

ROSALIND
AT
RED GATE

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

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holding back her skirts from the crowding flowers, traversed the garden of Red Gate, and continued down to the houseboat.

"We can be quiet here," she said, throwing open the door. "My father is at Tippecanoe village, shipping one of his canoes. We are early risers, you see!"

She grew grave again. "I have important things to say to you, but it's just as well for you to see me in the broadest of daylight, so that"—she pondered a moment, as though to be sure of expressing herself clearly—"so that when you see Helen Holbrook in an hour or so in that pretty garden by the lake you will understand that it was not really Rosalind after all that—that amused you!"

"But the daylight is not helping that idea. You are marvellously alike, and yet—I floundered miserably in my uncertainty."

"Then"—and she smiled at my discomfort, "if you can't tell us apart, it makes no difference whether you ever see me again or not. You see, Mr.—but did you ever tell me what your name is? Well, I know it, anyhow, Mr. Donovan."

The little work-table was between us, and on it lay the foil which her father had snatched from the wall the night before. I still stood, gazing down at Rosalind. Fashion, I saw, had done something for the amazing resemblance. She wore her hair in the pompadour of the day, with exactly Helen's sweep; and her white gown was identical with that worn that year by thousands of young women. She had even the same gestures, the same little way of resting her cheek against her hand that Helen had; and before she spoke she moved her head a trifle to one side, with a pretty suggestion of just having been startled from a reverie, that was Helen's trick precisely.

She forgot for a moment our serious affairs, to which I was not in the least anxious to turn, in her amusement at my perplexity.

"It must be even more extraordinary than I imagined. I have not seen Helen for seven years. She is my cousin; and when we were children together at Stamford our mothers used to dress us alike to further the resemblance. Our mothers, you may not know, were not only sisters; they were twin sisters! But Helen is, I think, a trifle taller than I am. This little mark"—she touched the peak—"is really very curious. But our mothers and our grandmothers had it. And you see that I speak a little more rapidly than she does—at least that used to be the case. I don't know my grown-up cousin at all. We probably have different tastes, temperaments, and all that."

"I am positive of it!" I exclaimed; yet I was really sure of nothing, save that I was talking to an exceedingly pretty girl, who was amazingly like another very pretty girl whom I knew much better.

"You are her guardian, so to speak, Mr. Donovan. You are taking care of my Aunt Pat and my cousin. Just how that came about I don't know."

"They were sent to St. Agatha's by Father Stoddard, an old friend of mine. They had suffered many annoyances, to put it mildly, and came here to get away from their troubles."

"Yes, I understand. Uncle Henry has acted outrageously. I have not ranged the country at night for nothing. I have even learned a few things from 'you,' she laughed. "And you must continue to serve Aunt Patricia and my cousin. You see"—and she smiled her grave smile—"my father and I are an antagonistic element."

"No; not as between you and Miss Patricia! I'm sure of that. It is Henry Holbrook that I am to protect her from. You and your father do not enter into it."

"If you don't mind telling me, Mr. Donovan, I should like to know whether Aunt Pat has mentioned us."

"Only once, when I first saw her and she explained why she had come. She seemed greatly moved when she spoke of your father. Since then she has never referred to him. But the day we cruised up to Battle Orchard and Henry Holbrook's man tried to smash our launch, she was shaken out of herself, and she declared war when



"I Must Ask You Not to Leave Here."

"I wish to speak to you for a few minutes—to tell you what you may have guessed about us—my father and me."

"Yes; if you like; but only to help you if I can. It is not necessary for you to tell me anything."

She turned and led the way across the daisy field. She walked swiftly,

I do not understand it. He has told me little of their difficulties; but I know, she said, lifting her head proudly, "I know that my father has done nothing dishonorable. He has told me so, and I am content with that."

I bowed, not knowing what to say. "I have been here only once or twice before, and for short visits only. Most of the time I have been at a convent in Canada, where I was known as Rosalind Hartridge. Rosalind, you know, is really my name; I was named for Helen's mother. The sisters took pity on my loneliness, and were very kind to me. But now I am never going to leave my father again."

