

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

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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 reminiscental 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



"I Am Tired of Being Cooped Up Here."

“I hope you see the wisdom of obeying me, absolutely.”
“I don'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 strip of wood that lay close upon 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.
“The hour of enchantment is almost past. I must have one turn before the princess goes back to her castle!”—and Rosalind took my arm.
“Meet me at the landing in two minutes, Gillespie! As a special favor—as a particular kindness—I shall allow you to take the princess home!” And I hurried Rosalind away, regained the blue cloak and flung it about her.
“Well,” she said, drawing the hood over her head, “who am I now, anyhow!”
“Don't ask me such questions! I'm afraid to say.”
“I like your air of business. You are undoubtedly a man of action!”
“I thank you for the word. I'm

breathing hard. I have seen ghosts and communicated with dragons. She's here! Your alter ego is on this very veranda more angry than it is well for a woman to be.”
“Oh,” she faltered, “she found out and followed?”
“She did; she undoubtedly did!”
As we passed under one of the veranda lamps she looked down at the cloak and laughed.
“So this is hers! I thought it didn't feel quite right. But that pair of gloves!”
“It's in my pocket. I have stolen it!” I led the way to the lower veranda of the casino, which was now deserted. “Stay right here and appear deeply interested in the heavens above and the waters under the earth until I get back.”
I ran up the stairs again and found Helen where I had left her.
“And now,” I said, giving her my arm, “you will not forget the rules of the game! Your fortunes and your father's are brighter to-night than they have ever been. You hate me to the point of desperation, but remember I am your friend after all.”
She stopped abruptly, hesitating. I felt indecision in the lessening touch upon my arm, and I saw it in her eyes as the light from the ballroom door flooded us.
“You have taken everything away from me! You are playing Reginald against me.”
“Possibly—who knows! I supposed you had more faith in your powers than that!”
“I have no faith in anything,” she said, dejectedly.
“Oh, yes, you have! You have an immense amount of faith in yourself. And you know you care nothing at all about Reginald Gillespie; he's a nice boy, but that's all.”
“You are contemptible and wicked!” she flared. “Let us go.”
Gillespie's launch was ready when we reached the pier, and after he had handed her into it he plucked my sleeve, and held me for an instant.
“Don't you see how wrong you are! She is superb! She is not only the most beautiful girl in the world, but the dearest, the sweetest, the kindest and best. You have served me better than you know, old man, and I'm grateful!”
In a moment they were well under way and I ran back to the clubhouse and found Rosalind where I had left her.
“We must go at once,” she said. “Father will be very anxious to know how it all came out.”
“But what did you think of But-ton's?”
“He's very nice,” she said.
“Is that all? It doesn't seem conclusive, some way!”
“Oh, he's very kind and gentle, and anxious to please. But I felt like a criminal all the time.”
“You seemed to be a very cheerful criminal. I suppose it was only the excitement that kept you going.”
“Of course that was it! I was wondering what to call it. I'm afraid the sisters at the convent would have a less pleasant word for it.”
“Well, you are not in school now; and I think we have done a good night's work for everybody concerned. But tell me, did he make love acceptably?”
“I suppose that was what he was doing, sir,” she replied, demurely, averting her head.
“Suppose?” I laughed.
“Yes; you see, it was my first experience. And he is really very nice, and so honest and kind and gentle that I felt sorry for him.”
“Ah! You were sorry for him! Then it's all over. I'm clear out of it. When a woman's is sorry for a man—tch! But tell me, how did his advances compare with mine on those occasions when we met over there by St. Agatha's? I did my best to be entertaining.”
“Oh, he is much more earnest than you ever could be. I never had any illusions about you, Mr. Donovan. You just amuse yourself with the nearest girl, and, besides, for a long time you thought I was Helen. Mr. Gillespie is terribly in earnest. When he was talking to me back there in the corner I didn't remember at all that it was he who drove a goat-team in Central park to rebuke the policeman!”
“No; I suppose with the stage properly set—with the music and the stars and the water—one might forget Mr. Gillespie's mild idiosyncrasies.”
“But you haven't told me about Helen. Of course she saw through the trick at once.”
“She did,” I answered, in a tone that caused Rosalind to laugh.
“Well, you wouldn't hurt poor little me if she scolded you!”
We were on the pier, and I whistled to Ujima to bring up the launch. In a moment we were skimming over the lake toward the Tippecanoe.
Arthur Holbrook was waiting for us in the creek.
“It is all right,” I said. “I shall keep the papers for the present, if you don't mind, but your troubles are nearly over.” And I left Rosalind laughingly explaining to her father how it came about that she had gone to the casino in a scarlet cloak but had returned in a blue one.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Gillespie's Diversions.
In my own room I drew the blinds for greater security, lighted the desk lamp and sat down before the packet Gillespie had given Rosalind. It was a brown commercial envelope, thrice sealed, and addressed: “R. Gillespie; Personal.” In a corner was written “Holbrook Papers.” I turned the packet over and over in my hands, reflecting upon my responsibility and duty in regard to it. Henry Holbrook, in his

