

ROSALIND
AT
RED GATE
By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

"On the west side."
"Then we're in for a scrap. That beggar goes down there for water; and he'll see that there's another man on the island. I had a gun when I came," he added mournfully.
He stamped his feet and thrashed himself with his arms to restore circulation, then we went into the larger room, where he dug his own revolver from the trunk and pointed to the shotgun in the corner.
"You'd better get that. This fellow has only a knife in his clothes. He'll be back on the run when he sees your canoe." And we heard on the instant a man running toward the hut. I opened the breech of the shotgun to see whether it was loaded.
"Well, how do you want to handle the situation?" I asked.
He had his eye on the window and threw up his revolver and let go.
"Your pistol makes a howling noise, Gillespie. Please don't do that again. The smoke is disagreeable."
"You are quite right; and shooting through glass is always unfortunate! there's bound to be a certain deflection before the bullet strikes. You see if we were not a fool I should be a philosopher."
"It isn't nice here; we'd better bolt."
"I'm as hungry as a sea-serpent," he said, watching the window. "And I am quite desperate when I miss my tea."
I stood before the open door and watched the window. We were both talking to cover our serious deliberations. Our plight was not so much a matter for jesting as we wished to make it appear to each other. I had experienced one struggle with the Italian at the houseboat on the Tippecanoe and was not anxious to get within reach of his knife again. I did not know how he had captured Gillespie, or what mischief that amiable person had been engaged in, but inquiries touching this matter must wait.
"Are you ready? We don't want to shoot unless we have to. Now, when I say go, jump for the open."
He limped a little from the cramping of his legs, but crossed over to me cheerfully enough. His white trousers were much the worse for contact with the cabin floor, and his shirt hung from his shoulders in ribbons.
"My stomach bids me haste; I'm going to eat a beefsteak two miles thick if I ever get back to New York. Are you waiting?"
We were about to spring through the outer door, when the door at the rear flew open with a bang and the sailor landed on me with one leap. I went down with a thump and a crack of my head on the floor that sickened me. The gun was under my legs, and I remember that my dazed wits tried to devise means for getting hold of it. As my senses gradually came round I was aware of a great conflict about me and over me. Gillespie was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the sailor and the cabin shook with their strife. The table went down with a crash, and Gillespie seemed to be having the best of it; then the Italian was afoot again, and the clenched swaying figures crashed against the trunk at the farther end of the room. And there they fought in silence, save for the scraping of their feet on the puncheon floor. I felt a slight nausea from the smash my head had got, but I began crawling across the floor toward the struggling men. It was growing dark, and they were knit together against the cabin wall like a single monstrous, swaying figure.
My stomach was giving a better account of itself, and I got to my knees and then to my feet. I was within a yard of the wavering shadow and could distinguish Gillespie by his white trousers as he wrenched free and flung the Italian away from him; and in that instant of freedom I heard the dull impact of Gillespie's fist in the brute's face. As the sailor went down I threw myself full length upon him; but for the moment at least he was out of business, and before I had satisfied myself that I had firmly grasped him, Gillespie, blowing hard, was kneeling beside me, with a rope in his hands.
"I think," he panted, "I should like champion sauce with that steak, Donovan. And I should like my potatoes lyonnaise—the pungent onion is a spurring tonic. That will do, thanks, for the arms. Get off his legs and I'll see what I can do for them. You oughtn't to have cut that rope, my boy. You might have known that we were going to need it. My father taught me in my youth never to cut a string. I want the pirate's knife for a souvenir. I kicked it out of his hand when you went bumpety-bumpety. How's your head?"
"I still have it. Let's get you outside and have a look at you. You think he didn't land with the knife?"
"Not a bit of it. He nearly squeezed the life out of me two or three times, though. What's that?"

