

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

is odd to be shut up in this way and not to be able to do as one likes in such little matters."

It was time for me to leave and I picked up my hat and stick. As I started away I was aware that Helen Holbrook detained me without in the least appearing to do so, following a few steps to gain, as she said, a certain view of the lake that was particularly charming.

"There is nothing rugged in this landscape, but it is delightful in its very tranquillity," she said as we loitered on the shimmering lake before us, the wood behind ablaze with the splendor of the sun. She spoke of the beauty of the beeches, which are of noble girth in this region, and paused to indicate a group of them whose smooth trunks were like massive pillars. As we looked back I saw that Miss Pat had gone into the house, driven, no doubt, by the persistency of the west wind that crisped the lake. Helen's manner changed abruptly, and she said:

"If any difficulty should arise here, if my poor father should find out where we are, I trust that you may be able to save my aunt anxiety and pain. That is what I wished to say to you, Mr. Donovan."

"Certainly," I replied, meeting her eyes, and noting a quiver of the lips that was eloquent of deep feeling and loyalty. She continued silent as we marched on and I felt that there was the least defiance in her air; then she drew a handkerchief from her sleeve, touched it lightly to her eyes, and smiled.

"I had not thought of quite following you home! Here is Glenarm gate—and there lie your battlements and towers."

"Rather they belong to my old friend, John Glenarm. In his goodness of heart he gave me the use of the place for the summer; and as generosity with another's property is very easy, I hereby tender you our feet—canoes, boats, steam launch—and the stable, which contains a variety of traps and a good riding-horse or two. They are all at your service. I hope that you and your aunt will not fail to avail yourselves of each and all. Do you ride? I was specially charged to give the horses exercise."

"Thank you very much," she said. "When we are well settled, and feel more secure, we shall be glad to call on you. Father Stoddard certainly served us well in sending us to you, Mr. Donovan."

In a moment she spoke again, quite slowly, and with, I thought, a very pretty embarrassment.

"Aunt Pat may have spoken of another difficulty—a mere annoyance, really," she smiled at me gravely. "Oh, yes; of the youngster who has been troubling you. Your father and he have, of course, no connection?"

"No; decidedly not. But he is a very offensive person, Mr. Donovan. It would be a matter of great distress if he should pursue us to this place."

"It is inconceivable that a gentleman—if he is a gentleman—should follow you merely for the purpose of annoying you. I have heard that young ladies usually know how to get rid of importunate suitors."

"I have heard that they have that reputation," she laughed back. "But Mr. Gillespie—"

"That's the name, is it? Your aunt did not mention it."

"Yes; he lives quite near us at Stamford. Aunt Pat disliked his father before him, and now that he is dead she visits her displeasure on the son; but she is quite right about it. He is a singularly unattractive and uninteresting person, and I trust that he will not find us."

"That is quite unlikely. You will do well to forget all about him—forget all your troubles and enjoy the beauty of these June days."

We had reached Glenarm gate, and St. Agatha's was now hidden by the foliage along the winding path. Helen threw away the bits of twig when we came to the wall, and, as I swung the gate open, paused mockingly with clasped hands and peeped inside.

"I must go back," she said. Then, her manner changing, she dropped her hands at her side and faced me.

"You will warn me, Mr. Donovan, of the first approach of trouble. I wish to save my aunt in every way possible—she means so much to me; she has made life easy for me where it would have been hard."

"There will be no trouble, Miss Holbrook. You are as safe as though you were hidden in a cave in the Apennines; but I shall give you warning at the first sign of danger."

"My father is—quite relentless," she murmured, averting her eyes.

I turned to retrace the path with her; but she forbade me and was gone swiftly—a flash of white through the trees—before I could parley with her. I stood after her as long as I could hear her light tread in the path. And when she had vanished a feeling of loneliness possessed me and the country quiet mocked me with its peace.

I changed the Glenarm gates together sharply and went in to dinner; but I pondered long as I smoked on the star-bung terrace. There was no disguising the truth that the coming of the Holbrooks had got on my nerves—at least that was my phrase for it. Now that I thought of it, they were impudent intruders and Paul Stoddard had gone too far in turning them over to me. There was nothing in their story, anyhow; it was preposterous, and I resolved to let them

severely alone. But even as these thoughts ran through my mind I turned toward St. Agatha's, whose lights were visible through the trees, and I knew that there was nothing honest in my impatience. Helen Holbrook's eyes were upon me and her voice called from the dark; and when the clock chimed nine in the tower beyond the wall memory brought back the graceful turn of her dark head, the firm curve of her throat as she had listened to the mellow tling of the bells.

