

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By
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Illustrations by
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to the leader.

"See what you can find—and have a care!"

The speaker went to the rail and began fumbling with the rope. The other, I realized, was slipping quite noiselessly along the smooth planking toward me, his bent body faintly silhouetted in the moonlight. I knew that I could hardly be distinguishable from the long line of the house, and I had the additional advantage of knowing their strength, while I was still an unknown quantity to them. The men would assume that I was either Hartridge, the boatmaker, or Henry Holbrook, one of whom they had come to kill, and there is, as every one knows, little honor in being the victim of mistaken identity. I heard the man's hand scratching along the wall as he advanced cautiously; there was no doubt but that he would discover me in another moment; so I resolved to take the initiative and give battle.

My finger-tips touched the back of one of the folded camp chairs that rested against the house, and I slowly clasped it. I saw the leader still standing by the rail, the rope in his hand. His accomplice was so close that I could hear his quick breathing, and something in his dimly outlined crouching figure was familiar. Then it flashed over me that he was the dark sailor I had ordered from Glenarm that afternoon.

He was now within arm's length of me and I jumped out, swung the chair high and brought it down with a crash on his head. The force of the blow carried me forward and jerked the chair out of my grasp; and down we went with a mighty thump. I felt the Italian's body slip and twist lithely under me as I tried to clasp his arms. He struggled fiercely to free himself, and I felt the point of a knife prick my left wrist sharply as I sought to hold his right arm to the deck. His muscles were like iron, and I had no wish to let him clasp me in his short thick arms; nor did the idea of being struck with a knife cheer me greatly in that first moment of the fight.

My main business was to keep free of the knife. He was slowly lifting me on his knees, while I gripped his arm with both hands. The other man had dropped into the boat and was watching us across the rail.

"Make haste, Giuseppe!" he called impatiently, and I laughed a little, either at his confidence in the outcome or at his care for his own security; and my courage rose to find that I had only one to reckon with. I suddenly slipped my left hand down to where my right gripped his wrist and wrenched it sharply. His fingers relaxed, and when I repeated the twist the knife rattled on the deck.

I broke away and leaped for the rail with some idea of jumping into the creek and swimming for it; and then the man in the boat let go twice with a revolver, the echoing explosions roaring over the still creek with the sound of saluting battle-ships.

"Hold on to that man—hold him!" he shouted from below. I heard the Italian scraping about on the deck for his knife as I dodged round the house. I was satisfied to let things stand as they were, and leave Henry Holbrook and the canoe-maker to defend their own lives and property. Then, when I was about midway of the steps, a man plunged down from the garden and had me by the collar and on my back before I knew what had happened.

There was an instant's silence in which I heard angry voices from the houseboat. My new assailant listened, too, and I felt his grasp on me tighten, though I was well winded and tame enough.

I heard the boat strike the platform sharply as the second man jumped into it; then for an instant silence again held the valley.

My captor seemed to dismiss the retreating boat, and poking a pistol into my ribs gave me his attention.

"Climb up these steps, and do as I tell you. If you run, I will shoot you like a dog."

"There's a mistake—" I began, chokingly, for the Italian had almost strangled me and my lungs were as empty as a spent bellows.

"That will do. Climb!" He stuck the revolver into my back and up I went and through the garden toward the cottage. A door opening on the veranda was slightly ajar, and I was thrust forward none too gently into a lighted room.

My captor and I studied each other attentively for half a minute. He was beyond question the man whom Helen Holbrook had sought at the houseboat in the summer dusk. Who Hartridge was did not matter; it was evident that Holbrook was quite at home in the canoe-maker's house, and that he had no intention of calling any one else into his affairs. He had undoubtedly heard the revolver shots below and rushed from the cottage to investigate;

and, meeting me in full flight, he had naturally taken it for granted that I was involved in some designs on himself. As he leaned against a table by the door his grave blue eyes scrutinized me with mingled indignation and interest.

I seemed to puzzle him, and his gaze swept me from head to foot several times before he spoke. Then his eyes flashed angrily and he took a step toward me.

"Who in the devil are you and what do you want?"

"My name is Donovan, and I don't want anything except to get home."

"Where do you come from at this hour of the night?"

"I am spending the summer at Mr. Glenarm's place, near Annandale."

"That's rather unlikely; Mr. Glenarm is abroad. What were you doing down there on the creek?"

