

ROSA LIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, for niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurence Donovan, a writer, summering near Fort 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, which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Fort Annandale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's annoying suitor, 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 found an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but he held a cane. He was a canoe-maker. After a short discussion Donovan left hurriedly. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan. Gillespie admitted he knew of Holbrook's presence. Miss Helen attempted 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 denounced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitous of Helen was confessed by the young lady. She admitted consorting with her father despite her aunt's precautions. In a night meeting with Donovan, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. Helen's lover escaped. At the town post office Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft into the hand of the Italian sailor. She also signaled her father. Miss Pat and Donovan "took in" the canoe. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed. In a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home, Donovan met Gillespie. The latter confided \$20,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Gillespie told of the true state of the Holbrook affairs. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night.



"No one, sir. Did you hear anything, sir?"
"Nothing, Ijima. Good-night."
I wrote a telegram to an acquaintance in New York who knows everybody, and asked him to ascertain whether Henry Holbrook of Stamford was in New York. This I sent to Annandale, and thereafter watched the stars from the terrace until they slipped into the dawn, fearful lest sleep might steal away my memories and dreams of the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

Battle Orchard.

When I called at St. Agatha's the following morning the maid told me that Miss Pat was ill and that Miss Helen asked to be excused. I walked restlessly about the grounds until luncheon, thinking Helen might appear; and later determined to act on an impulse, with which I had trifled for several days, to seek the cottage on the Tippecanoe and satisfy myself of Holbrook's absence. A sharp shower had cooled the air, and I took the canoe for greater convenience in running into the shallow creek. I know nothing comparable to paddling as a lifter of the spirit, and with my arms and head bared and a cool breeze at my back I was soon skimming along as buoyant of heart as the responsive canoe beneath me. It was about four o'clock when I dipped my way into the farther lake, and as the water broadened before me at the little strait I saw the Stiletto lying quietly at anchor off the eastern shore of Battle Orchard. I drew close to observe her the better, but there were no signs of life on board, and I paddled to the western side of the island.

It had already occurred to me that Holbrook might have another hiding place than the cottage at Red Gate, where I had talked with him, and the island seemed a likely spot for it. I ran my canoe on the pebbly beach and climbed the bank. The trail bore upward and I soon came upon a small clearing about an acre in extent that had once been tilled, but it was now pre-empted by weeds as high as my head. Beyond lay an orchard, chiefly of apple trees, and many hoary veterans stood faithful to their brave hand that had marshaled them there. (Every orchard is linked to the Hesperides and every apple waits for Atalanta—if not for Eve!) I stooped to pick a wild flower and found an arrow head lying beside it.

Fumbling the arrow head in my fingers, I passed on to a log cabin hidden away in the orchard. I approached warily, remembering that if this were Holbrook's camp and he had gone away he had probably left the Italian to look after the yacht, which could be seen from the cabin door. I made a circuit of the cabin without seeing any signs of habitation, and was about to enter by the front door, when I heard the swish of branches in the underbrush to the east and dropped into the grass.

In a moment the Italian appeared, carrying a pair of oars over his shoulder. He had evidently just landed, as the blades were dripping. He threw them down by the cabin door, came round to the western window, drew out the pin from an iron staple with which it was fastened, and thrust his head in. He was greeted with a howl and a loud demand of some sort, to which he replied in monosyllables, and after several minutes of this parley I caught a fragment of dialogue which seemed to be final in the subject under discussion.

"Let me out or it will be the worse for you; let me out, I say!"
"My boss he sometime come back; then you get out it, maybe."
With this deliverance, accomplished with some difficulty, the Italian turned away, going to the rear of the cabin for a pail with which he trudged off toward the lake. He had not closed the window and would undoubtedly return in a few minutes; so I waited until he was out of sight, then rose and crawled through the grass to the opening.

I looked in upon a bare room whose one door opened inward, and I did not for a moment account for the voice. Then something stirred in the farther corner, and I slowly made out the figure of a man tied hand and foot, lying on his back in a pile of grass and leaves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why does Great Britain buy its oatmeal of us?