Sobered by these reflections, I left the terrace shortly after 11 and walked through the strip of wood that lay between the house and the lake to the Glenarm pier; and at once matters took a turn that put the love of woman quite out of the reckoning.

CHAPTER III.

I Meet Mr. Reginald Gillespie. As I neared the boathouse I saw a dark figure sprawled on the veranda and my Japanese boy spoke to me softly. The moon was at full and I drew up in the shadow of the house and waited. Ijima had been with me for several years and was a boy of unusual intelligence. He spoke both English and French admirably, was deft of hand and wise of mind, and I was greatly attached to him. His courage, fidelity and discretion I had tested more than once. He lay quite still on the pier, gazing out upon the lake, and I knew that something unusual had attracted his attention. He spoke to me in a moment, but without turning his head.

"A man has been rowing up and down the shore for an hour. When he came in close here I asked him what he wanted and he rowed away without answering. He is now off there by the school."

"Probably a summer boarder from across the lake."

"Hardly, sir. He came from the direction of the village and acts queerly."

I hung myself down on the pier and crawled out to where Ijima lay. We lay by the post that bore the three lanterns, and watched the slow movement of a rowboat along the margin of the school grounds. St. Agatha's maintains a boathouse for the use of students, and the pier lights—red, white and red—lay beyond the boatman, and he seemed to be drawing slowly toward them.

"Drop one of the canoes into the water," I said; and I watched the prowling boatman while Ijima crept back to the boat house. The canoe was launched silently and the boy drove it out to me with a few light strokes. I took the paddle, and we crept close along the shore toward the St. Agatha light, my eyes intent on the boat, which was now drawing in to the school pier. The prowler was feeling his way carefully, as though the region was unfamiliar; but he now landed at the pier and tied his boat. I hung back in the shadows until he had disappeared up the bank, then paddled to the pier, told Ijima to wait, and set off through the wood-path toward St. Agatha's.

Where the wood gave way to the broad lawn that stretched up to the school buildings I caught sight of my quarry. He was a young fellow, not above average height, but compactly built, and stood with his hands thrust boishly in his pockets, gazing about with frank interest in his surroundings. He was bareheaded and coatless, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled to the elbow. He walked slowly along the edge of the wood, looking off toward the school buildings, and while his manner was furtive there was, too, an air of unconcern about him and I heard him whistling softly to himself.

He now withdrew into the wood and started off with the apparent intention of gaining a view of St. Agatha's from the front, and I followed. He seemed harmless enough; he might be a curious pilgrim from the summer resort; but I was just now the guardian of St. Agatha's and I intended to learn the stranger's business before I had done with him. He reached the driveway leading in from the Annandale road without having disclosed any purpose other than that of viewing the vine-clad walls with a tourist's idle interest. The situation had begun to bore me, when the school gardener came running out of the shrubbery, and instantly the young man took to his heels.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled the gardener. The mysterious young man plunged into the wood and was off like the wind.

"After him, Andy! After him!" I yelled to the Scotchman. I shouted my own name to reassure him and we both went thumping through the beeches. Whoever the young gentleman was, he had no intention of being caught; he darted in and out among the trees with astounding lightness, and I saw in a moment that he was slowly turning away to the right.

"Run, for the gate!" I called to the gardener, who was about 20 feet away from me, blowing hard. I prepared to gain on the turn if the young fellow dashed for the lake; and he now led me a pretty chase through the flower garden. He ran with head up and eyes fixed at his feet, as if he had been

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JURY IN JOHNSON WILL CASE AGREES

Finds in Favor of the Defendant Edwin Jeary

After being out for a period of more than ninety hours, the jury in the case of the Johnson will contest came into court this afternoon at a few moments after two o'clock and gave a verdict sustaining the validity of the will and the contention of Edwin Jeary and the widow of the late Samuel S. Johnson.

The jury went out last Saturday evening between the hours of five and six o'clock and has been engaged each day since in trying to get together on a verdict. Through the courtesy of counsel for both sides of the case, the jurors were permitted each night to retire and take a rest, consideration of the case being carried on only during the day.

At two o'clock this afternoon they announced to the sheriff that they had come to an agreement, and Judge Travis who was in his office in the court house, was so notified. He at once convened court to receive the verdict. Attorney A. N. Sullivan for the contestants was on hand, but the proponents of the will were not present. Attorney Byron Clark, who managed the case for that side being absent in Omaha on business while Edwin Jeary, the banker-lawyer legatee under the will, is at his home in Elmwood.

