

ROSALIND
AT
RED GATE
By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS
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"Been seeing a ghost?" he asked.
"No; just hearing one," I replied.
I had yet to offer some pretext for leaving him, and as I walked the length of the room he stifled a yawn, his eyes falling upon the line of French windows. I spoke of the heat of the night, but he did not answer, and I turned to find his gaze fixed upon one of the open windows.
"What is it, man?" I demanded.
He crossed the room in a leap and was out upon the terrace, peering down upon the shrubbery beneath.
"What's the row?" I demanded.
"Didn't you see it?"
"No."
"Then it wasn't anything. I thought I saw the dog, if you must know. He'll probably be around looking for us."
"Humph, you're a little nervous, that's all. You'll stay here all night, of course?" I asked, without, I fear, much enthusiasm.
He grinned.
"Don't be so cordial! If you'll send me into town I'll be off."
I had just ordered the dog cart when the butler appeared.
"If you please, sir, Sister Margaret wishes to use our telephone, sir. St. Agatha's is out of order."
I spoke to the sister as she left the house, half as a matter of courtesy, half to make sure of her. The telephone at St. Agatha's had been out of order for several days, she said; and I walked with her to St. Agatha's gate, talking of the weather, the garden and the Holbrook ladies, who were, she said, quite well.
Thereafter, when I had dispatched Gillespie to the village in the dog cart, I got into leggings, reflecting upon the odd circumstance that Helen Holbrook had been able to speak to me over the telephone a few minutes before, using an instrument that had, by Sister Margaret's testimony, been out of commission for several days. The girl had undoubtedly slipped away from St. Agatha's and spoken to me from some other house in the neighborhood; but this was a matter of little importance, now that I had undertaken her commission.

The chapel clock chimed nine as I gained the road, and I walked my horse to scan St. Agatha's windows through the vistas that offered across the foliage. And there, by the open window of her aunt's sitting room, I saw Helen Holbrook reading. A table-lamp at her side illumined her slightly bent head; and, as though aroused by my horse's quick step in the road, she rose and stood framed against the light, with the soft window draperies fluttering about her.
I spoke to my horse and galloped toward Red Gate.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Odd Affair at Red Gate.
As I rode through Port Annandale the lilted strains of a waltz floated from the casino, and I caught a glimpse of the lake's cincture of lights. My head was none too clear from its crack on the cabin floor, and my chest was growing sore and stiff from the slash of the Italian's knife; but my spirits were high, and my ears rang with memories of the Voice. Helen had given me a commission, and every fact of my life faded into insignificance compared to this. The cool night air rushing by refreshed me. I was eager for the next turn of the wheel, and my curiosity ran on to the boat-maker's house.

I came now to a lonely sweep, where the road ran through a heavy woodland, and the cool, moist air of the forest rose round me. The lake I knew, lay close at hand, and the Hart-ridge cottage was not, as I reckoned my distances, very far ahead. I had drawn in my horse to consider the manner of my approach to the boat-maker's, and was jogging along at an easy trot when a rifle-shot rang out on my left, from the direction of the creek, and my horse shied sharply and plunged on at a wild gallop. He ran several hundred yards before I could check him, and then I turned and rode slowly back, peering into the forest's black shadow for the foe. I paused and waited, with the horse dancing crazily beneath me, but the woodland presented an inscrutable front. I then rode on to the unfenced strip of wood where I had left my horse before.

I began this narrative with every intention of telling the whole truth touching my adventures at Annandale, and I cannot deny that the shot from the wood had again shaken my faith in Helen Holbrook. She had sent me to the Tippecanoe on an errand of her own choosing, and I had been fired on from ambush near the place to which she had sent me. I fear that my tower of faith that had grown so tall and strong shook on its foundations; but once more I dismissed my doubts, just

as I had dismissed other doubts and misgivings about her. My fleeting glimpse of her in the window of St. Agatha's less than an hour before flashed back upon me, and the tower touched the stars, steadfast and serene again.

I strode on toward Red Gate with my revolver in the side pocket of my Norfolk jacket. A buckboard filled with young folk from the summer colony passed me, and then the utter silence of the country held the world. In a moment I had reached the canoe-maker's cottage and entered the gate. I went at once to the front door and knocked. I repeated my knock several times, but there was no answer. The front window blinds were closed tight.