"He gave me a jab with his sticker when he made that flying leap and I guess I'm scratched."
Gillespie opened my shirt and disclosed a scratch across my ribs downward from the left collar bone. The first jab had struck the bone, but the subsequent slash had left a nasty red line.
Gillespie swore softly in the strange phrases that he affected while he tended my injury. My head ached and the nausea came back occasionally. I sat down in the grass while Gillespie found the sailor's pail and went to fetch water. He found some towels in the hut and between his droll chaffing and his deft ministrations I soon felt fit again.
"Well, what shall we do with the dago?" he asked, rubbing his arms and legs briskly.
"We ought to give him to the village constable."
"That's the law of it, but not the common sense. The lords of justice would demand to know all the why and wherefores, and the Italian consul at Chicago would come down and make a fuss, and the man behind the dago would lay low and no good would come."
"When will Holbrook be back?—that's the question."
"Well, the market has been very feverish and my guess is that he won't last many days. He had a weakness for Industrials, as I remember, and they've been very groggy. What he wants is his million from Miss Pat, and he has own chivalrous notions of collecting it."
We decided finally to leave the man free, but to take away his boat. Gillespie was disposed to make light of the whole affair, now that we had got off with our lives. We searched the hut for weapons and ammunition, and having collected several knives and a belt and revolver from the trunk, we poured water on the Italian, carried him into the open and loosened the ropes with which Gillespie had tied him.
The man glared at us fiercely and muttered incoherently for a few minutes, but after Gillespie had dashed another pail of water on him he stood up and was tame enough.
"Tell him," said Gillespie, "that we shall not kill him to-day. Tell him that this being Tuesday we shall spare his life—that we never kill any one on Tuesday, but that we shall come back to-morrow and make shark meat of him. Assure him that we are terrible villains and man-hunters—"
"When will your employer return?" I asked the sailor.
He shook his head and declared that he did not know.
"How long did he hire you for?"
"For all summer." He pointed to the sloop, and I got it out of him that he had been hired in New York to come to the lake and sail it.
"In the creek up yonder," I said, pointing toward the Tippecanoe, "you tried to kill me. There was another man with you. Who was he?"
"That was my boss," he replied, reluctantly, though his English was clear enough.
"What is your employer's name?" I demanded.
"Holbrook. I sail his boat, the Stilletto, over there," he replied.
"But it was not he who was with you on the houseboat in the creek. Mr. Holbrook was not there. Do not lie to me. Who was the other man that wanted you to kill Holbrook?"
He appeared mystified, and Gillespie, to whom I had told nothing of my encounter at the boat-maker's, looked from one to the other of us with a puzzled expression on his face.
"All he knows is that he's hired to sail a boat and, incidentally, stick people with his knife," said Gillespie in disgust. "We can do nothing till Holbrook comes back; let's be going."
We finally gathered up the Italian's oars, and, carrying the captured arms, went to the east shore, where we put off in Gillespie's rowboat, trailing the Italian's boat astern. The sailor followed us to the shore and watched our departure in silence. We swung round to the western shore and got my canoe, and there again the Italian sullenly watched us.
"He's not so badly marooned," said Gillespie. "He can walk out over here."
"No, he'll wait for Holbrook. He's stumped now and doesn't understand us. He has exhausted his orders and is sick and tired of his job. A salt-water sailor loses his snap when he gets as far inland as this. He'll demand his money when Holbrook turns up and clear out of this."
We passed close to the Stilletto to get a better look at her. She was the trimmest sailing craft in those waters, and the largest, being, I should say, 37 feet on the water-line, sloop-rigged, with a cuddy large enough to house the skipper. As we drew alongside I stood up the better to examine her, and the Italian, still watching us intently from the island, cried out warningly.
"He should fly the signal, 'Owner not on board,'" remarked Gillespie as we pushed off and continued on our way.
The sun was low in the western wood as we passed out into the larger lake. Gillespie took soundings with his oar in the connecting channel, and did not touch bottom.
"You wouldn't suppose the Stilletto could get through here; it's as shallow as a sauce-pan; but there's plenty and to spare," he said, as he resumed rowing.
"But it takes a cool head—" I began, then paused abruptly; for there, several hundred yards away, a little back from the western shore, against a strip of wood through which the sun burned redly, I saw a man and a woman slowly walking back and forth. Gillespie, laboring steadily at the oars, seemed not to see them, and I made no sign.

My heart raced for a moment as I watched them, pace back and forth, for there was something familiar in both figures. I knew that I had seen them before and talked with them; I would have sworn that the man was Henry Holbrook and the girl Helen; and I was aware that when they turned, once, twice, at the ends of the path, the girl made some delay; and when they went on she was toward the lake, as though shielding the man from our observation. The last sight I had of them the girl stood with her back to us, pointing into the west. Then she put up her hand to her bare head as though catching a loosened strand of hair; and the wind blew back her skirts like those of the Winged Victory. A second later the trees stood there alertly, with the golden targe of the sun shining like a giant's shield beyond; but they had gone, and my heart was numb with foreboding, or loneliness, and heavy with the weight of things I did not understand.
Gillespie tugged hard with the burden of the tow at his back. I will not deny that I was uncomfortable as I thought of my own affair with Helen Holbrook. He had, by any fair judgment, a prior claim. Her equivocal attitude toward him and her inexplicable conduct toward her aunt were, I knew, appearing less and less lenient to me as the days passed; and I was miserably conscious that my own duty to Miss Patricia lay less heavily upon me.
I was glad when we reached Glenarm pier, where we found Ijima hanging out the lamps. He gave me a tele-



"Who Was the Other Man That Wanted You to Kill Holbrook?"

gram. It was from my New York acquaintance and read:
Holbrook left here two days ago; destination unknown.
"Come, Gillespie; you are to dine with me," I said, when he had read the telegram; and so we went up to the house together.