Judge Travis made the customary inquiry as to whether the jury had reached an agreement or not and was informed by Foreman C. H. Boedeker that they had. He ordered the verdict passed to the clerk of the court, who in his turn passed it to the court. Judge Travis opened the verdict and handed the same to Clerk Robertson, who read it. The material part of the verdict is "that the paper writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Samuel S. Johnson, deceased, which was offered in evidence, is the last will and testament of said Samuel S. Johnson."

As soon as Clerk Robertson finished the reading of the verdict, the court inquired as to whether this was the verdict of the jury to which the members answered, "yes." Judge Travis then, in well chosen words, thanked the jury for the faithful service which they had rendered in the case and spoke of the tediousness of the trial, and the patience displayed in the case. He then excused them until nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Foreman Boedeker rose, and on behalf of the jury, thanked Judge

Travis for the care and consideration he had shown the jury during the trial and after their confinement in the case. Judge Travis stated that it was due to the consideration of counsel in the case, that the jury had been permitted many of the liberties granted and allowed to sleep during the night at a hotel.

It is not known whether the case will go higher, but the probabilities are that it will go to the supreme court. Judge Travis immediately after the verdict was received called Hon. C. C. Flansburg, of Lincoln, one of the counsel in the case, over the phone and apprised him of the jury's action.

The effect of the jury's verdict is to allow the will to stand. This is the will which provided for a gift of \$1,000 to the Masonic Home in this city, various annuities to the brother and sisters and other relatives of the testator, these annuities being in small yearly sums, the willing of bank and other stock to the widow and a life interest in the realty to her. The reversionary interest in the real estate was willed to Edwin Jeary, the prominent citizen of Elmwood and Lincoln, who had been Johnson's friend and mentor in his life-time, and who had really been his business agent. The value of this interest has been variously estimated at from \$35,000 to \$50,000.

The contest was brought by William H. Johnson, a brother of the testator, who lived at Scotts Bluffs, Neb. The hearing in the county court sustained the will and an appeal was taken by the contestants to the district court, where the trial was held last week. The case was hard fought, and a great deal of testimony was introduced by the contestants who sought to show the undue influence which Jeary was exercising over the testator. This evidence consisted of many letters written to the brother and sisters and other relatives and considerable testimony of witnesses.

The expectation of the general public was that the jury would disagree after they had failed to get together on Saturday night, and it was said that unless they agreed today they would be discharged and the new trial had. The case has excited widespread interest and was the one cause of a large attendance of witnesses from Elmwood and vicinity all through this week.

BARNUM INQUEST

Coroner's Jury Cannot Find That Railroad Track Was Defective

The inquest over the body of the late Thomas G. Barnum was held last night by Coroner Clements at Union, he coming down from his home at Elmwood for that purpose. A jury was impaneled composed of the following well known citizens of Union and vicinity, Peter Clarence, S. E. Hathaway, R. E. Stine, R. Delaney, C. E. Young and W. C. Clark.

After the impaneling of the jury who viewed the remains, the testimony of several witnesses was had but they knew practically nothing as to the cause of the wreck, and could assist the coroner and jury in practically no manner in arriving at the cause of the disaster. They viewed the track where the accident happened but there was nothing which could shed light upon the reason for the car jumping the track. Apparently there was no defect in the track which would have caused the car to leave the rails and so far as the trucks of the car were concerned, they too, betrayed nothing to assist in unraveling the mystery of the accident.

There was some medical testimony introduced to show the cause of Mr. Barnum's death, this being in the estimation of the attending physicians the fracture of the skull through which the brains of the unfortunate man oozed.

After considering the testimony and the surroundings of the accident the jury returned a verdict "that the said Thomas G. Barnum came to his death on the Missouri Pacific Railway at the wye north of Union, Cass County, Nebraska, on the 14th day of February about 10:45 a. m. 1909."

This verdict was signed by the entire jury. There being no testimony to show any cause for the death, the jury refraining from making any recommendation in the case.

After reaching a decision in the matter, Coroner Clements discharged the jury from further consideration of the case, and has since been busy

preparing his report which will probably reach Clerk of the Court Jas. Robertson, this evening. There is little use of the coroner's proceedings on the basis for any actions against the railway company, either civil or criminal, as nothing could be developed which would in the least affect the situation. It is said a number of claims for damages have already been filed by the victims of the accident and it seems probable that it will cost the company a pretty sum of money before it is closed up. All told there are some ten persons who suffered visible and painful injuries and it seems certain each of them will insist upon having an adequate amount for their sufferings. Added to these will be a number of passengers who while having no external injuries, may have been bruised or who suffered from shock.