anxiety to secure the notes, had taken advantage of Gillespie's infatuation for Helen to make her his agent for procuring them, and now it was for me to use the forged notes as a means of restoring Arthur Holbrook to his sister's confidence. The way seemed clear enough, and I went to bed resolving that in the morning I should go to Henry Holbrook, tell him that I had the evidence of his guilt in my possession and threaten him with exposure if he did not cease his mad efforts to blackmail his sister.
I rose early and perfected my plans for the day as I breakfasted. A storm had passed round us in the night and it was bright and cool, with a sharp wind beating the lake into tiny whitecaps. It was not yet eight o'clock when I left the house for my journey in search of Henry Holbrook. The envelope containing the forged notes was safely locked in the vault in which the Glenarm silver was stored. As I stepped down into the park I caught sight of Miss Pat walking in the garden beyond the wall, and as I lifted my cap she came toward the iron gate. She was rarely abroad so early and I imagined that she had been waiting for me.
“You are abroad early, my lord,” she said, with the delicious quaint mockery with which she sometimes flattered me. And she repeated the lines:
Hast thou seen ghosts? East thou at midnight heard
In the wind's talking an articulate word?
Or art thou in the secret of the sea,
And have the twilight woods confessed to thee?
“No such pleasant things have happened to me, Miss Holbrook.”
“This is my birthday. I have crowned myself; observe the cap!”
“We must celebrate! I crave the privilege of dining you to-night.”
“You were starting for somewhere with an air of determination. Don't let me interfere with your plans.”
“I was going to the boathouse,” I answered, truthfully.
“Let me come along. I am turned 65, and I think I am entitled to do as I please; don't you?”
“I do, indeed, but that is no reason. You are no more 65 than I am. The cap, if you will pardon me, only proclaims your immunity from the blasts of Time.”
“I wish I had known you at 20,” she said, brightly, as we went on together. “My subject could not have been more complete.”
“Do you make speeches like that to Helen?”
“If I do it is with less inspiration!”
“You must stop chaffing me. I am not 65 for nothing and I don't think you are naturally disrespectful.”
When we reached the boathouse she took a chair on the little veranda and smiled as though something greatly amused her.
“Mr. Donovan—I am 65, as I have said before—may I call you—”
“Larry! and gladden me forever!”
“Then, Larry, what a lot of frauds we all are!”
“I suppose we are,” I admitted, doubtfully, not sure where the joke lay.
“You have been trying to be very kind to me, haven't you?”
“I have accomplished nothing.”
“You have tried to make my way easy here; and you have had no end of trouble. I am not as dull as I look, Larry.”
“If I have deceived you it has been with an honest purpose.”
“I don't question that. But Helen has been giving you a great deal of trouble, hasn't she? You don't quite make her out; isn't that true?”
“I understand her perfectly,” I averred, recklessly.
“You are a daring young man, Larry, to make that statement of any woman. Helen has not always dealt honestly with you—or me!”
“She is the noblest girl in the world; she is splendid beyond any words of mine. I don't understand what you mean, Miss Holbrook.”
“Larry, you dear boy, I am no more blind or deaf than I am dumb! Helen has been seeing her father and Reginald Gillespie. She has run off at night, thinking I wouldn't know it. She is an extremely clever young woman, but when she has made a feint of retiring early, only to creep out and drop down from the dining room balcony and dodge your guards, I have known it. She was away last night and came creeping in like a thief. It has amused me, Larry; it has furnished me real diversion. The only thing that puzzles me is that I don't quite see where you stand.”
“I haven't always been sure myself, to be frank about it!”
“Why not tell me just how it is: Whether Helen has been amusing herself with you, or you with Helen.”
“Oh!” I laughed. “When you came here you told me she was the finest girl in the world, and I accepted your word for it. I have every confidence in your judgment, and you have known your niece for a long time.”
“I have, indeed.”
“And I'm sure you wouldn't have deceived me!”
“But I did! I wanted to interest you in her. Something in your eye told me that you might do great things for her.”
“Thank you!”
“But instead of that you have played into her hands. Why did you let her steal out at night to meet her father, when you knew that could only do her and me a grave injury? And you have aided her in seeing Gillespie, when I particularly warned you that he was most repugnant to me.”
I laughed in spite of myself as I remembered the night's adventure; and Miss Pat stopped short in the path and faced me with the least glint of anger in her eyes.
“I really didn't think you capable of it! She will marry him for his money!”

