

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
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NICHOLSON**
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RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summing near Port Annapolis. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, author for the hand of Helen. 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. Miss Pat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicitous Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confounded by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a note for her father into the hand of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe. When Helen was thought to have been at home, Gillespie admitted giving Helen \$20,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind a "voice" appeared to Donovan for help. She told him to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befell him. He went to Red Gate. At the canoe-maker's home, Donovan found the brothers Arthur and Henry Holbrook, who had fought each other in consultation. "Rosalind" appeared. Arthur averted a murder. Donovan returning, met Gillespie alone in the dead of night. On investigation he found Henry Holbrook, the sailor, and Miss Helen engaged in an argument. It was settled and they departed. Donovan met the real Rosalind, who by night he had supposed to be Miss Helen Holbrook. She revealed the mix-up. Her father, Arthur Holbrook, was the canoe-maker, while Helen's father was Henry Holbrook, the erring brother. The cousins, Helen and Rosalind, were as much alike as twins. Thus Helen's supposed duplicity was explained. Helen visited Donovan, asking his assistance in bringing Miss Patricia Holbrook and Henry Holbrook together for a settlement of their money affairs, which had kept them apart for many years. Donovan refused to aid. He met Gillespie and planned a coup.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Their mothers were much alike, but they were distinguishable. All who are proposing a substitution of Rosalind for Helen, I should say to have a care of it. You may deceive a casual acquaintance, but hardly a lover."

"I have carried through worse adventures. Those documents must not get into—into—unfriendly hands! I have pledged myself that Miss Patricia shall be kept free from further trouble, and much trouble lies in those forged notes if your brother gets them. But I hope to do a little more than protect your sister; I want to get you all out of your difficulties. There is no reason for your remaining in exile. You owe it to your daughter to go back to civilization. And your sister needs you. You saved your brother once; you will pardon me for saying that you owe him no further mercy."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and paced the floor a moment, before he said:

"You are quite right. But I am sure you will be very careful of my little girl; she is all I have—quite all I have."

He went to the hall and called her and bowed with a graceful, old-fashioned courtesy that reminded me of the Miss Pat as Rosalind came into the room.

"Will I do, gentlemen, all?" she asked, gayly. "Do I look the fraud I feel?"

She threw off a long scarlet cloak that fell to her heels and stood before us in white—it was as though she had stepped out of flame. She turned slowly round, with head bent, submitting herself for our inspection.

"I think I read doubt in your mind," she laughed. "You must not tell me now that you have backed out; I shall try it myself, if you are weakening. I am anxious for the curtain to rise."

"There is only one thing: I suggest that you omit that locket. I dined with her to-night, so my memory is fresh."

She unclasped the tiny locket that hung from a slight band of velvet at her throat and threw it aside; and her father, who was not, I saw, wholly reconciled to my undertaking, held the locket for her and led the way with a lantern through the garden and down to the waterside and along the creek to the launch where Ijima was in readiness.

I was taking steering directions from Ijima, but as we neared Port Annapolis I glanced over my shoulder to mark the casino pier lights when Rosalind sang out:

"Hard aport—hard!"

I obeyed, and we passed within our length of a sailboat, which, showing no light, but with mainsail set, was loafing leisurely before the light west wind. As we veered away I saw a man's figure at the wheel; another figure showed darkly against the cuddy.

"Hang out your lights!" I shouted, angrily. But there was no reply.

"The Stiletto," muttered Ijima, starting the engine again.

"We must look out for her going back," I said, as we watched the sloop merge into shadow.

The lights of the casino blazed cheerily as we drew up to the pier, and Rosalind stepped out in good spirits, catching up and humming the waltz that rang down upon us from the clubhouse.



"I Want You to Exchange Cloaks with Me."

"Lady," I said, "let us see what lands we shall discover."

"I ought to feel terribly wicked, but I really never felt cheerfuller in my life," she averred. "But I have one embarrassment!"

"Well?"—and we paused, while she dropped the hood upon her shoulders.

"What shall I call this gentleman?"

"What does she call him? 'My best if I know! I call him Buttons usually; Knight of the Rueful Countenance might serve; but very likely she calls him Reggie."

"I will try them all," she said. "I think we need to call him Reggie on Strawberry Hill. Very likely he will detect the fraud at once and I shan't get very far with him."

As we passed the open door the dance ceased and a throng of young people came gayly out to take the air. We joined the procession, and were accepted without remark. Several men whom I had seen in the village or met in the highway nodded amiably. Gillespie, I knew, was waiting somewhere; and I gave Rosalind final admonitions.

