

# ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By  
**MEREDITH NICHOLSON**

Illustrations by  
**RAY WALTERS**

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down the gauntlet as though she had countless battalions at her back. In decision took flight before shame; it was a privilege to know and to serve her!

"Miss Holbrook, won't you come out to see the water fete? We can look upon it in security and comfort from the launch. The line of march is from Port Annandale past here and toward the village, then back again. You can come home whenever you like. I had hoped Miss Helen might come, too, but I beg that you will take compassion upon my loneliness."

I had flung off my cap with the exaggerated manner I sometimes used with her; and she dropped me a courtesy with the prettiest grace in the world.

"I shall be with you in a moment, my lord!"

She reappeared quickly and remarked, as I took her wraps, that Helen was very sorry not to come.

The gardener was on duty, and I called Ijima to help with the launch. Brightly decorated boats were already visible in the direction of Port Annandale; even the tireless lake "tramps" whistled with a special flourish and



The Sole Occupant of the Canoe Was a Girl.

were radiant in var-colored lanterns.

"This is an ampler Venice, but there should be music to make it complete," observed Miss Pat, as we stole in and out among the gathering fleet. And then, as though in answer, a launch passed near, leaving a trail of murmurous chords behind—the mournful throb of the guitar, the resonant beat of banjo strings. Nothing can be so soothing to the troubled spirit as music over water, and I watched with delight Miss Pat's deep absorption in all the sights and sounds of the lake.

The assembling canoes flashed out of the dark like fireflies. Not even the spirits that tread the air come and go more magically than the canoe that is wielded by a trained hand. The touch of the skilled paddler becomes but a caress of the water. To have stolen across Saranac by moonlight; to have paddled the devious course of the York or Kennebunk when the sea steals inland for rest, or to dip up stars in lovely Annandale—of such experiences is knowledge born!

I took care that we kept well to ourselves, for Miss Pat turned nervously whenever a boat crept too near. Ijima, understanding without being told, held the power well in hand. I had scanned the lake at sundown for signs of the Stiletto, but it had not ventured from the lower lake all day, and there was scarcely enough air stirring to ruffle the water.

"We can award the prize for ourselves here at the turn of the loop," I remarked, as we swung into place and paused at a point about a mile off Glenarm. "Here comes the flotilla."

"The music is almost an impertinence, lovely as it is. The real song of the canoe is 'dip and glide, dip and glide,'" said Miss Pat.

The loop once made, we now looked upon a double line whose bright confusion added to the picture. The canoe offers, when you think of it, little chance for the decorator, its lines are so trim and so founded upon rigid simplicity; but many zealous hands had labored for the magic of this hour. Slim masts supported lanterns in many and charming combinations, and suddenly, as though the toy lamps had taken wing, rockets flung up their stars and Roman candles their golden showers at a dozen points of the line and broadened the scope of the picture. A slow paced midway of the loop now lighted the lake with red and green fire. The bright, graceful argestes slipped by, like beads upon a rosary. When the last canoe had passed, Miss Pat turned to me, sighing softly:

"It was too pretty to last; it was a

page out of the book of lost youth."

I laughed back at her and signaled Ijima to go ahead and then, as the water churned and foamed and I took the wheel, we were startled by an exclamation from some one in a row-boat near at hand. The last of the peaceful armada had passed, but now from the center of the lake, unobserved and unheralded, stole a canoe fitted with slim masts carried high from bow to stern with delightful daring. The lights were set in globes of green and gold, and high over all, its support quite invisible, shone a golden star that seemed to hover and follow the shadowy canoe.

We all watched the canoe intently; and my eyes now fell upon the figure of the skipper of this fairy craft, who was set forth in clear relief against the red fire beyond. The sole occupant of the canoe was a girl—there was no debating it; she flashed by within a paddle's length of us, and I heard the low bubble of water under her blade. She paddled kneeling, in Indian fashion, and was lessening the breach between herself and the last canoe of the orderly line, which now swept on toward the casino.

"That's the prettiest one of all—" began Miss Pat, then ceased abruptly. She bent forward, half rising and gazing intently at the canoe. What she saw and what I saw was Helen Holbrook plying the paddle with practiced stroke; and as she passed she glanced aloft to make sure that her slender mast of lights was unshaken; and then she was gone, her star twinkling upon us bewilderingly. I waited for Miss Pat to speak, but she did not turn her head until the canoe itself had vanished and only its gliding star marked it from the starry sisterhood above.

