

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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"Don't Say 'Must Not' to Me, if You Please!"

common on the list, and there were three governors; a bishop wrote to propose a brother bishop, of whose merits he spoke in the warmest terms. Many newspapers declared that the society filled a long-felt want. I received invitations to speak on the uses and benefits of the order from many learned bodies. The thing began to bore me, and when my official stationery was exhausted I issued a farewell address to my troops and dissolved the society. But it's a great gratification to me, my dear Donovan, that we quit with a waiting list.

"There are times, Buttons, when you cease to divert me. I'm likely to be very busy for a few days. Just what can I do for you this afternoon?"

"Look here, old man, you're not angry?"

"No; I'm rarely angry; but I'm often bored."

"Then your brutal insinuation shall not go unrewarded. Let me proceed. But first, how are your ribs?"

"Sore and a trifle stiff, but I'm comfortable, thanks."

"As I understand matters, Irishman, there is no real difference between you and me except in the matter of a certain lady. Otherwise we might combine our forces in the interest of these unhappy Holbrooks."

"You are quite right. You came here to say something; go on and be done with it."

He deftly covered another biscuit with the cheese, of whose antiquity he complained sadly.

"I say, Donovan, between old soldier friends, what were you doing up there on the creek last night?"

"Studying the landscape effects by starlight. It's a habit of mine. Your own presence there might need accounting for, if you don't mind."

"I will be square about it. I met Helen quite accidentally as I left this house, and she wanted to see her father. I took her over there, and we found Henry. He was up to some mischief—you may know what it was. Something had gone wrong with him, and he was in all kinds of a bad humor. Unfortunately, you got the benefit of some of it."

"I will supply you a link in the night's affairs. Henry had been to see his brother Arthur."

Gillespie's face fell, and I saw that he was greatly surprised.

"Humph! Helen didn't tell me that."

"The reason Henry came here was to look for his brother. That's how he reached this place ahead of Miss Pat and Helen. And I have learned something—it makes no difference how, but it was not from the ladies at St. Agatha's—I learned last night that the key of this whole situation is in your own hands, Gillespie. Your father was swindled by the Holbrooks; which Holbrook?"

He was at once sane and serious, and replied, soberly:

"I never doubted that it was Arthur. It he wasn't guilty, why did he run away? It was a queer business, and father never mentioned it. Henry gave out the impression that my father had taken advantage of Holbrook Brothers and forced their failure; but father shut up and never told me anything."

"But you have the notes—"

"Yes, but I'm not to open them, yet. I can't tell you about that now." He grew red and played with his cravat.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"I've just had them sent to me; they're in the bank at Annandale. There's another thing you may not know. Old man Holbrook, who lived to be older than the hills, left a provision in his will that adds to the complications. Miss Pat may have mentioned that stuff in her father's will about the honor of the brothers—"

He took out his pocket-book and read me this paragraph from a newspaper cutting:

And the said one million dollars hereinbefore specifically provided for shall, after the lapse of ten years, be divided between my said sons Henry and Arthur Holbrook, share and share alike; but if either of my said sons shall have been touched by dishonor through his own act, as honor is accounted, reckoned and valued among men, my said daughter Patricia to be the sole judge thereof, then he shall forfeit his share of said amount thus withheld, and the whole of said sum of one million dollars shall be adjudged to belong to the other son.

Gillespie lighted a cigarette and smoked quietly for several minutes, and when he spoke it was with deep feeling.

"I love that girl, Donovan. I believe she cares for me, or would if she could get out of all these entanglements. I'm almost ready to burn that packet and tell Miss Pat she's got to settle with Henry and be done with it. Let him spend his money and die in disgrace and go to the devil; anything is better than all this secrecy and mystery that enmeshes Helen. I'm going to end it; I'm going to end it!"

We had gone to the library, and he threw himself down in the chair from which he had spoken of him so short a time before that I seemed still to feel her presence in the room.

"Cheer up, lad! If we can't untie the knot we'll lose no time cutting the string. There may be some fun in this business before we get through with it."

I began telling him of some of my own experiences, and won him to a cheerier mood. When we came round to the Holbrooks again his depression had passed, and we were on the best of terms.

"But there's one thing we can't get away from, Donovan. I've got to protect Helen; don't you see? I've got to take care of her, whatever comes."

"But you can't take care of her father. He's hopeless."

"I could give him this money myself, couldn't I? I can do it, and I've about concluded that I ought to do it."

"But that would be a waste. It would be like giving whisky to a drunkard. Money has been at the bottom of all this trouble."

