

LOSAIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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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 suit, Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, suitor for the hand of Miss Helen Holbrook. Gillespie disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. 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 Hartridge, a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left angrily. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church with \$1,000. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Pat acknowledged to Donovan that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a launch, the Italian sailor attempted to molest the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitous of Helen, she confessed to the young lady. She admitted conniving with her father despite her aunt's precautions. A night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

It was plain that he saw nothing out of the way in thus conniving with Helen Holbrook against her aunt, and that he had not been struck by the enormity of the girl's conduct in taking money from him. He drew in his canoe as I debated with myself what to do with him.

"You've got to leave the lake," I said. "You've got to go."

"Then I'm going, thank you!" He sprang into the canoe, driving it far out of my reach; his paddle splashed, and he was gone.

"Is that you, sir?" called Ijima behind me. "I thought I heard some one talking."

"It is nothing, Ijima."

CHAPTER X.

The Flutter of a Handkerchief.

The next morning at eight o'clock I sent a note to Miss Pat, asking if she and the other ladies of her house would not take breakfast with me at nine; and she replied, on her quaint visiting card, in an old-fashioned hand, that she and Helen would be glad to come, but that Sister Margaret begged to be excused. It had been in my mind from the first to ask them to dine at Glenarm, and now I wished to see this girl, to test, weigh, study her, as soon as possible after her meeting with Gillespie. I wished to see how she would bear herself before her aunt and me with that dark transaction on her conscience.

Breakfast seems to be, in common experience, the most difficult meal of the day, and yet that hour hangs in memory still as one of the brightest I ever spent. The table was set on the terrace, and its white nappery, the best Glenarm silver and crystal, and a bowl of red roses still dewy from the night, all blended coolly with the morning. As the strawberries were passed I felt that the little table had brought us together in a new intimacy. It was delightful to sit face to face with Miss Pat, and not less agreeable to have at my right hand this bewildering girl, whose eyes laughed at me when I sought shame in their depths. Miss Pat poured the coffee, and when I took my cup I felt that it carried benediction with it. I was glad to see her so at peace with the world, and her heart was not older, I could have sworn, than the roses before her.

"I shall refuse to leave when my time is up," she declared. "Do you think you could spend a winter here, Helen?"

"I should love it!" the girl replied. "It would be perfectly splendid to watch the seasons march across the lake. We can both enroll ourselves at St. Agatha's as post-graduate students, and take a special course in weather here."

"If I didn't sometimes hear trains passing Annandale in the night, I should forget that there's a great busy world out there somewhere," said Miss Pat. "I am ashamed of myself for having been so long discovering this spot. Except one journey to California, I was never west of Philadelphia until I came here."

Helen stood by the line of scarlet geraniums that marked the balustrade, at a point where the best view of the lake was obtainable—her hands clasped behind her, her head turned slightly.

"There is no one quite like her!" exclaimed Miss Pat.

"She is beautiful!" I acquiesced. Miss Pat talked on quickly, as though our silence might cause Helen to turn and thus deprive us of the picture.

"Should you like to look over the house?" I asked a little later, when Helen had come back to the table. "It is said to be one of the finest houses in interior America, and there are some good pictures."

"We should be very glad," said Miss Pat; and Helen murmured assent.

"But we must not stay too long, Aunt Pat. Mr. Donovan has his own affairs. We must not tax his generosity too far."

"And we are going to send some letters off to-day. If it isn't asking too much, I should like to drive to the village later," said Miss Pat.

"Yes; and I should like a paper of pens and a new magazine," said Helen, a little, a very little eagerness in her tone.

"Certainly. The stable is at your disposal, and our entire marina."

"But we must see the Glenarm pictures first," said Miss Pat, and we went at once into the great cool house, coming at last to the gallery on the third floor.



"There is No One Quite Like Her!"

"Whistler!" Miss Pat exclaimed in delight before the famous "Lady in the Gray Cloak." "I thought that picture was owned in England!"

"It was; but old Mr. Glenarm had to have it. That Meissonier is supposed to be in Paris, but you see it's here."

"It's wonderful!" said Miss Pat. She returned to the Whistler and studied it with rapt attention, and I stood by, enjoying her pleasure. Helen had passed on while Miss Pat hung upon the Whistler.

"How beautifully those draperies are suggested, Helen. That is one of the best of all his things."

But Helen was not beside her, as she had thought. There were several recesses in the room, and I thought the girl had stepped into one of these, but just then I saw her shadow outside.

"Miss Holbrook is on the balcony," I said.

"Oh, very well. We must go," she replied, quietly, but lingered before the picture.