An exclamation faltered on my lips.

"It was—it was like—it was—" "I believe we had better go now," said Miss Pat, softly, and, I thought, a little brokenly.

But we still followed the star with our eyes, and we saw it gain the end of the procession, sweep on at its own pace, past the casino, and then turn abruptly and drive straight for Glenarm pier. It was now between us and our own shore. It shone a moment against our pier lights; the star and the fairy lanterns beneath it vanished one after another and the canoe disappeared as utterly as though it had never been.

I purposely steered a zigzag course back to St. Agatha's. Since Helen had seen fit to play this trick upon her aunt I wished to give her ample time to dispose of her canoe and return to the school. If we had been struck by a mere resemblance, why did the canoe not go on to the casino and enjoy the fruits of her victory? I tried to imagine Gillespie a party to the escapade, but I could not fit him into it.

Meanwhile I babbled on with Miss Pat. Her phrases were, however, a trifle stiff and not in her usual manner.

I walked with her from the pier to St. Agatha's.

Sister Margaret, who had observed the procession from an upper window, threw open the door for us.

"How is Helen?" asked Miss Pat at once.

"She is very comfortable," replied the sister. "I went up only a moment ago to see if she wanted anything."

Miss Pat turned and gave me her hand in her pretty fashion.

"You see, it could not have been—it was not—Helen; our eyes deceived us! Thank you very much, Mr. Donovan!"

There was no mistaking her relief; she smiled upon me beamingly as I stood before at the door.

"Of course! On a fete night one can never trust one's eyes!"

"But it was all be wondrously beautiful. You are most compassionate toward a poor old woman in exile, Mr. Donovan. I must go up to Helen and make her sorry for all she has missed."

I went back to the launch and sought far and near upon the lake for the canoe with the single star. I wanted to see again the face that was uplifted in the flood of colored light—the head, the erect shoulders, the arms that drove the blade so easily and certainly; for if it was not Helen Holbrook it was her shadow that the gods had sent to mock me upon the face of the waters.

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Melancholy of Mr. Gillespie.

I laughed a moment ago when, in looking over my notes of these affairs, I marked the swift transition from those peaceful days to others of renewed suspicions and strange events. I had begun to yield myself to blandishments and to feel that there could be no further interruption of the idyllic hours I was spending in Helen Holbrook's company. I still maintained, to be sure, the guard as it had been established; and many pipes I smoked on St. Agatha's pier, in the fond belief that I was merely fulfilling my office as protector of Miss Pat, whereas I had reached a point where the very walls that held Helen Holbrook were of such stuff as dreams are made of.

The only lingering blot in the bright calendar of those days was her meeting with Gillespie on the pier, and the fact that she had accepted money from him for her rascally father. But even this I excused. It was no easy thing for a girl of her high spirits to be placed in a position of antagonism to her own father; and as for Gillespie, he was at least a friend, abundantly able to help her in her difficult position; and if, through his aid, she had been able to get rid of her father, the end had certainly justified the means. I reasoned that an educated man of good antecedents who was desperate enough to attempt murder for profit in this enlightened twentieth century

was cheaply got rid of at any price, and it was extremely decent of Gillespie—so I argued—to have taken himself away after providing the means of the girl's release. I persuaded myself eloquently on those lines while I exhausted the resources of Glenarm in providing entertainment for both ladies. There had been other breakfasts on the terrace at Glenarm, and tea almost every day in the shadow of St. Agatha's, and one dinner of state in the great Glenarm dining room; but more blessed were those hours in which we rode, Helen and I, through the sunset into dusk, or drove a canoe over the quiet lake by night. Miss Pat, I felt sure, in so often leaving me alone with Helen, was favoring my attentions; and thus the days passed, like bubbles in flowing water.