CHAPTER XV.

I Undertake a Commission.
Gillespie availed himself of my wardrobe to replace his rags, and appeared in the library clothed and in his usual state of mind on the stroke of seven.
"You should have had the doctor out, Donovan. Being stuck isn't so funny, and you will undoubtedly die of blood-poisoning. Every one does nowadays."
"I shall disappoint you. Ijima and I between us have stuck me together like a cracked plate. And it is not well to publish our troubles to the world. If I called the village doctor he would kill his horse circulating the mysterious tidings. Are you satisfied?"
"Quite so. You're a man after my own heart, Donovan."
We had reached the dining room and stood by our chairs.
"I should like," he said, taking up his cocktail glass, "to propose a truce between us—"
"In the matter of a certain lady?"
"Even so! On the honor of a fool," he said, and touched his glass to his lips. "And may the best man win," he added, putting down the glass unemptied.
He was one of those comfortable people with whom it is possible to sit in silence; but after intervals in which we found nothing to say he would, with exaggerated gravity, make some utterly inane remark. To-night his mind was more agile than ever, his thoughts leaping nimbly from crag to crag, like a mountain goat. He had traveled widely and knew the ways of many cities; and of American political characters, whose names were but vaguely known to me, he discoursed with delightful intimacy; then his mind danced away to a tour he had once made with a company of acrobats whose baggage he had released from the grasping hands of a rural sheriff.
"What," he asked, presently, "is as and as being deceived in a person you have admired and trusted? I knew a fellow who was professor of something in a blooming college, and who was so poor that he had to coach delinquent preps in summer time instead of getting a vacation. I had every confidence in that fellow. I thought he was all right, and so I took him up into Maine with me—just the two of us—and hired an Indian to run our camp, and everything pointed to plus. Well, I always get stung when I try to be good."
He placed his knife and fork carefully across his plate and sighed deeply.
"What was the matter? Did he bore you with philosophy?"
"No such luck. That man was weak-minded on the subject of domesticat-

HAS BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF SPRING MILLINERY.

Millinery Store of Miss Myers Has Magnificent Assortment of Ladies Hats.
The last three days of last week were opening days for the several millinery stores of the city. Among those placing on display the spring line of millinery was that of Miss Myers. This lady has a magnificent display of spring millinery in her store, the stock being of her personal selection and one which every lady in the city will do well to look over before making a purchase. Miss Myers is herself a practiced and finished milliner and she this year made a very careful selection of the leading styles for her stock. The hats which she purchased are of the latest designs, being the creations of the most noted masters of the milliner's art and she has none in stock but what are artistic and handsome.
It has been a long time since this city has had so fine selection to choose from as this spring brings forth, and it can be said with truth that Miss Myers' selections are above all others for handsomeness of design and elegance of finish.
For those who care for the very latest creations no better stock over was placed before the people than Miss Myers carries. In addition to the large variety and the striking patterns which she has, she has selected them with a view to meeting every want of her patrons in regard to price. Of course, it has been her aim to secure the very finest which money could buy and as she is in the market to sell the goods, she intends to give the people the benefit of low prices on fine goods and close them out.
It is quite certain that the stock of Miss Myers attracted large crowds on all three of her opening days last week and that all who attended were loud in praise of her splendid judgment in selecting the line which would meet the taste of the women of the city. This in itself is enough to indicate that her stock will not last long and should serve as a warning to those who desire to buy that they must hurry, otherwise they will find the very choice hats gone before they have any chance to buy them.

H. B. MILLER RETURNS TO PLATTSMOUTH.

After Living Several Years in Missouri Comes Back to Old Home.
Henry Barnum Miller, the former Plattsmouthian and well known throughout this section as one of the best fellows in the world, came in this morning and will be found in the future at J. E. McDaniel's dispensing liquid cheer to the public. Barney's many friends in the city will be glad to welcome his advent once more into the community. He has been engaged in farming down in Missouri for several years and had made a success of it but the temptation to return to this city and once more embark in business was too great and he accepted a very flattering offer which Mr. McDaniel made him. He recently had a thrilling experience near the town of Jamesport where he was situated and really thanks his stars he's alive now to tell it. A band of safe blowers had been operating in that section and the sheriff was out in pursuit of them. He called at "Barney's" house and, finding he had a gun, impressed him into service and they started out in pursuit of the men, Mr. Miller doing the driving. Turning a corner of the road they came upon the bandits who at once opened fire. The first bullet spun dangerously close to Mr. Miller, the singing of the bullet being quite distinct. A red hot fight followed but the sheriff and his deputies soon had the men going, they being armed with automatic rifles while the robbers had the ordinary guns. One robber was killed and another wounded while the third made his escape. "Barney" was well satisfied to escape his hide and he wants no more bandit hunts in his. In company with Claus Speck, he will preside over Mr. McDaniel's bar in the future and in securing him it can safely be said that Mr. McDaniel has made no mistake.

