Miss Patricia Holbrock and Miss Heler

CHAPTER XXIV .- Continued.

"I will hear what you have to say, that there was no arresting the tide. I snatched out the sealed envelope and turned with it to Arthur Holbrook: and he took it into his hands and turned it over quietly, though his hands trembled.

"Tell me the truth, gentlemen!"and Miss Pat's voice thrilled now with

"Trickery, more trickery; those were stolen from Helen!" blurted Henwere waiting for the canoe-maker to ly in the shop.

Arthur looked at his brother; then be faced the sister. "Henry is not guilty," he said,

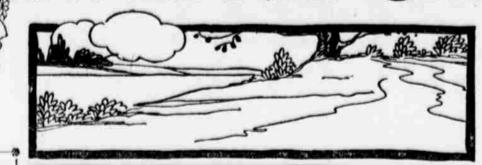
He turned with a quick gesture and thrust the envelope into the flame of one of the candles; but Helen sprang forward and caught away the blazing packet and smethered the flame between her hands.

"We will keep the proof," she said in a tone of triumph; and I knew then how completely she had believed in

"I don't know what is in that packet," said Gillespie, slowly, speaking for the first time. "It has never been opened. My lawyer told me that father had sworn to a statement about the trouble with Holbrook Brothers and placed it with the notes. My father was a peculiar man in some ways," continued Gillespie, embarme that I was to open that packageen to Rosalind-"by mistake. But it's mine, and I demand it now."

"I wish Aunt Pat to open the envelope," said Rosalind, very white.

envelope from Helen and tore it open; and we stood by as though we waited him. for death or watched earth fall upon a grave. She bent down to one of the candles nearest her and took out the notes, which were wrapped in a sheet of legal cap. A red seal brightened in bring relief to the garrison, or the the light, and we heard the slight rattle of the paper in her tremulous fingers as she read. Suddenly a tear him a fool." flashed upon the white sheet. When she had quite finished she gathered Gillespie's statement and the notes in her hand and turned and gave them to Henry; but she did not speak to him or meet his eyes. She crossed to where Arthur stood beside me, his down on our knees and bow our head bowed, and as she advanced he heads in the dust before it." turned away; but her arms stole over his shoulders and she said "Arthur" once, and again very softly.





"We Ought to Have Brought Henry Here To-Night."

"I think," she said, turning toward like a ghost in the star dusk. He Henry his money."

And now it was Arthur's voice that rose in the shop; and it seemed that and rested his hand on my shoulder I Arthur," said Miss Pat; and I knew ful intentness to this man who had suffered much and given much, and who still, in his simple heart, asked no praise for what he had done.

"He was strong, and I was weak: and I did for him what I could. And what I gave, I gave freely, for it is not often in this world that the weak may help the strong. He had the gifts, Pat. that I had not, and troops of friends; and he had ambitions that in my weakness I was not capable of: so I ry, his eyes on the envelope; but we had not much to give. But what I speak, and Henry's words rang empti- Gillespie and confessed; I took the blame; and I came here and worked with my hands-with my hands-And he extended them as though the proof were asked; and kept repeating, between his sobs: "With my hands."

CHAPTER XXV.

Daybreak.

At midnight Gillespie and I discussed the day's affairs on the terrace at Glenarm. There were long pauses in our talk. Such things as we had seen and heard that night, in the canoemaker's shop on the little creek, were beyond our poor range of words. And in the silences my own reflections were not wholly happy. If Miss Pat and Rosalind had not followed me to the canoe-maker's I might have spared Helen; but looking back, I would not change it now if I could. Helen had returned to St. Agatha's with her aunt. who would have it so; and we had rassed by the attention that was now parted at the school door, Miss Pat riveted upon him. "His lawyer told and Helen, Gillespie and I, with restraint heavy upon us all. Miss Pat before before marrying into"-and he had, it seemed, summoned her lawyer grew red and stammered helplessly, from New York several days before, to with his eyes on the floor-before discuss the final settlement of her famarrying into the Holbrook family. I ther's estate; and he was expected the gave up that packet"-and he hesi- next morning. I had asked them all Holbrook and Rosalind, and Henry, who had broken down at the end, had agreed to come.