She was in my thoughts as I rode into Annandale to post some letters, and I was about to remount at the post-office door when I saw a crowd gathered in front of the village inn and walked along the street to learn the cause of it. And there, calmly seated on a soap box was Gillespie, clad in amazing checks, engaged in the delectable occupation of teaching a stray village mongrel to jump a stick. The loungers seemed highly entertained, and testified their appreciation in loud guffaws. I watched the performance for several minutes, Gillespie meanwhile laboring patiently with the dull dog, until finally it leaped the stick amid the applause of the crowd. Gillespie patted the dog and rose, bowing with exaggerated gravity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for your kind attention. Let my slight success with that poor cur teach you the lesson that we may turn the idlest moment to some noble use. The education of the lower animals is something to which too little attention is paid by those who, through the processes of evolution, have risen to a higher species. I am grateful, gentlemen, for your forbearance, and trust we may meet again under circumstances more creditable to us all—including the dog."

The crowd turned away mystified, while Gillespie, feeling in his pocket for his pipe, caught my eye and winked.

"Ah, Donovan," he said, coolly, "and so you were among the admiring spectators. I hope you have formed a high opinion of my skill as a dog trainer. Once, I would have you know, I taught a Plymouth Rock rooster to turn a summersault. Are you quite alone?"

"You seem to be as big a fool as ever!" I grumbled in disgust, vexed at finding him in the neighborhood.

"Gallantly spoken, my dear fellow! You are an honor to the Irish race and mankind. Our meeting, however, is not inopportune, as they say in books; and I would have speech with you, gentle knight. The inn, though humble, is still not without decent comforts. Will you honor me?"

He turned abruptly and led the way through the office and up the stairway, babbling nonsense less for my entertainment, I imagined, than for the befuddlement of the landlord, who leaned heavily upon his scant desk and watched our ascent.

He opened a door and lighted several oil lamps, which disclosed three connecting rooms.

"You see, I got tired of living in the woods, and the farmer I boarded with did not understand my complex character. The absurd fellow thought me insane—can you imagine it?"

"It's a pity he didn't turn you over to the sheriff," I growled.

"Generously spoken! But I came here and hired most of this inn to be near the telegraph office. Though as big a fool as you care to call me I nevertheless look to my buttons. The hook-and-eye people are formidable competitors, and the button may in time become obsolete—stranger things have happened. I keep in touch with our main office, and when I don't feel very good I fire somebody. Only this morning I bounced our general manager by wire for sending me a letter in purple type-writing; I had warned him, you understand, that he was to write to me in black. But it was only a matter of time with that fellow. He entered a bull pup against mine in the Westchester bench show last spring and took the ribbon away from me. I really couldn't stand for that. In spite of my glassy splash in the asparagus bed, I'm a man who looks to his dignity, Donovan. Will you smoke?"

I lighted my pipe and encouraged him to go on.

"How long have you been in this bake-oven?"

"I moved in this morning—you're my first pilgrim. I have spent the long hot day in getting settled. I had to throw out the furniture and buy new stuff of the local emporium, where, it depressed me to learn, furniture for the dead is supplied even as for the living. That chair, which I beg you to accept, stood next in the shop to a coffin suitable for a carcass of about your build, old man. But don't let the suggestion annoy you! I read your book on tiger hunting a few years ago with pleasure, and I'm sure you enjoy a charmed life."

"I, myself," he continued, taking a chair near me and placing his feet in an open window, "am cursed with rugged health. I have quite recovered from those unkind cuts at the nunnery—thanks to your ministrations—and am willing to put on the gloves with you at any time."

"You do me great honor; but the affair must wait for a lower temperature."

"As you will! It is not like my great and gracious ways to force a fight. Pardon me, but may I inquire for the health of the ladies at Saint What's-her-name's?"

"They are quite well, thank you."

"I am glad to know it;—and his (one lost for the moment its jaunty-ness. "Henry Holbrook has gone to New York."

## THE REPUBLICAN CITY CONVENTION.

### Gag Rule Forces Members to Accept "Citizens" Ticket.

The child has been adopted. It's god-fathers found it out last night and clasped it to their several bosoms with every manifestation of fatherly pride. The infant "Citizens" ticket was formally baptised "Republican" at the convention held by that party at the council chamber. It is sure that some of those present seemed to doubt the paternity of the infant owing to the strong democratic resemblance of its main features, but the putative fathers were generally pleased with its appearance and little they wot of what the men who vote thought.