She spoke with no unkindness or bitterness, but with a gravity born of deep feeling. I marked now the lighter timbre of her voice, that was quite different from her cousin's; and she spoke more rapidly, as she had said, her naturally quick speech catching at times the cadence of cultivated French. And she was a simpler nature—I felt that; she was really very unlike Helen.

"You manage a canoe pretty well," I ventured, still studying her face, her voice, her ways, eagerly.

"That was very foolish, wasn't it?—my running in behind the procession that way!" and she laughed softly at the recollection. "But that was professional pride! That was one of my father's best canoes, and he helped me to decorate it. He takes a great delight in his work; it's all he has left! And I wanted to show those people at Port Annandale what a really fine canoe—a genuine Hartridge—was like. I did not expect to run into you or Aunt Pat."

"You should have gone on and claimed the prize. It was yours of right. When your star vanished I thought the world had come to an end."

"It hadn't, you see! I put out the lights so that I could get home unseen."

"You gave us a shock. Please don't do it again; and please, if you and your cousin are to meet, kindly let it be on solid ground. I'm a little afraid, even now, that you are a lady of dreams."

"Not a bit of it! I enjoy a sound appetite; I can carry a canoe like a Canadian guide; I am as good a fencer as my father; and I'm not afraid of the dark. You see how very highly accomplished I am! Now, my cousin Helen—"

"Well?" and I was glad to hear her happy laugh. Sorrow and loneliness had not stifled the spirit of mischief in her, and she enjoyed vexing me with references to her cousin.

I walked the length of the room and looked out upon the creek that ran singly through the little vale. They were a strange family, these Holbrooks, and the perplexities of their affairs multiplied. How to prevent further injury and heartache and disaster; how to restore this girl and her exiled father to the life from which they had vanished; and how to save Miss Pat and Helen—these things possessed my mind and heart. I sat down and faced Rosalind across the table. She had taken up a bright bit of ribbon from the work-basket and was slipping it back and forth through her fingers.

"The name Gillespie was mentioned here last night. Can you tell me just how he was concerned in your father's affairs?" I asked.

"He was the largest creditor of the Holbrook bank. He lived at Stamford, where we all used to live."

"This Gillespie had a son. I suppose he inherits his father's claims." She laughed outright.

"I have heard of him. He is a remarkable character, it seems, who does ridiculous things. He did as a child. I remember him very well as a droll boy at Stamford, who was always in mischief. I had forgotten all about him until I saw an amusing account of him in a newspaper a few months ago. He had been arrested for fast driving in Central park; and the next day he went back to the park with a boy's toy wagon and team of goats, as a joke on the policeman."

"I can well believe it! The fellow's here, staying at the inn at Annandale."

"So I understand. To be frank, I have seen him and talked with him. We have had, in fact, several interesting interviews"—and she laughed merrily.

"Where did all this happen?"

"Once, out on the lake, when we were both prowling about in canoes. I talked to him, but made him keep his distance. I dared him to race me, and finally paddled off and left him. Then another time, on the shore near St. Agatha's. I was taking an observation of the school garden from the bluff, and Mr. Gillespie came walking through the woods and made love to me. He came so suddenly that I couldn't run, but I saw that he took me for Helen, in broad daylight, and I—I—"

"Well, of course you scorned him—you told him to be gone. You did that much for her."

"No, I didn't. I liked his love-making; it was unaffected and simple."

"Oh, yes! It would naturally be simple!"

"That is brutal. He's clever, and earnest, and amusing. But—" and her brow contracted, "but if he is seeking my father—"

"Rest assured he is not. He is in love with your cousin—that's the reason for his being here."

"But that does not help my father's case any."

"We will see about that. You are right about him; he's really a most amusing person, and not a fool, except for his own amusement. He is shrewd enough to keep clear of Miss Pat, who dislikes him intensely on his father's account. She feels that the senior Gillespie was the cause of all her troubles, but I don't know just why. She's

Young People Married.
A wedding which was very quiet took place last Saturday afternoon at the residence of Rev. Luther Moore, the contracting parties being Fred W. Haffke and Miss Alice Ofe of this city. The wedding was a private one, the only relatives present being Mesdames C. W. Haffke and Henry Ofe, mothers of the contracting parties. In the presence of these ladies Rev. Moore pronounced the words which united these young people for life.