As we talked on, Gillespie and I. Henry turned a look of appeal upon there under the stars, he disclosed, his brother; but Miss Pat took the all unconsciously, new and surprising traits, and I felt my heart warming to

> "He's a good deal of a man, that Arthur Holbrook," he remarked after a long pause. "He's beyond me. The man who runs the enemy's lines to leader of a forlorn hope, is tame after this. I suppose the world would call

> "Undoubtedly," I answered. "But he didn't do It for the world; he did it for himself. We can't applaud a thing like that in the usual phrases.' "No," Gillespie added; "only get

He rose and paced the long terrace. In his boat-shoes and white flannels ful to you." he glided noiselessly back and forth,

us all, with her sweet dignity, her paused at the western balustrade and looked off at St. Agatha's. Then he passed me and paused again, gazing to describe, but strong and beautiful lakeward through the wood as though and sweet and thrilling through me turning from Helen to Rosalind; and now, like bugles blown at dawn; "I I knew 'hat it was with her, far over the water, in the little cottage at Red Gate, that his thoughts lingered. But when he came and stood beside me he spoke of his brother as of one who knew that he wished to speak of Helwas afar off. We listened with pain- en and I took his hand, and spoke to him to make it easier

> "Well, old man!" "I was thinking of Helen," he said.

"So was I, Buttons." "They are different, the two. They

are very different." "They are as like as God ever made two people; and yet they are differ

"I think you understand Helen.

never did," he declared, mournfully. "You don't have to." I replied; and laughed, and rose and stood behind

had, Pat, I gave to him; I went to him. "And now there's something I want to speak to you about to-night Helen borrowed some money of you a little while ago to meet one of her father's demands. I expect a draft for that money by the morning mail, and I want you to accept it with my thanks and hers. And the incident shall pass as though it had never been."

About one o'clock the wind freshened and the trees flung out their arms like runners rushing before it; and from the west marched a storm with banners of lightning. It was a splendid spectacle, and we went in doors only when the rain began to wash across the terrace. We still watched it from our windows after we went upstairs, the lightning now blazing out blindingly, like sheets of flame from a furnace door, and again cracking about the house like a flery

"We ought to have brought Henry here to-night," remarked Gillespie 'He's alone over there on the island with that dago and they're likely cele brating by getting drunk."

"The lightning's getting on your nerves; go to bed," I called back.

The storm left peace behind and I was abroad early, eager to have the first shock of the morning's meetings over. Gillespie greeted me cheerily tated, coloring, and turning from Hel- to Glenarm for breakfast; and Arthur and I told him to follow when he was ready. I went out and paced the walk between the house and St. Agatha's and as I peered through the iron gate I saw Miss Pat come out of the house and turn into the garden. I came upon her walking slowly with her hands clasped behind her. She spoke first, as though to avoid any expression of

sympathy, putting out her hand. Filmy lace at the wrists gave to her hands a quaint touch akin to that imparted by the cap on her white head. was struck afresh by the background for her, and just now, beyond the bright garden, it was a candle-lighted garret, with trunks of old letters tied in dim ribbons, and lavender scented chests of Valenciennes and silks in forgotten patterns.

"I am well, quite well, Larry!" "I am glad! I wished to be sure!" "Do not trouble about me. I am glad of everything that has happenedglad and relieved. And I am grate-

"I have served you ill enough. I to a gentleman .- Chaucer.

stumbled in the dark much of the time. wanted to spare you, Miss Pat." "I know that; and you tried to save

Helen. She was blind and misguided. She had believed in her father and the last blow crushed her. Everything looks dark to her. She refuses to come over this morning; she thinks she can not face her uncle, her cousin or you again."

