

# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By  
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Illustrations by  
RAY WALTERS



Embarked the Two Exiles Without Incident.

do more than try to annoy us by forcing us on the swampy shore; for it was still broad daylight, and we were likely at any moment to meet other craft. I was confident that with any sort of luck I could slip past him and gain the strait, or dodge and run round him before he could change the course of his heavy skiff.

I kicked the end of an oar which the launch carried for emergencies and Ijima, on this hint, drew it toward him.

"You can see some of the roofs of Port Annandale across the neck here," I remarked, seeing that the women had begun to watch the approaching boat uneasily.

I kept up a rapid fire of talk, but listened only to the engine's regular beat. The launch was now close to the Italian's boat, and having nearly completed the semicircle I was obliged to turn a little to watch him. Suddenly he sat up straight and lay to with the oars, pulling hard toward a point we must pass in order to clear the strait and reach the upper lake again. The fellow's hostile intentions were clear to all of us now and we all silently awaited the outcome. His skiff rose high in air under the impulsion of his strong arms, and if he struck our lighter craft amidships, as seemed inevitable, he would undoubtedly swamp us.

Ijima half rose, glanced toward the yacht, which was heading for the strait, and then at me, but I shook my head.

"Mind the engine, Ijima," I said with as much coolness as I could muster.

The margin between us and the skiff rapidly diminished, and the Italian turned to take his bearings with every lift of his oars. He had thrown off his cap, and as he looked over his shoulder I saw his evil face sharply outlined. I counted slowly to myself the number of strokes that would be necessary to bring him in collision if he persisted, charging against his progress our own swift, arrow-like flight over the water. The shore was close, and I had counted on a full depth of water, but Ijima now called out warningly in his shrill pipe and our bottom scraped as I veered off. This maneuver cost me the equivalent of ten of the Italian's deep strokes, and the shallow water added a new element of danger.

"Stand by the oar, Ijima," I called in a low tone; and I saw in a flash Miss Pat's face, quite calm, but with her lips set tight.

Ten yards remained, I judged, between the skiff and the strait, and there was nothing for us now but to let speed and space work out their problem.

Ijima stood up and seized the oar. I threw the wheel hard apart in a last hope of dodging, and the launch listed badly as it swung round. Then the bow of the skiff rose high, and Helen shrieked away with a little cry; there was a scratching and grinding for an instant, as Ijima, bending forward, dug the oar into the skiff's bow and checked it with the full weight of his body. As we fended off the oar snapped and splintered and he tumbled into the water with a great splash, while we swerved and rocked for a moment and then sped on through the little strait.

Looking back, I saw Ijima swimming for the shore. He rose in the water and called "All right!" and I knew he would take excellent care of himself. The Italian had shipped his oars and lay where we had left him, and I heard him, above the beat of our engine, laugh derisively as we glided out of sight.

"Miss Holbrook, will you please steer for me?"—and in effecting the necessary changes of position that I might get to the engine we were all able to regain our composure. I saw Miss Pat touch her forehead with her handkerchief, but she said nothing.

Even after St. Agatha's pier hove in sight silence held us all. The wind, continuing to freshen, was whipping the lake with a sharp lash, and I made much of my trifling business with the engine, and of the necessity for occasional directions to the girl at the wheel.

My contrition at the danger to which I had stupidly brought them was strong in me; but there were other things to think of. Miss Pat could not be deceived as to the animus of our encounter, for the Italian's conduct could hardly be accounted for on the score of stupidity; and the natural peace and quiet of this region only emphasized the gravity of her plight. My first thought was that I must at once arrange for her removal to some other place. With Henry Holbrook established within a few miles of St. Agatha's the school was certainly no longer a tenable harbor.

As I tended the engine I saw, even when I tried to avoid her, the figure of Helen Holbrook in the stern, quite intent upon steering and calling now and then to ask the course when in my preoccupation I forgot to give it. The storm was driving a dark hood across the lake, and the thunder boomed more loudly. Storms in this neighborhood break quickly and I ran full speed for St. Agatha's to avoid the rain that already blurred the west.