Gillespie threw up his hands with a gesture of helplessness.

"I shall undoubtedly lose such wits as I have if we don't get somewhere in this business pretty soon. But, Donovan, there's something I want to ask you. I don't like to speak of it, but when we were coming away from that infernal island, after our scrap walking on the bluff—a man and a woman, and the woman was neerest us. She seemed to be purposely putting herself in the man's way so we couldn't see him. It didn't seem possible that Helen could be there—but?"

He clearly wished to be assured, and I answered at once:

"I saw them; it couldn't have been Helen. It was merely a similarity of figure. I couldn't distinguish her face at all. Very likely they were Port Annandale cottagers."

"I thought so myself," he replied, evidently relieved. It did not seem necessary to tell him of Rosalind at Red Gate; that was my secret, and I was not yet ready to share it.

"I've got to talk to somebody, and I want to tell you something, Donovan. I can't deny that there are times when Helen doesn't seem—well, all that I have thought her at other times. Sometimes she seems selfish and hard, and all that. And I know she hasn't treated Miss Pat right; it isn't square for her to take Miss Pat's bounty and then work against her. But I make allowances, Donovan."

"Of course," I acquiesced, wishing to cheer him. "So do I. She has been hard put in this business. And a man's love can't always be at par—or a woman's either! The only thing a man ought to exact of the woman he marries is that she put up a cheerful breakfast-table. Nothing else counts very much. Start the day right, hand him his gloves and a kind word at the front door as he sallies forth to the day's battle, and constancy and devotion will be her reward. I have spoken words of wisdom. Harken, O Chief Button-Maker of the World!"

Good humor mastered him again, and he grinned his delightful boyish grin.

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my lad," I said. "I'll arrange for you to see Helen to-night! You shall meet and talk and dance with her at Port Annandale casino, in the most conventional way in the world, with me for chaperon. By reason of being Mr. Glenarm's guest here, I'm ex officio a member of the club. I'll manage everything. Miss Pat shall know nothing—all on one condition only."

"Well, name your price."

"That you shall not mention family affairs to her at all."

"God knows I shall be delighted to escape them!" His eyes brightened and he clapped his hands together. "I owe her a pair of gloves on an old wager. I have them in the village and will bring them over to-night," he said; but deception was not an easy game for him. I grinned and he colored.

"It's not money, Donovan," he said, as hurt as a misjudged child. "I won't lie to you. I was to meet her at St. Agatha's pier to-night to give her the gloves."

"You shall have your opportunity, but those meetings on piers won't do. I will hand her over to you at the casino at nine o'clock. I suppose I may have a dance or two?"

"I suppose so," he said, so grudgingly that I laughed aloud.

"Remember the compact; try to have a good time and don't talk of trouble," I enjoined, as we parted.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Blue Cloak and a Scarlet.
Miss Pat asked me to dine at St.

Agatha's that night. The message came unexpectedly—a line on one of those quaint visiting-cards of hers, brought by the gardener; and when I had penned my acceptance I at once sent the following message by Ijima to the boat-maker's house at Red Gate:

"To Rosalind at Red Gate: It is important for you to appear with me at the Fort Annandale casino to-night, and to meet Reginald Gillespie there. He is pledged to refer in no way to family affairs. If he should attempt to, you need only remind him of his promise. He will imagine that you are some one else, so please be careful not to tax his imagination too far. There is much at stake which I will explain later. You are to refuse nothing that he may offer you. I shall come into the creek with the launch and call for you at Red Gate."

"THE IRISHMAN AT GLENARM. A plain white gown and a few ribbons. But don't omit your emerald."

I was not sure where this project would lead me, but I committed myself to it with a fair conscience. I reached St. Agatha's just as dinner was announced and we went out at once to the small dining room used by the sister in charge during vacation, where I faced Miss Pat, with Helen on one hand and Sister Margaret on the other. They were all in good humor, even Sister Margaret proving less austere than usual, and it is not too much to say that we were a merry party. Helen led me with a particular intention to talk of Irish affairs, and avowed her own unbelief in the capacity of the Irish for self-government.

"Now, Helen!" admonished Miss Pat, as our debate waxed warm.

"Oh, do not spare me! I could not be shot to pieces in a better cause!"

"The trouble with you people," declared Helen with finality, "is that you have no staying qualities. The smashing of a few heads occasionally satisfies your islanders, then down go the necks beneath the yoke. You are incapable of prolonged war. Now, even the Cubans did better; you must admit that, Mr. Donovan!"