The houseboat was effectually screened by shubbery, and I had descended half a dozen steps before I saw a light in the windows. It occurred to me that as I had undoubtedly been sent to Red Gate for some purpose, I should do well not to defeat it by any clumsiness of my own; so I proceeded slowly, pausing several times to observe the lights below. I heard the Tippecanoe slipping by with the subdued murmur of water at night; and then a lantern flashed on deck and I heard voices. Some one was landing from a boat in the creek. This seemed amiable enough, as the lantern-bearer helped a man in the boat to clamber to the platform, and from the open door of the shop a broad shaft of light shone brightly upon the two men. The man with the lantern was Holbrook, alias Hartridge, beyond a doubt; the other was a stranger. Holbrook caught the painter of the boat and silently made it fast.

"Now," he said, "come in."
They crossed the deck and entered the boat-maker's shop, and I crept down where I could peer in at an open port-hole. The men remained at the farther end of the house—it was, I should say, about 100 feet long—which, without formal division, was fitted as a sitting room, with a piano in one corner, and a long settle against the wall. In the center was a table littered with books and periodicals; and a woman's sewing basket, interwoven with bright ribbons, gave a domestic touch to the place. On the inner wall hung a pair of fells and masks. Pictures from illustrated journals—striking heads or outdoor scenes—were pinned here and there.

The new-comer stared about, twirling a Tweed cap nervously in his hands, while Holbrook carefully extinguished the lantern and put it aside. His visitor was about 50, taller than he, and swarthy, with a grayish mustache, and hair white at the temples. His eyes were large and dark, but even with the length of the room between us I marked their restlessness; and now that he spoke it was in a succession of quick rushes of words that were difficult to follow.

Holbrook pushed a chair toward the stranger and they faced each other for



A Rifle-Shot Rang Out and My Horse Shied Sharply.

a moment, then with a shrug of his shoulders the old man sat down. Holbrook was in white flannels, with a blue scarf knotted in his shirt collar. He dropped into a big wicker chair, crossed his legs and folded his arms.

"Well," he said in a wholly agreeable tone, "you wanted to see me, and here I am."
"You are well hidden," said the other, still gazing about.

"I imagine I am, from the fact that it has taken you seven years to find me."
"I haven't been looking for you seven years," replied the stranger, hastily; and his eyes again roamed the room.

The men seemed reluctant to approach the business that lay between them, and Holbrook wore an air of indifference, as though the impending interview did not concern him particularly. The eyes of the older man fell upon the beribboned work-basket. He nodded toward it, his eyes lighting unpleasantly.

"There seems to be a woman," he remarked with a sneer of implication.
"Yes," replied Holbrook, calmly, "there is; that belongs to my daughter."
"Where is she?" demanded the other, glancing anxiously about.
"In bed, I fancy. You need have no fear of her."
Silence fell upon them again. Their affairs were difficult, and Holbrook, waiting patiently for the other to broach his errand, drew out his tobacco pouch and pipe and began to smoke.

"I suppose you haven't seen them?" demanded the visitor.
"Yes and no. I have no wish to meet them; but I've had several narrow escapes. They have cut me off from my walks; but I shall leave here shortly."
"Yes, you are going, you are going—" began the visitor, eagerly.

"I am going, but not until after you have gone," said Holbrook. "By some strange fate we are all here, and it is best for certain things to be settled before we separate again. I have tried to keep out of your way; I have sunk my identity; I have relinquished the things of life that men hold dear—honor, friends, ambition, and now you and I have got to have a settlement."
"You seem rather sure of yourself," sneered the older, turning uneasily in his chair.

"I am altogether sure of myself. I have been a fool, but I see the error of my ways and I propose to settle matters with you now and here. You have got to drop your game of annoying Patricia; you've got to stop using your own daughter as a spy—"
"You lie, you lie!" roared the other, leaping to his feet. "You cannot insinuate that my daughter is not acting honorably toward Patricia!"

My mind had slowly begun to grasp the situation and to identify the men before me. Holbrook, alias Hartridge, the boat-maker of the Tippecanoe, was not Henry Holbrook, but Henry's brother, Arthur! and I sought at once to recollect what I knew of him. An instant before I had half turned to go, ashamed of eavesdropping upon matters that did not concern me; but the Voice that had sent me held to the window. It was some such meeting as this that Helen must have feared when she sent me to the houseboat, and everything else must await the issue of this meeting.

"You had better sit down, Henry," said Arthur Holbrook, quietly. "And I suggest that you make less noise. This is a lonely place, but there are human beings within a hundred miles."
Henry Holbrook paced the floor a moment and then flung himself into a chair again, but he bent forward angrily, nervously beating his hands together. Arthur went on speaking, his voice shaking with passion.