The funeral of the late Thomas G. Barnum it is announced, will be held tomorrow (Wednesday) at 1 o'clock p. m. from his late residence in Union. There will be doubtless a very large attendance of sorrowing friends and neighbors gather to pay their respects to him, a number of his acquaintances in this city, signifying their intention of attending. The hour at which the funeral is held makes it possible for all who care to attend from this city, to go and return the same day as they can leave on the 9:48 train in the morning and return on the train leaving Union at 4:25 p. m.

Watson Is Humorous.

Judge Travis today received the brief of Gen. John C. Watson in the case recently heard before him in this city wherein Councilman Houston seeks to enjoin his fellow colleagues and the Mayor of Nebraska City from entering into a contract with the water company. One unique feature of the brief is a cartoon which is attached to it. It is a fine specimen of Gen. Watson's ability as a cartoonist and represents Nebraska City as the head of the house, lying in bed and watching the water company in the guise of his wife, going through his pants and robbing him. The old lady holds aloft in one hand a twenty-year franchise. There is appropriate reading below the picture which created much amusement among those who saw it.



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DEATH OF A WORTHY CITIZEN

George E. Sayles, Early Settler Passes Away

Died.—Sayles, Geo. E. at his home in Cedar Creek, Neb., on Feb. 15, 1909, aged 60 years, 9 months, 24 days, from a complication of diseases. Funeral on Thursday, Feb. 18, 1909, at 1 o'clock p. m. Interment at Glendale cemetery.

Yesterday morning the startling information was received in this city of the passing of George E. Sayles for many years a leading citizen of Cass County. Although it was known that Mr. Sayles was in very poor health and that his death would soon ensue, immediate dissolution was not looked for by his friends and the news came as a great shock to them. During a long life in this vicinity, he having been a resident of Cass County for more than half a century, Mr. Sayles had made himself widely and favorably known, and he numbered his friends by the scores. A man of upright character and sterling integrity, he had been in business in this city and at Cedar Creek and with all whom he had dealings he was justly esteemed and respected.

George E. Sayles first saw the light at Dover, N. H., on the 21st day of April, 1848. After a short period of time Mr. Sayles' parents removed from New Hampshire to Illinois where they lived until the spring of 1857 when the removed to this county locating near the present town of Cedar Creek. Thirteen years after removing to this section or in 1870, Mr. Sayles took to himself a wife in the person of Miss Frances Cooley

and to this auspicious union one son and four daughters were born. The widow, with these children survive him. One son Geo. R. Sayles, resides in this city and is manager of the Duff Grain Company. A daughter Mrs. Andrew Fudge resides in Virginia, while another daughter Miss Eva E. Sayles lives in Omaha. The two remaining daughters are Mrs. W. H. Seybert and Miss Ruth Sayles who live at Cedar Creek, the latter with her parents.

During his lifetime Mr. Sayles held several positions of trust among his friends and neighbors at Cedar Creek. For a number of years he was postmaster at that point and also filled other minor positions of responsibility. He was engaged during many years in the general merchandise business at his home town, opening a store there in the year 1880. Later he disposed of this business and embarked in the grain business, becoming one of the leading dealers in the county.

The funeral will take place on Thursday next, February 18, 1909, from his residence at Cedar Creek at 1 o'clock p. m., Rev. J. H. Salisbury officiating. Interment will be at Glenwood cemetery.

The bereaved family have the sincere sympathy of all in their great sorrow. In the loss of George E. Sayles the entire community shares as he was of the best type of man, generous, kind and agreeable. The loss of such men can ill be borne.

Valentine Party.

Misses Gertrude Morgan and Elsa Thierolf delightfully entertained the U. N. C.'s at a valentine party at the home of the former on February 12, 1909.

The house was prettily decorated with hearts.

After the guests had assembled a heart hunt was indulged in which was enjoyed by all.

A unique guessing contest was had in which Hattie Hoffman received the prize.

Another feature which created much amusement was the molding of hearts out of chewing gum, which Villa Gopen received the prize for the best work.

Later in the evening they were invited to the dining room where a delectable luncheon was served. The dining table had been prettily decorated with hearts which were strung from the chandelier to the four corners of the table. Later in the evening the guests de-

parted for home thinking they had indeed spent a pleasant time together.

Those present were Mattie Hoffman, Gertrude Morgan, Mina Thierolf, Leona Asemissen, Willa Moore, Elsa Thierolf, Villa Gopen.

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M. A. Moore of Murray spent Sunday in the city stopping at the Hotel Perkins.