The convention which stands forth as foster-father of the infant, was not so large nor were the spectators as curious as at either the democratic or the so-called citizens meeting of the two nights previous. Those who attended and took part in the adoption stunt, were nearly all present and participating in the mournful event of the evening before. The signs of the intense anxiety during the period of travail were still evident in many cases but as time wore on and the evening waxed old and one after the other, the fathers of the weakling came in calm reassurance took the place of anxiety and soon all were smiling with joyful anticipation of the event in prospect.

Anon came others of sombre mien and ferocious aspect. These were those who doubted the authenticity of the child's certificate of birth and who preferred to raise an infant of their own. Some of them it was said were not averse to being on the ticket and made a part of the infant. Others had dear and well beloved friends whom they hoped to see shine forth as candidates for public favor. All these, alas, and alack, were doomed to be disappointed. In fact, they were ruthlessly thrust under the steam roller and ground up thinner than the proverbial mince-meat.

This crushing out process was not accomplished however, without considerable violent protest from the unfortunate victims who were outside the pale of the clan. Their protestations, however, were wasted on the desert air and the proverbial two-spot was a large sized figure compared with what they cut.

There were very few democrats present even as spectators. The few who were there however, had a thoroughly enjoyable and edifying evening and the occasion will remain in their memories for many years as one of the brightest in their lives. They were in the role of innocent bystanders but had better fortune than the usual character of that kind has and escaped without harm.

The meeting was called to order by A. L. Tidd who explained to the convention that Tom Murphy was chairman of the city central committee but he was out of the city and could not be present, therefore the speaker had been asked to call the meeting to order. He then asked for nominations for chairman. T. H. Pollock then named James M. Robertson as chairman and he was nominated by acclamation. Mounting the rostrum amid a silence so deep as to be loud, Mr. Robertson asked for the nomination for secretary. George Farley was named but manfully stood up and declared the honor could not be his. He had been a member of the "citizens" convention and could not participate in this one. His brave act in admitting that he had been in the "citizens" convention brought forth deafening applause and a petition was started at once asking a Carnegie medal for him. His withdrawal brought Deputy Sheriff Manspeaker to his feet with the name of A. L. Tidd, whose nomination electrified the vast audience and salvo after salvo of applause busted through the smoke surcharged atmosphere. Mr. Tidd assembled the platform and with the enuiled air of the man of affairs, took up his duties, designed to be all too brief.

The call was then read for this vast outpouring of the elements of the city and then ensued a pause while the line of procedure was mapped out. At last a call for nominations was made and forthwith rose Tidd in all the majestic dignity of his onerous task and drawing from the inside-pocket of his coat a voluminous roll of printed matter he launched forth to explain to the convention he had had the misfortune to have edited a paper for the past two months and he had made plain the position he would advocate in this campaign. He favored better city government, so forth and so on ad libitum, ad seriatim, winding up his remarks by reading the resolution which after many whereases and alios, and therefore, declared that the convention endorse and nominate the citizens ticket. Rolling the resolutions together he proclaimed in thunder tones: "Mr. Chairman, I move you the adoption of the resolutions." No sooner had the words leaped forth from his lips like a bean from a nigger shooter, than a little

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man in the audience leaped to his feet, his face glowing with the magic of the speaker's electric power and seconded the motion. Chairman Robertson, also aglow with wild and almost childish enthusiasm put the motion and declared it adopted with a whoop and a yell.

Forthwith came doings, sundry and varied. Former councilman Buttery demanded a poll of the house which H. N. Dovey seconded. Protest on protest against the action of the meeting was hurled forth but all in vain. Chairman Robertson repeated his declaration that the motion had carried and the resolutions had been adopted. Dovey demanded that every republican be allowed to vote. H. A. Schneider thought this was the proper paper while Tidd sought to soothe the waves by suggesting the discussion of the resolutions. The cussing of the resolutions was already in progress among the fifteen or twenty republicans in the room.

Judge Newell then proposed a method of settling the riot which was in progress and suggested that all who favored the resolutions come to the front and vote and every man Harry of the citizens present did, leaving a mournful relic of the once great republican party of Plattsmouth sucking their thumbs in the rear of the room. These fifteen or twenty declined to vote with the exception of Sam Archer who declared he would vote against the resolutions if he was the only one to do so and he stepped up and so recorded his vote. Several voices spoke up in affirmation when he told the chairman there were "more here."