Certainly it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of exporting oatmeal to Scotland and, yet, every year the Quaker Oats Company sends hundreds of thousands of cases of Quaker Oats to Great Britain and Europe.

The reason is simple; while the English and Scotch have for centuries eaten oatmeal in quantities and with a regularity that has made them the most rugged physically, and active mentally of all people, the American has been eating oatmeal and trying all the time to improve the methods of manufacture so that he might get that desirable foreign trade.

How well he has succeeded would be seen at a glance at the export reports of Quaker Oats. This brand is recognized as without a rival in cleanliness and delicious flavor. 51

HYMN WAS NOT A HOODOO

Didn't Seem Particularly Appropriate, But Later Events Justified Its Use.

The story of the minister who held a religious meeting in a penitentiary and aroused the ire of the inmates by announcing as a hymn that one beginning "The dying thief rejoiced to see," is equaled by the tale of a local preacher whose church got in debt not long ago. A congregational meeting was held for the purpose of extricating it, and the chairman of the board of deacons, or whatever the financial body was, got up and stated the situation, and ended by calling for a special collection to make up the deficit.

"I suggest that we sing a hymn," one of the members of the church suggested.

This idea was carried out and the number of the song was announced. A smile overspread many faces, however, when they reached the line: "When we asunder part it gives us inward pain."

Nevertheless, the "sundering" process was most successful and wasn't particularly painful, either.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail what ever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse, as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases.

"I may add that my three brothers three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicago, Ill., June 29, 1909."

He Asked Too Much.

They had been engaged for exactly 47 seconds by the cuckoo clock. "Clara, dear," queried the happy youth, who had a streak of romance running up and down his person, "will you promise to love me forever?"

"I'd like to, George," replied the practical maid, "but I really don't expect to live so long."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a local disease, requires a local remedy. It is not a constitutional disease, and it does not affect the system. It is a disease of the mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient relief by restoring the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have placed in the hands of the public a certain One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials to free office.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Limited Belief.

"Do you believe in a future punishment of everlasting fire and brimstone?" asked the man with the question habit.

"Only for my neighbors," replied the party of the egotistical part.

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 Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Uses of Oddity. "Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uninformed man.

"Certainly," answered his wife. "It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."

Free to Our Readers.

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise you to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try it in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread.—Drummond.

DAVIS' PAINKILLER should be taken without delay when sore chest and tickling throat warn you that an annoying cold threatens. At all druggists in 50c, 25c and 10c bottles.

One fisherman ought to believe the stories of another, but he seldom does.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROWN Quinine Tablets. They relieve a cold, cure a cough, and give you energy. At all druggists in 50c each box. 25c.

Occasionally the human race is run over the course of true love.

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 3c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

Cheap noisiness often turns out to be an expensive luxury.



THE KITCHEN CABINET
AS THE banyan, broadest growing. Oftenest bows its head to earth; As the noblest minds press onward, Channels far of good to trace; So the largest hearts bend downward, Circling all the human race.

Fish as Food. Fish in one form or another is almost universally recognized as one of the important food materials that enters into the diet of most American families.

The mode of capture affects the market value. Fish caught by the gills and allowed to die in the water by slow degrees, as is the case where gill nets are used, undergo decomposition very readily, and are inferior as food.

Fish are often landed alive and allowed to die slowly. This custom is not only inhuman, but lessens the value of the fish. It has been found that fish that are killed immediately after catching, remain firm and bear shipment better than those allowed to die slowly.

Fish, because of their abundance, cheapness and wholesomeness are invaluable as an article of food. It is less nutritious and less stimulating than meat, as it contains less solids and more water.

The idea that fish is a brain food has been greatly exaggerated, because it is rich in phosphorus and the brain having that chemical in its composition which the fish is supposed to supply. The fact is that many meats have as large a proportion of phosphorus as fish. Being easily digested and therefore a good food for brain workers, may be one reason why the idea prevailed.

Scalloped Beef. Chop fine the remnants of cooked beef; moisten with the liquor in which it was cooked, season with salt, pepper and butter if needed. Place in a deep dish and cover with seasoned mashed potatoes mixed with beaten egg. Bake a light brown and serve.

