

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By
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Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

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Miss Pat, smiling at her own timidity as she gave me her hand. I thought that she wished to speak to me alone, but Helen lingered at her side, and it was she who asked the question that was on her aunt's lips.

"We are undiscovered? You have heard nothing, Mr. Donovan?"

"Nothing, Miss Holbrook," I said;



I Brought My Horse to a Walk as I Nearsed the Cottage.

and I turned away from Miss Pat—whose eyes made lying difficult—to Helen, who met my gaze with charming candor.

And I took account of the girl anew as I walked between her and Miss Pat, through a trellised lane that alternated crimson ramblers and purple clematis, to the chapel, Sister Margaret's brown-robed figure preceding us. The open sky, the fresh airs of morning, the bird-song and the smell of verdurous earth in themselves gave Sabbath benediction. I challenged all my senses as I heard Helen's deep voice running on in light banter with her aunt. It was not possible that I had seen her through the dusk only the day before, traitorously meeting her father, the foe of this dear old lady who walked beside me. It was an impossible thing; the thought was unchivalrous and unworthy of any man calling himself gentleman. No one so wholly beautiful, no one with her voice, her steady tranquil eyes, could, I argued, do ill. And yet I had seen and heard her; I might have touched her as she crossed my path and ran down to the houseboat!

She wore to-day a white and green gown and trailed a green parasol in a white-gloved hand. Her small round hat with its sharply upturned brim imparted a new frankness to her face. Several times she looked at me quickly—she was almost my own height—and there was no questioning the perfect honesty of her splendid eyes.

"We hoped you might drop in yesterday afternoon," she said, and my ears were at once alert.

"Yes," laughed Miss Pat, "we were—"

"We were playing chess, and almost came to blows!" said Helen. "We played from tea to dinner, and Sister Margaret really had to come and tear us away from our game."

I had now learned, as though by her own intention, that had been at St. Agatha's, playing a harmless game with her aunt, at the very moment that I had seen her at the canoe-maker's. And even more conclusive was the fact that she had made this statement before her aunt, and that Miss Pat had acquiesced in it.

We had reached the church door, and I had really intended entering with them; but now I was in no frame of mind for church; I murmured an excuse about having letters to write.

"But this afternoon we shall go for a ride or a sail, which shall it be, Miss Holbrook?" I said, turning to Miss Pat in the church porch.

She exchanged glances with Helen before replying.

"As you please, Mr. Donovan. It might be that we should be safer on the water—"

I was relieved. On the lake there was much less chance of her being observed by Henry Holbrook than in the highways about Annandale. It was, to be sure, a question whether the man I had encountered at the canoe-maker's was really her brother; that question was still to be settled. The presence of Gillespie I had forgotten utterly; but he was, at any rate, the least important figure in the little drama unfolding before me.

"I shall come to your pier with the launch at five o'clock," I said, and with thanks murmuring in my ears I turned away, went home and cared for my horse.

I repeated my journey of the night

before, making daylight acquaintance with the highway. I brought my horse to a walk as I neared the canoe-maker's cottage, and I read his sign and the lettering on his mail box and satisfied myself that the name Hartridge was indisputably set forth on both. There was no one in sight; perhaps the adventure and warning of the night had caused Holbrook to leave; but at any rate I was bent upon asking about him in Tippecanoe village.

This place, lying two miles beyond the canoe-maker's, I found to be a sleepy hamlet of perhaps 50 cottages, a country store, a post-office, and a blacksmith shop. There was a water trough in front of the store, and I dismounted to give my horse a drink while I went to the cottage behind the closed store to seek the shopkeeper.

I found him in a garden under an apple tree reading a newspaper. He was an old fellow in spectacles, and, assuming that I was an idler from the summer colony, he greeted me courteously. I questioned him as to the character of the winters in this region, spoke of the employments of the village folk, then mentioned the canoe-maker.

"Yes; he works the year round down there on the Tippecanoe. He sells his canoes all over the country—the Hartridge, that's his name. You must have seen his sign there by the cedar hedge. They say he gets big prices for his canoes."

"I suppose he's a native in these parts?" I ventured.

"No; but he's been here a good while. I guess nobody knows where he comes from—or cares. He works pretty hard, but I guess he likes it."

"He's an industrious man, is he?"