Judge Newell then moved that a chairman of the central committee and a committee from each ward be selected which was done. H. A. Schneider being chosen as chairman.

A. L. Tidd was elected secretary and a recess was then taken for the different wards to elect committees. Ev-Councilman Buttery livened the thickening gloom by a few pertinent remarks about no republican could be expected to support such a ticket and further that the meeting ought to wait until the rest of the citizens committee J. P. Falter, arrived to get their orders. His unseemly levity jarred upon some of the nerves of the more sensitive who seemed to think that Frank was not exhibiting a Christian spirit.

When the meeting reassembled the following committeemen were chosen: First ward, B. A. McElwain, second ward, Wm. Weber, third ward, O. C. Hudson, fourth ward, H. Barthold, fifth ward, C. C. Desplan.

The usual resolutions to allow the committee to fill vacancies were adopted after which the citizens permitted the republicans to march forth from the hall secure in their journey as they had been looted of even their virtue.

### Give Fourth Number.

At St. Luke's church yesterday the fourth part of the "Passion" music was given by Prof. Austin and St. Luke's choir and this portion was even better than that which had been given before. Popular interest in the magnificent religious music has grown steadily and yesterday the spacious auditorium of St. Luke's was filled to overflowing. This music is beyond all question the greatest religious music ever given here. Handel's "Messiah" is considered as a masterpiece of religious melody but it pales beside the stupendous music of the "Passion." Few people really appreciate the tremendous depth of religious sentiment which the noble music conveys. It depicts

the history of the crucifixion in music which has wondrous power. Yesterday's portion was the "Mockery On the Cross." This portion contains a magnificent bass solo which Prof. H. S. Austin rendered in his own masterly manner making it brilliant and effective. There is also a tenor solo which Glenn Scott gave excellent rendition of while the soprano solo of Miss Edna Petersen was also superb. Miss Marie Donnelly also had a contralto solo which was a marvelous number. Miss Kittle Cummins at the organ had several instrumental numbers which were given with the full power and effect which Miss Cummins is capable of and which make genuine heavy and brilliant music. In addition the work of the choir was especially fine at this portion of the music and their conscientious and painstaking work was very evident in the rendition they gave of their parts. The different fugue movements which this portion is full of were superbly handled. When it is known that the larger choirs of the great churches invariably cut out one fugue in this part on account of its difficult passages, and that St. Luke's under Prof. Austin gave the part in its entirety including this fugue, the work of the choir can be appreciated. Indeed, the people of Plattsmouth have music at St. Luke's which they should appreciate as it is something which a larger city would go wild over. It is a great thing for this city to have so able an instructor as Prof. Austin and his great abilities deserve an appreciation.

### "Lena Rivers"

When Nixon & Co. decided to put out a production of "Lena Rivers" dramatized from Mrs. Mary J. Holmes novel, they immediately engaged Miss Beulah Poynter to make the book into play form. Miss Poynter made a careful study of the book, as the story is a true one in a great many respects. Believing that she could get so much better conception by actually knowing the "locale" of the play and seeing the class of people which the story is written around, she spent one half her summer at the little village of Slocumville, Mass., and the balance near Frankfort, Ky., where Lena grew up and spent the balance of her life after leaving Slocumville.

Although conditions had changed somewhat in the years since the book was written, there was a great many of the characteristics of each place that were still unchanged. A number of the people whom Mrs. Holmes took as models were to be found in each place and were very much flattered by the interest that they aroused. The little cottage of Granny Nichols is still standing and not far away the old lady rests beside her helpmate. Nancy Scovendyke died an old maid, always thankful that she didn't marry John Livingston. After a few weeks visit among these people Miss Poynter made the same journey that Granny and Lena made so many years before, and at the old Livingstone home near Frankfort, Ky., studied the home of Lena and Durward and all the other friends. Poynter seemed to write the play with almost reverence, and the fact that she so thoroughly understood the characters is the cause of much favorable criticism. At the Farmie next Wednesday evening, March 26.

Mrs. Hans Paash who was called here by the death of Mrs. William Wohlfarth, departed on the mail train at noon for her home. Herman Wohlfarth accompanied her for a visit.