

**ROSALIND**  
AT  
**RED GATE**  
By  
**MEREDITH NICHOLSON**  
Illustrations by  
**RAY WALTERS**

I had it up for him.

"That jump deserved better, I volunteered, as he accepted my aid in silence.

"I'm proud to have you like it. Will you kindly tell me who the devil you are?"

"My name is Donovan."

"I don't wholly care for it," he observed, mournfully. "Think it over and see if you can't do better. I'm not sure that I'm going to grow fond of you. What's your business with me, anyhow?"

"My business, Mr. Gillespie, is to see that you leave this lake by the first and fastest train."

"Is it possible?" he drawled, mockingly.

"More than that," I replied in his own key; "it is decidedly probable."

"Meanwhile, it would be diverting to know where you're taking me. I thought the other chap was the constable."

"I'm taking you to the house of a friend where I'm visiting. I'm going to row you in your boat. It's only a short distance; and when we get there I shall have something to say to you."

He made no reply, but got into the boat without ado. I turned over in my mind the few items of information that I had gained from Miss Pat and her niece touching the young man who was now my prisoner, and found that I knew little enough about him. He was the unwelcome and annoying suitor of Miss Helen Holbrook, and I had caught him prowling about St. Agatha's in a manner that was indefensible.

He sat huddled in the stern, nursing his swathed arms on his knees and whistling dolefully. The lake was a broad pool of silver. Save for the soft splash of Ilma's paddle behind me and the slight wash of water on the near shore, silence possessed the world. Gillespie looked about with some curiosity, but said nothing, and when I drove the boat to the Glenarm landing he crawled out and followed me through the wood without a word.

I flashed on the lights in the library and after a short inspection of his wounds we went to my room and found sponges, plasters and ointments in the family medicine chest and cared for his injuries.

"There's no honor in tumbling into a greenhouse, but such is R. Gillespie's luck. My shins look like scarlet fever, and without sound legs a man's better dead."

"Your legs seem to have got you into trouble; don't mourn the loss of them!" And I twisted a bandage under his left knee-cap where the glass had cut savagely.

"It's my poor wits, if we must fix the blame. It's an awful thing, sir, to be born with weak intellects. As man's legs carry him on orders from his head, there lies the seat of the difficulty. A weak mind, obedient legs, and there you go, plump into the bosom of a blooming asparagus bed, and the enemy lays violent hands on you. If you put any more of that stinky pudding on that cut I shall undoubtedly hit you, Mr. Donovan. Ah, thank you, thank you so much!"

As I finished with the vaseline he lay back on the couch and sighed deeply and I rose and sent Ilma away with the basin and towels.

"Will you drink? There are 12 kinds of whisky—"

"My dear Mr. Donovan, the thought of strong drink saddens me. Such poor wits as mine are not helped by alcoholic stimulants. I was drunk once—beautifully, marvelously, nobly drunk, so that antiquity came up to date with the thud of a motor car hitting an orphan asylum; and I saw Julius Caesar driving a chariot up Fifth avenue and Cromwell poised on one foot on the shorter spire of St. Patrick's cathedral. Are you aware, my dear sir, that one of those spires is shorter than the other?"

"I certainly am not," I replied, blantly, wondering what species of madman I had on my hands.

"It's a fact, confided to me by a prominent engineer of New York, who has studied those spires daily since they were put up. He told me that when he had surrounded five highballs the north spire was higher; but that the sixth tumblers always raised the south spire about 11 feet above it. Now, wouldn't that doddle you?"

"It would, Mr. Gillespie; but may I ask you to cut out this rot—"

"My dear Mr. Donovan, it's indelicate of you to speak of cutting anything—and me with my legs. But I'm at your service. You have tended my grievous wounds like a gentleman and now do you wish me to unfold my past, present and future?"

"I want you to get out of this and be quick about it. Your biography doesn't amuse me; I caught you prowling disgracefully about St. Agatha's. Two ladies are domiciled there who came here to escape your annoying attentions. Those ladies were put in my charge by an old friend, and I don't propose to stand any nonsense from you, Mr. Gillespie. You seem to be at least half sane—"

Reginald Gillespie raised himself on the couch and grinned joyously.

"Thank you—thank you for that word! That's just twice as high as anybody ever rated me before."

"I was trying to be generous," I said. "There's a point at which I begin to be bored, and when that's reached I'm likely to grow quarrelsome. Are there any moments of the day or night when you are less a fool than others?"

