the lake; and he now led me a pretty chase through the flower garden. He ran with head up and elbows close at his sides, and his light boat shoes made scarcely any sound. He turned once and looked back and, finding that I was alone, began amusing himself with feints and dodges, for no other purpose, I fancied, than to perplex or wind me. By this time I had grown pretty angry, for a foot race in a school garden struck me with disgust as a childish enterprise, and I bent with new spirit and drove him away from his giddy circling about the summer house and beyond the only gate by which he could regain the wood and meadow that lay between the garden and his boat. He turned his head from side to side uneasily, slackening his pace to study the bounds of the garden, and I felt myself gaining.

Ahead of us lay a white picket fence that set off the vegetable garden and marked the lawful bounds of the school. There was no gate and I felt that here the chase must end, and I rejoiced to find myself so near the runner that I heard the quick, soft patter of his shoes on the walk. In a moment I was quite sure that I should have him by the collar, and I had every intention of dealing severely with him for the hard chase he had given me.

But he kept on, the white line of fence clearly outlined beyond him; and then when my hand was almost upon him he rose at the fence, as though sprung from the earth itself, and hung a moment sheer above the sharp line of the fence pickets, his whole figure held almost horizontal, in the fashion of trained high-jumpers, for what seemed an infinite time, as though by some witchery of the moonlight.

I plunged into the fence with a force that knocked the wind out of me, and as I clung panting to the pickets the runner dropped with a crash into the midst of a glass vegetable frame on the farther side. He turned his head, grinned at me sheepishly through the pickets, and gave a kick that set the glass to tinkling. Then he held up his hands in sign of surrender and I saw that they were cut and bleeding. We were both badly blown, and while we regained our wind we stared at each other. He was the first to speak.

"Kicked, bit or stung!" he muttered, dolefully; "that saddest of all words, 'stung!' It's as clear as moonlight that I'm badly mussed, not to say cut."

"May I trouble you not to kick out any more of that glass? The gardener will be here in a minute and fish you out."

Held Up His Hands in Sign of Surrender.

"Lawsy, what is it? An aquarium, that you fish for me?"

He chuckled softly, but sat perfectly quiet, finding, it seemed, a certain humor in his situation. The gardener came running and swore in broad Scots at the destruction of the frame. We got over the fence and released our captive, who talked to himself in doleful undertones as we hauled him to his feet amid a renewed clink of glass.

"Gently, gentlemen; behold the night-blooming cereus! Not all the court-plaster in the universe can glue me together again." He gazed ruefully at his slashed arms, and rubbed his legs. "The next time I seek the garden at dewy eve I'll wear my tin suit."

"There won't be any next time for you. What did you run for?"

"Trying to lower my record—it's a mania with me. And as one good question deserves another, may I ask why you didn't tell me there was a glass-works beyond that fence? It wasn't sportsmanlike to hide a murderous hazard like that. But I cleared those pickets with a yard to spare, and broke my record."

"You broke about seven yards of glass," I replied. "It may sober you to know that you are under arrest. The watchman here has a constable's license."

"He also has hair that suggests the common garden or boiled carrot. The tint is not to my liking; yet it is not for me to be captious where the Lord has hardened his heart."

"What is your name?" I demanded.

"Gillespie. R. Gillespie. The 'R' will indicate to you the depth of my humility: I make it a life work to hide the fact that I was baptized Reginald."

"I've been expecting you, Mr. Gillespie, and now I want you to come over to my house and give an account of yourself. I will take charge of this man, Andy. I promise that he shan't set foot here again. And, Andy, you need mention this affair to no one."

"Very good, sir."

He touched his hat respectfully.

"I have business with this person. Say nothing to the ladies at St. Agatha's about him."

He saluted and departed; and with Gillespie walking beside me I started for the boat-landing.

He had wrapped a handkerchief about one arm and I gave him my own for the other. His right arm was bleeding freely below the elbow and I tied it up for him.

"That jump deserved better luck," I volunteered, as he accepted my aid in silence.

"I'm proud to have you like it. Will you kindly tell me who the devil you are?"

"My name is Donovan."

"I don't wholly care for it," he observed, mournfully. "Think it over and see if you can't do better. I'm not sure that I'm going to grow fond of you. What's your business with me, anyhow?"

"My business, Mr. Gillespie, is to see that you leave this lake by the first and fastest train."

"Is it possible?" he drawled, mockingly.

"More than that," I replied in his own key; "it is decidedly probable."

"Meanwhile, it would be diverting to know where you're taking me. I thought the other chap was the constable."

"I'm taking you to the house of a friend where I'm visiting. I'm going to row you in your boat. It's only a short distance; and when we get there I shall have something to say to you."

