

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
**MEREDITH
NICHOLSON**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT 1927 BY BOEBS-FURRILL CO.



SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, who were united in the same case of the mysterious disappearance of their father, Annandale, were both attracted to the same man, Mr. Henry Hartridge, a writer of fiction. Patricia, who had been brought up by her father, was a girl of a high caliber and was a devoted daughter. Henry Hartridge, who was a man of a high caliber and was a devoted father, was a man of a high caliber and was a devoted father. Patricia, who had been brought up by her father, was a girl of a high caliber and was a devoted daughter. Henry Hartridge, who was a man of a high caliber and was a devoted father, was a man of a high caliber and was a devoted father. Patricia, who had been brought up by her father, was a girl of a high caliber and was a devoted daughter. Henry Hartridge, who was a man of a high caliber and was a devoted father, was a man of a high caliber and was a devoted father.



"I Must Ask You Not to Leave Here."

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"They were sent to St. Agatha's by Father Stoddard, an old friend of mine. They had suffered many annoyances, to put it mildly, and came here to get away from their troubles."

"Yes; I understand. Uncle Henry has acted outrageously. I have not ranged the country at night for nothing, I have even learned a few things from you," she laughed. "And you must continue to serve Aunt Patricia and my cousin. You see"—and she smiled her grave smile—"my father and I are an antagonistic element."

"No; not as between you and Miss Patricia! I'm sure of that. It is Henry Holbrook that I am to protect her from. You and your father do not enter into it."

"If you don't mind telling me, Mr. Donovan, I should like to know whether Aunt Pat has mentioned us."

"Only once, when I first saw her and she explained why she had come. She seemed greatly moved when she spoke of your father. Since then she has never referred to him. But the day we cruised up to Battle Orchard and Henry Holbrook's man tried to smash our launch, she was shaken out of herself, and she declared war when we got home. Then I was on the lake with her the night of the carnival. Helen did not go with us. And when you paddled by us, Miss Pat was quite disturbed at the sight of you; but she thought it was an illusion, and I thought it was Helen!"

"I have been home only a few weeks, but I came just in time to be with father in his troubles. My uncle's enmity is very bitter, as you have seen. I do not understand it. Father has told me little of their difficulties; but I know, she said, lifting her head proudly, 'I know that my father has done nothing dishonorable. He has told me so, and I am content with that.'"

"I bowed, not knowing what to say. 'I have been here only once or twice before, and for short visits only. Most of the time I have been at a convent in Canada, where I was known as Rosalind Hartridge. Rosalind, you know, is really my name; I was named for Helen's mother. The sisters took pity on my loneliness, and were very kind to me. But now I am never going to leave my father again.'"

"She spoke with no unkindness or bitterness, but with a gravity born of deep feeling. I marked now the lighter timbre of her voice, that was quite different from her cousin's; and she spoke more rapidly, as she had said, her naturally quick speech catching at times the cadence of cultivated French. And she was a simpler nature—I felt that; she was really very unlike Helen."

"You manage a canoe pretty well," I ventured, still studying her face, her voice, her ways, eagerly.

"That was very foolish, wasn't it?—my running in behind the procession that way!" and she laughed softly at the recollection. "But that was professional pride! That was one of my father's best canoes, and he helped me to decorate it. He takes a great delight in his work; it's all he has left! And I wanted to show those people at Port Annandale what a really fine canoe—a genuine Hartridge—was like. I did not expect to run into you or Aunt Pat."

"You should have gone on and claimed the prize. It was yours of right. When your star vanished I thought the world had come to an end."

"It hadn't, you see! I put out the lights so that I could get home unscathed."

"You gave us a shock. Please don't do it again; and please, if you and your cousin are to meet, kindly let it be on solid ground. I'm a little afraid, even now, that you are a lady of dreams."

"Not a bit of it! I enjoy a sound appetite; I can carry a canoe like a Canadian guide; I am as good a fencer as my father; and I'm not afraid of the dark. You see how very highly accomplished I am! Now, my cousin Helen—"

"Well?" and I was glad to hear her happy laugh. Sorrow and loneliness had not stifled the spirit of mischief in her, and she enjoyed vexing me with references to her cousin.

