# ROSALIND'S DAUGHTER

**By Meredith Nicholson**

Illustrations by Jay Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to Mrs. Mary Dunovan, a widow, for the chaperonage of their ward, Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Dunovan that she feared her betrothed Jack, who, ruined by bad failure, had mysteriously disappeared. Dunovan discovered that Jack Patricia was searching for, and that he came to Port Annandale to escape Henry, a detective, who was shadowing Jack's movements. He learned of Miss Helen's engaging suitor. Dunovan discovered and captured an intruder, who was found to be Jack Patricia's lost lover. At the same time Miss Helen Holbrook, Gillespie Gillespie proved his innocence and Patricia's lost lover appeared and was ordered away. Dunovan was shot by Gillespie, but Patricia made an exciting escape. He was then fought an Indian assassin. He met the man in Hollywood and shot him, but also received a bullet in his shoulder. After a short illness Dunovan left Annandale, disguised as a detective, and was presenting a country church, with Miss Patricia Holbrook as the bride. Meanwhile, however, Miss Pat acknowledged to Dunovan that Miss Helen had been shot by Jack, who had fired at Gillespie in a duel, the Indian assassin attempting to assist the trio, but failed. Miss Pat announced the engagement of Miss Helen Holbrook and not seeing another hating Jack Patricia, left for Paris, where she met Hugh Delaney, who was confined by the young lady. She admitted concerning her engagement to Dunovan, and in a stolen meeting with Dunovan.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have not talked with your father—that you have not seen him, here?" I begin to speak.

"Yes; I have seen him—once, and it was by accident. It was quite by accident."

"Yes; I know of that—"

"Then you have been spying upon me, Mr. Dunovan!"

"Why did you tell me that outrageously foolish tale about your chaperone, when I know exactly where you were at the very hour you said you had met the man you were dutifully engaged with your aunt? It seems to me, my dear Miss Holbrook, that that is not an easy of explanation, even to my poor wits."

"That was without purpose; really it was! I was restless and weary to so much confinement; you can't know how dreary these two years have been for us—for me—and I wished just once to be free. I went for a long walk into the country. And if you saw me, if you watched me—"

I cazed at her blankly. The thing could not have been better done on the stage; but Miss Pat was smiling toward us, and I put an end to the talk.

"I came upon him by accident—had no idea he was here," she persisted.

"You are not growing tired of us," I asked Miss Pat, with her brave, beautiful smile; "you are not anxious to be rid of us?"

"I certainly am not," I replied. "I hasn't tell you how glad I am that you have decided to remain here. I am quite sure that with a little patience we shall wear out the Sedgwick position here, too, you may say, the strength of its weakness. I think the policy of the enemy is to harass you by guerrilla methods—annoy you and frighten you into submission."

"Yes, I believe you are right," I said slowly. Helen had walked on, and I listened beside Miss Pat.

"I hope you have had no misfortunes, Miss Pat, since our talk yesterday."

"None whatever," she replied, quickly. "I am quite persuaded in my own mind that I should have been better off if I had made a stand long ago. I don't believe cowardice ever pays, do you?"

She smiled up at me in her quick, bright way, and I was more than ever her slave.

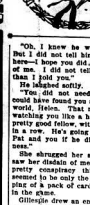
"Miss Holbrook, you are the bravest woman in the world! I believe you are right. I think I should be equal to ten thousand men with your spirit to put heart into me."

"Oh, I'm afraid," she said, laugh ing. "But to show you that I am not really afraid, suppose you offer to take us for a drive this evening. I think it will be well for me to appear today just to show the enemy that we are not willing to cower by our little adventure in the garden yesterday."

"Certainly! Shall we carry outriders and a cavalry escort?"

"Not a bit of it. I think we may be able to shake off our brother out of his evil intentions by our defenselessness."

"Perhaps we may be able to rejoin us, and the drive was planned for five. Promptly on the hour, after a day of anxiety, our party set out, rousing the lake, looking for signs of the enemy, but we set forth in an open trap, and plunged into country roads that traversed Annandale, and we had no unpleasant incident. We had a very pleasant drive, and when, after a short stay, we hastened to take leave of Helena, I changed seats with her, and gave myself up to talk with Miss Pat. She was quite well, she said, and she wished to drive, I fancied, as an excuse for silence. The land rolled gaily away into the south and west, and the lake was visible for miles, far from the lake, on a wooded eminence that commanded a long sweep in every direction, and drew into the roadside, Elma spread a gate that admitted us to a superb maple grove, and in a few minutes we were having tea from the basket in the chauffeur's seat in the world. "The sun was confiring now somewhat in the west, and the wood that disposed lakeward beneath us gave an illusion of thick tapestry to the eye.



He Stepped Close to Me Threateningly.

"We could almost walk to the lake over the trees," said Miss Pat. "It's a charming picture."