He made no reply, but got into the boat without ado. I turned over in my mind the few items of information that I had gained from Miss Pat and her niece touching the young man who was now my prisoner, and found that I knew little enough about him. He was the unwelcome and annoying suitor of Miss Helen Holbrook, and I had caught him prowling about St. Agatha's in a manner that was indefensible.

He sat huddled in the stern, nursing his swathed arms on his knees and whistling dolefully. The lake was a broad pool of silver. Save for the soft splash of Ijima's paddle behind me and the slight wash of water on the near shore, silence possessed the world. Gillespie looked about with some curiosity, but said nothing, and when I drove the boat to the Glenarm landing he crawled out and followed me through the wood without a word.

I flashed on the lights in the library and after a short inspection of his wounds we went to my room and found sponges, plasters and ointments in the family medicine chest and cared for his injuries.

"There's no honor in tumbling into a greenhouse, but such is R. Gillespie's luck. My shins look like scarlet fever, and without sound legs a man's better dead."

"Your legs seem to have got you into trouble; don't mourn the loss of them!" And I twisted a bandage under his left knee-cap where the glass had cut savagely.

"It's my poor wits, if we must fix the blame. It's an awful thing, sir, to be born with weak intellectuals. As man's legs carry him on orders from his head, there lies the seat of the difficulty. A weak mind, obedient legs, and there you go, plump into the bosom of a blooming asparagus bed, and the enemy lays violent hands on you. If you put any more of that sting-y pudding on that cut I shall undoubtedly hit you, Mr. Donovan. Ah, thank you, thank you so much!"

As I finished with the vaseline he lay back on the couch and sighed deeply and I rose and sent Ijima away with the basin and towels.

"Will you drink? There are 12 kinds of whisky—"

"My dear Mr. Donovan, the thought of strong drink saddens me. Such poor wits as mine are not helped by alcoholic stimulants. I was drunk once—beautifully, marvelously, nobly drunk, so that antiquity came up to date with the thud of a motor car hitting an orphan asylum; and I saw Julius Caesar driving a chariot up Fifth avenue and Cromwell poised on one foot on the shorter spire of St. Patrick's cathedral. Are you aware, my dear sir, that one of those spires is shorter than the other?"

"I certainly am not," I replied, bluntly, wondering what species of madman I had on my hands.

"It's a fact, confided to me by a prominent engineer of New York, who has studied those spires daily since they were put up. He told me that when he had surrounded five highballs the north spire was higher; but that the sixth tumblerful always raised the south spire about 11 feet above it. Now, wouldn't that doddle you?"

"It would, Mr. Gillespie; but may I ask you to cut out this rot—"

"My dear Mr. Donovan, it's indelicate of you to speak of cutting anything—and me with my legs. But I'm at your service. You have tended my grievous wounds like a gentleman and now do you wish me to unfold my past, present and future?"

"I want you to get out of this and be quick about it. Your biography doesn't amuse me; I caught you prowling disgracefully about St. Agatha's. Two ladies are domiciled there who came here to escape your annoying attentions. Those ladies were put in my charge by an old friend, and I don't propose to stand any nonsense from you, Mr. Gillespie. You seem to be at least half sane—"

Reginald Gillespie raised himself on the couch and grinned joyously.

"Thank you—thank you for that word! That's just twice as high as anybody ever rated me before."

"I was trying to be generous," I said. "There's a point at which I begin to be bored, and when that's reached I'm likely to grow quarrelsome. Are there any moments of the day or night when you are less a fool than others?"

"Well, Donovan, I've often speculated about that, and my conclusion is that my mind is at its best when I'm asleep and enjoying a nightmare. Then, I have sometimes thought, my intellectual parts are most intelligently employed."

"I may well believe you," I declared with asperity. "Now I hope I can pound it into you in some way that your presence in this neighborhood is offensive—to me—personally."

He stared at the ceiling, silent, imperturbable.

"And I'm going to give you safe conduct through the lines—or if necessary I'll buy your ticket and start you for New York. And if there's an atom of honor in you, you'll go peaceably and not publish the fact that you know the whereabouts of these ladies."

He reflected gravely for a moment.

"I think," he said, "that on the whole that's a fair proposition. But you seem to have the impression that I wish to annoy these ladies."

"You don't for a moment imagine that you are likely to entertain them, do you? You haven't got the idea that you are necessary to their happiness, have you?"

He raised himself on his elbow with some difficulty; flinched as he tried to make himself comfortable and began:

"The trouble with Miss Pat is—"

"There is no trouble with Miss Pat," I snapped.

"The trouble between Miss Pat and me is the same old trouble of the buttons," he remarked, dolorously.

"Buttons, you idiot?"

"Quite so. Buttons, just plain, every-day buttons; buttons for buttoning purposes."