"I wasn't doing anything until two men came along to kill you and I mixed up with them and got badly mussed for my trouble."

He eyed me with a new interest.

"They came to kill me, did they? You tell a good story, Mr. Donovan."

"Quite so. I was standing on the deck of the houseboat, or whatever it is—"

"Where you had no business to be—"

"Granted. I had no business to be there; but I was there and came near getting killed for my impertinence, as I have told you. Those fellows rowed up from the direction of the lake. One of them told the other to call you to your door on the pretense of summoning aid for a broken motor car off there in the road. Then he was to stab you. The assassin was an Italian. His employer spoke to him in that tongue. I happen to be acquainted with it."

"You are a very accomplished person," he observed, dryly.

He walked up to me and felt my pockets.

"Who fired that pistol?"

"The man in charge of the expedition. The Italian was trying to knife me on the deck, and I broke away from him and ran. His employer had gone back to the boat for safety and he took a crack at me as I ran across the platform. It's not the fault of either that I'm not quite out of business."

An inner door back of me creaked slightly. My captor swung round at the sound.

"O Rosalind! It's all right. A gentleman here lost his way and I'm giving him his bearings."

The door closed gently, and I heard the sound of steps retreating through the cottage. I noted the anxious look in Holbrook's face as he waited for the sounds to cease; then he addressed me again.

"Mr. Donovan, this is a quiet neighborhood, and I am a peaceable man, whose worldly goods could tempt no one. There were undoubtedly others besides yourself down there at the creek, for one man couldn't have made all that row; but as you are the one I caught I must deal with you. But you have protested too much; the idea of Italian bandits on Tippecanoe creek is creditable to your imagination, but it doesn't appeal to my common sense. I don't know about your being a guest at Glenarm house—even that is flimsy. A guest in the absence of the host is just a little too fanciful. I'm strongly disposed to take you to the calaboose at Tippecanoe village."

Having been in jail several times in different parts of the world I was not anxious to add to my experiences in that direction. Moreover, I had come to this lonely house on the Tippecanoe to gain information touching the movements of Henry Holbrook, and I did not relish the idea of being thrown into a country jail by him. I resolved to meet the situation boldly.

"You seem to accept my word reluctantly, even after I have saved you from being struck down at your own door. Now I will be frank with you. I had a purpose in coming here—"

He stepped back and folded his arms.

"Yes, I thought so." He looked about uneasily, before his eyes met mine. His hands beat nervously on his sleeves as he waited, and I resolved to bring matters to an issue by speaking his name.

"I know who you are, Mr. Holbrook."

His hands went into his pockets again, and he stepped back and laughed.

"You are a remarkably bad guesser, Mr. Donovan. If you had visited me by daylight instead of coming like a thief at midnight, you would have saved yourself much trouble. My name is displayed over the outer gate. I am Robert Hartridge, the canoe-maker."

He spoke the name carelessly, his manner and tone implying that there could be no debating the subject. I was prepared for evasion, but not for this cool denial of his identity.

"But this afternoon, Mr. Holbrook, I chanced to follow the creek to this point and I saw—"

"You probably saw that houseboat down there, that is my shop. As I tell you, I am a maker of canoes. They have, I hope, some reputation—honest hand-work; and my output is limited. I shall be deeply chagrined if you have never heard of the Hartridge canoe."

He shook his head in mock grief, walked to a cabarette and took up a pipe and filled it. He was carrying off the situation well; but his coolness angered me.

"Mr. Hartridge, I am sorry that I must believe that heretofore you have been known as Holbrook. The fact was clenched for me this afternoon, quite late, as I stood in the path below there. I heard quite distinctly a young woman call you father."

"So? Then you're an eavesdropper

as well as a trespasser!"—and the man laughed.

"We will admit that I am both," I flared, angrily.

"You are considerate, Mr. Donovan!"

"The young woman who called you father and whom you answered from the deck of the houseboat is a person I know."

"The devil!"

He calmly puffed his pipe, holding the bowl in his fingers, his idle hand thrust into his trousers pocket.

"It was Miss Helen Holbrook that I saw here, Mr. Hartridge."

—He started, then recovered himself and peered into the pipe bowl for a second; then looked at me with an amused smile on his face.

"You certainly have a wonderful imagination. The person you saw, if you saw any one on your visit to these premises to-day, was my daughter, Rosalind Hartridge. Where do you think you know her, Mr. Donovan?"

