

# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By  
**MEREDITH NICHOLSON**

Illustrations by  
**RAY WALTERS**

Copyright, 1917, by Bobbs-Merrill Company

peaceful place on the map. Let us begin with a drive at six, when the sun is low; or, maybe, you would prefer a little run in the launch."

"They exchanged glances."

"I think it would be all right, Aunt Pat," said Helea.

"Perhaps we should wait another day. We must take no chances; the relief of being free is too blessed to throw away. I really slept through the night—I can't tell you what a boon that is!"

"Why, Sister Margaret had to call us both at eight!" exclaimed Helen. "That is almost too wonderful for belief!"

"Oh, the nights here are tranquillity itself! Now, as to the drive—"

"Let us wait another day, Mr. Donovan. I feel that we must make assurance doubly sure," said Miss Pat; and this, of course, was final.

It was clear that the capture of Gillespie had not disturbed the slumber of St. Agatha's. My conscience pricked me a trifle at leaving them so ignorantly contented; but Gillespie's appearance was hardly a menace, and though I had pledged myself to warn Helen Holbrook at the first sign of trouble, I determined to deal with him on my own account. He was only an infatuated fool, and I was capable, I hoped, of disposing of his case without taking any one into my confidence. But first it was my urgent business to find him.

I got out the launch and crossed the lake to the summer colony and began my search by asking for Gillespie at the casino, but found that his name was unknown. I lounged about until lunch time, visited the golf course that lay on a bit of upland beyond the cottages and watched the players until satisfied that Gillespie was not among them, then I went home for luncheon.

A man with bandaged arms, and clad in a dressing gown, cannot go far without attracting attention; and I was not in the least discouraged by my fruitless search. I have spent considerable part of my life in the engaging occupation of looking for men who were hard to find, and as I smoked my cigar on the shady terrace and waited for Ijima to replenish the launch's tank, I felt confident that before night I should have an understanding with Gillespie if he were still in the neighborhood of Annandale.

The midday was warm, but I cooled my eyes on the deep shadows of the wood, through which at intervals I saw white sails flash on the lake. All bird-song was hushed, but a woodpecker on a dead sycamore hammered away for dear life. The bobbing of his red head must have exercised some hypnotic spell, for I slept a few minutes, and dreamed that the woodpecker had bored a hole in my forehead. When I roused it was with a start that sent my pipe clattering to the stone terrace floor. A man who has ever camped or hunted or been hunted—and I have known all three experiences—always scrutinizes the horizons when he wakes, and I found myself staring into the wood. As my eyes sought remembered landmarks, here and there, I saw a man dressed as a common sailor skulking toward the boathouse several hundred yards away. He was evidently following the school wall to escape observation, and I rose and stepped closer to the balustrade to watch his movements. In a moment he came out into a little open space wherein stood a stone tower where water was stored for the house, and he paused here and gazed about him curiously. I picked up a field-glass from a little table near by and caught sight of a swarthy foreign face under a soft felt hat. He passed the tower and walked on toward the lake, and I dropped over the balustrade and followed him.

The Japanese boy was still at work on the launch, and, hearing a step on the pier planking, he glanced up, then rose and asked the stranger his business.

The man shook his head.

"If you have business it must be at the house; the road is in the other direction," and Ijima pointed to the wood, but the stranger remained stubbornly on the edge of the pier. I now stepped out of the wood and walked down to the pier.

"What do you want here?" I demanded, sharply.

The man touched his hat, smiled, and shook his head. The broad band he lifted in salute was that of a laborer, and his brown back was tattooed. He belonged, I judged, to one of the dark Mediterranean races, and I tried him in Italian.

"These are private grounds; you will do well to leave here very quickly," I said.

I saw his eyes light as I spoke the words slowly and distinctly, but he waited until I had finished, then shook his head.

"I was sure he understood, but as

I addressed him again, ordering him from the premises, he continued to shake his head and grin foolishly. Then I pointed toward the road.

"Go; and it will be best for you not to come here again!" I said, and, after saluting, he walked slowly away into the wood, with a sort of dogged insolence in his slightly swaying gait. At a nod from me Ijima stole after him while I waited, and in a few minutes the boy came back and reported that the man had passed the house and left the grounds by the carriage entrance, turning toward Annandale.