The fellow was undoubtedly mad. I looked about for a weapon; but he went on gravely:

"What does the name Gillespie mean? Of what is it the sign and symbol wherever man hides his nakedness? Button, button, who'll buy my buttons? It can't be possible that you never heard of the Gillespie buttons? Where have you lived, my dear sir?"

"Will you please stop talking rot and explain what you want here?" I demanded, with growing heat.

"That, my dear sir, is exactly what I'm doing. I'm a suitor for the hand of Miss Patricia's niece. Miss Patricia scorns me; she says I'm a mere child of the Philistine rich and declines an alliance without thanks, if you must know the truth. And it's all on account of the fact, shameful enough, I admit, that my father died and left me a large and prosperous button factory."

"Why don't you give the infernal thing away—sell it out to a trust—"

"Ah! ah!"—and he raised himself again and pointed a bandaged hand at me. "I see that you are a man of penetration! You have a keen notion of business! You anticipate me! I did sell the infernal thing to a trust, but there was no shaking it! They made me president of the combination, and I control more buttons than any other living man! My dear sir, I dictate the button prices of the world. I can tell you to a nicety how many buttons are swallowed annually by the babies of the universe. But I hope, sir, that I use my power wisely and without oppressing the people."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Impressed the Russian

American Gastronomical Delicacy Had Appealed to Him.

Recently a member of the Russian revolutionary party, who had been through all sorts of exciting vicissitudes in his native country, was on a visit to the United States.

Wishing to be polite to him and talk on those subjects nearest the Russian's heart a gentleman who met him asked all sorts of questions about the Douma, the Czar, dynamite, and everything else which he adjudged interesting to the foreigner.

Then, when he could think of nothing more about Russia, he turned the conversation in this direction:

"I suppose that you find America a striking contrast to your own country—full of liberty and respect for everybody's rights. It must seem peculiar to you to note how little the government interferes with citizens as they go about their daily work. And the absence of soldiers—that must strike you as strange after Russia. I feel sure that it must. Tell me, sir, what is it that you like best about America?"

The Russian's eyes lighted up.

"Waffles," he replied.

Figures That Stagger.

The amount of work done by the wink of an eye equals 100,000,000,000 of the winks marked on the scale of a delicate instrument, but even this performance is surpassed by the "coherers" of Branley of Paris, by which the Hertz waves of wireless telegraphy are caught in their pulsings through space.

A LITTLE COLD.

He caught a little cold—
That was all.
So the neighbors sadly said,
As they gathered round his bed,
When they heard that he was dead.

He caught a little cold—
That was all. (Puck.)

Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

Made Sure Pair Was There.

A through train stopped a few moments at a small station the other day. A passenger got off to walk around a little. As the train began to move again the passenger jumped aboard, but just then he discovered that he had but one overshoe. Thinking that he dropped the other somewhere on the platform, and as the train was going too fast for him to jump off and recover it, he pulled off the remaining shoe and threw it on the platform, exclaiming: "There, that makes a good pair of overshoes for somebody." Entering the car, he proceeded to his seat. There, to his great astonishment, was his overshoe. A look of intense disgust came over his face, but he did not hesitate. Quickly picking up the lone arctic, he hurried to the platform, threw the shoe as far as he could back toward the other one, and shouted: "By jimminy, there is a pair of overshoes for somebody!"

Lost in Antiquity.

A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of the slipper turned to his mother for consolation.

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa thrash father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother, impressively.

"And did his father thrash him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father thrash him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, who started this thing, anyway?"—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

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.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, 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.

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Sing Sing prison is to be removed across the Hudson river 15 or 20 miles northward, just eight miles south of West Point, where a large tract of land has been purchased and a gang of several hundred convicts has been working for two years.

The present prison was also built by convicts in 1826, with material found on the grounds, but, although it has been enlarged every few years, and is now one of the largest penitentiaries in the world, it is not large enough.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Ruled by Kindness.

Lucy Burd's success with boys at the reform school in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, she thinks, is due simply to kindness. She has reformed more than 100 boys in her term of five years as superintendent. Some of her boys are in the navy some on farms. Few have gone back to their old ways after coming under her influence.

Take a hint, do your own mixing. Rough on Rats, being all poison, one 15c box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice. It's the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny ready-for-use devices.

When a man tells a young widow that she is the only woman he ever loved she is sure he is eligible for membership in an Ananias club.

Strong Winds and Sand Storms cause granulation of the eyelids. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—Ruskin.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH

It certainly racks your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Lung Balsam will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

Smokers also like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its purity. It is never doped,—only tobacco in its natural state.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

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from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound **does** cure female ills.

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These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

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Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

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KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN
THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**