I walked the length of the room and looked out upon the creek that ran singly through the little vale. They were a strange family, these Holbrooks, and the perplexities of their affairs multiplied. How to prevent further injury and heartache and disaster; how to restore this girl and her exiled father to the life from which they had vanished; and how to save Miss Pat and Helen—these things possessed my mind and heart. I sat down and faced Rosalind across the table. She had taken up a bright bit of ribbon from the work-basket and was slipping it back and forth through her fingers.

"The name Gillespie was mentioned here last night. Can you tell me just how he was concerned in your father's affairs?" I asked.

"He was the largest creditor of the Holbrook bank. He lived at Stamford, where we all used to live."

"This Gillespie had a son. I suppose he inherits his father's claims," she laughed outright.

"I have heard of him. He is a remarkable character, it seems, who does ridiculous things. He did as a child. I remember him very well as a droll boy at Stamford, who was always in mischief. I had forgotten all about him until I saw an amusing account of him in a newspaper a few months ago. He had been arrested for fast driving in Central park; and the next day he went back to the park with a boy's toy wagon and team of goats, as a joke on the policeman."

"I can well believe it! The fellow's here, staying at the inn at Annandale."

"So I understand. To be frank, I have seen him and talked with him. We have had, in fact, several interesting interviews—and she laughed merrily.

"Where did all this happen?"

"Once, out on the lake, when we were both prowling about in canoes. I talked to him, but made him keep his distance. I dared him to race me, and finally paddled off and left him. Then another time, on the shore near St. Agatha's. I was taking an observation of the school garden from the bluff, and Mr. Gillespie came walking through the woods and made love to me. He came so suddenly that I couldn't run, but I saw that he took me for Helen, in broad daylight, and I—"

"Rest assured he is not. He is in love with your cousin—that's the reason for his being here."

"But that does not help my father's case any."

"We will see about that. You are right about him; he's really a most amusing person, and not a fool, except for his own amusement. He is shrewd enough to keep clear of Miss Pat, who dislikes him intensely on his father's account. She feels that the senior Gillespie was the cause of all her troubles, but I don't know just why. She's strongly prejudiced against the young man, and his whimsicalities do not appeal to her."

"I suppose Helen cares nothing for him; he acted toward me as though he'd been crushed, and I—tried to be nice to him to make up for it."

"That was nice of you, very nice of you, Rosalind. I hope you will keep right on the way you've begun. Now I must ask you not to leave here, and not allow your father to leave unless I know it."

"But you have your hands full without us. Your first obligation is to Aunt Pat and Helen. My father and I were merely stumbled in where we were not invited. You and I had better say good-by now."

"I am not anxious to say good-by," I answered, lamely, and she laughed at me.

"We met under the stars, Mr. Donovan," (this was impudent; my own r's trill, they say), "at the stone seat and by the boathouse, and we talked Shakespeare and had a beautiful time—all because you thought I was Helen. In your anxiety to be with her you couldn't see that I haven't quite her noble height—I'm an inch shorter. I gave you every chance there at the boathouse, to see your mistake; but you wouldn't have it so. And you let me leave you there while I went back alone across the lake to Red Gate, right by Battle Orchard, which is haunted by Indian ghosts. You are a most gallant gentleman!"

"When you are quite done, Rosalind!"

"I don't know when I shall have a chance again, Mr. Donovan," she went on, provokingly. "I learned a good deal from you in those interviews, but I did have to do a lot of guessing. That was a real inspiration of mine, to insist on playing that Helen by night and Helen by day were different personalities, and that you must not speak to the one of the other. That saved complications, because you did keep to the compact, didn't you?"

I assented, a little grudgingly; and my thoughts went back with reluctant step to those early affairs of mine, which I have already frankly disclosed in this chronicle, and I wondered, with her counterpart before me, how much Helen really meant to me. Rosalind studied me with her frank, merry eyes; then she bent forward and addressed me with something of that present air with which my sisters used to lecture me.

"Mr. Donovan, I fear you are a little mixed in your mind this morning, and I propose to set you straight."

"About what, if you please?"

stamped her foot and adulated me. "Stand where you are, sir! Your race, Mr. Donovan, has a bad reputation in matters of the heart. For a moment you thought you were in love with me; but you are not, and you are not going to be. You see, I understand you perfectly."

"That's what my sisters used to tell me."

"Precisely? And I'm another one of your sisters—you must have scores of them!—and I expect you to be increasingly proud of me."