"Now be cheerful! Be cordial! In case of doubt grow moody, and look out upon the water, as though seeking an answer in the stars. Though I seem to disappear I shall be hanging about with an eye for danger signals. Ah! He approaches! He comes!"

Gillespie advanced eagerly, with happiness alight in his face.

"Helen!" he cried, taking her hand; and to me: "You are not so great a liar after all, Irishman."

"Oh, Mr. Donovan is the kindest person imaginable," she replied, and turned her head daintily so that the light from a window fell full upon her, and he gazed at her with frank, boyish admiration. Then she drew her wrap about her shoulders, and as I walked away her laughter followed me cheerily.

I was promptly seized by a young man, who feigned to have met me in some former incarnation, and introduced to a girl from Detroit whose name I shall never know in this world. I remember that she danced well, and that she asked me whether I knew people in Duluth, Fond du Lac, Paducah and a number of other towns which she recited like a geographical index. She formed, I think, a high opinion of my sense of humor, for I laughed at everything she said in my general joy of the situation. After our third dance I got her an ice and found another cavalier for her. I did not feel at all as contrite as I should have felt as I strolled round the veranda toward Rosalind and Gillespie. They were talking in low tones and did not heed me until I spoke to them.

"Oh, it's you, is it?"—and Gillespie looked up at me resentfully.

"I have been gone two years! It seems to me I am doing pretty well, all things considered! What have you been talking about?"

"—About Giants, an' Griffins, an' Elves, an' the Squidgum-Squags 'at swallows themselves!"

Rosalind quoted. "I hope you have been enjoying yourself."

"After a dull fashion, yes."

"I should like to tell her that! We saw you through the window. She struck us as very pretty, didn't she, Reggie?"

"I didn't notice her," Gillespie replied with so little interest that we both laughed.

"It's too bad," remarked Rosalind

"that Aunt Pat couldn't have come with us. It would have been a relief for her to get away from that dreary schoolhouse."

"I might go and fetch her," I suggested.

"If you do," said Gillespie, grinning, "you will not find us here when you get back."

Rosalind sighed, as though at the remembrance of her aunt's forlorn exile; then the music broke out in a two-step.

"Come! We must have this dance!" she exclaimed, and Gillespie rose obediently. I followed, exchanging chaff with Rosalind until we came to the door, where she threw off her cloak for the first time.

"Lord and protector, will you do me the honor?"

It all happened in a moment. I tossed the cloak across my arm carelessly and she turned to Gillespie without looking at me. He hesitated—some word faltered on his lips. I think it must have been the quick transition of her appearance effected by the change from the rich color of the cloak to the white of her dress that startled him. She realized the danger of the moment, and put her arm on his arm.

"We mustn't miss a note of it! Good-by!"—and with a nod to me I next saw her far away amid the throng of dancers.

As I caught up the cloak under my arm something cracked under my fingers, and hurrying to a dark corner of the veranda I found the pocket and drew forth an envelope. My conscience, I confess, was agreeably quiescent. You may, if you wish, pronounce my conduct at several points of this narrative wholly indefensible; but I was engaged in a sincere effort to straighten out the Holbrook tangle, and Helen had openly challenged me. If I could carry this deception through successfully I believed that within a few hours I might bring Henry Holbrook to terms. As for Gillespie, he was far safer with Rosalind than with Helen. I thrust the envelope into my breast pocket and settled myself by the veranda rail, where I could look out upon the lake, and at the same time keep an eye on the ballroom.

Somewhere beneath I heard the rumble and bang of a bowling-alley above the music. Then my eyes, roaming the lake, fell upon the casino pier below. Some one was coming toward me—a girl wrapped in a long cloak who had apparently just landed from a boat. She moved swiftly toward the casino. I saw her and lost her again as she passed in and out of the light of the pier lamps. A dozen times the shadows caught her away; a dozen times the pier lights flashed upon her; and at last I was aware that it was Helen Holbrook, walking swiftly, as though upon an urgent errand. I ran down the steps and met her luckily on a deserted stretch of board walk. I was prepared for an angry outburst, but hardly for the sword-like glitter of her first words.

"This is infamous! It is outrageous! I did not believe that even you would be guilty of this!"

"I am anything you like; but please come to a place where we can talk quietly."

"I will not! I will not be tricked by you again."

"You will come along with me, at once and quietly," I said; and to my

surprise she walked up the steps beside me. As we passed the ballroom door the music climbed to its climax and ended.

"Come, let us go to the farther end of the veranda."

"When we had reached a quiet corner she broke out upon me again."

"If you have done what I think you have done, what I might have known you would do, I shall punish you terribly—you and her!"