"I saw her this morning at St. Agatha's school. I not only saw her, but I talked with her, and I am neither deaf nor blind."

He pursed his lips and studied me, with his head slightly tilted to one side, in a cool fashion that I did not like.

"Rather an odd place to have met this Miss—what name, did you say?—Miss Helen Holbrook;—a closed schoolhouse, and that sort of thing."

"You may ease your mind on that point; she was with your sister, her aunt, Mr. Holbrook; and I want you to understand that your following Miss Patricia Holbrook here is infamous and that I have no other business but to protect her from you."

He bent his eyes upon me gravely and nodded several times.

"Mr. Donovan," he began, "I repeat that I am not Henry Holbrook, and my daughter—is my daughter, and not your Miss Helen Holbrook. Moreover, if you will go to Tippecanoe or to Annandale and ask about me you will learn that I have been a resident of this community, working at my trade, that of a canoe-maker. That shop down there by the creek and this house, I built myself."

"But the girl—"

"Was not Helen Holbrook, but my daughter, Rosalind Hartridge. She has been away at school, and came home only a week ago. You are clearly mistaken; and if you will call, as you undoubtedly will, on your Miss Holbrook at St. Agatha's in the morning, you will undoubtedly find your young lady there quite safely in charge of—what was the name, Miss Patricia Holbrook?—in whose behalf you take so praiseworthy an interest."

He was treating me quite as though I were a stupid schoolboy, but I rallied sufficiently to demand:

"If you are so peaceable and only a boatmaker here, will you tell me why you have enemies who are so anxious to kill you? I imagine that murder isn't common on the quiet shores of this little creek, and that an Italian sailor is not employed to kill men who have not a past of some sort behind them."

His brows knit and the jaw under his short beard tightened. Then he smiled and threw his pipe on the cabarette.

"I have only your word for it that there's an Italian in the wood-pile. I have friends among the country folk here and in the lake villages who can vouch for me. As I am not in the least interested in your affairs I shall not trouble you for your credentials; but as the hour is late and I hope I have satisfied you that we have no acquaintances in common, I will bid you good night. If you care for a boat to carry you home—"

"Thank you, no!" I jerked.

He bowed with slightly exaggerated courtesy, walked to the door and threw it open. He asked where I had left my horse, wished me a pleasant ride home, and I was striding up the highway in no agreeable frame of mind before I quite realized that my houseboat was narrowly escaping death on his houseboat at the hands of his enemies, Henry Holbrook had not only sent me away as ignorant as I had come, but had added considerably to my perplexities.

CHAPTER VI.

A Sunday's Mixed Affairs.

The faithful Ijima opened the door of Glenarm House, and after I had swallowed the supper he always had ready for me when I kept late hours, I established myself in comfort on the terrace and studied the affairs of the house of Holbrook until the robins rang up the dawn. On their hint I went to bed and slept until Ijima came in at ten o'clock with my coffee. An old hymn chimed by the chapel bells reminded me that it was Sunday. Services were held during the summer, so the house servants informed me, for the benefit of the cottagers at Port Annandale; and walking to our pier I soon saw a flotilla of launches and canoes steering for St. Agatha's. I entered the school grounds by the Glenarm gate and watched several smart traps approach by the lake road, depositing other devout folk at the chapel.

The sight of bright parasols and modish gowns, the semi-urban Sunday that had fallen in this quiet corner of the world, as though out of the bright blue above, made all the more unreal my experiences of the night. And just then the door of the main hall of St. Agatha's opened and forth came Miss Pat, Helen Holbrook and Sister Margaret and walked toward the chapel.

It was Helen who greeted me first. "Aunt Pat can't withstand the temptations of a day like this. We're chagrined to think we never knew this part of the world before!"

"I'm sure there is no danger," said

ARRESTS EMPLOYES

Burlington Baggage-men Rob Trunks and Baggage

Somewhat of a sensation was created recently in railroad circles by the arrest of several Burlington baggage men and express messengers, gagemen accused of rifling trunks cases. The Creston Advertiser says:

"Following the arrest of George Kautenbege, a Burlington road baggage man, accused of rifling trunks and suit cases, an investigation was started that is reported to have resulted in the arrest of three other employees. Two of these are said to be express messengers and all three had runs between Chicago and Council Bluffs. A search of the train boxes, owned by the baggage men and express messengers, resulted in the finding of incriminating evidence of wrong doing, and the arrest in Chicago followed.