Immediately following the ceremony the happy couple departed for their former home which will be upon the George Halmes farm near this city. Mr. Haffke has engaged this farm and will look after its cultivation in the future. A large number of their friends congregated together after learning that they had gone home and a genuine serenade was given the newly wedded couple.

The groom Fred W. Haffke, is one of the brightest and most upright young men in this vicinity. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Haffke of this city, well known and popular people and he is a worthy son. He will make one of the rising and best citizens of the county and his many friends congratulate him upon his matrimonial venture and wish him a very long and happy life.

The bride is the handsome and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ofe of this city, a young woman who enjoys the acquaintance of a long list of friends all of whom unite in best wishes for her future happiness. Everyone who has the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Haffke unite in congratulations to her husband upon securing so estimable and fine a young lady for his bride.

Fast Trains on the Burlington.
Burlington officials point with pride to their record made by their fast trains during the last month. The Chicago-Omaha fast mail train, which for a quarter of a century has carried the overland mails in their flight across the continent, reached Omaha exactly on time during the thirty-one days during the stormy month of March.

The train leaves Chicago at 2:45 a. m. and arrives at the Missouri river at 2:50 p. m. making the 494 miles in twelve hours and five minutes. Another record is that made by the Burlington's fast Chicago-Denver train, No. 1, which has pulled into Denver every day this year except two. The delay on these two days was caused by blizzards, the train on No. 49 being held up for four hours at Pacific Junction by the dispatcher because the wind was blowing seventy-seven miles an hour and the tops were blown off some freight cars which were sent across the bridge ahead of the fast train. No. 1 has missed being on time into Denver but ten times in thirteen consecutive months.—Omaha Bee.

Election Echoes.
The result of the election yesterday has perhaps left a few sore spots on some of our people, because they expected the downfall of the democrats. They have been sorely disappointed, and in consequence have become very wrathful. They certainly act like men who had "axes to grind" if the "citizens' ticket had won out. Any business man should not get mad because he cannot have his own wish in city affairs and they should bear in mind that this is a game that two can play, and it is safe to say that the man who first adopts such a scheme generally comes out at the little end of the horn. We should not let our angry passions rise to the extent of berating out each other's eyes, as we are all on an equality when it comes down to straight business matters. We fought our fight and you fought yours. We come out on top. Now, take your medicine like men and citizens for one common purpose—the building and not the tearing down of Plattsmouth.

Pleasantly Entertained.
An enjoyable day was spent at the home of Mrs. William Wetenkamp, near Mynard, on Saturday, March 27, in honor of his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Snoko and daughter, of Eagle. There were a number of others present to enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. Wetenkamp. Among whom were Miss Sophia Schnegmann, of Bennett, and Miss Marie Faunaber, of Lincoln. All the children and grandchildren were present. At the noon hour all were able to indulge in a full meal. The afternoon was spent in general conversation, instrumental and vocal music. It was a day long to be remembered by all present.

Young People United.
On Friday last at Greenwood occurred the wedding of two of the most estimable and popular young people of Western Cass County. These were Warren Lee Hand, son of former Representative W. E. Hand and Miss Avis Blanch Carnes, daughter of T. F. Carnes, a well known Greenwood resident. Mr. and Mrs. Hand were united in marriage by Rev. Allen Murray in the presence of a number of immediate relatives and friends.

The young people are very well known in their locality and the quite justly considered as two of the best and brightest living there. The groom is a young man of much worth and integrity, a fine representative of the best type of manhood. He has a great many friends who extend him their sincere congratulations.

The bride is a handsome and accomplished young woman, one of the very finest specimens of the charming American woman. She, like her husband, enjoys the esteem and affection of a wide circle of friends and they one and all unite in wishing her a long and happy married life.