Molasses Candy. Take one quart of molasses, two cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of vinegar, butter the size of an egg. Boil until it hardens in water. Just before removing it add a teaspoonful of soda. Pull when cool.

Breakfast Relish. Put one dozen very thin slices of lean bacon into a hot frying pan; cook for one minute, then add six slices of tomatoes, or the canned may be used with the liquor reserved for soup or sauce.

W E SUFFER not through any miraculous interposition of an avenging God, but in consequence of violated law, and the laws of nature make no distinction of persons; but so interposed is human society, that the penalty is rarely confined to the transgressor.

For a small child, little cakes decorated with frosting and red candies are always appreciated. There are so many inexpensive and pretty things to be bought now that one's ingenuity need not be taxed to make something pleasing. A cake baked in a small round loaf, frosted in white and the name written in chocolate with the date, or it may be done with colored sugar.

Get a candy pail cover, sandpaper and stain it, then bore the holes part way through, making the hole to stand the candle in. This candle board may be used by every member of the family, being brought in in state with the cake in the center, and the lighted candles around it. More holes may be bored each year or they may all be arranged when the board is made to make the staining all look alike.

For a very young child the tiny cake might be surrounded by the lit candles the size of a match, that are so popular with the little people. When there is a small party, or if one wishes to make a surprise cake, put little gifts that will not be hurt, by beating into the cake before baking. Even older children are made happy by such a cake.

Suet Pudding. Mix and sift together two and three fourths cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful each of ginger cloves and nutmeg. One cup each of milk, molasses and suet. Combine mixtures. Three-fourths of a cup of currants, one and one-fourth cups of raisins, one-half cup of finely sliced citron added at the last. Steam three hours and serve with an egg sauce, made as follows: Two eggs, well beaten, one cup of sugar, one-fourth of a cup of hot milk, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. A yellow sauce may be made by using the yolks of the eggs. Flavor with orange rind and juice.

Commercial Value of Rat Skins. The use of rat skins in the manufacture of fancy articles is increasing. Last year the trade in Great Britain alone amounted to \$250,000, and supplies of brown rat skins are being sought in lots of from 100 to 10,000. It is proposed to start a business in California for securing and preparing the skins of the brown rat, to be used among a variety of purposes, in the binding of books and the making of purses, gloves and various articles for women's use and wear.

OMAHA PEOPLE GREATLY EXCITED

THE GREAT COOPER AS HE IS CALLED HAS STIRRED UP THAT CITY TO A REMARKABLE DEGREE.

Omaha, Nebraska, January 26.—This city is at present in the midst of an excitement beyond anything that it has experienced in recent years.

Old and young, rich and poor, all seem to have become beside themselves over an individual who was a stranger to Omaha up to two weeks ago.

The man who has created all this turmoil is L. T. Cooper, President of the Cooper Medicine Co., of Dayton, Ohio, who is at present introducing his preparations in this city for the first time.

Cooper is a man about thirty years of age and has acquired a fortune within the past two years by the sale of some preparations of which he is the owner.

Reports from eastern cities that preceded the young man here were of the most startling nature, many of the leading dailies going so far as to state that he had nightly cured in public places rheumatism of years' standing with one of his preparations. The physicians of the East contradicted this statement, claiming the thing to be impossible, but the facts seemed to bear out the statement that Cooper actually did so.

In consequence people flocked to him by thousands and his preparations sold like wildfire.

Many of these stories were regarded as fictitious in Omaha and until Cooper actually reached this city little attention was paid to them. Hardly had the young man arrived, however, when he began giving demonstrations, as he calls them, in public, and daily met people afflicted with rheumatism, and with a single application of one of his preparations actually made them walk without the aid of either canes or crutches.

In addition to this work Cooper advanced the theory that stomach trouble is the foundation of nine out of ten diseases and claimed to have a preparation that would restore the stomach to working order and thus get rid of such troubles as catarrh and affections of the kidneys and liver, in about two weeks' time.

This statement seems to have been borne out by the remarkable results obtained through the use of his preparation, and now all Omaha is apparently a mad over the young man.

How long the tremendous interest in Cooper will last is hard to estimate. At present there seems to be no sign of a let-up. Reputable physicians claim it to be a fad that will die out as soon as Cooper leaves.