We landed with some difficulty, owing to the roughened water and the hard drive of the wind; but in a few minutes we had reached St. Agatha's where Sister Margaret flung open the door just as the storm let go with a roar.

When we reached the sitting room we talked with unmistakable restraint of the storm and of our race with it across the lake—while Sister Margaret stood by murmuring her interest and sympathy. She withdrew immediately and we three sat in silence, no one wishing to speak the first word. I saw with deep pity that Miss Pat's eyes

were bright with tears, and my heart burned hot with self-accusation. Sister Margaret's quick step died away in the hall, and still we waited while the rain drove against the house in sheets and the branches of a tossing maple scratched spitefully on one of the panes.

"We have been found out; my brother is here," said Miss Pat.

"I am afraid that is true," I replied. "But you must not distress yourself. This is not Sicily, where murder is a polite diversion. The Italian wished merely to frighten us; it's a case of sheerest blackmail. I am ashamed to have given him the opportunity. It was my fault—my grievous fault; and I am heartily sorry for my stupidity."

"Do not accuse yourself! It was inevitable from the beginning that Henry should find us. But this place seemed remote enough. I had really begun to feel quite secure—but now!"

"But now!" repeated Helen, with a little sigh.

I marveled at the girl's composure—at her quiet acceptance of the situation, when I knew well enough her shameful duplicity. Then by one of those intuitions of grace that were so charming in her she bent forward and took Miss Pat's hand. The emerald rings flashed on both as though in assertion of kinship.

"Dear Aunt Pat! You must not take that boat affair too seriously. It may not have been—father—who did that."

She faltered, dropping her voice as she mentioned her father. I was aware that Miss Pat put away her niece's hand with a sudden gesture—I did not know whether of impatience, or whether some new resolution had taken hold of her. She rose and moved nearer to me.

"What have you to propose, Mr. Donovan?" she asked, and something in her tone, in the light of her dear eyes, told me that she meant to fight, that she knew more than she wished to say, and that she relied on my support; and realizing this my heart went out to her anew.

"I think we ought to go away—at once," the girl broke out suddenly. "The place was ill-chosen; Father Stoddard should have known better than to send us here!"

"Father Stoddard did the best he could for us, Helen. It is unfair to blame him," said Miss Pat, quietly.

"And Mr. Donovan has been much more kind in undertaking to care for us at all."

"I have blundered badly enough!" I confessed, penitently.

"It might be better, Aunt Pat," began Helen, slowly, "to yield. What can it matter! A quarrel over money—it is sordid!"

Miss Pat stood up abruptly and said quietly, without lifting her voice, and turning from one to the other of us:

"We have prided ourselves for 100 years, we American Holbrooks, that we had good blood in us, and character and decency and morality; and now that the men of my house have thrown away their birthright and made our name a plaything, I am going to see whether the general decadence has struck me, too; and with my brother Arthur, a fugitive because of his crimes, and my brother Henry ready to murder me in his greed, it is time for me to test whatever blood is left in my own poor old body, and I am going to begin now! I will not run away another step; I am not going to be blackguarded and hounded about this free country or driven across the sea; and I will not give Henry Holbrook more money to use in disgracing our name. I have got to die—I have got to die before he gets it!"—and she smiled at me so bravely that something clutched my throat suddenly—"and I have every intention, Mr. Donovan, of living a very long time!"

Helen had risen, and she stood staring at her aunt in frank astonishment. Not often, probably never before, her life, had anger held sway in the soul of this woman; and there was something splendid in its manifestation. She had spoken in almost her usual tone, though with a passionate tremor toward the close; but her very restraint was in itself ominous.

"It shall be as you say, Miss Pat," I said, as soon as I had got my breath.

"Certainly, Aunt Pat," murmured Helen, tamely. "We can't be driven round the world. We may as well stay where we are."

The storm was abating, and I threw open the windows to let in the air.

"If you haven't wholly lost faith in me, Miss Holbrook—"

"I have every faith in you, Mr. Donovan!" smiled Miss Pat.