"Oh, he's a steady worker; but he's a queer kind, too. Now, he never votes and he never goes to church; and for the sake of the argument, neither do I"—and the old fellow winked prodigiously. "He's a mighty odd man; but I can't say that that's against him. But he's quiet and peaceable, and now his daughter—"

"Oh, he has a daughter?"

"Yes; and that's all he has, too; and they never have any visitors. The daughter just come home the other day, and we ain't hardly seen her yet. She's been away at school."

"I suppose Mr. Hartridge is absent sometimes; he doesn't live down there all the time, does he?"

"I can't say that I could prove it; sometimes I don't see him for a month or more; but his business is his own, stranger," he concluded, pointedly.

"You think that if Mr. Hartridge had a visitor you'd know it?" I persisted, though the shopkeeper grew less amiable.

"Well, now, I might; and again I mightn't. Mr. Hartridge is a queer man. I don't see him every day, and particularly in the winter I don't keep track of him."

With a little leading the storekeeper described Hartridge for me, and his description tallied exactly with the man who had caught me on the canoe-maker's premises the night before. And yet, when I had thanked the storekeeper and ridden on through the village, I was as much befuddled as ever. There was something decidedly incongruous in the idea that a man who was, by all superficial signs, at least a gentleman, should be established in the business of making canoes by the side of a lonely creek in this odd corner of the world. From the storekeeper's account, Hartridge might be absent from his retreat for long periods; if he were Henry Holbrook and wished to annoy his sister, it was not so far from this lonely creek to the Connecticut town where Miss Pat lived. Again, as to the daughter, just home from school and not yet familiar to the eyes of the village, she might easily enough be an invention to hide the visits of Helen Holbrook. I found myself trying to account for the fact that, by some means short of the miraculous, Helen Holbrook had played chess with Miss Pat at St. Agatha's at the very hour I had seen her with her father on the Tippecanoe. And then I was baffled again as I remembered that Paul Stoddard had sent the two women to St. Agatha's, and that their destination could not have been chosen by Helen Holbrook.

My thoughts wandered into many blind alleys as I rode on. I was thoroughly disgusted with myself at finding the loose ends of the Holbrooks' affairs multiplying so rapidly. The sun of noon shone hot overhead, and I turned my horse into a road that led homeward by the eastern shore of the lake. As I approached a little country church at the crown of a long hill I saw a crowd gathered in the highway and reined my horse to see what had happened. The congregation of farmers and their families had just been dismissed; and they were pressing about a young man who stood in the center of an excited throng. Drawing closer, I was amazed to find my friend Gillespie the center of attention.

"But, my dear sir," cried a tall, bearded man whom I took to be the minister of this wayside flock, "you must at least give us the privilege of thanking you! You cannot know what this means to us, a gift so munificent—so far beyond our dreams."

Whereat Gillespie looked bored, shook his head, and tried to force his way through the encircling rustics. He was clad in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers of fantastic plaid, with a cap to match.

A young farmer, noting my curiosity and heavy with great news, whispered to me:

"That boy in short pants put a \$1,000 bill in the collection basket. All in one bill! They thought it was a mistake, but he told our preacher it was a free gift."

Just then I heard the voice of my fool raised so that all might hear:

"Friends, on the dusty highway of life, I can take none of the honor or credit you so kindly offer me. The money I have given you to-day I came by honestly. I stepped into your cool and restful house of worship this morning in search of bodily ease. The small voice of conscience stirred within me. I had not been inside a church for two years, and I was greatly shaken. But as I listened to your eloquent pastor I was aware that the green wall paper interrupted my soul currents. That vegetable-green tint is notorious as a psychical interceptor. Spend the money as you like, gentlemen, but if I, a stranger, may suggest it, try some less violent color scheme in your mural decorations."

He seemed choking with emotion as with bowed head he pushed his way through the circle and strode past me. The people stared after him, mystified and marveling. I heard an old man calling out:

"How wonderful are the ways of Lord!"

I let Gillespie pass, and followed him slowly until a turn in the road hid us from the staring church folk. He turned and saw me.

"You have discovered me, Donovan. Be sure your sins will find you out! A simple people, singularly moved at the sight of a greenback. I have rarely caused caused so much excitement."

"I suppose you are trying to ease your conscience by giving away some of your button money."

"That is just it, Donovan. You have struck the brass tack on the head. But now that we have met again, albeit through no fault of my own, let me mention matters of real human interest."

"You might tell me what you're doing here first."

"Walking; there were no cabs, Donovan."

"You choose a queer hour of the day for your exercise."