I left Miss Pat and crossed the room to the balcony. As I approached one of the doors I saw Helen, standing tiptoe for greater height, slowly raising and lowering her handkerchief thrice, as though signaling to some one on the water.

I laughed outright as I stepped beside her.

"It's better to be a picture than to look at one, Miss Holbrook! Allow me!"

In her confusion she had dropped her handkerchief, and when I returned she slipped it into her cuff with a murmur of thanks. A flash of anger lighted her eyes, and she colored slightly; but she was composed in an instant. And, looking off beyond the water-tower, I was not surprised to see the Stiletto quite near our shore, her white sails flapping lazily in the scant wind. A tiny flag flashed recognition and answer to the girl's signal, and was hauled down at once.

We were both silent as we watched it; then I turned to the girl, who bent her head a moment, tucking the handkerchief a trifle more securely into her sleeve. She smiled quizzically, with a compression of the lips.

"The view here is fine, isn't it?"

We regarded each other with entire good humor. I heard Miss Pat within, slowly crossing the bare floor of the gallery.

"You are incomparable!" I exclaimed. "Verily, a daughter of Janus has come among us!"

"The best pictures are outdoors, after all," commented Miss Pat; and after a further ramble about the house they returned to St. Agatha's, whence we were to drive together to Annandale in half an hour.

I went to the stone water-tower and scanned the movements of the Stiletto with a glass while I waited. The sloop was tacking slowly away toward Annandale, her skipper managing his sheet with an expert hand. It may have been the lazy deliberation of her oblique progress over the water, but I felt then and afterward that there was something sinister in every line of the Stiletto. The more I deliberated the more I was convinced that the girl and her accomplice were in the chair when I was leaving I stood for a

and English landscape; and so we drove back to St. Agatha's.

"The matter, for the matter of ten days, nothing happened. I brought the ladies of St. Agatha's often to Glenarm, and we went forth together constantly by land and water without interruption. They received and dispatched letters, and nothing marred the quiet order of their lives. The Stiletto vanished from my horizon, and lay, so Ijima learned for me, within the farther lake. Henry Holbrook had, I made no doubt, gone away with the draft Helen had secured from Gillespie, and of Gillespie himself I heard nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

The Carnival of Canoes.

I had dined alone and was lounging about the grounds when I heard voices near the Glenarm wall. There was no formal walk there, and my steps were silenced by the turf. The heavy scent of flowers from within gave me a hint of my whereabouts; there was, I remembered, at this point on the school lawn a rustic bench embowered in honeysuckle, and Miss Pat and Helen were, I surmised, taking their coffee there. I started away, thinking to enter by the gate and join them, when Helen's voice rose angrily—there was no mistaking it, and she said in a tone that rang oddly on my ears:

"But you are unkind to him! You are unjust! It is not fair to blame father for his ill fortune."

"That is true, Helen; but it is not your father's ill fortune that I hold against him. All I ask of him is to be sane, reasonable, to change his manner of life, and to come to me in a spirit of fairness."

"But he is proud, just as you are; and Uncle Arthur ruined him! It was not father, but Uncle Arthur, who brought all these hideous things upon us."

I passed rapidly on, and resumed my walk elsewhere. It was a sad business, the shadowy feather; the criminal uncle, who had, as Helen said, brought ruin upon them all; the sweet, motherly, older sister, driven in desperation to hide; and, not less melancholy, this beautiful girl, the pathos of whose position had struck me increasingly. Perhaps Miss Pat was too severe, and I half accused her of I know not what crimes of rapacity and greed for withholding her brother's money; then I set my teeth hard into my pipe as my slumbering loyalty to Miss Pat warmed my heart again.

"It's the night of the carnival, sir," Ijima reminded me, seeking me at the water-tower.

"Very good, Ijima. You needn't lock the bathhouse. I may go out later."

The cottagers at Port Annandale hold once every summer a canoe fete, and this was the appointed night. I was in no mood for gaiety of any sort, but it occurred to me that I might relieve the strained relations between Helen and her aunt by taking them to watch the procession of boats. I passed through the gate and took a turn or two, not to appear to know of the whereabouts of the women, and to my surprise met Miss Pat walking alone.

She greeted me with her usual kindness, but I knew that her usual broken upon sad reflections. Helen was not in sight, but I strolled back and forth with Miss Pat, thinking the girl might appear.

"I had a note from Father Stoddard today," said Miss Pat.

"I congratulate you," I laughed. "He doesn't honor me."