Then, as she sat turned to the lake, resting it afar across the treetops and through the fragrant twilight, I saw the Stiletto standing out boldly upon the waters of Annandale, with a sinister impudence that I began to associate with its sinister outlines and snowy canvas. Other craft were abroad, and Miss Pat, I judged, spoke out of the freshness of the general landscape, and there was, to be sure, no reason why the sails of the Stiletto should have had any particular significance for her. Helen was still leaning down upon the lake when Miss Pat suggested that we should go home; and even after her aunt called to her, the girl still stood, one hand resting upon the trunk of a great beech, her gaze bent wistfully, mournfully toward the lake. But on the homeward drive—she had asked for the reins again—her mood changed abruptly, and she talked cheerily, often turning her head—a scarlet-handed sailor had was, I thought, remarkably becoming—to chaff about her skill with the reins.

"I haven't a care or trouble in the world," declared Miss Pat when I left them at St. Agatha's. "I am sure that we have known the worst that can happen to us in Annandale. I refuse to be a bit frightened after that drive."

"It was charming," said Helena. "This is better than the English lake country, because it isn't so smoothed out."

"I will grant you all of that," I said. "I will go further and admit—what is much for me—that it is almost equal to Killarney."

There seemed to be sincerity in their good spirits, and I was myself refreshed and relieved. I drove home Glenarm; but I arranged for the same party to go on the night before. Helena Holbrook's double-dealing created a condition of affairs that demanded cautious handling, and I had no intention of being caught napping.

From the window of my room I saw the Japanese boy patrolling the walks of St. Agatha's. A backward glance stern from Fort Annandale passed in the road, leaving a cloud of dust behind them. Then the frog'choruses from the little brook that lay hidden in the Glenarm road accompanied the cars with maddening iteration, and I sought my bed.

The previous night I had met Helen Holbrook by the stone seat on the ridge, and I cannot deny that it was with a little touch of pride that upon that I set forth. She was beautiful with a rare loveliness at all times, yet I found myself wondering, with a touch of strange frontiers of love, it was her darling daughter Miss Patricia, and I set myself stubbornly into a pillory reared of my own shame at the thought, and went out and climbed upon the Glenarm road and stared at the dark bulk of St. Agatha's as I pumped my bicycle for having entertained than of a weak, vain, ungrateful girl, capable of mischief, and ungrateful to her benefactor.

Elma passed and repassed in the paved walk that curved among the school buildings; I heard his step, and marked his pauses as he met the gardener. Nothing was done by an arrangement that I had suggested, as I considered the matter I concluded that Helen Holbrook could readily slip out at the back of the house, when the lights had gone out, and that she had thus found egress on the night before.

At this moment the two guards met precisely at the front door, and to my surprise Sister Margaret, in the brown garb of her sisterhood, stepped out, bestowed two watchmen in the light of the overhanging lantern, and slowly round the buildings and toward the lake. The men promptly resumed their patrol. The sister slipped away like a shadow through the garden, and I dropped down from the wall inside the school and stole after her. The guards were guilty of no impropriety in passing her; there was to be sure, no reason why Sister Mary Agnes should not do precisely as she liked at St. Agatha's. However, my curiosity was piqued, and I crept quietly along through the grounds behind that fringed the wall. She followed a path that led down to the pier, and I hung back to watch, still believing that Sister Margaret had some forth merely to enjoy the peace and beauty of the night. I paused in a little thicket, and heard her light step on the pier flooring; and I drew as clear as I dared, in the shadow of the boathouse. She stood beside the upright stair from which the pier lights swayed, the white lantern between the two red ones—looking out across the lake. The lights outlined her tall figure distinctly. She peered about anxiously several times; and I heard the impatient tap of her foot on the planks. In the moonlight the first gleam of water round a paddle, and in a moment a canoe glided to the pier and a man stepped out. He bent down to seize the painter, and I half-turned away ashamed of the sheer curiosity that had drawn me after the sister. None who chafe at their prison bars are ever new, either to romance or history; and I was ready to wish the man well. Then the man stood up, and I saw that he was Gillespie. He was hatless, and his arms were bared. He began to speak, but she entered him with a word; and as with a gesture she fling back her brown hood, I saw that it was Helen Holbrook.

"I had given you up," she said.

"Oh, I was busy, I have had and held them, bending toward her eagerly. She seemed taller than he in the lantern light.

"I should have come across the world," he said.

"You must believe that I should not have asked this of you if I had not believed you could do it without injury to your cause. I shall never impose on great burden on you, and that you know I know. Like ill of me."

"I love you; I am here because I love you," he said, and I thought better of him than I had. He was a fool, and he was a rogue, I believed, but honest fool, and my heart grew hot with jealous rage as I saw them there together.

"If there is more I can do!"

"There is much, and I know not if there were. I have gone too far, as it is," she sighed.

"You must take no risks; you must take care that I shall be known nothing."

