

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

she is all I have left; you can understand that I wish to avoid involving her in these family difficulties.

"I would cut off my right hand before I would risk injuring you or her, Mr. Holbrook," I replied, earnestly. "You have a right to know why I wish her to visit the casino with me tonight. I know what she does not know, what only two other people know; I know why you are here."

"I am very sorry; I regret it very much," he said, without surprise but with deep feeling. He would have said more, but I interrupted him.

"As far as I am concerned no one else shall ever know. The persons who know the truth about you are your brother and yourself. Strangely enough, Reginald Gillespie does not know. Your sister has not the slightest idea of it. Your daughter, I assume, has no notion of it—"

"No! no!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "She has not known; she has believed what I have told her; and now she must never know how stupid, how mad, I have been."

"To-night," I said, "your daughter and I will gain possession of the forged notes. Gillespie will give them to her; and I should like to hold them for a day or two."

He was pacing the floor and at this wheeled upon me with doubt and suspicion clearly written on his face.

"But I don't see how you can manage it!"

"Mr. Gillespie is infatuated with your niece."

"With Helen, who is with my sister at St. Agatha's."

"I have promised Gillespie that he shall see her to-night at the casino dance. Your sister is very bitter against him and he is mortally afraid of her."

"His father really acted very decently, when you know the truth. But I don't see how this is to be managed. I should like to possess myself of those papers, but not at too great a cost. More for Rosalind's sake than my own now, I should have them."

"You may not know that your daughter and her cousin are as like as two human beings can be. I am rather put to it myself to tell them apart."

"Their mothers were much alike, but they were distinguishable. If you 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—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 Miss Pat as Rosalind came into the room.

"Will I do, gentlemen, all?" she asked, gaily. "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.

Her gown was perfectly simple, high at the throat and with sleeves that clasped her wrists. To my masculine eyes it was of the same piece and pattern as the gown in which I had left Helen at St. Agatha's an hour before.

"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 cloak 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 Iljma was in readiness. We quickly embarked, and the launch stole away through the narrow shores, Holbrook swinging his lantern back and forth in good-by. I had lingered longer at the boat-maker's than I intended, and as we neared the upper lake and the creek broadened Iljma sign the launch forward at full

speed. When we approached Battle Orchard I bade him stop, and hiding our lantern I took an oar and guided the launch quietly by. Then we went on into the upper lake at a lively clip. Rosalind sat quietly in the bow, the hood of her cloak gathered about her head.

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

"Hard a port—hard!"

I obeyed, and we passed within oar's 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 Iljma, 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.

"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? I'm blest 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 used 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."

"You shall get as far as you please. Leave it to me. He shall see you first on the veranda overlooking the water where there are shadows in plenty, and you had better keep your cloak about you until the first shock of meeting has passed. Then if he wants you to dance, I will hold the cloak, like a faithful chaperon, and you may muffle yourself in it the instant you come out; so even if he has his suspicions he will have no time to indulge them. He is undoubtedly patrolling the veranda, looking for us even now. He's a faithful knight!"

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 daringly 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 seem to me I am doing pretty well, all things considered! What have you been talking about?"

"Bout Glants, an' Griffons, an' Elves, An' the Squidicum-Squees at awallers 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.

"Loud 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 nocket and



"I Want You to Exchange Cloak with Me."

drew forth an envelope. My conscience, I confess, was agreeably quiet. 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. And, to be frank about it, I felt rather pleased with myself! It would do Helen no great harm to wait for Gillespie on St. Agatha's pier; the discipline of disappointment would be good for her. Vigorous hand-clapping demanded a repetition of the popular two-step of the hour, and I saw Rosalind and Gillespie swing into the dance as the music struck up again.

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!"

The two-step was swinging on to its conclusion, and I knew that the casino entrance was not the place for a scene with an angry girl.

"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 have them. They are in my pocket, quite safe 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

CORONER'S INQUEST

Find That Walker Came to His Death Through Own Negligence

The story of the killing of Carl Walker which was told in yesterday's Journal, at the station of Cedar Creek, was substantially corroborated yesterday afternoon at the inquest holden on his body by Coroner Clements and a jury at the Burlington station in Cedar Creek where the body was laid out. The jury which heard the testimony was composed of J. F. Wolff, Geo. Horn, Henry Likewise, C. E. Metzger, Con Sears and Henry Frey, all well known and leading citizens of that section.