"You may punish me all you like, but you shall not punish her!" I said with her own emphasis.

"Reginald promised me some papers to-night—my father had asked me to get them for him. She does not know, this cousin of mine, what they are, what her father is! It is left for you to bring the shame upon her."

"It had better be I than you, in your present frame of mind!"—and the pity welled in my heart. I must save her from the heartache that lay in the truth. If I failed in this I should fail indeed.

"Do you want her to know that her father is a forger—a felon? That is what you are telling her, if you trick Reginald into giving her those papers he was to give me for my father?"

"She hasn't those papers. I save them from all of you. You are altogether too vindictive, you Holbrooks! I have no intention of trusting you with such high explosives."

"Reginald shall take them away from you. He is not a child to be played with—duped in this fashion."

"Reginald is a good fellow. He will always love me for this—"

"For cheating him? Don't you suppose he will resent it? Don't you think he knows me from every other girl in the world?"

"No, I do not. In fact, I have proved that he doesn't. You see, Miss Holbrook, he gave her the documents in the case without a question."

"And she dutifully passed them on to you!"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Miss Holbrook! I took them out of her cloak pocket."

"That is quite in keeping!"

"I'm not done yet! Pardon me, but I want you to exchange cloaks with me. You shall have Reginald in a moment, and we will make sure that he is deceived by letting him take you home. You are as like as two peas—in everything except temper, humor and such trifles; but your cloaks are quite different. Please!"

"I will not!"

"Please!"

"You are despicable, despicable!"

"I am really the best friend you have in the world. Again, will you kindly exchange cloaks with me? Yours is blue, isn't it? I think Reginald knows blue from red. Ah, thank you! Now, I want you to promise to say nothing as he takes you home about papers, your father, your uncle or your aunt. You will talk to him of times when you were children at Stamford, and things like that, in a dreamy reminiscential key. If he speaks of things that you don't exactly understand, refers to what he has said to your cousin here to-night, you need only fend him off; tell him the incident is closed. When I bring him to you in ten minutes it will be with the understanding that he is to take you back to St. Agatha's at once. He has his launch at the casino pier; you needn't say anything to him when you land, only that you must get home quietly, so Miss Pat shan't know you have been out. Your exits and your entrances are your own affair. Now I hope you see the wisdom of obeying me, absolutely."

"I didn't know that I could hate you so much!" she said, quietly. "But I shall not forget this. I shall let you see before I am a day older that you are not quite the master you think you are; suppose I tell him how you have played with him."

"Then before you are three hours older I shall precipitate a crisis that you will not like, Miss Holbrook. I advise you, as your best friend, to do what I ask."

She shrugged her shoulders, drew the scarlet cloak more closely about her, and I left her gazing off into the inland side of the clubhouse. I was by no means sure of her, but there was not time for further parley. I dropped the blue cloak on a chair in a corner and hurried round to the door of the ballroom, meeting Rosalind and Gillespie coming out flushed with their dance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Surprised Highwayman.

A highwayman stepped out behind a fashionable young woman and hit her a tremendous blow across the side of the head with a piece of gas pipe, expecting to send her to the ground unconscious and rob her of her valuables. Imagine his surprise when, instead of a dull thud, a muffled scream and a fall to the pavement, the weapon bounded back as though it had struck a large piece of rubber and the victim of the attack turned about angrily with: "Beast! What do you mean by trying to disarrange my hair!"—Lamar (Ga.) Democrat.

WHEN DUTY CALLED

MASSACHUSETTS HERO PROMPT
IN HIS ANSWER.

Gallant Deed of Long Ago, Whereby
Many Lives Were Saved, Is Re-
called—Daniel Collins Graves
Deserves Monument.

Thirty-five years ago on May 16 next a man whose sense of danger and love of his fellow man were well developed achieved immortal fame in western Massachusetts. His name was Daniel Collins Graves. For something like a year his name was on every tongue in the country. He was the subject of pulpit and platform orators. John Boyle O'Reilly of the Boston Pilot, immortalized him in stirring verse, which included these stanzas:

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester
town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's throes at a nation's
birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from
fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from
strife,
And its promise of glorious pay-his
life!
When heroes are called for, bring the
crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius
old;
His deed, as the Roman's, was brave
and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill
awake,
For he offered his life for the people's
sake.

And then the country seemed to forget, but Graves remained the hero of his section and his death at the age of 70 in his old home village of Williamsburg brings him once more into the public eye. Mill river, the most eastern branch of the Westfield, had been dammed three miles above Williamsburg, thus securing an additional head of 24 feet for power purposes. Above a long, narrow valley, thickly dotted with villages, hung a body of 1,000,000,000 gallons of water.