"I want to say to you that you have deteriorated until you are a common damned blackguard, Henry Holbrook! You are a blackguard and a gambler. And you have made murderous attempts on the life of your sister; you drove her from Stamford and you tried to smash her boat out here in the lake. I saw the whole transaction that afternoon, and understood it all—how you hung off there in the Stiletto and sent that beast to do your dirty work."
"I didn't follow her here; I didn't follow her here!" raged the other.

"No; but you watched and waited until you traced me here. You were not satisfied with what I had done for you. You wanted to kill me before I could tell Pat the truth; and if it hadn't been for that man Donovan your assassin would have stabbed me at my door." Arthur Holbrook rose and flung down his pipe so that the coals leaped from it. "But it's all over now—this long exile of mine, this pursuit of Pat, this hideous use of your daughter to pluck your chestnuts from the fire. By God, you've got to quit—you've got to go!"

"But I want my money—I want my money!" roared Henry, as though insisting upon a right; but Arthur ignored him, and went on.

"You were the one who was strong; and great things were expected of you, to add to the traditions of family honor; but our name is only mentioned with a sneer where men remember it at all. You were spoiled and pampered; you have never from your early boyhood had a thought that was not for yourself alone. You were always envious and jealous of anybody that came near you, and not least of me; and when I saved you, when I gave you your chance to become a man at last, to regain the respect you had flung away so shamefully, you did not realize it, you could not realize it; you took it as a matter of course, as though I had handed you a cigar. I ask you now, here in this place, where I am known and respected—I ask you here, where I have toiled with my hands, whether you forget why I am here?"

"I must have my money; Patricia must make the division," replied Henry, doggedly.

"Certainly! Certainly! I devoutly hope she will give it to you; you need fear no interference from me. The sooner you get it and fling it away the better. Patricia has been animated by the best motives in withholding it; she regarded it as a sacred trust to administer for your own good, but now I want you to have your money."
"If I can have my share, if you will persuade her to give it, I will pay you all I owe you—" Henry began, eagerly.

"What you owe me—what you owe me!" and Arthur bent toward his brother and laughed—a laugh that was not good to hear. "You would give me money—money—you would pay me money for priceless things!"
He broke off suddenly, dropping his arms at his sides helplessly.

"There is no use in trying to talk to you; we use a different vocabulary, Henry."
"But that trouble with Gillespie—if Patricia knew—"
"Yes; if she knew the truth! And you never understood, you are incapable of understanding, that it meant something to me to lose my sister out of my life. When Helen died—and his voice fell and he paused for a moment, as a priest falters sometimes, gripped by some phrase in the office that touches hidden depths in his own experience, "then when Helen died

"Wait! Wait!" she whispered. Arthur thrust his hands into the side pockets of his flannel jacket and nodded his head once or twice.

"Why don't you shoot, Henry?"
"I want those notes," said Henry Holbrook. "You lied to me about them. They were to have been destroyed. I want them now, to-night."
"If you shoot me you will undoubtedly get them much easier," said Arthur; and he lounged away toward the wall, half turning his back, while the point of the pistol followed him. "But the fact is, I never had them; Gillespie kept them."

Threats cool quickly, and I really had not much fear that Henry Holbrook meant to kill his brother; and Arthur's indifference to his danger was having its disconcerting effect on Henry. The pistol barrel wavered; but Henry steadied himself and his clutch tightened on the butt. I again turned toward the door, but the girl's hand held me back.

"Wait," she whispered again. "That man is a coward. He will not shoot."
The canoe-maker had been calmly talking, discussing the disagreeable consequences of murder in a tone of half-banter, and he now stood directly under the foils. Then in a flash he snatched one of them, flung it up with an accustomed hand, and snapped it across his brother's knuckles. At the window we heard the slim steel hiss through the air, followed by the rattle of the revolver as it struck the ground. The canoe-maker's foot was on it instantly; he still held the foil.

"Henry," he said in the tone of one rebuking a child, "you are bad enough, but I do not intend that you shall be a murderer. And now I want you to go; I will not treat with you; I want nothing more to do with you! I repeat that I haven't got the notes!"

He pointed to the door with the foil. The blood surged angrily in his face; but his voice was in complete control as he went on.

"Your visit has awakened me to a sense of neglected duty, Henry. I have allowed you to persecute our sister without raising a hand! I have no other business now but to protect her. Go back to your stupid sailor and tell him that if I catch him in any mischief on the lake or here I shall certainly kill him!"

I lost any further words that passed between them, as Henry, crazily threatening, walked out upon the deck to his boat; then from the creek came the thrashing of oars that died away in a moment. When I gazed into the room again Arthur Holbrook was blowing out the lights.

"I am grateful; I am so grateful," faltered the girl's voice; "but you must not be seen here. Please go now!" I had taken her hands, feeling that I was about to lose her; but she freed them and stood away from me in the shadow.