In justice to him, however, it must be said that he seems to have accomplished a great deal for the sick of this city with his preparations.

AND TOMMY GOT BIFF.



Tommy—I say, sis, Mr. Gotsplow wanted to know what you had in your stocking this morning.

Sis—Indeed; and what did you say? Tommy—I said the usual things, you know.

TO CURE RHEUMATISM

Prescription that Cured Hundreds Since Published Here.

"One ounce syrup of Sarsaparilla compound; one ounce Toris compound; Add these to a half pint of good whiskey; Take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time; Shake the bottle well each time."

Any druggist has these ingredients in stock or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. Good results are felt from this treatment after the first few doses but it should be continued until cured. This also acts as a system builder, eventually restoring strength and vitality.

A Modest Doctor.

While on his vacation, a city doctor attended the Sunday morning service at a little country church. When the congregation was dismissed several of the members shook hands with him, and one, wishing to learn if he were a Methodist, inquired: "Are you a professor, brother?"

"Oh, no, indeed," answered the physician, modestly; "just an ordinary doctor."—Lippincott's.

Awful Thought.

"When I leave here I shall have to depend on my brains for a living."

"Don't take such a pessimistic view of things."—Cornell Widow.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in the eye in 6 to 14 days without pain.

The only reason we care to be a millionaire is for the purpose of inducing bill collectors to cut our acquaintance.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Night-coughs, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not grip.

A poor excuse is better than none—it works.



DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"She sat back in the chair and folded her arms. I had not referred in any way to her transaction with Gillespie. I had never intimated even remotely that I knew of her meeting with the infatuated young fellow on St. Agatha's pier; and I felt that those incidents were ancient history.

"It was corking hot this afternoon. I hope you didn't have too much tennis."

"No; it was pretty enough fun," she remarked, with so little enthusiasm that I laughed.

"You don't seem to recall your victory with particular pleasure. It seems to me that I am the one to be shy of the subject. How did that score stand?"

"I really forget—I honestly do," she laughed.

"That's certainly generous; but don't you remember, as we walked along toward the gate after the game, that you said—"

"Oh, I can't allow that at all! What I said yesterday or today is of no importance now. And particularly at night I am likely to be weak-minded, and my memory is poorer then than at any other time."

"I am fortunate in having an excellent memory."

"For example, you are not always the same; you were different this afternoon; and I must go back to our meeting by the seat on the bluff, for the Miss Holbrook of to-night."

"That's all in your imagination, Mr. Donovan. Now, if you wanted to prove that I'm really—"

"Helen Holbrook," I supplied, glad of a chance to speak her name.

"If you wanted to prove that I am who I am," she continued, with new animation, as though at last something interested her, "how should you go about it?"

"Please ask me something difficult! There is, there could be, only one woman as fair, as interesting, as wholly charming."

"I suppose that is the point at which you usually bow humbly and wait for applause; but I scorn to notice anything so commonplace. If you were going to prove me to be the same person you met at the Annandale station, how should you go about it?"

"Well, to be explicit, you walk like an angel."

"You are singularly favored in having seen angels walk, Mr. Donovan. There's a popular superstition that they fly. In my own ignorance I can't concede that your point is well taken. What next?"

"Your head is like an intaglio wrought when men had keener vision and nimble fingers than now. With your hair low on your neck, as it is to-night, the picture carries back to a Venetian balcony centuries ago."

"That's rather below standard. What else, please?"

"And that widow's peak—I would risk the direst penalties of perjury in swearing to it alone."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are an observant person. That trifling mark on a woman's forehead is usually considered a disfigurement."

"But you know well enough that I did not mention it with such a thought. You know it perfectly well."

"No; foolish one," she said, mockingly, "the widow's peak can not be denied. I suppose you don't know that the peak sometimes runs in families. My mother had it, and her mother before her."

"You are not your mother or your grandmother; so I am not in danger of mistaking you."

"Well, what else, please?"

"There's the emerald. Miss Pat has the same ring, but you are not Miss Pat. Besides, I have seen you both together."

"Sill, there are emeralds and emeralds!"

"And then—there are your eyes!"