"He's much occupied," she remarked, defensively; "and I suppose he doesn't indulge in many letters. Mine was only ten lines long, not more!"

"Father Stoddard feels that he has a mission in the world, and he has little time for people like us, who have food, clothes and drink in plenty. He gives his life to the hungry, unclothed and thirsty."

And now, quite abruptly, Miss Pat spoke of her brother.

"Has Henry gone?"

"Yes; he left ten days ago."

She nodded several times, then looked at me and smiled.

"You have frightened him off! I am grateful to you!"—and I was glad in my heart that she did not know that Gillespie's money had sent him away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

Tuberculosis Death Rates.

The death rate from tuberculosis among men employed in occupations exposed to municipal and general organic or street dust is higher than among other employed males, according to a recent bulletin of the bureau of labor of the department of commerce and labor. The percentage of deaths from consumption among males exposed to organic dust is 23, while the percentage for all males in the registration area is 14.8. The percentage of deaths from tuberculosis among workers exposed to metallic dust is very much higher.

Where is Bessie Hartman?

Rosanna and Bessie Hartman lived with their mother at Chapman, Nebr., in 1901, the year that their father was killed by a falling tree at Anada, Mo. Their mother, an invalid, being unable to care for them, the girls were sent to Omaha to school, being housed and mothered by a Mrs. Smith.

Finally, in 1903, Bessie, the younger of the two, was taken in charge by the Nebraska Children's Home society, who refused to tell her married sister, Rosanna, whose she is Bessie became aware of last February. If she will send her address to P. O. Box 598, Omaha, Nebr., it will be forwarded to her sister Rosanna, who is now Mrs. Geo. Duerr.

Temperamental Toilet Table.

A very aged Englishman many years ago gave this advice to his daughter in a letter as to what a lady's dressing table should contain:

The best beautifier a young lady can use is good humor. The best restorative truth; the best rouge is modesty; the best eyewater is the tears of sympathy; the best gargle for the voice is cheerfulness; the best wash for smoothing wrinkles is contentment; the best cure for deafness is attention; the best mirror is reflection, and the whitest powder is innocence.

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 *Dr. J. C. Watson* in the Kid For Over 30 Years. The One You Have Always Bought.

Provided for Newsboys.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor provided in her will that the newsboys of New York should have a Thanksgiving dinner, as they have had at the expense of the Astor family for half a century. This year at least 2,900 newsboys were on hand, the afternoon papers having suspended work, thus giving the little fellows a holiday.

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. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known E. 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 him.

WALDO, KESNER & 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.

Restrained by Politeness.

"Prisoner, have you any reasons to present why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you?"

"No, your honor. I feel as if I should like to say a few words about the defense my lawyer put up for me, but there are ladies present; you can go ahead with the sentence, your honor."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, cure Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, Regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. They break up colic in 24 hours. Pleasant to take, and harmless as milk. They never fail. At all Druggists. See Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Ousted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Exactly in the degree in which you can find creatures greater than yourself to look up to, in that degree are you ennobling yourself and in that degree happy.—Ruskin.

There is no use going into a political campaign with any reputation, because you won't have any when you come out.

Quick as Wink.

If your eyes ache with a smarting, burning sensation use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Senecca: Vices are contagious and there is no trusting the well and sick together.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAXTON'S is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in 10 to 14 days or money refunded. 10c.

Don't be common. It's the uncommon man who causes the world to sit up and take notice.

BARKING, HACKING, RASping COUGH can be broken up quickly by Allen's Long Falsum. This old, reliable remedy has been sold for over 40 years. Your druggist about it.

Remember that a sound argument doesn't mean loud talk.

Buy and Know

Paxton's Gas Coffee

Positively the best you can get for the price in the world.

The "Favorite of the West" for 25 years with sales of over One Million Pounds a year. Means entire satisfaction to you in quality and price. A heavy, yet smooth, mellow drink with all the natural flavor and aroma.

IN 2 LB. RED CANS. 25c PER LB.

Ask your grocer for it, and give it a trial

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

AT LAST.



Mme. X., the fencing master's wife, finds some pins long enough for her hat.

A Pessimistic View.

Among the patients in a certain hospital of Harrisburg there was recently one disposed to take a dark view of his chances for recovery.

"Cheer up, old man!" admonished the youthful medico attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as sick as you are. Look at me now!"

The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame. "What doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Where Are Harry and Isabella Allen?