Your Invited Not Importuned

to buy our clothes. We think we have the kind of clothes you ought to buy. We think so because so many people whose judgment you respect, have bought our clothes. We have no new claims to make just good clothes—nothing else. We sell them as reasonably as any body any where can sell the same qualities. Our prices start at \$10 and end at \$35. Any where between these figures we give you moneys worth. Come in and see what we can do for you if you are in doubt.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

“Where Quality Counts.”

FINE NEW GARAGE

Installed in the City By Charles C. Parmele Under Most Able Management

A brand new automobile garage has been installed in the city, Charles E. Parmele being the enterprising citizen to start this new institution. Mr. Parmele for this purpose has had the room formerly occupied by Lorenz Bros. as a meat market on North Sixth street fitted up and has placed in charge of the plant Messrs. G. Knapp as the expert machinist and Ed. Barker as chauffeur. These two gentlemen are the best men who could be obtained for their positions. Mr. Knapp is so well known here that comment upon his abilities as a machinist and all round repair man would be superfluous. It is the intention to run a repair shop in connection with the garage and no more fitting selection could have been made than that of Mr. Knapp. Anything in the machine line can be safely trusted to him and when he has finished the work can be depended upon as being well done. Mr. Barker will have charge of handling the machines and instructing purchasers in the operation of them. He is an expert in his particular line and has been here for some time looking after Mr. Parmele's machines as well as others. In connection with the garage Mr. Parmele has taken the agency for the Velle 30, a machine which is a revelation in service, comfort and style. The Velle 30 is one of the finest cars manufactured and it is sold for \$1,750. This machine is guaranteed by the makers to be such that it cannot be duplicated at any price. It is the very highest grade of construction with the best material, finest workmanship and of handsome design. It is guaranteed for one year instead of the usual ninety days of most cars. It is said that one using the Velle 30 will never use any other afterwards. It is constructed in many styles, touring cars, roadsters, runabouts and baby tonneau with all the latest equipment.

To Take Seydlitz Back.

Chief Rainey this morning received a telegram from Sheriff Jos. Esser of Canyon City, Col., that he expects to leave Denver this afternoon at 2:15 for this city to take in charge Otto Seydlitz wanted at Canyon City. It is presumed that he will stop in Lincoln tomorrow to secure the necessary papers from Governor Shallenberger and he will not likely reach here before tomorrow night.
It is understood that Matthew Gerling who has been retained by Seydlitz's parents to protect him, will appear before Governor Shallenberger and make an argument against honoring the requisition of the governor of Colorado. Seydlitz now claims that he is wanted in Canyon City for assault and battery. He admits the offense and claims that when he was arrested he entered a plea of not guilty to the charge and on the preliminary examination he was bound over for trial in the district court. That his bond was fixed at \$100 and that he jumped it. He claims the bondsmen are the ones who are after him and not the man he assaulted. Regardless of this fact, he is making a vigorous effort to escape being taken back for trial. No official information of the charge upon which he is wanted has been received by Chief Rainey who is holding the prisoner until the matter is settled by the Governor.