"Well, Donovan, I've often speculated about that, and my conclusion is that my mind is at its best when I'm asleep and enjoying a nightmare. Then, I have sometimes thought, my intellectual parts are most intelligently employed."

"I may well believe you," I declared with asperity. "Now I hope I can pound it into you in some way that your presence in this neighborhood is

now; I want the truth."

"I certainly have not. I hope you don't think—" Gillespie hesitated.

"It's not a matter for thinking or hesitating; I've got to know."

"On my honor I have not seen him, and I have no idea where he is."

I had thrown myself into a chair beside the couch and lighted my pipe. My captive troubled me. It seemed odd that he had found the abiding-place of the two women; and if he had succeeded so quickly, why might not Henry Holbrook have equal luck?

"You probably know this troublesome brother well," I ventured.

"Yes; as well as a man of my age can know an older man. My father's place at Stamford adjoined the Holbrook estate. Henry and Arthur Holbrook married sisters; both women died long ago, I believe; but the brothers had a business row and went to smash. Arthur embezzled, forged, and so on, and took to the altitudinous timber, and Henry has been busy ever since trying to pluck his sister. He's wild on the subject of his wrongs—ruined by his own brother, deprived of his inheritance by his sister and abandoned by his only child. There wasn't much to Arthur Holbrook; Henry was the genius, but after the

bank went to the bad he sought the consolations of rum. He and Henry married the Hartridge twins who were the reigning Baltimore belles in the early '80's—so runneth the chronicle. But I gossip, my dear sir; I gossip, which is against my principles. Even the humble button king of Strawberry Hill must draw the line."

When Ilma brought in a plate of sandwiches he took one gingerly in his swathed hand, regarded it with cool inquiry, and as he munched it, remarked upon sandwiches in general as though they were botanical specimens that were usually discussed and analyzed in a scientific spirit.

"The sandwich," he began, "not un- happily expresses one of the saddest traits of our American life. I need hardly refer to our deplorable national habit of hiding our shame under a blithe and misleading exterior. Chicken sandwiches in some parts of the world are rather coarsely marked, for purposes of identification, with pinfeathers. You may covet no nobler fame than that of creator of the Flying Sandwich of Annapolis. Yet the feathered sandwich, though more picturesque, points rather too directly to the strutting lords of the barnyard. A sandwich that is decorated like a fall bonnet, that suggests, we will say, the milliner's window—or the plumed knights of sounding war—"

With a little sigh, a slow relaxation of muscles, Mr. Gillespie slept. I locked the doors, put out the lights, and tumbled into my own bed as the chapel clock chimed two.

In the disturbed affairs of the night the blinds had not been drawn, and I woke to find the room flooded with light and my prisoner gone. The doors were locked as I had left them. Mr. Gillespie had departed by the window, dropping from a little balcony to the terrace beneath. I rang for Ilma and sent him to the pier; and before I had finished shaving the boy was back, and reported Gillespie's boat still at the pier, but one of the canoes missing. It was clear that in the sorry plight of his arms Gillespie had preferred padding to rowing. Beneath my watch on the writing table I found a sheet of note-paper on which was scrawled:

Dear Old Man: I am having one of those nightmares I mentioned in our delightful conversation. I feel that I am about to walk in my sleep. As my fancies are a trifle blurry, pardon loss of your dressing-gown. Yours, R. G.

P. S.—I am willing to pay for the glass and medical attention; but I want a rebate for that third sandwich. It really tickled too harshly as it went down. Very likely this accounts for my somnambulism.

G.

When I had dressed and had my coffee I locked my old portfolio and tossed it into the bottom of my trunk. Something told me that for a while, at least, I should have other occupation than contributing to the literature of Russian geography.

**CHAPTER IV.**

**I Explore Tippecanoe Creek.**

My first care was to find the garden-er of St. Agatha's and renew his pledge of silence of the night before; and then I sought the ladies, to make sure that they had not been disturbed by my collision with Gillespie. Miss Pat and Helen were in Sister Theresa's pretty sitting room, through whose windows the morning wind blew fresh and cool.

"This is a day for the open! You must certainly venture forth!" I began, cheerily. "You see, Father Stoddard chose well; this is the most



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**Gering Damage Suit**  
(Continued From First Page.)

Witness saw Beggs go into Gering's drug store, but did not see any liquor in him after he came out. Beggs was a stranger to him. Witness thought this took place on the next to the last Sunday in June.

Plaintiff rested at 10:20 a. m.