"I shall hope to take better care of you in the future."

"I am not afraid. I think that if Henry finds out that he cannot frighten me it will have a calming effect upon him."

"Yes; I suppose you are right, Aunt Pat," said Helen, passively.

I went home feeling that my responsibilities had been greatly increased by Miss Pat's manifesto; on the whole I was relieved that she had not ordered a retreat, for it would have distressed me sorely to abandon the game at this juncture to seek a new hiding place for my charges.

Long afterward Miss Pat's declaration of war rang in my ears. My heart leaps now as I remember it. And I should like to be a poet long enough to write "A Ballade of All Old Ladies," or a lyric in their honor turned with the grace of Col. Lovelace and blithe with the spirit of Frar Herrick.

I should like to inform it with their beautiful tender sympathy that is quick with tears but reader with strength to help and to save; and it should reflect, too, the noble patience, undimmed by time and distance, that makes a virtue of waiting—waiting in the long twilight with folded hands for the ships that never come! Men old

## HOUSE WORKING AT FAST CLIP

Third Reading of Bills Is Dispensed With.

## ANTI-TREAT BILL IS KILLED

House Defeats Groves' Measure by Vote of 44 to 49—Committee to Inspect Wayne Normal School, Offered to State—Talk of Sifting Committee.

Lincoln, March 6.—Although there are 300 bills on the house calendar, with only thirteen days left of this session, it is easy to see that every one of them will be disposed of at the clip which that body is working. The clerks were kept busy early in the session reading bills the third time. Finally, the house got tired of listening and the reading was dispensed with unless objection was made. The clerk simply said: "Anybody want this bill read?" after the title, and if all acquiesced the bill was quickly disposed of. It has often been the habit to read bills the first and second time by title only, but seldom, if ever, has the third reading, which comes just before the roll call, been dispensed with.

In the committee of the whole the salary appropriation bill was agreed upon, and to it was tacked on an amendment causing the offices in the capitol to remain open continuously from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Heretofore offices were closed from 12 to 2. Complaint has been made by many persons from out in the state that they were unable to transact any business during these two hours, and this caused the house to take action. In the future it will be necessary to keep some person at the offices in the state house with authority to transact business during the middle of the day.

The committee waded through the salary bill without ceremony nor mercy. The salary of the secretary of the state board of charities and corrections was cut from \$1,200 to \$700. The stenographer to the state veterinarian will in the future receive \$840 instead of \$420 a year. This change was made at the instance of the finance committee.

The senate passed nine bills, none of particular importance.

After a similar measure had gone through the senate, the house killed the anti-treat bill by Groves of Lancaster by a vote of 44 for the bill and 49 against it. Fifty-one was necessary for its passage.

The house passed the bill providing for six deputy oil inspectors and for the gravity test for oil.

In order to separate the important measures from the unimportant the majority leaders are talking of a sifting committee. The Democrats will meet Monday night in caucus to decide the matter and probably to designate members of the committee.

A committee from the house left for Wayne to inspect the normal school there, which has been offered for sale to the state.

## VICTORY FOR BISHOP BONACUM

Father Murphy Gets Final Knockout Blow From Supreme Court.

Lincoln, March 6.—By a decision rendered by the Nebraska supreme court Bishop Bonacum of the Catholic diocese of Lincoln triumphs in his ten years' fight with Father William Murphy, a priest stationed at Seward, Neb. The supreme court sustains the findings of the district court of Seward county, ousting Father Murphy from St. Vincent's parish church property, sustaining, so far as a civil court has jurisdiction, the church contention that in the case of Father Murphy "the gates of heaven are closed to him" by the decree of excommunication, pronounced by the bishop.

The struggle between the bishop and priest has been the most stubborn in the church annals of Nebraska. It began when Father Murphy was pastor of the church at Tecumseh. Differences with the bishop arose and he was transferred to the Seward parish. The trouble did not cease, and finally, in 1901, Bishop Bonacum excommunicated him, supplanting him with a new priest. The parishioners were loyal to Father Murphy, the trustees refusing to surrender the church property to his successor. Six times the case has been in the district court, and three times remanded by the supreme court. Twice it has been before the church authorities at Rome. Father Murphy has a state-wide reputation as an orator and temperance advocate. Bishop Bonacum is at present abroad and was recently in audience with the pope.