There were several witnesses examined before the jury including Will Wilson, the companion of the unfortunate Walker, Fritz Boedecker and the other one of the ill-fated four men who had made the trip from the works of the Calhoun Construction Company to Cedar Creek and who were together on the occasion of the of the tragic ending of Walker.

The testimony went to show that the two men had come down to Cedar Creek day before yesterday owing to the wet weather and the inability to work at their labors in the quarries. After getting to that place the men drank more or less, the testimony showing however that both Wilson and Walker were the two soberer of the four men. During the day Wilson and Walker had had several quarrels over trifling matters but this had seemingly been patched up.

In the evening the four men had concluded to go home, an extra freight having pulled into the station headed for the west. They decided they would board the train and go to Louisville. With this end in view they went down to the depot where the train was standing one of the men being intoxicated and the other three including Walker and Wilson looked after him and assisting in taking care of him. Boedecker got into the car with him.

Walker and Wilson then left and went around to the south side of the depot to the front end of the train. This is the last they ever saw of Walker alive. In his testimony before the jury yesterday Wilson asserts that he never remembered a thing other than that he saw Walker standing in the middle of the track before the engine. He had no recollection of getting on the pilot of the locomotive or even trying to do so. He could not account for the presence of his hat and Walker's on the pilot of the engine.

As told yesterday the first intimation anyone had of the tragedy was the discovery of the hats and the blood stains on the pilot when the locomotive reached Louisville. The discovery of the body of Walker by the section men followed as told in the paper. The body was frightfully mutilated. Pieces of flesh, bones and clothing were mixed in an indiscriminate mass for the space of two hundred and fifty feet or eight car lengths along the track. The members were severed from the body and the latter had been hurled from side to side of the track as the train rushed on.

There was no evidence to show that the two men had ever been on the pilot of the engine save the testimony of Wilson which in substance was as given above.

After listening to the testimony viewing the premises and the body of the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased came to his death through his own carelessness and negligence in trying to board the engine and it exonerated the company and its employes from any blame in the premises.

The body was taken last evening to Council Bluffs, Ia., where the parents of the unfortunate man reside, they living at 1529 Avenue F in that city. The dead man's father was John Walker. Wilson is also a Council Bluffs man his father being William E. Wilson, living at 3620 Second avenue. Wilson's brother was present at the inquest and accompanied the body of Walker to Council Bluffs.

Roy Upton Happy.

Last Saturday morning there was much rejoicing at the home of L. R. Upton and among his friends in Union over the advent of a fine girl baby. Roy was one of the happiest men we ever saw, and was combining business at the store with frequent visits at the house to see how the little lady and her mother was getting along. Everybody in Union was smoking cigars at Roy's expense and he was just as happy as a "big sunflower among the bends and breezes." The mother and daughter are doing as well as could be expected and the Journal hopes that the little lady will live to comfort her father and mother as old age comes creeping on.

GOOD CLOTHES—NOTHING ELSE!



Because of the excellence of the garments we sell and the reputation we have established in this community for strictly first-class merchandise, the idea has some way originated that this is a high priced store. This impression is entirely erroneous. Suits may be had here at prices from \$10 to \$35 and prices considered they are all excellent values. No shoddy, no riff raff stuff. Just good clothes—nothing else. You can find the price to suit your purse here and feel sure it money's worth.

Copyright 1909 The House of Kuppenheimer Chicago

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"Where Quality Counts."

Hold Conference.

The railway commission yesterday held a conference with representatives of telephone companies in regard to a uniform system of accounting and plans for valuing the physical property of telephone companies. The legislature provided for the valuation of corporation property, but in the case of telephones the companies will do the work themselves and report to the railway commission. The commission has given the companies a statement of what property shall be valued and how it shall be listed. The commission has made a list of what property will be included and the various heads, such as real estate, building exchange equipment, toll equipment, aerial equipment, underground equipment, subscriber's stations, utility equipment and new construction equipment.

The system of accounts proposed by the commission divides telephone companies into four classes. A tentative set of accounts formulated by Rate Clerk Powell was submitted to the men in attendance who found very little fault with them.