"Yes, I must see father. He must go away. I believe he has lost his mission and brought us all troubles."

"But how did he ever get here?"

"There is something very strange about it. I should not well."

"Oh, I know he would follow us! But I did not tell him I was coming here—I have not seen him since that of me. I did not tell him any more than I could."

He laughed softly.

"You do not need to tell me; I could have found you anywhere in the world, Helen. That man Donovan is watching you like a hawk; he's a pretty good fellow, with a Milesian joy in a row. I suppose he is about Miss Pat and you if he dies at the business."

She shrugged her shoulders, and I saw her distinctly one of me by her. A pretty conspiracy this was, and I seemed to be only the crumpled wrapping of a pretty gift—with no part in the gifts.

Gillespie drew an envelope from his pocket, held it to the white lantern for an instant, then gave it to her.

"I telegraphed to Chicago for a draft. He will have to leave here to get it—the bank at Annandale carries no such sum; you will be a mass of getting rid of him."

"Oh, I only hope he will leave—he must—he must!" she cried.

"You must go back," he said. "Those matters will all come right in the end, Helen," he added, kindly. "There is no—thing I do not understand."

"The thing that troubles me is that your father was here before you."

"No—that isn't possible! I can't believe it."

He had escaped the Stiletto before you came to Annandale; and while I was trading you across the reservation was already here somewhere. He knows himself with the gang."

"Yes, I know; he is more of a menace—but we—we—they're in our sight—always where I must see him!"

Her face, clearly lighted by the lantern, was marked with anxiety and sorrow, and I saw her, with that proud, beautiful, [illegible] grace—the simple touch that makes even an ugly dress look and lifted the wanderlust—lift her hand to her head for a moment, as a shadow flashed in the lantern light. I recall a thought that occurred to me therefore that the widow's peak, so sharply marked in her forehead, was like the finger-point of some playful god. She turned to go, but he caught her hands. "Helen!" he cried, softly.

"No! Please don't!"

She drew one hand's hood over her head and walked rapidly up the pier stairs and through the lantern garden to ward St. Agatha's. Gillespie listened for her step to die away, then he slipped heavily and slowly to draw up his canoe. When I touched his shoulder he sprang and lifted the paddle menacingly.

"Ah, be it's your young and gifted Irish friend!" he said, grinning. "Any more spitting stars for me? I decline to run. The thought of sapara gins and powdered glass saddens me. Look at my scarred hands—these little hands still wrapped in mystical white rags. I shall be a cripple—you pass to give you entertainment, and now it's got to be 20 years in the prison."

"What ailsche? are you in now?" I demanded, for I was in no humor. I warned you, Gillespie; I thought I was appealing to your chivalry."

"My dear fellow, everything has changed. I'm a nun in distress appeals to me for help. Look on Johnny—the spot for Mother Church."

"That was a fine shooter, it was Miss Holbrook. I saw her distinctly; heard—"

"By Jove, this is gallant of you, Donovan! You are a marvelous fellow!"

"I hadn't a right to ask—I demand to know what it was that you did the girl."

"Matinee jickets—the American girl without a matinee jicket is the ugly! pleted bumping through the wold."

"I have no patience with you. Your conduct is scoundrelly. If you want to be a man go back to Miss Holbrook's and tell her you don't know anything about the shooting."

"Yes—and as for her—"

He stepped close to me, threatening.

"As for her, she may go too far!" he said, with a gesture that was in the finest gilt in the world, and if you fatigue me—"

"I intimate nothing. But what I saw and heard interested me a good deal, Gillespie."

"What you heard by stealth, creeping, crawling, like a snake, prying into other people's affairs!"

"I have pledged myself to care for Miss Pat."

"It's noble of you, Donovan!" and he mocked me with a low, mocking laughing. "Miss Pat suggests nothing to me but friendship. I love her as I love my father. She's a bloodless aristocrat, while I'm the wash-cooper's child of democracy."

"You're a charming specimen!" I growled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Jersey's Summer Hotels.**

It is estimated that the summer hotels of the White mountains, to the number of 30,000, of Vermont, the same; Maine, Adirondacks, Rockaway, Long Island, Catskills, $2,000,000; of the Adirondacks, $1,000,000; Rockaway, $1,000,000, and-those of New Jersey over $50,000,000.—Hotel World.


"Why His Mother Mourned.

William H. Taft, speaking of a story about a good old Irish woman whose son was about to start for a trip around the world.

She had watched him prepare with pride. To her he was a great man. To her from his boyhood he could see all sorts of terrible tidings coming to him and she held her peace until he had started for the journey. Then she began to cry. A neighbor tried to console her, but to no avail.

"I'm afraid he hasn't the money to get back," said the mother, sobbing. "He's got the money to go round the world all right, but how will he ever get back?"—Indianapolis Star.

Their Status.

"Are they happy?"

"Happy? Why, they're rich."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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