Jury Fails to Agree in Farrens Case. Tekamah, Neb., March 6.—The jury in the case of Nicholas Farrens, who was charged with the death of Lester Ball at Decatur last December, came in without arriving at any conclusion except that they could not agree. Farrens gave bond in sum of \$5,000 to appear at the September term of court.

Flodman Named for Police Board. Lincoln, March 6.—Governor Shalenger announced the appointment of Fred W. Flodman as member of the board of fire and police commissioners of Omaha to succeed Carl Brandeis, who recently died.

## TENNYSON SAID

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love!"

## WE SAY

In the spring, before most men turn their thoughts to love or even making garden, they inquire of the firm who knows the proper thing to buy in clothes.

Every day brings additions to our showings for spring, which comprise the best of merchandise offered by the best makers, and which we are daily displaying for early and careful buyers.

Our clothes represent Quality.

Quality spells service and satisfaction.

If these are what you are looking for, we invite your inspection and patronage.

C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS.  
"Where Quality Counts."

## DIES AT DENVER

Sanford Lewis, Former Resident of This County Passes Away

Word was received in this city several days ago of the death at Denver, Col., of Sanford Lewis, once a well known citizen of this county residing near Louisville. Mr. Lewis was a son-in-law of Mrs. Margaret Schulof of this city and a brother-in-law of Messrs. Ed. and John Schulhof and A. Baxter Smith of this city. During his lifetime in this county deceased was a farmer living near Louisville for many years years, later moving to Hayes Center, Neb., where he lived until he moved to Denver, Col. Deceased leaves a wife and two children. He also left several brothers and sisters, one brother being Simon Lewis, once an engineer on the Burlington out of this city. He will be quite well remembered by the people of Wypwy membered by many people here as a good citizen, an upright, sterling man and a kind husband and father. His death which occurred on Monday, March 1, resulted after an operation for gall stones. The funeral took place on Thursday at Mt. Olive cemetery, Denver. Edward Schulof of this city departed Tuesday afternoon for Denver to attend the funeral, returning to this city this morning on No. 6.

For Sale. Twelve pigs, weight about fifty pounds each. Two miles southeast of Plattsmouth. Rudolf Spahna.

Notice. All persons interested in the formation of a new school district in Cass county, state of Nebraska, of districts numbered 25, 27, 91 and 9 are hereby notified that there will be a hearing of this matter at my office on Wednesday afternoon, March 10th, 1909, at 2 o'clock.

MARY E. FOSTER, County Superintendent.

Wanted. To buy one good single or double driving horse. Also butcher stock, cattle, veal calves, sheep and poultry. Lorenz Bros.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A Broken Oar.

The white clouds of the later afternoon cruised dreamily between green wood and blue sky. I brought the launch to St. Agatha's landing and embarked the two exiles without incident. We set forth in good spirits, Ijima at the engine and I at the wheel. I drove the boat toward the open to guard against unfortunate encounters, and the course once established I had little care but to give a wide berth to all the other craft afloat. Helen exclaimed repeatedly upon the beauty of the lake, which the west wind rippled into many variations of color. I was flattered by her friendliness; and yielded myself to the joy of the day, agreeably thrilled—I confess as much—by her dark loveliness as she turned from time to time to speak to me.

"Aunt Pat is a famous sailor!" observed

"Full speed, Ijima."

The engine responded instantly, and we cut through the water merrily. There was a space of about 25 yards between the boatman and the nearer shore. I did not believe that he would

be more than try to annoy us by forcing us on the swampy shore; for it was still broad daylight, and we were likely at any moment to meet other craft. I was confident that with any sort of luck I could slip past him and gain the strait, or dodge and run round him before he could change the course of his heavy skiff.

I kicked the end of an oar which the launch carried for emergencies and Ijima, on this hint, drew it toward him.