With my mind on Gillespie I put off in the launch, determined to study the lake geography. I have, I hope, a soul for landscape, and the soft bubble of water, the lush reeds in the shallows, the rapidly moving panorama of field and forest, the glimpses of wild flowers, and the arched blue above, were restful to mind and heart. It seemed shameful that the whole world was not afloat; then, as I reflected that another boat in these tranquil waters would be an impertinence that I should resent, I was aware that I had been thinking of Helea Holbrook all the while; and the thought of this irritated me so that I criticised Ijima most unjustly for running the launch close to a bowlder that rose like a miniature Gibraltar near the shadowy shore we were skirting.

We gained the ultimate line of the lower lake, and followed the shore in search of its outlet, pleasingly set down on the map as Tippecanoe creek, which ran off and joined somewhere a river of like name. The lake's waters ran away, like a truant child, through a woody cleft, and in a moment we were as clean quit of the lake as though it did not exist. After a few rods the creek began to twist and turn as though with the intention of making the voyager earn his way. In the narrow channel the beat of our engine ran from the shores rebukingly, and soon, as a punishment for disturbing the peace of the little stream, we grounded on a sand-bar.

"This seems to be the head of navigation, Ijima. I believe this creek was made for canoes, not battle-ships."

Between us we got the launch off, and I landed on a convenient log and crawled up the bank to observe the country. I followed a stake-and-riider fence, half hidden in vines of various sorts, and tramped along the bank, with the creek still singing its tortuous way below at my right hand. Soon the rail fence gave way to barbed wire; the path broadened and the underbrush was neatly cut away. Within lay a small vegetable garden, carefully tilled; and farther on I saw a dark green cottage almost shut in by beeches. The path dipped sharply down and away from the cottage, and a moment later I had lost sight of it; but below, at the edge of the creek, stood a long houseboat with an extended platform or deck on the water-side.

I can still feel, as I recall the day and hour, the utter peace of the scene when first I came upon that secluded spot: The melodious flow of the creek beneath; the flutter of homing wings; even the hum of insects in the sweet, thymy air. Then a step farther and I came to a gate which opened on a flight of steps that led to the house beneath; and through the intervening tangle I saw a man sprawled at ease in a steamer chair on the deck, his arms under his head. As I watched him he sighed and turned restlessly, and I caught a glimpse of close-trimmed beard and short, thin, slightly gray hair.

The place was clearly the summer home of a city man in search of quiet, and I was turning away, when suddenly a woman's voice rang out clearly from the bank.

"Hallo, the houseboat!"

"Yes, I'm here!" answered the man below.

"Come on, father; I've been looking for you everywhere," called the voice again.

"Oh, it's too bad you've been waiting," he answered.

"Of course I've been waiting!" she flung back, and he jumped up and ran toward her. Then down the steps flashed Helen Holbrook in white. She paused at the gate an instant before continuing her descent to the creek, bending her head as she sought the remaining steps.

"Daddy, you dear old fraud, I thought you were coming to meet me on the ridge!"

I turned and groped my way along the darkening path. My heart was thumping wildly and my forehead was wet with perspiration.

Ijima stood on the bank lighting his lantern, and I flung myself into the launch and bade him run for home.

We were soon crossing the lake. I lay back on the cushions and gazed up at the bright roof of stars. Before I reached Glenarm the shock of finding Helen Holbrook in friendly communication with her father had passed, and I sat down to dinner at nine o'clock with a sound appetite.

## CHAPTER V.

### A Fight on a Houseboat.

At ten o'clock I called for a horse and rode out into the night, turning into the country with the intention of following the lake road to the region I had explored in the launch a few hours before. All was dark at St. Agatha's as I passed. No doubt Helen Holbrook had returned in due course from her visit to her father and, after accounting pleasantly to her aunt for her absence, was sleeping the sleep of the just. Now that I thought of the matter in all its bearings, I accused myself for not having gone directly to St. Agatha's from the launch house on Tippecanoe creek and waited for her there, demanding an explanation of her party. What was I to do? — I hesitated; then

was plain; and yet in my heart I was excusing and defending her. A family row about money was ugly at best; and an unfortunate—even criminal—father may still have some claim on his child.