Treated to Surprise.

Last Saturday evening Fritz Heinrich, the popular South Park citizen, was treated to a pleasant surprise in the shape of a birthday party with his daughter Mrs. John Kopp had carefully prepared and of which he had no inkling. The guests assembled with Mrs. Kopp and made a descent upon the unsuspecting gentleman who was taking his ease unmindful of his approaching friends. The guests had purchased a handsome easy chair for Mr. Heinrich and he was quite overcome when they came in upon him and presented their gift. In addition to this the guests put in the evening with some splendid music and cards were played until late in the evening when an elegant three course luncheon was served the guests. The luncheon was one of the finest ever served in this section and prepared with excellent delicacy which could be had and was certainly enjoyed by all. It was a late hour when the guests retired after a splendid evening and one which they will always remember. Needless to say that Mr. Heinrich was the best pleased of all.
Those attending were Messrs. and Mesdames John Kopp, John Lutz, John P. Sattler, John Swartz, Mike Lutz, John Hobscheidt, Philip Rhean, Peter Madsen, Hans Tams, Ed. Ackerman, Paul Richter, Fritz Heinrich, Misses Minnie Heinrich, Beena and Marie Kopp, Amanda and Katie Sattler, Helen and Catherine Lutz, Violet, and Edna Ackerman, Bertha Tams, Messrs. Willie Heinrich, Edward Ackerman, Johnnie Swartz.

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Many Interesting Cases.

Clerk of the Court Robertson today delivered to the county printer copy for the docket for the coming May term of court. He docket contains thirty-six cases with only three criminal cases, the most important being that of the State vs. Clarence. This case will be bitterly fought and will doubtless take some time to try. The case of the State vs. Hickson is still on the docket but as the prosecuting witness, one Thomas, has kept in the clear and out of reach of the officers, it is improbable it will be tried. The other case is that of the State vs. Strong. Here the sixteen law cases on the docket including five damage suits. The most important of these is that of Murphy vs. Todd, a suit for alimony of the wife's affections which will be hotly contested. Ex-Senator Patrick of Sarpy county represents Murphy while D. O. Dwyer is Todd's counsel. The Argo-McQuinn damage case will also be for trial again, the jury having disagreed in the former suit. There are seventeen equity cases on the docket of which three are divorce suits. Everything considered the term will likely be an interesting one.

A Big Reunion.

Last Sunday a big family reunion was held at the home of J. D. Lair at Mynard, there being five families with twenty-two persons present and a royal time was had. The reunion had been looked forward to for some time and everyone had made preparations for it with the expectation of having a fine time and their anticipations were realized. Nine years had elapsed since these good people had met. Not the least enjoyable feature of the reunion was the big dinner which Mrs. Lair had prepared for the occasion. She had searched the markets over carefully and every delicacy which the season affords was at the disposal of her guests, everything being prepared in the style for which Mrs. Lair is famous and the best testimonial she could ask being the manner in which the delicacies disappeared everyone eating to their heart's content. When all was over and done, everyone united in setting the occasion down as one of the brightest spots in their lives.

Selects New Teachers.

The board of education held a meeting Saturday evening at which two new teachers were added to the roll for the coming year. To succeed Miss Mathews as teacher of languages, the board chose Miss Alison G. Johnson of Exeter, Neb. To succeed Miss Gertrude Coons the board selected Miss Tina M. Gunn of Lexington, Neb. It is the understanding that Miss Matthews will leave the schools on the expiration of her present term for extensive travel abroad for one year. Miss Coons expects to take up a course of study in advanced lines at the state university. The absence of these two teachers will be quite marked and it is the hope of the board that the new teachers will be quite capable of taking their places.

Rheumatism.

More than nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles, due to cold or damp weather or chronic rheumatism. In such cases no internal treatment is required. The free application of Chamberlain's Liniment is all that is needed and it is certain to give quick relief. Give it a trial and see for yourself how quickly it relieves the pain and soreness. Price 25 cents; large size 50 cents. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Miss Katie Shields spent last night with her mother in South Omaha returning to the city this morning on No. 6.