The main idea in preparing these different tables and accounts has been to clearly define the different natural divisions that exist at present in the operation of the telephone business. In order to make the classification as simple as possible the four hundred or more different operating companies have been divided into four classes, viz:

- Class A. Companies whose total assets exceed \$500,000.00.
 - Class B. Companies whose total assets exceed \$20,000.00 and are less than \$500,000.
 - Class C. Companies whose total assets do not exceed \$20,000.00 and are other than exclusively mutual companies.
 - Class D. Companies who do an exclusively mutual business. Companies who come under this class must have no rented exchange or toll services.
- The telephone men in attendance were L. E. Hertz, manager of the Lincoln Telephone company, Mr. Russell, auditor of the same company, W. E. Bell of York, Lee Huff manager of the Nebraska telephone company at Lincoln, W. A. Pixley, auditor of the Nebraska company, A. S. Kelley, superintendent of the Nebraska company, Mr. Deering of the New Independent company of Omaha and F. E. Eversole, C. P. Avery of Edgar, W. H. Cayman of Beatrice, and T. H. Pollock of Plattsmouth.—State Journal

C. L. Stull, the prominent farmer from northwest of the city, this morning received some seed oats from a Madison, Wis. firm which is about as fine as any ever brought to the city. It is of the variety known as the Generated Swedish Select and is guaranteed to run from sixty to one hundred bushels to the acre with an average weight per measured bushel of fifty pounds. It is the finest looking lot of oats seen here in many a day and Mr. Stull has great hopes of large crops from it.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

L. E. Guseley, will take notice, that on the 13th day of April, 1909, M. Archer, a Justice of the Peace of Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$15.85 in an action pending before him, wherein Joseph Fetzer is plaintiff, and L. E. Guseley is defendant, that property of the defendant, consisting of money has been attached under said order, said cause was continued to the 24th day of May, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Joseph Fetzer, Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned C. S. Trumble has filed his petition and application in the office of the village clerk of the village of Eagle, Cass County, Nebraska, as required by law, signed by a majority of the resident freeholders of Eagle, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license be issued to the said C. S. Trumble for the sale of malt, spirits and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building on lots five (5) and six (6), block nineteen (19) in the village of Eagle, Cass County, Nebraska.

C. S. Trumble, Applicant.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Matter of the application of Gus F. Mohr for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of April, 1909, Gus F. Mohr filed his application for a Liquor License and the Board of Trustees of the village of Avoca, Cass County, Nebraska, for license to sell malt, spirits and vinous liquors at his residence, business on west two-thirds of lot 5, Block 13, fronting on House Street in said village, for the term of one year ending on the 3rd day of May, 1910, and that he will apply for such license at a meeting of the said board of trustees to be held on or after, May 4, 1909, or as soon thereafter as he can be heard.

Dated this 15th day of April, 1909.

Gus F. Mohr, Applicant.

Notice of Petition to Quit Title.

Charles Haffke, Atty.

212 S. 14th St., Omaha.

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

Carl Wilhelm Haffke, Plaintiff, vs. Jeremiah Keeliker, Administrator of the estate of John P. Kinney, deceased, and the unknown legatees heirs and devisees of the said John P. Kinney, deceased. Defendants.

The above named defendants, and each of them will take notice that on the 24th day of February, 1909, the above named plaintiff filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska against them and each of them, the object and prayer of which is to quiet title in said plaintiff, as against said defendants, to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot twenty-three (23) in the North East quarter (N. E. 1/4) of the North West quarter (N. W. 1/4) of Section Nineteen (19) Township Twelve (12), Range Fourteen (14), East of the Sixth Principal Meridian in the City of Plattsmouth in the County of Cass and State of Nebraska, and to further enjoin said defendants and each of them from having or claiming any right, title or interest therein and for cost of suit.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before May 24th, 1909, or the prayer of said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered accordingly against you and each of you.

Dated April 6, 1909.

Carl Wilhelm Haffke, Atty. for Plaintiff.

Miss Elizabeth Gopen of Danville, Ia., who has been visiting in this vicinity with Oscar Gopen and family, departed this morning on the early train for her home. Miss Gopen made many friends among the young people during her brief visit in this section and goes away followed by their sincere regrets.

Geo. E. Dovey was a passenger this noon on the fast mail for Omaha where he will spend the afternoon. Accompanying him were Misses Ella Margaret and Catherine Dovey who go to Lincoln to visit with their sister Miss Ethel Dovey of the "Stubborn Ciderella" company. They will be gone several days. Mr. Dovey expects to return from Omaha this evening.