"We are going away—we must leave here! I can never see you again," she whispered.

In the starlight she was Helen, by every test my senses could make; but by something deeper I knew that she was not the girl I had seen in the window at St. Agatha's. She was more dependent, less confident and poised; she stifled a sob and came close. Through the window I saw Arthur Holbrook climbing up to blow out the last light.

"I could have watched myself, but I was afraid that sailor might come; and it was he that fired at you in the road. He had gone to Glenarm to watch you and keep you away from here. Uncle Henry came back to-day and sent word that he wanted to see my father, and I asked you to come to help us."

"I thank you for that."
"And there was another man—a stranger, back there near the road; I could not make him out, but you will be careful—please! You must think very ill of me for bringing you into all this danger and trouble."

"I am grateful to you. Please turn all your trouble over to me."
"You did what I asked you to do," she said, "when I had no right to ask, but I was afraid of what might happen here. It is all right now and we are going away; we must leave this place."
"But I shall see you again."

"No! You have—you have—Helen. You don't know me at all! You will find your mistake to-morrow."
She was urging me toward the steps that led up to the house. The sob was still in her throat, but she was laughing, a little hysterically, in her relief that her father had come off unscathed.

"Then you must let me find it out to-morrow; I will come to-morrow before you go."
"No! No! This is good-by," she said. "You would not be so unkind as to stay, when I am so troubled, and there is so much to do!"

We were at the foot of the stairway, and I heard the shop door snap shut.
"Good-night, Rosalind!"
"Good-by; and thank you!" she whispered.

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Night Ended.
As my horse whinnied and I turned into the wood a man walked boldly toward me.

"My dear Donovan, I have been consulting your horse during your absence. It's a bad habit we have fallen into of wandering about at night. I liked your dinner, but you were rather too anxious to get rid of me. I came by boat myself!"
Gillespie knocked the ashes from his pipe and thrust it into his pocket. I was in no frame of mind for talk with him, a fact which he seemed to surmise.
"It's late, for a fact," he continued; "and we both ought to be in bed; but our various affairs require diligence."
"What are you doing over here?" I demanded.

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 as 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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"Where Quality Counts."

Local News.

B. B. Danther from south of town was in the city today.

Henry Horn from near Cedar Creek, was in the city today.

J. D. Lewis and wife from near Mynard were in the city today.

John Meisinger and wife from near Mynard were in the city today.

C. Bengen, one of Cass County's best men, was in the city today.

W. H. Puls from Eight Mile Grove was a business visitor in the county seat today.

J. D. Putman, from Murray, was in the city today looking after some business matters.

Alf Nickels from east of Murray was in the city today looking after some business matters.

Chas. Reinhart from near Cullom, was in the city today looking after some business matters.

Frank Wheeler is spending the day in Omaha being a passenger for that city on the early morning train.

C. E. Wescott and wife are spending the day in Omaha going to that city on the early train this morning.

Oliver Edmunds, of Glenwood, came over on the mail train this afternoon for a short visit with his friends here.

John Cole is among those having business in Omaha today to attend to being a passenger for that city on the early morning train.

Miss Mollie Selvers is spending the day in Omaha being a passenger for that city on the early train this morning.

Mrs. Robt. Troop was a passenger this morning for Omaha where she will spend the day visiting with friends.

Mrs. Charles Foster was among those traveling to Omaha this morning going up to make a visit with her daughter Miss Agnes.

Mrs. Jos Novotny and son Joe are visiting friends in Omaha today having been passengers for that city on the early morning train.

W. Parker, wife and daughters are among those visiting in Omaha being passengers for that city on the early train this morning.

Misses Christine Soennichsen and Lulu Weber are spending the day in Omaha being passengers on the early morning train for that city.

Mrs. Robt. Sherwood and daughter Carrie are spending the day in Omaha having been passengers for that city on the early morning train.

Mrs. J. W. Newell who spent several days in the city with her parents A. W. Atwood and wife was a passenger for her home in Omaha this morning.

Mrs. Rosa Hennings and her cousin Charles Goddnetter, who has been making her a visit for several days, departed this morning for Valparaiso, Neb, where they will make an extended visit with Mrs. Hennings brother who resides near that city.

Louis C. Curtis came in this morning from Iowa where he has been visiting with relatives and friends for several days and returned to his barber shop at Union on the M. P. Mr. Curtis while still very thin is much improved in health and is feeling fine.

Millinery Spring Opening

Thursday, Friday and Saturday will have on display a beautiful line of pattern Hats, the most Popular shapes and designs Please call and see

Miss Myers

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