A novel method of detecting the baggage men was adopted by the detectives who worked on the case. Incidentally one of these sleuths submitted to an uncomfortable existence for a period of twelve hours on several occasions while acting as a dummy corpse safely tucked away in the interior of a large wooden box of the style used to transport the dead. A system of espionage was in effect by the company detectives for several months before the right men were apprehended. The detectives appeared to be unable to discover a clue in their work, and it was then decided to resort to a trick that proved effectual.

One of the sleuths was placed in a rough box, and was shipped over the road and several branches as a corpse. Of course, the box containing the detective was so arranged that the man inside could rest in a comfortable position and have plenty of air and peep holes were provided by which he could secure a fairly good view of the interior of the car. Unconscious of the fact that a live one occupied the box supposed to contain a corpse, the crooked baggage men and express messengers continued to rob the trunks and grips under their charge and the detective was piling up incriminating evidence. When the proper time arrived for arrests they were made and a shake up resulted.—Mills County Tribune.

Married.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Morrell of Palmyra, on Saturday at noon, Mr. Clifton Contryman and Miss Nellie Morrell were united in marriage by Rev. Maxcy.

Only the relatives of the contracting parties were present, and after the wedding dinner the bride and groom departed on the afternoon train for their wedding trip to Chicago to visit a few days and then on to Schenectady, N. Y., where they will visit Mr. Contryman's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Turner.

When they return it will be to reside on the south side, Weeping Water, in the house soon to be vacated by F. J. Davis.

The bride, we learn, is a most excellent lady and comes of a family highly respected in the community and prosperous farmers. The bride is attractive and pleasing and the groom, as all know, is one of the finest young men that a girl could find, a worker, well informed and morally right. May the best in both join in making a happy and contented home.—Weeping Water Republican.

Bridge Brings Trade.

Last Saturday was one of the biggest days our merchants have had in a number of years from a trade standpoint. The people of Sarpy county have just begun to find out that the new Platte river wagon bridge is open for traffic and the way they poured into our town from that side of the river was something that made the oldest inhabitant stand in awe. By two o'clock every available hitching post in town was in use and those that came later were compelled to unhitch and tie to their buggies and wagons. The merchants of Louisville are always leaders in low prices and this is one reason that so many come here to trade. Not alone was Sarpy county well represented, but teams were seen from our neighboring villages on the south, east and west. This demonstrates the fact that the bridge will be a big thing for Louisville and that the glory is all our own; also that the powers that be must get busy at once and put up new hitching posts to accommodate the farmers when they get here.—Louisville Courier.

Mat Sulsar, one of the staunch friends of The Journal from west of the city, paid us a pleasant visit this morning and while here renewed his subscription to The Journal.

HASTINGS CITIZENS ARE SWINDLED.

Party of Greeks Hit Town and Sell Hams to Victims.

Hastings citizens have been the victims of a neat swindle the last two days. A party of Greeks landed in the city and brought with them a large quantity of hams. As soon as they reached the city they dressed as farmers and immediately began the sale of the meats. The hams were of a very inferior quality and had been coated over with a dye that gave them the appearance of being home-smoked. They represented themselves to be farmers of the community and told of having cured quantities of hams of a quality better than could be found in the local markets. As a matter of fact an experienced man could readily detect the sham and the meats were spoiled and entirely unfit for use.

From the number of complaints and a careful canvass of a small portion of the city it is estimated that there were sold more than 5,000 pounds of the decayed meats. For the past two years the local dealers have been bothered with farmers who butchered their own stock and disposed of the meat in the city, but in no case has there been any complaint of impure stuff being sold. The story was circulated that this last incident was a bluff on the part of local dealers to persuade the people that it was risky to deal with others than the established butchers.

To Aid Millers.

Dan Smith, of Cass county, has introduced a bill that will aid Nebraska millers if passed. The bill provides in general that flour bleached with nitrogen peroxide shall not be considered as adulterated.

This question caused a great commotion in milling circles some time ago when the secretary of agriculture promulgated a ruling that bleached flour would be considered adulterated. Nebraska millers said ruin faced them. Bleaching the flour does not injure the food value but it does give the flour a much finer appearance and allows competition with the white flour of other states.