Then, as against such reasoning, the vision of Miss Pat rose before me—and I felt whatever chivalry there is in me arouse with a rattle of spears. Paul Stoddard, in committing that dear old gentlewoman to my care, had not asked me to fall in love with her niece; so, impatient to be thus swayed between two inclinations, I chirruped to the horse and galloped swiftly over the silent white road.

The whole region was very lonely, and now that the beat of hoofs no longer rang in my ears the quiet was oppressive. I struck through the wood and found the creek, and the path beside it. The little stream was still murmuring its own name musically, with perhaps a softer note in deference to the night; and following the path carefully I came in a few minutes to the steps that linked the cottage with the houseboat at the creek's edge. It was just there that I had seen Helen Holbrook, and I stood quite still recalling this, and making sure that she had come down those steps in that quiet out-of-the-way corner of the world, to keep tryst with her father. The story-and-a-half cottage was covered with vines and close-wrapped in shrubbery. A semicircle of taller pines within shut the cottage off completely from the highway. I crawled through the cedars and walked along slowly to the gate, near which a post supported a sign-board. I struck a match and read:

RED GATE.  
R. HARTIDGE,  
Canoe-Maker,  
Tippecanoe, Indiana.

This, then, was the home of the canoe-maker mentioned by Ijima. I found his name repeated on the rural delivery mail box affixed to the sign-post. Henry Holbrook was probably a boarder at the house—it required no great deductive powers to fathom that. I stole back through the hedge and down to the houseboat. Several



It Flashed Over Me That He Was the Dark Sailor I Had Ordered from Glenarm.

canoes, carefully covered with tarpaulins, lay about the deck, and chairs were drawn up close to the long, low house in shipshape fashion. If this houseboat was the canoe-maker's shop he had chosen a secluded and picturesque spot for it.

As I leaned against the rail studying the lines of the house, I heard suddenly the creek of an oarlock in the stream behind, and then low voices talking. I drew back against the house and waited. Possibly the canoe-maker had been abroad, or, more likely, Henry Holbrook had gone forth upon some mischief, and my mind flew at once to the two women at St. Agatha's, one of whom at least was still under my protection. The boat approached furtively, and I heard now very distinctly words spoken in Italian:

"Have a care; climb up with the rope and I'll follow."

Then the boat touched the platform lightly and a second later a man climbed nimbly up the side. His companion followed, and they tied their boat to the railing. They paused now to reconnoiter—so close to me that I could have touched them with my hands—and engaged in a colloquy. The taller man gave directions, the other replying in monosyllables to show that he understood.

"Go to the side porch of the cottage, and knock. When the man comes to the door tell him that you are the chauffeur from an automobile that has broken down in the road, and that you want help for a woman who has been hurt."

"Yes, sir."

"Then—you know the rest."

"The knife—it shall be done."

I have made it the rule of my life, against much painful experience and the admonitions of many philosophers, to act first and reason afterwards. And here it was a case of two to one. The men began stealing across the deck toward the steps that led up to the cottage, and with rather more zeal than judgment I took a step after them, and clumsily kicked over a chair that fell clattering wildly. Both men leaped toward the rail at the sound, and I flattened myself against the house to await developments. The silence was again complete.

"A chair blow over," remarked one of the voices.

"There is no wind," replied the other, the eye I recognized as belonging

## WITH THE STATESMEN

### Col. Bates Writes of the Progress of Legislation

Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 22, 1909.

The House refused to adjourn Saturday to Tuesday in honor of the Father of our country, and brief services were held today in honor of the event. Several brief addresses were delivered this afternoon.

The bill placing the power in the hands of the governor to designate the papers throughout the state in which the constitutional amendments shall be published passed the house Saturday by a strict party vote, and will now become a law. This bill was introduced in the Senate by Senator Farmer and passed by that body before coming to the House. This is destined to help out the democratic papers some, and is nothing more than the republicans would have done under like circumstances.

A big banquet is to be held at the auditorium on March 19, in honor of W. J. Bryan's birthday. One thousand tickets will be sold at one dollar per. This promises to be a grand event and will be attended by many democrats from throughout the state.

There are three county option bills on the roll, which will come up this week. It is safe to say that they will be consigned to the waste basket, and die a burning. However, the members of the House and Senate who are opposed to the measures are keeping their eyes peeled. While this is the case, it may be said that the temperance advocates are also alive and working like bees.