"Of course I admire Helen!" I began, I fear, a little sheepishly.

"And you admire most what you don't understand about her! Now that you examine me in the light of day you see what a tremendous difference there is between us. I am altogether obvious; I am not the least bit subtle. But Helen puzzles and thwarts you. You did me a great service last night, and you would serve me again, I am confident of it; and I hope, when all these troubles are over, that we shall continue—my father, and you and I—the best friends in the world."

I cannot deny that I was a good deal abashed by this declaration spoken without coquetry, and with a sincerity of tone and manner that seemed conclusive.

I began stammering some reply, but she recurred abruptly to the serious business that hung over us.

"I know you will do what you can for Aunt Pat. I wish you would tell her, if you think it wise, that father is here. They should understand each other. And Helen, my splendid, courageous, beautiful cousin—you see I don't grudge her even her better looks, or that intrepid heart that makes us so different. I am sure you can manage all these things in the best possible way. And now I must find my father and tell him that you are going to arrange a meeting with Aunt Pat, and talk to him of our future."

She led the way up to the garden, and as I struck off into the road she waved her hand to me, standing under the overhanging sign that proclaimed Hartridge, the canoe-maker, at Red Gate.

CHAPTER XIX.

Helen Takes Me to Task.

I paced the breezy terrace at Glenarm, studying my problems, and stumbling into new perplexities at every turn. My judgment has usually served me poorly in my own affairs, which I have generally confided to Good Luck, that most amiable of goddesses; and I glanced out upon the lake with some notion, perhaps, of seeing her fairy sail drifting toward me. But there, to my vexation, hung the Stiletto, scarcely moving in the indolent air of noon. There was, I felt again, something sinister in the very whiteness of its pocket-handkerchief of canvas as it sailed lazily before the wind. Did Miss Pat, in the school beyond the wall, see and understand, or was the yacht hanging there as a menace or stimulus to Helen Holbrook, to keep her alert in her father's behalf?

"There are ladies to see you, sir," announced the maid, and I found Helen and Sister Margaret waiting in the library.

The sister, as though by prearrangement, went to the further end of the room and took up a book.

"I wish to see you alone," said Helen, "and I didn't want Aunt Pat to know I came," and she glanced toward Sister Margaret, whose brown habit and nun's bonnet had merged into the shadows of a remote alcove.

The brim of Helen's white-plumed hat made a little dusk about her eyes. Pink and white became her; she put aside her parasol and folded her ungloved hands, and then, as she spoke, her head went almost imperceptibly to one side, and I found myself bending forward as I studied the differences between her and the girl on the Tippecanoe. Helen's lips were fuller and ruddier, her eyes darker, her lashes longer. But there was another difference, too subtle for my powers of analysis; something less obvious than the length of lash or the color of eyes; and I was not yet ready to give a name to it. Of one thing I was sure: My pulses quickened before her; and her glance thrilled through me as Rosalind's had not.

"Mr. Donovan, I have come to appeal to you to put an end to this miserable affair into which we have brought you. My own position has grown too difficult, too equivocal, to be borne any longer. You saw from my father's conduct last night how hopeless it is to try to reason with him. He has brooded upon his troubles until he is half mad. And I learned from him what I had not dreamed of, that my Uncle Arthur is here—here, of all places. I suppose you know that."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forestry Work in Sweden.

Sweden's royal forestry commission last year supplied forest products worth \$13,250,000, yet accumulated timber resources equal to twice the amount of the timber felled.

SEEKS LIFE'S ORIGIN

Prof. Loeb to Devote His Time to Experiments.

Scientist Who Became Famous at the University of Chicago Will Continue Researches at Rockefeller Institute.

San Francisco.—After 25 years of experiments that have already brought him closer to the mystery of the creation of life than any other man, Prof. Jacques Loeb will soon leave the University of California for the east, where he will devote his entire time to research work at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

Prof. Loeb, who is a native of Germany and received degrees at Strassburg and Wurzburg before he came to America, achieved world-wide fame in 1902 while a professor at the University of Chicago, when he announced the successful outcome of experiments in artificially fertilizing the egg of sea urchins and producing life in that manner.

He also proved that hearts of animals could be made to throbb exactly as they do in life by being placed in a solution of common salt, and that the addition of other chemicals stopped the organ's beating.