It was argued that at the time if the flour was as good for food when yellow as when bleached that the legalizing of the bleached flour would not really help the miller. The millers would not agree to this argument however, saying that the appearance of flour had much to do with the ease or difficulty of sale.—Lincoln Star.

Dolan-Rough Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the Catholic church in Manly Tuesday morning, February 16, of John Joseph Dolan of Havelock and Lillian Mae Rough of Weeping Water.

Rev. Father Hennessy of Manly officiated. John Dee, Jr., of Lincoln was best man, and Miss Smith of Elmwood was bridesmaid. Miss Rough is a daughter of Jacob D. Rough a retired farmer of Weeping Water.

Mr. Dolan is a well known citizen of Havelock and has a host of friends. The young couple will make their home in Havelock for the present and are wished a long and happy life by all.—Havelock Times.

Brakeman Has Narrow Escape.

A Missouri Pacific brakeman had a narrow escape from being killed in front of the passenger depot yesterday afternoon. He was standing on the front of the engine which was making a flying switch when he was jarred off and it looked as if he was going under the wheels to be ground up, when by a mighty effort he threw himself out of the line of the engine and fell upon the brick platform and rolled out of danger's way. Nebraska City News.

Moves Close to Town.

J. W. Lowther, from near Mynard, was in the city today looking after some business matters and found to call at this office for a brief visit. In conversation with him he tells us that he will move next week to the J. H. Tams place just south of this city. Albert Tscherrin will move to the Cole place, where Mr. Lowther has lived for some time past.

H. C. Long from near Murray, was in the city yesterday looking after some business matters.

A Visit From His Brother.

A. C. Seybert, a former resident of Cass County, but now located near Dunbar, was here this week visiting with his brother, C. M. Seybert and family. Mr. Seybert is one of the prosperous farmers of Otoe county, but still has a warm spot in his heart for old Cass and her people.—Louisville Courier.

George P. Meisinger, one of the best farmers in the county, came in this morning on the Schuyler from Cedar Creek preferring to come down on the train to driving, as the roads are very rough and muddy. Mr. Meisinger comes in to look after some business matters with the merchants of the city.

PANT POINTERS!

Our
Annual
Pant Sale
is
NOW ON!

Many Have Already
Taken Advantage
of Prices
We Are
Making
At this Time

\$1.00
\$2.00
\$3.00
\$4.00

are the four prices
at which these
PANTS
Are Selling!
CASH ONLY.

C. E.
WESCOTT'S
SONS.

"Where Quality Counts."

Elmwood.

(From the Leader-Echo.)
W. H. Berger, son of G. L. Berger and a prominent real estate man of Farnum, Neb., came in Wednesday on a short business trip.

Miss Edith Perry, who graduated as a nurse from the Presbyterian hospital in Omaha Friday, came down Saturday evening for a visit with her sister, Mrs. J. M. Neely.

Miss Helen Chapman came in from Plattsmouth Saturday evening and spent Sunday at the home of William Deles Dernier and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jeary left Saturday for Mexico City, Mexico, on a short visit with Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Coats, and little grandson.

J. W. Dickinson returned last week from a business trip to Beaver City. He says they had a very heavy fall of snow there during the recent storm. He met Prof. W. T. Davis, who is principal of the schools of that city, and is well liked and doing fine in his school work.

At Lincoln one day last week 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, 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.

Walter Cromwell loaded his household goods in a car Thursday of last week and left for Foster, this state, where he purchased a farm some time ago. Mrs. Cromwell and the children left Sunday. The Cromwell family has resided in this community for almost thirty years. They are a splendid family and will be greatly missed by their many friends here. The people of Foster will find in them good citizens and excellent neighbors.

Baxter-Graves Wedding

A marriage has been issued by the county judge to Harry Baxter, aged 21, and Miss Grace Graves, aged 19, both of Murray. These young people are well known in their locality and have many friends who join in wishing them a long and happy married life.

The above parties were united in marriage by the county judge immediately after issuing the license in the presence of several witnesses. They are both popular young people and have a host of friends who wish them well on their life's journey together. The groom is the son of Levi Baxter and is a young man of exemplary habits, and one who stands excellently in the community. The bride is a daughter of Alex Graves and is a young lady of refinement and excellent character. They will make their future home in Rock Bluffs precinct on a farm.