Death of a Pioneer Citizen.
The sad intelligence reaches this office today that Mr. L. G. True, one of the early pioneers of Cass county died this morning at his home five miles south of Murray, after a long illness. The deceased came to Nebraska in 1857. He was born in New Albany, Indiana, March 14, 1837, and was married to Miss Lydia B. Pell in 1864. Thus has passed one of the highly respected citizens of Cass county. The funeral will probably occur sometime tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon from the home of the late deceased.

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If you will examine the whole length of this store you will find good clothes—nothing else. We cater to good clothes and good clothes wearers. We have sold our good clothes this Spring to some of the most discriminating dressers in the city. They came here for good clothes, because they know from past experiences that they are sure of getting them here. There's no chance or experiment about it. Our showing for this Easter week is superb. Do yourself the justice of seeing them. Quality line \$20 to \$30; other good ones \$10 to \$20.

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Funeral of E. J. Coleman.

Tuesday's Tribune told briefly of the circumstances of the sudden death of Eugene J. Coleman at his home four miles north of Glenwood.

The funeral was held on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the Friends church in West Oak. There was a large number of teams in the procession which conveyed the remains to the Hillside cemetery for burial.

The funeral was under the auspices of the Glenwood Odd Fellows lodge, of which the deceased was a member. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. J. O. Staples, and the lodge ritual was observed at the cemetery.

The deceased was born August 16, 1845, in Connecticut. When seven years old he moved with his parents to Kansas. Shortly afterward the family moved to Alton, Ill.

Mr. Coleman came to Mills county, Iowa, in 1870. He married February 20, 1876 to Miss Indiana Hardy. To this union were born four sons, one dying in infancy. A wife and three children survive, as follows: Charles of Silver City, Rolly of Plattsmouth, and Sherman at home. Two brothers also survive him, Fitzgerald Coleman of St. Louis and Frank Coleman of Carson. These were all present at the funeral.—Mills County Tribune.

Teacher's Association Meets.

The Cass County Teachers' Association met at the high school building in Louisville last Saturday. The program was very interesting, and teachers from almost every school in the county were in attendance, about two hundred in all. The program as published in last week's Courier was carried out almost to the letter.

The musical part of the program was above the ordinary and consisted of a piano solo by Miss Dulecie Frater, vocal solo by Eugene Mayfield, piano duet by Mary Polk and Cecil Group, and others. The solo by Miss Frater showed plainly that she is accomplished in music, and her rendition of a very beautiful and difficult selection was well received.

When Eugene Mayfield sings everybody sits up and takes notice, and a great many of the teachers remarked that "that boy has a wonderful voice." "Gene is an entertainer."

The duet by the little girls, Mary and Celia, was good and brought forth many words of praise.

Miss Rivette's paper on "Fractions, and How I Teach Them," was one of the brightest papers read, and her simplification of the fraction problem was decidedly unique.

Supt. I. N. Clark, of the Weeping Water schools, gave a good, sensible talk on "The Parent and the School," which was well seasoned with good common sense. During his remarks he sought to show how parents and teacher could get together on most matters that pertain to the betterment of the school and the development of the many qualities of the scholar, and his remarks could not but help be of benefit if they but follow some of his precepts.

Principal M. C. Lefter, of the Elmwood schools, discussed the same subject and his remarks were pointed. That Mr. Lefter is a scholar no one can doubt, and the way in which he handled this subject made him many friends.

Miss Foster, county superintendent, presided at the meeting and her pleasing manner and winning ways won for her the praise of all present.

To Prof. Watson and his able corps of teachers is due the fact that the meeting was a success.—Louisville Courier.

John Heil and wife of Louisville were in the city today attending to business matters and while here took occasion to call at the Journal office and order their names added to the list of subscribers to this live paper. Mr. and Mrs. Heil are quite well known and popular people in their locality and the Journal is more than glad to add their names to its large and growing list. While here they also paid the subscription of John Rohrdanz, at Manley, one of the old reliable friends of the Journal and also one of Cass County's best citizens. Mr. Rohrdanz appreciates a live paper and has been on the Journal's list for years.