Death of Dr. Mathews.

Dr. H. L. Mathews died at his home in this city at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, at the age of 86 years. He had lived in the county for 42 years, and had been a practicing physician up to a few years ago, when he was obliged to give up his practice on account of his failing eyes. He leaves three daughters and one son.
The above notice from the State Journal conveys to the many friends of Miss Pattie Mathews the sad intelligence of the death of her father. Willie Dr. Mathews was not widely known in this city, he had a number of warm friends who are greatly grieved and shocked at the untimely ending of his illness. In the hour of their affliction, the sorrowing family can know that the sympathy of all goes out to them.

TAKE A LESSON FROM SISTER--

the other fellows, if you haven't any. She gets ready early for Easter. She don't wait until the last minute of the last day. True, you don't need to do does much fussing. That's an advantage you have in being a man. You can drop in here any day and get a faultlessly tailored Spring suit in ten minutes ready to put on. More than that, our big assortment and single patterns, enables you to make a selection to fit your individuality like a glove. Now is the time to pick it out. Suits like the picture

\$20 TO \$30
other good ones
\$10 TO \$20

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The House of Kuppenheimer
Chicago

C. E. Wescott's Sons,
"Where Quality Counts."

BUYS GARAGE IN CALIFORNIA
Walter Thomas and Son, Cecil, Locate on Pacific Coast

Cecil Thomas, one of the brightest and most popular young men of this vicinity departed this noon on the fast mail for Long Beach, Cal., where he goes to take charge of a large automobile garage recently purchased by his father Walter Thomas and Mr. H. J. Helps, formerly of this city. Mr. Helps who will be remembered as the former efficient master mechanic of the Burlington in this city, and Mr. Thomas only a very short time since concluded the purchase of this garage with the ultimate intention of developing it later into a factory for the manufacture of automobiles and motor cycles with both of which machines Mr. Cecil Thomas is familiar. The latter young man has a great deal of natural mechanical ability and in the management of the garage and the repair department, he will make a great success. The people of Long Beach are to be congratulated upon securing his services.
He has been acting as carrier on R. F. D. No. 2 and during the time he has filled this position he has made himself a popular favorite with the patrons of the line. He has invariably made his route regardless

of the weather and when he was unable to use his motor cycle, he found a horse or team for the work. His brother Clare, takes his place as the substitute carrier and doubtless will give the route the same careful attention.
A large number of his young friends gathered at his home several nights ago and tendered him a farewell party which was a clear demonstration of his being appreciated in the neighborhood where both he and his father were born and where his grandfather ex-Senator S. L. Thomas has lived for fifty-three years. The best wishes of all his friends go with him in his new venture.
Mr. Thomas has been a member of the choir of St. Luke's church for a number of years and one of his chief regrets was his being compelled to leave this choir and the splendid training which Prof. Austin had given him. He is loud in his praise of the benefits which Prof. Austin had given him during the time he had been under his direction and he also appreciates the many pleasant hours he had spent in company with the members of the choir.

E. J. Coleman Dies.

Eugene J. Coleman, a well known farmer living four miles north of Glenwood, died very unexpectedly Monday night at 8:45. He was in his usual health on Sunday, and he and his wife were at the George Fitzzenberger home, spending the day there.
On Monday morning about 9 o'clock he was suddenly taken with a dizzy spell while about his work. Dr. Plimpton was summoned shortly afterwards, but thought it nothing more serious than a bad bilious attack. The doctor left some medicine with directions for its use. About 12 o'clock he sank into a stupor or sleep from which it was impossible to arouse him.
Mr. Coleman was 64 years of age and had resided in the vicinity of Glenwood and Hilldale for the past 15 years. He is survived by a wife and three sons.
The funeral will be held at the West Oak Friends church at 10

o'clock Wednesday morning and burial will be made in the Hillsdale cemetery.—Mills County (Ia.) Tribune
The E. J. Coleman referred to above was the father of R. E. Coleman of this city mention of whose trip to Glenwood was made in yesterday's paper.
NOTICE TO CREDITORS
In County Court,
In the matter of the estate of John B. Messinger, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said estate will meet the executors of said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said County, on the 29th day of March, 1909, and on the 31st day of September, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance.
Six months are allowed for the creditors of said deceased to present their claims, and one year for the executors to settle said estate, from the 29th day of March, 1909.
Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 1st day of March, 1909.
Allen J. Beeson,
County Judge.
D. O. Dwyer,
Attorney for estate.