"But she must come," I said. "It will be easier to day than at any later time. There's Gillespie, calling me now. He's going across the lake to meet Arthur and Rosalind. I shall take the launch over to the island to bring Henry. We should all be back at Glenarm in an hour. Please tell Helen that we must have her, that no one should stay away."

Miss Pat looked at me oddly, and her fingers touched a stalk of hollybock beside her as her eyes rested on mine.

"Larry," she said, "do not be sorry for Helen if pity is all you have for

I laughed and seized her hands. "Miss Pat, I could not feel pity for any one so skilled with the sword as she! It would be gratultous! She put up a splendid fight, and it's to her credit that she stood by her father and resented my interference, as she had every right to to. She was not really against you, Miss Pat; it merely cappened that you were in the way when she struck at me with the foil.

ion't you see?" "Not just that way, Larry,"-and the continued to gaze at me with a sweet distress in her eyes; then, Rosalind is very different," she added.

"I have observed it! The ways in which they are utterly unlike are renarkable; but I mustn't keep Gillespie waiting. Good-by for a little while!" And some foreboding told me that orrow had not yet done with her. Gillseple shouted impatiently as I

can toward him at the boathouse. "It's the Stiletto," he called, point ing to where the sloop lay, midway of the lake. "She's in a bad way."

"The storm blew her out," I sug gested, but the sight of the boat, list ing badly, as though water-logged struck me ominously.

"We'd better pick her up," he said; and he was already dropping one of the canoes into the water. We paddled swiftly toward the sloop. The lake was still fretful from the storm's lashing, but the sky was without fleck of flaw. The earliest of the little steamers was crossing from the village, her whistle echoing and reechoing round the lake.

"The sloop's about done for," said Gillespie over his shoulder; and we drove our blades deeper. The Stiletto was floating stern-on and rolling loggily, but retaining still, I thought. something of the sinister air that she had worn on her strange business through those summer days.

"She went to bed all right; see, her sails are furled snug and everything's in shape. The storm drove her over here," sald Gillespie. "She's struck something, or somebody's smashed

It seemed impossible that the storm unassisted had blown her from Battle Orchard across Lake Annandale; but we were now close upon her and seeking for means of getting aboard.

"She's a bit sloppy," observed Gillespie, as we swung round and caught hold. The water gurgled drunkenly n the cuddy, and a broken lantern ratled on the deck. I held fast as he climbed over, sending me off a little is he jumped aboard, and I was workng back again with the paddle when he cried out in alarm.

As I came alongside he came back o help me, and when he bent over to eatch the painter I saw that his face was white

"We might have known it," he said. It's the last and worst that could hap ben."

Face down across the cuddy lay the body of Henry Holbrook. His watersoaked clothing was torn as though in a flerce struggle. A knife thrust in the side told the story; he had crawled to the cuddy roof to get away from the water and had died there.

"It was the Italian," said Gillespie "They must have had a row last night after we left them, and it came to this. He chopped a hole in the Stiletto and set her adrift to sink.

I looked about for the steamer, which was backing away from the pler at Port Annandale, and signaled her with my handkerchief. And when I faced Gillespie again he pointed silently toward the lower lake, where a canoe rode the bright water.

Rosalind and her father were on their way from Red Gate to Glenarm. that seemed always to be sketched in Two blades flashed in the sun as the canoe came toward us. Gillesple's lips quivered and he tried to speak as he pointed to them; and then we both turned silently toward St. Agatha's where the chapel tower rose above the green wood.

"Stay and do what is to be done," I said. "I will find Helen and tell her." THE END.

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"Impossible!" said the Englishman. Colonel Smith turned to his fellow for corroboration.

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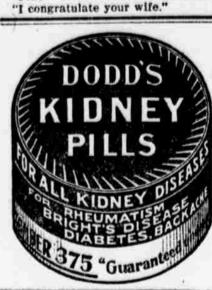
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