"There are two of them, Mr. Donovan!"

"There need be no more to assure light in a needful world, Miss Holbrook."

"Good! You really have possibilities!"

She struck her palms together in a mockery of applause and laughed at me.

"When Shall I See You Again?"

"To a man who is in love everything is possible," I dared.

"The Celtic temperament is very susceptible. You have undoubtedly likened many eyes to the glory of the heavens."

"I swear—"

"Then I won't!—and we laughed and were silent while the water rippled in the reeds, the insects whirred their woof of sound and ten struck musically from St. Agatha's.

"I must leave you."

"If you go you leave an empty world behind."

"Oh, that was pretty!"

"Thank you!"

"Concoited! I wasn't approving your remark, but that meteor that flashed across the sky and dropped into the woods away out yonder."

"Alas! I have fallen farther than the meteor and struck the earth harder."

"You deserved it," she said, rising and drawing the veil about her throat.

"My lack of conceit has always been my undoing; I am the humblest man alive. You are adorable," I said, "if that's the answer."

"It isn't the answer! If mere stars do this to you, what would you be in moonlight?"

As we stood facing each other I was aware of some new difference in her. Perhaps her short outing skirt of dark blue had changed her; and yet in our tramps through the woods and our excursions in the canoe she had worn the same or similar costumes. She hesitated a moment leaning against the railing and tapping the floor with her boot; then she gravely, half questioningly, as though to herself:

"He has gone away; you are quite sure that he has gone away?"

"Your father is probably in New York," I answered, surprised at the question. "I do not expect him back at once."

"If he should come back—" she began.

"He will undoubtedly return; there is no debating that."

"If he comes back there will be trouble, worse than anything that has happened. You can't understand what his return will mean to us—to me."

"You must not worry about that; you must trust me to take care of that when he comes. Sufficient unto the day must be your watchword. I saw Gillespie to-night."

"Gillespie?" she repeated with unfeigned surprise.

"That was capitally acted!" I laughed. "I wish I knew that he meant nothing more to you than that!" I added, seriously.

She colored, whether with anger or surprise at my swift change of tone, I did not know. Then she said, very soberly:

"Mr. Gillespie is nothing to me whatever."

"I thank you for that!"

"Thank me for nothing, Mr. Donovan. And now good-night. You are not to follow me—"

"Oh, surely to the gate!"

"Not even to the gate! My ways are very mysterious. By day I am one person; by night quite another. And if you should follow me—"

"To my own gate!" I pleaded. "It's only decent hospitality!" I urged.

"Not even to the Gate of Dreams!"

"But in trying to get back to the school you have to pass the guards; you will fall at that some time!"

"No! I whisper an incantation, and lo! they fall asleep upon their spears. And I must ask you—"

"Keep asking, for to ask you must stay!"

"—please, when I meet you in daytime do not refer to anything that we may say when we meet at night. You have proved me to every point—even to this spot of ink on my forehead," and she put her forefinger upon the peak. "I am Helen Holbrook; but what shall I say?—oh, yes! I must have had on his dahkey. Ah knows ah

He Had the Family Failing

Humorous Apology Made by Pompcus Old Colored Butler.

A relative of Thomas Nelson Page, who resides in the south, has in his employ an old family butler, who goes by the name of "Ebe," short for Eben-ezer. Ebe is a very pompous "cultured gemman," intensely proud of "de family" and emulative of his master, "de chumel," in every possible instance.

A few days ago there was a big dinner "up at de house," and in the colonel's absence Ebe took advantage of the occasion to get gloriously intoxicated, and was unable to attend to his duties for a day or two. A daughter of the household undertook to reproach the old man, who expressed great repentance, promised reform, and, finally, when he saw how seriously his offense was taken, ended with:

"Now, Miss Lucy, don't yo' be too hard on his dahkey. Ah knows ah oughtn't tuh drink dat whiskey when all dem folks was heah, but den yo' knows, Miss Lucy, Ah's jus' lak' de chumel; and, Miss Lucy, yo' knows yo'se!' none ob us Pages evah could stan' no liquor."

Where Noise is Salable. "You know, of course," said a watch factory foreman, "