"One might say the same for your ride. But let us be sensible. I dare say there's some common platform on which we both stand."

"We'll assume it," I replied, dismounting by the roadside that I might talk more easily. Bandages were still visible at his wrists, and a strip of court-plaster across the knuckles of his right hand otherwise testified to the edges of the glass in St. Agatha's garden. He held up his hands ruefully.

"Those were nasty slashes; and I ripped them up badly in climbing out of your window. But I couldn't linger; I am not without my little occupations."

"You stand an excellent chance of being shot if you don't clear out of this. If there's any shame in you you will go without making further trouble."

"It has occurred to me," he began, slowly, "that I know something that you ought to know. I saw Henry Holbrook yesterday."

"Where?" I demanded.

"On the lake. He's rented a sloop yacht called the Stiletto. I passed it yesterday on the Annandale steamer and I saw him quite distinctly."

"It's all your fault that he's here!" I blurted, thoroughly aroused. "If you had not followed those women they might have spent the remainder of their lives here and never have been molested. But he undoubtedly caught the trail from you."

Gillespie nodded gravely and frowned before he answered.

"I am sorry to spoil your theory, my dear Irish brother, but put this in your pipe: Henry was here first! He rented the sailboat ten days ago—and I made my triumphant entry a week later. Explain that, if you please, Mr. Donovan."

I was immensely relieved by this disclosure, for it satisfied me that I had not been mistaken in the identity of the canoe-maker. I had, however, no intention of taking the button king into my confidence.

"Where is Holbrook staying?" I asked casually.

"I don't know—he keeps afloat. The Stiletto belongs to a Cincinnati man who isn't coming here this summer and Holbrook has got the use of the boat. So much I learned from the boat storage man at Annandale; then I passed the Stiletto and saw Henry on board."

It was clear that I knew more than Gillespie, but he had supplied me with several interesting bits of information, and, what was more to the point, he had confirmed my belief that Henry Holbrook and the canoe-maker were the same person.

"You must see that I face a difficult situation here, without counting you. You don't strike me as a wholly bad lot, Gillespie, and why won't you run along like a good boy and let me deal with Holbrook? Then when I have settled with him I'll see what can be done for you. Your position as an unwelcome suitor, engaged in annoying the lady you profess to love, and causing her great anxiety and distress, is unworthy of the really good fellow I believe you to be."

He was silent for a moment; then he spoke very soberly.

"I promise you, Donovan, that I will do nothing to encourage or help Holbrook. I know as well as you that he's a blackguard; but my own affairs I must manage in my own way."

"But as surely as you try to molest those women you will have to answer to me. I am not in the habit of beginning what I never finish, and I intend to keep those women out of your way as well as out of Holbrook's clutches, and if you get a cracked head in the business—well, the crack's in your own skull, Mr. Gillespie."

He shrugged his shoulders, threw up his head and turned away down the road.

LINCOLN LETTER

Correspondence Regarding Doings of
State Legislature

Lincoln, Neb., March 2.—(Special Correspondence)—The time limit for the introduction of bills has expired, and from now on the work of legislation will go on in real earnest. The "slaughter of the innocents," reference being had to favorite bills, has already begun. That the pledges of the democratic platform will be carried out in letter and spirit is assured. It is no easy task to frame a law that will stand the scrutiny of a supreme court, especially when that law has to deal with such an important matter as our banking laws. But the committees on banking have worked hard and long, and the result is a bill that will carry out the pledge guaranteeing depositors. The bill may, and doubtless will, be amended before its final passage, but the amendments will have to do with details, and not with the spirit of the law.

Senate file 15 has been passed by both houses and now goes to Governor Shallenberger. This bill provides that the secretary of state shall cause to be published in newspapers designated by the governor all proposed constitutional amendments.

Senator Donahoe's bill providing a non-partisan judiciary and taking the schools out of politics, has passed the senate. It provides that no party designation be affixed to candidates for judges of the supreme court, or candidates for county superintendent or state superintendent.

The house took the bit in its teeth last week and ordered the stock yards bill reported to the committee. This bill regulates the prices charged by the stock yards and puts that big business institution under the supervision of the railway commission. The house will restore to the physical valuation bill some things taken from it in the senate.

At this writing it seems safe to say that the physical valuation bill will include all public service corporations of whatsoever kind. The determination is to make good the platform pledge for a physical valuation of all corporations performing public service.