Last Wednesday afternoon Mr. Bryan addressed the House and Senate in representative hall, and it is unnecessary to remark that standing room was at a premium. He opened the eyes of some democratic members of both houses as to their duties in carrying out the pledges of the democratic state platform. While most of the democratic members will do this, there are a few who will vote with the republicans and they have already assisted the minority in carrying several bills which they should not have done. No one who comes here as a democrat, should be found affiliating with republicans on any measure which is likely to hurt the party in the state. The voters are watching closely the acts of the present legislature and it behooves all of us to do our best for those who sent us here to represent them.

A bill is now before the House which if enacted will work a hardship on the publishers who claim to have a larger circulation than they really have, and compel all papers to have a sworn circulation statement kept at the head of their respective papers. Strange to say this bill was introduced by one of the country editors in the western part of the state. The law will no doubt prove a just one to many honest newspaper men.

The bill introduced by Scheele of Seward county to abolish the high school law, met with defeat in the House last week. While there may be some in Cass and Otoe counties who think the high school law should be abolished, I have failed to receive one single letter from any of my constituents to this effect. While on the other hand I have received numerous letters favoring the present law.

The democrats are pledged to economy, and while I believe the legislature has been very economical so far in this respect, there are many appropriations to come yet. The state fair association, for instance, wants \$150,000 for improvements, but we believe that it will be impossible for the members of that association to make this legislature believe they ought to have this amount. If the get \$25,000 they will be doing well.

The House has resolved to have 2,000 copies of the guaranty bank bill printed in pamphlet form for the members to send out to those of our constituents who may want a copy of the same. They will be delivered some time this week, and if any of my friends in Plattsmouth or thereabouts want to be favored with a copy, let them "holler" in time, as they will "go off like hot cakes."

The time for introducing bills will expire next Thursday, after which time none will come to the front. Then the sifting committee will get to work, and it will be safe to say many bills may slumber in the committee room or be consigned to the flames. Fully six hundred bills have been introduced in the House, and nearly this number in the Senate, and there will have to be some sifting done.

M. A. B.

Mrs. J. J. Hill of Belvidere, Neb., and Mrs. Jerry McHugh of South Bend departed this noon on the mail train, the former for her home at Belvidere and the latter for Omaha, both to call on Mrs. Thos. Walling at the latter place.

### Introduces New Bill.

Bates of Cass introduced a bill to add three more salaried positions to the governor's list of rewards. He would have the state board of agriculture appointed by the governor. This has been a non-political board. The treasurer of this association gets a small salary, the secretary a yearly salary and puts all his time at the work, and a stenographer is employed. The secretary is a staunch republican and was at one time a factor in Sherman county politics. Almost all such bills are voted for with enthusiasm by the democrats in the house. It has been a long time since they have had a chance to thrive on the spoils of party victory and they intend to do so now to their utmost and make no secret of their intention. For a time all such bills that came up in the house were given to Case of Frontier to introduce. He seems to have balked and refused longer to do this work for the political managers who are strengthening the machine. Bates has followed Case with three such bills to date.—State Journal.

### Elmwood.

Elmwood, Neb., Feb. 20.—At Lincoln yesterday in the office of Judge Cosgrave, Luther Hall, a farmer who lives about five miles southwest of Elmwood, and Mrs. Pearl Gamble of Yates Center, Yates Center, Kas., were married. The bride's parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hess, who moved to Kansas about two years ago. The couple will reside on a farm near Elmwood.

At the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Eveland, west of Murdock, at high noon Thursday, occurred the marriage of their youngest daughter, Jo Olive, to H. Newton Lange, of Wilton, Ia. About 150 of the friends and relatives of the young people were present. The ceremony was conducted by a brother of the groom, now a pastor of the Methodist church at St. Edwards, Neb. The attending couples were Miss Winifred Winter, of University Place, and Mr. Joseph Lange, of Wilton, Ia., a brother of the groom, and Miss Merle Gustin, of Elmwood, and Mr. Gustin, of Murdock. Miss Maud Thomas of University Place, played the wedding march. After the ceremony an elaborate wedding dinner was served, the members of the Sunday school class, the Clover club, of which the bride has been teacher for several years, were the table attendants.