Immediately after the announcement of the plaintiff's rest in rebuttal a short recess was held and then argument of counsel commenced. At 2:30 this afternoon Mr. Matthew Gering, who had opened the argument for the plaintiff, was still speaking. Mr. Gering's argument was one of the best and most effective he has ever delivered in this city. He took up the evidence as adduced in the trial of the case and analyzed it in detail, showing how the plaintiff in his opinion had established a complete and clear case of conspiracy between the defendants Leyda and Beggs to injure and destroy the reputation and business of the plaintiff by securing the bottle of liquor and then having a prosecution started by the state. His speech was marked by an intense and powerful eloquence—at times rising to flights of oratory inspired by feeling most intense. His tribute to the virtues of his brother were touching in the extreme and when he spoke of the humiliation which the arrest had caused many eyes filled with tears. His bursts of invective and denunciation toward the defendant were fierce and marked by a passion deep and lasting. He denounced the defendant Leyda for his participation in the plot in unmeasured terms and paid his respects to the witnesses Glenn and Carter in unmeasured invective. Altogether his argument was well worth listening to.

The case will likely go to the jury this evening sometime, and a verdict if reached at all will probably be given before bedtime tonight.

**Wins the Debate**

**Plattsmouth Team Defeats Representatives of Weeping Water**

The joint debate between the Weeping Water and Plattsmouth league teams occurred last evening. The contest took place in the auditorium of the high school building and commenced shortly after 8 o'clock. The subject was "Resolved, That disputes between Labor and Capital in the Railroad Business Should be Settled by Board of Arbitration With Compulsory Power."

The local schools were represented by Mr. John Falter, and Misses Marie Douglas and Josephine Hall, all of whom made excellent arguments of the proposition.

The arguments advanced by Misses Douglas and Hall were worthy of special mention. Both of these young ladies are excellent speakers and their arguments showed that they had given the subject careful consideration and study. To their work can be laid the fact that the local school snatched the victory from their competitors.

The negative side of the question was taken by the Weeping Water team composed of Mr. John Clark, Misses Grace Teegarden and Mary Hungate, all of whom advanced sound reasons for their position and made eloquent and able arguments. The judges were Mr. Greyson of Council Bluffs, Ia., schools, Miss Macken of the Omaha high school and Mr. Speedie of the Benton, Neb., schools, all judges of good judgment and ability.

Preceding the debate Mr. E. H. Wescott favored the large audience with an instrumental solo and Mr. W. G. Brooks with a vocal solo, both in a very pleasing manner.

While awaiting the decision of the judges Mr. Ben Windham gave a humorous reading and Mrs. J. W. Gamble a vocal solo, both of which was most heartily applauded.

Despite the ability shown by the three Weeping Water debaters, the judges believed that Plattsmouth made the best showing and was entitled to the prize and so decided.

A reception was tendered by the members of the Senior class and the faculty of the high school to the visiting team, the faculty and students of the Weeping Water high school, who had accompanied the team to this city, during the evening. This was also held in the auditorium. Refreshments were served during the progress of the reception, which augmented the pleasures of the evening.

Those attending the debate from Weeping Water were Misses Hazel Ameson, Leona Switzer, Mabel Davis, Messrs. Teegarden, I. N. Clark, Richard Cromwell, Cameron Cathey, Earl Hunter, Harold Dunn.

**Buys Nebraska Land.**

Harry Smith has purchased a tract of 30 acres of land with valuable improvements thereon, within a mile or two of Plattsmouth, Neb., for which he paid the handsome sum of \$113 per acre. He expects to remove his family upon the premises within a few weeks. His many friends here will regret this contemplated change of residence.—Glenwood Opinion.

**A Notable Event in Church Music.**

St. Luke's Choir will give A. R. Gaul's "Passion" music during the Lenten season. Prof. Austin has shown great confidence in the ability of his choir, as the "Passion" music is a work of considerable difficulty, and is seldom undertaken except in larger cities. The "Passion" is of great religious solemnity, and is divided into six scenes, viz: "The Traitor at the Table," "The Denial at the Palace," "The Mocking on Calvary," "The Shadow of Death," and "The Holy Sepulchre." One scene will be given each Sunday morning during the Lenten season, and the work will be given in its entirety as an Easter service. The citizens of Plattsmouth are fortunate in having an opportunity to hear this classic masterpiece. It has, probably, never been under taken by a choir as small as St. Luke's, but that it will be given fitting and proper rendition, under Prof. Austin's direction, is assured.

(Continued next issue.)