Collins Graves had been on an early morning errand on the morning of May 16, 1874. As he drove into his yard a neighbor hurried past shouting: "The dam is giving way!" Instantly Graves knew what this would mean. He tore the harness from his horse, sprang to its bare back and dashed down the valley on the run shouting the alarm and telling the inhabitants to take to the high ground. Fifteen hundred lives were at stake and Graves' horse was not of the racing type and ill-fitted with wind and limbs to make time against a roaring cataract with a fall of 100 feet to the mile, but he served for all but 150. A large part of Williamsburg with a button factory, woolen mill, saw and grist mill were carried away. A silk mill at Skinnerville and 15 houses were swept along. At Haydensville the brass works and several dwellings, the entire village of Leeds was destroyed and considerable damage was done at Florence and Northampton. The financial loss was \$1,500,000. The Mill river disaster was a notable event in history until the more appalling flood occurred at Johnstown, Pa. Daniel Collins Graves deserves a monument to perpetuate the memory of his famous ride.

Broke Down in Maiden Speeches.

Of the many members of the British parliament who have broken down in their maiden speeches there is no more distressing instance than that of Gibson Craig in 1837, thus graphically described by Disraeli: "Gibson Craig, of whom the Whigs had hopes, rose, stared like a stuck pig, and said nothing. His friends cheered, he stammered, all ceased; then there was a dead and awful pause, and then he sat down, and that was his performance."

Another breakdown in a maiden speech was by a happy thought turned into a success. This was by Lord Ashley, who was a staunch supporter of a bill to grant the services of counsel to prisoners indicted for high treason, but when he rose to make his maiden speech he found himself devoid of language. The house cheered encouragement. At last he managed to blurt out: "If Mr. Speaker, sir, I, who now rise only to give my opinion on the bill, am so confounded that I am unable to express what I proposed to say, what must be the condition of that man who without any assistance is pleading for his life and is apprehensive of being deprived of it?" The elaborate speech he had prepared would have been less effective.

False Pretenses.

MR. JONES—These tradespeople are so unrollable in their representations, You cannot place any dependence in their advertisements at all.

Mrs. Brown—Poor dear! What's the matter now?

Mrs. Jones—Why, when we bought our automobile we paid an extra sum to have one of Mr. Valentine's shock absorbers attached to the axles.

Mrs. Brown—And did it work?

Mrs. Jones—Did it work? Why, when Mr. Jones was out alone the other day the machine slid over a 20-foot embankment and turned turtle. Poor dear Mr. Jones was shocked terribly. Mr. Valentine's attachment did not work at all. It is perfectly shameful.—Rochester Herald.

Success.

Brother Elfwig—How am you son gittin' along in his new job as a Pullman portab?

Brother Smoot—Fine, sah! Dat boy kin make a few passes and put mo' dust on a pussion dan he wukes off, and it didn't take him two weeks to learn to slam a do' in de way dat nobody but a railroad man kin slam it. Yassah, Cla'once is sho' doin' elegant.—Puck.

BELONGED TO THE UNION.



Editor—You can't write verse.
Poet—I can; I've got a poetic license.

Looking Ahead.

Josephine, aged ten, has a decided lisp. She also is very fond of attending the matinee. The other day she was giving a spirited story of the play to Marion, who was aged nine.

"My mamma says it isn't good for little girls to go to the theater," said Marion with an air of self-righteousness, "I'm not ever going till I'm 18."

"Humph," retorted Josephine without any hesitation, "th-pose you die when you're theventeen, then you'll be thung!"—Woman's Companion.

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100 years ago, sales increase yearly, wonderfully; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

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PAZO OINTMENT guaranteed to cure any case of Pimples, Blisters, Bores or Pruritic Itches in 6 to 15 days or money refunded. 50c.

Laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

Stomach Ills May Seem Trifles

At the start, but that is when you want to take the matter in hand. Neglect can only result the one way—sickness. The stomach is largely responsible for one's health and strength and as such it needs to be kept in a normal condition. If it becomes weak, the food remains undigested, ferments, and causes untold suffering. Thus you lose the strength-giving properties of your food and you become weak and run down. This is very noticeable at the beginning of Spring when the system is overloaded with Winter impurities, the bowels clogged and the blood thick. No wonder you have the "Spring Fever." Commence taking Hostetter's Stomach Bitters this very day and cleanse the entire system. Then your Stomach Ills will also vanish. It is for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Spring Fever, General Debility and Malaria.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

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

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