House Roll 1 has gone to the governor. This is what is known as the "Oregon Plan" of electing United States senators. By its provisions candidates for the legislature are given the option of signing two pledges or refusing to sign any. One pledges the candidate to vote for the senatorial candidate receiving the highest number of votes. The other pledges him to vote for the candidate receiving the highest number of votes in his district. Or he can refuse to pledge himself at all. This is the bill which republican organs charge is a plan to "foist Bryan" on the state.

Here is a little sample of republican politics: It happened in one of the state institutions situate close to the Missouri river. When Governor Shallenberger's appointee assumed charge of this institution he found that the retiring superintendent had on January 30, 1908, signed contracts with the teachers he had appointed for the year of 1909. Thus the incoming superintendent found himself burdened with the teachers appointed by his predecessor.

One of our Governor Sheldon's appointees may yet find himself in trouble. This particular man made affidavit that he performed the work in two separate jobs, thereby drawing two separate and distinct salaries. It is well known that he never performed one bit of the work of one position. He did, however, draw a warrant for \$35 every month which he retained, and gave a woman from \$5 to \$8 a month to actually do the work which he claimed to have done, and for which he drew \$35 a month.

The number of bills introduced in the house at this session will not be larger than the number introduced two years ago. But the number will be about the same. The general appropriations bill will not be larger than the one two years ago, notwithstanding the fact that the constitutional amendments adopted last fall will add something like \$90,000 a year to the expenses of the supreme and district courts. And it must be born in mind that this legislature will have to take care of several deficiencies created by the Sheldon administration.

March 10, Mr. Bryan's birthday, will be the occasion for the gathering of democratic clans in Lincoln. There will be a banquet in the evening, at which time Mr. Bryan will speak, as will others. In the afternoon the Democratic Editorial Association will meet at the Lincoln Hotel, and an interesting program has been prepared. Mr. Bryan, who is a past president of the association, will address the editors.

J. A. L.

Ralph Bingham the entertainer spent the night in Plattsmouth.

New Spring Clothes

at the
Quality Store



For the last two months we have been receiving our New Spring Line of Quality Clothes. We're ready now to show you the finest tailored and most up-to-date apparel ever brought to this little city. We've been East comparing makes and styles. We're more convinced than ever that the goods we will show you the present season are the best made in the United States, and we are prepared to prove it. The very styles we will show you are being shown in the swellest stores on State Street. Come in and get posted.

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WESCOTT'S
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"Where Quality Counts."

GEORGE E. SAYLES

Short Biographical Sketch.

In the death of Geo. E. Sayles, pioneer grain dealer and merchant of Cedar Creek, Cass County loses another of its oldest citizens.

The patient had been a sufferer for several years with an incurable and fatal disease, but showed remarkable fortitude and tenacity, having continued to attend to business to the last, his death occurring Monday, February 15, at 8 o'clock a. m.

Geo. E. Sayles was born at Dover, New Hampshire, April 21, 1849, and was in his 60th year at the time of his demise.

With his parents he moved to Kewanee, Ill., where his father, John Sayles, died in 1855.

His mother having taken up a homestead, the family settled on a farm near Cedar Creek, in 1858, at which place he resided until his death.

He was married to Miss Frances A. Cooley in 1869, and his estimable wife and five children survive him.



The children are Mrs. Susie A. Fudge of Covington, Va., Mrs. Ida H. Seybert and Geo. R. Sayles, of Plattsmouth, Miss Eva A. and Ruth N. Sayles of Cedar Creek, Neb., also one brother, John Sayles of Greenwood, Neb., and two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Mealey of Eau Claire, Wis., and Mrs. Abigail Davidson of Oakland, Cal.

He was a member of the Christian church, joining at the age of 18 and was baptized by Rev. Henry, service at that time being held in the old Glendale school house.

He was a man of excellent business principles, and invariably managed his affairs with simple justice to all concerned.

His integrity above reproach; always considerate of his friends; he was a kind and indulgent husband and father, and he will be greatly missed in his family and business circles.

The funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. J. H. Salsbury, assisted by the Presbyterian quartette of Plattsmouth, and the A. O. U. W., M. W. A., and D. of H. lodges of Cedar Creek, the remains being interred in the Glendale cemetery.

The pall bearers were: John A. Charles C., and Ferdinand J. Hennings, George P. Meisinger, John H., Albert and Peter J. Keil. Henry Inhelder attended to the formation of the procession.

The deepest sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved family in this saddest hour of their lives.