In speaking of the ambitions which have kept him constantly at work in his laboratories, Prof. Loeb has said:

"I very early came to the belief that the forces which rule the realm of living things are not other than those we know in the inanimate world. Everything pointed that way. Galvani, watching a frog's muscle contract, discovered what we call galvanic or voltaic electricity. The connection of the two may be very close,



Prof. Jacques Loeb.

yet a century has elapsed with hardly a step of real progress.

"I wanted to go to the bottom of things. I wanted to take life in my hands and play with it. I wanted to handle it in my laboratory as I would any other chemical reaction; to start it, stop it, vary it, study it under every condition, to direct it at my will."

At the Rockefeller institute Prof. Loeb can devote his entire time to his experiments, untroubled by the duties of instructor, and administration which must be performed by a university professor. He has been professor of physiology at the University of California since 1902, when he left the University of Chicago for the western post. He is 51 years old.

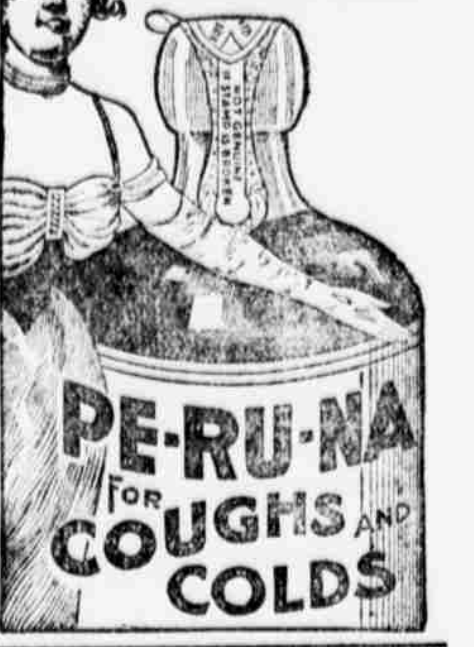
Maori Marriages.

It is 12 o'clock, and already the father has been warned to repair to the "wharekarakara" (church) and to don his canonicals. So we obey the summons of the warning bell and take our way to the church. The grinning, fantastic heads on the carved doorposts—posts which in the fighting days of not so long ago stood on either hand of the gateway of the stockaded "pah" (fortress)—look with impassive stare on the entering throng of friends and visitors. We, as honored guests, find a place near the altar. Trailing robes of white clematis and golden "kowhai" bloom festoon the building. The carved rafters of the roof are hidden in greenery, while here and there bunches of crimson "pohotukawa" flowers stand out in spots of vivid color. Father Mahoney, assisted by the Maori "tohunga," performs the marriage service. The "tohunga" hands water in a cup of woven flax leaf to the bride, who, drinking first presents it to the groom, to be emptied at a draught. The ceremony is now complete, and, with a loud voice, the "tohunga" pronounces the pair man and wife.

Danger in Single Eyeglass.

Never use a single eyeglass unless there is a difference in power between the two eyes and the glass is used to bring the power of the defective eye up to that of the other. The difference in power is known as astigmatism, and such an eyeglass would have to be recommended, after careful sight testing, by a professional optician or oculist. When the eyes are equal in power, an eyeglass sets up inequality, equal in effect to real astigmatism. Of course, that is not the case when the glass is quite flat; but even then its use is bad, for it teaches the user to look chiefly through one eye. Also, there is the minor consideration that it causes permanent wrinkles of the skin.

TRIED REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.



Nebraska Directory

JOHN DEERE PLOWS ARE THE BEST

WELDING (AUTO GENOUS) is this process all broken parts of machinery made good as new. Welds cast iron, cast steel, aluminum, copper, brass or any other metal. Expert automobile repairing.

Beatrice Creamery Co.

Pays the highest price for

CREAM

AIR COOLED ENGINE CASTINGS

WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:

60 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909

W. V. BENNETT

EUCALYPTUS TIMBER GROVES

ASSURED PERMANENT INCOME

SEND FOR LITERATURE

E. J. McCULLY CO.

327 W. 3d ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

GIVE THEM Martin's Roup Remedy

AND KEEP YOUR LITTLE WELLS AND MAKE THEM GOOD LAYERS

PATENTS

PISO'S

is the word to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS & COLDS