Harry is now aged 20 years, and his sister, Isabella, aged 18 years. The children were taken in charge by the Nebraska Children's Home society in 1897 from Grand Island, following the death of the father, Silas Allen. The mother is now in Oklahoma, and is distracted because she cannot locate her children, whom she has not seen since they were taken by superintendent of the society twelve years ago, who now refuses to tell their mother where they are. If the children will address P. O. Box 898, Omaha, Nebr., giving their own address, it will be sent to their mother.

Her Mistake.

A lady overlooked a little girl of her acquaintance on her way to school. "Do you like decimals, my dear?" she asked.

Now the little girl had not gone very far in her arithmetic and she was unfamiliar with the word decimals. She shrank from acknowledging her ignorance, so, after a minute, she stammered: "Yes'm, I like them pretty well, but not as well as peaches."

One Idea of Economy.

"What do you mean when you tell the people they ought to economize?"

"I mean," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "that they ought to go slow in patronizing most business enterprises in order that they may have more money to spend with mine."—Washington Star.

HEAD, BACK AND LEGS ACHE?

ACHE all over? Throat sore with chills? That is La Grippe. Perry Davis' Pink Pills will break it up if taken promptly. All dealers have it, or send for it.

ONLY ONE "BROMO OUTLINE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO OUTLINE. It is for the signature of E. W. GROVE. It has won the World over to cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The people who have the greatest opinions of themselves are frequently the poorest judges of human nature.

Smokers also like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its purity. It is not doped,—only tobacco in its natural state.

There's a difference between dignity and pomposity, but some people don't seem to be able to realize it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. A man can't help feeling restless when even his bills are unsettled.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trade with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

Look at the Clutch

of any cream separator you think of buying. See how it is thrown into gear. Then compare it with the "National." A simple little spring near the clutch on the shaft—where you can get at it—does the work on the

National Cream Separator

The clutch always grips with the start of the crank—no slipping—and it doesn't break. It's the only one that will last. It did you cost it for 5 cents. This spring is an exclusive "National" patent. The hidden friction mechanism used by others costs as high as \$10 to make. Insist on your dealer demonstrating the National without expense to you. Illustrated catalogue of full particulars free on request.

THE NATIONAL DAIRY MACHINE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Only a Simple Little Spring

No Hard Lifting
Lightest Running
Easiest Cleaned
Closest Skimmer

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

GREAT FOR PAIN

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

TRIED REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.

PERUNA FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

WESTERN CANADA

What J. J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About His Wheat-Producing Country

"The greatest need of this country (United States) in another general election or two will be the providing of homes for its people and the production of sufficient for them. The country is very promising as a wheat exporting country. Canada is to be the great wheat country."

This great railroad magnate is taking advantage of the situation by extensive railway building in the wheat fields of Western Canada.

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat were harvested in 1909. An acre of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre.

Free Homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining, pre-emption of 160 acres at \$2 per acre, are to be had in the wheat belt.

Schools convenient, climate excellent, soil the choicest available. Railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price. Good roads for mail and express. Farming a success. Write as to best lands for cultivation, and low railway rates, descriptive literature. "Last Best West" sent free on application, and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. W. BENNETT
Room 4 Geo. Bldg. Omaha, Neb.
(The address nearest you.)

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Disress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, After Price.

GENUINE must bear signature:

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. Cures itching, dandruff, and other scalp troubles. Sold by all Druggists.

A Clean Face Will be a Habit

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Gillette

KNOW THE WORLD OVER

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Books free. Best results.

HOUSEKEEPERS

Economize. If without false pride, they also get good income. Address: Francis Burdell, General Bldg., Wash.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 2-1910.



Many Would Marry Dentist

Proposals Made While Under Influence of Gas, He Declares.

The wedding came off the day her full gold set was done. My wife may not be beautiful, but she is a very good and rich woman.

Ruskin on Art Critics.

A. Stodard Walker tells of Ruskin throwing a large quart to his head because he had dared to question the artistic excellence, in the matter of proportion, of Michael Angelo's "Moses in the Rock." After the throwing was over he asked: "How often have you seen it?" "Oh, half a dozen times," Stodard Walker answered with confidence in his side as to the result of such a reminder. "Good heavens," Ruskin cried, "no man should dare to give an opinion on any work of art unless he has seen it every day for six months," adding after a pause, "and even then he should hold his tongue if he has used his eyes as you seem to have used them."

Buy and Know

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Positively the best you can get for the price in the world.

The "Favorite of the West" for 25 years with sales of over One Million Pounds a year. Means entire satisfaction to you in quality and price. A heavy, yet smooth, mellow drink with all the natural flavor and aroma.

IN 2 LB. RED CANS. 25c PER LB.

Ask your grocer for it, and give it a trial