The house was handsomely decorated. The bride has been attending Wesleyan university, while the groom is the proprietor of a farm in the state of Iowa.

Walter Cromwell shipped his household goods to Foster, Neb., this week, where he has purchased a farm and will make his home. The family have lived in this community for nearly thirty years.

### In County Court.

A number of probate matters were disposed of yesterday in county court. The first hearing on claims against the estate of James Dyer, late of Greenwood, was held and such as had been filed allowed. In the estate of Amelia Hoffman, administratrix was discharged and a distribution of the property made. The bondsmen of the administratrix were also released from further liability on the bond. In the estate of James A. White the first hearing on claims was had. The will of the late Nancy L. Willis was admitted to probate, the attesting witnesses being present and testifying. A petition was filed asking for the admission of the will of the late George E. Sayles to probate and also a petition asking that the will of the late Josiah Timblin be admitted to probate.

### Former Resident of County.

Mrs. Charles H. Pinkham of Abilene, Kansas, came in this morning for a short visit with friends in the city. Mrs. Pinkham is the wife of Mr. Charles H. Pinkham, formerly a pioneer citizen of Rock Bluffs, later of South Bend, Neb., where he was for a number of years engaged in general merchandise, but now of Abilene, Kas., where in company with his son they are among the leading merchants of that bustling Kansas city.

Mrs. Pinkham, was, before her marriage, Miss Hellen Cooley, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith Cooley who were early settlers of Eight Mile Grove precinct, near Old Glendale. Mrs. Pinkham is a sister of Mrs. George Sayles, widow of the late George Sayles of Cedar Creek, and was in attendance at the funeral of that leading and highly respected pioneer settler. She is an aunt of George Sales, manager of the Duff Grain Company in this city, and will be the guest of that gentleman and other friends in Cass County for awhile.

Frank E. White, secretary of the Massens of Nebraska, spent last evening in the city looking after business for the order and visiting with relatives, returning to his office in Omaha this morning on the early train.

# YOUR CHANGE NOW To BUY PANTS CHEAP!

JUST 4 PRICES

\$1½  
\$2  
\$2½  
\$3

Some of them worth \$5 and \$6. Wherever one or two left we have put them in to close out. Rather lose money on these and clean our stock up for the new spring line. Better come now. Sold fast last week. CASH only Look at our West Window

## C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS

"Where Quality Counts."

**Young People Wed.**

At his offices in the court house this afternoon County Judge Beeson united in marriage two of Cass county's most popular young people. The contracting parties were Peter Schroeder, aged 24, and Miss Margaret Stoehr, aged 23, both from near Cedar Creek. The wedding took place at about 2 o'clock. The wedding party comprised the bride and groom and Miss Louise Stoehr, a sister of the bride, who was bridesmaid, and Hans Schroeder, a brother of the groom, who acted as best man.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of a large number of spectators who happened to be in the building at the time. The wedding party assembled in front of the judge's bench and Judge Beeson pronounced the words which linked their lives forever. The bride was handsomely attired in white and had some very handsome bride's robes attached to her corsage. The bridesmaid was also charmingly attired and likewise carried some handsome robes.

The bride is the charming and cultured daughter of Philip Stoehr and wife, a young lady of rare attainments in every respect and one who numbers her friends by the score. They all unite in wishing her a long and happy married life and trust that all her wedded days will be as full of sunshine and light as the day upon which she was wed.

The groom is the son of Jerry Schroeder and wife, a young man of more than ordinary worth and a fit husband for the charming lady whom he has made his bride. He is recognized by his many friends as one of the best of young men, worthy, reliable and of sterling honesty.

The happy couple will enter upon farming, which the groom has followed during his life and will continue to grace Cass county with their presence.

### Brings Good Figure.

Clerk of the District Court James Robertson this morning made the sale of the lands of the Krampton estate, disposing of the same at the south door of the court house. The land was bought by Julius Reinke of South Bend, he bidding the sum of \$16,500 for the 200 acres, or an average of \$82 ½ per acre. The price is generally regarded as very fair, as the land was not very much improved, the buildings being old and rather out of repair. All parties concerned in the sale expressed themselves as satisfied with the outcome.