She met my eyes with a challenge. There was no question as to the animus of the discussion; she wished me to understand that there was war between us, and that with no great faith in my wit or powers of endurance she was setting herself confidently to the business of defeating my purpose. And I must confess that I liked it in her!

"If we had you for an advocate our flag would undoubtedly rule the seas, Miss Holbrook!"

"I dip my colors," she replied, "only to the long-enduring, not to the vaillant alone!"

"A lady of high renown," I mused aloud, while Miss Pat poured the coffee, "a lady of your own name, was once more or less responsible for a little affair that lasted ten years about the walls of a six-gated city."

"I wasn't named for her! No sugar to-night, please, Aunt Pat!"

I stood with her presently by an open window of the parlor, looking out upon the night. Sister Margaret had vanished about her household duties; Miss Pat had taken up a book with the rather obvious intention of leaving us to ourselves. I expected to start at eight for my rendezvous at Red Gate, and my ear was alert to the chiming of the chapel clock. The gardener had begun his evening rounds, and paused in the walk beneath us.

"Don't you think," asked Helen, "that the guard is rather ridiculous?"

"Yes, but it pleases my medieval instincts to imagine that you need defenders. In the absence of a moat the gardener combines in himself all the apparatus of defense. Ijima is his Asiatic ally."

"And you, I suppose, the grand strategist and field marshal."

"At least that!"

"After this morning I never expected to ask a favor of you; but if, in my humblest tone—"

"Certainly. Anything within reason."

"I want you to take me to the casino to-night to the dance. I'm tired of being cooped up here. I want to hear music and see new faces."

"Do pardon me for not having thought of it before! They dance over there every Wednesday and Saturday night. I'm sorry that to-night I have an engagement, but won't you allow me on Saturday?"

She was resting her arms on the high sill, gazing out upon the lake. I stood near, watching her, and as she sighed deeply my heart ached for her; but in a moment she turned her head swiftly with mischief laughing in her eyes.

"You have really refused! You have positively declined! You plead another engagement! This is a place where one's engagements are burdensome."

"This one happens to be important."

She turned round with her back to the window.

"We are eternal foes; we are fighting it out to a finish; and it is better that way. But, Mr. Donovan, I haven't played all my cards yet."

"I look upon you as a resourceful person and I shall be prepared for the worst. Shall we say Saturday night for the dance?"

"No!" she exclaimed, tossing her head. "And let me have the satisfaction of telling you that I could not have gone with you to-night, anyhow. Good-by."

I found Ijima ready with the launch at Glenarm pier, and, after a swift flight to the Tippecanoe, knocked at the door of Red Gate. Arthur Holbrook admitted me, and led the way

to the room where, as his captive, I had first talked with him.

"We have met before," he said, smiling. "I thought you were an enemy at that time. Now I believe I may count you a friend."

"Yes; I should like to prove myself your friend, Mr. Holbrook."

"Thank you," he said, simply; and we shook hands. "You have taken an interest in my affairs, so my daughter tells me. She is very dear to me—"

Nehawka.

(From the Register.)

Joseph Malcolm of Talmage has purchased the mill at that place and will have full charge from this time on.

George Harshman Jr., has located his sawmill at Fred Nutzman's and is sawing up a large amount of native lumber. He is turning out some very fine lumber.

William Stockham and daughter Alice went to Nebraska City Monday to consult an oculist in regard to the latter's eyes, which have bothered her lately.

Elmer Philpot has been having a seige of whooping cough in his family all the children suffering from the distressing disease. We are informed that the two youngest children are in a very precarious condition.

Mrs. John Sharpe was here the first of the week on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gruber who have been suffering from a very severe case of lagrippe. They were some better Tuesday and she returned to her home in Nebraska City.

John Lopp, a brother of Henry Lopp, who hails from the original Hoop Pole township, Pumpkin precinct, Posey county, Indiana, is here on a visit and is showing Henry how to grub out stumps by the aid of dynamite. He likes it here first rate and will probably remain for some time.

A couple of drunks from near Murray blew into Nehawka Sunday morning and finding their way to the Masonic Hall committed depredations that ought to land them in the county bastle. They left on the early morning passenger, but Mr. Clark whose rest they disturbed has a souvenir in the shape of a grip and a bottle labeled Guggenheimer booze.

Thomas Stratton, aged fifty-five years died near Weeping Water on Saturday and was buried Sunday afternoon. He is survived by eight children. Two daughters are married and are Mrs. Carl Larson and Mrs. Bronson, both of this place. Mr. Stratton kept the boarding house at the stone quarry one and a half miles from Weeping Water. Rev. H. W. Cope conducted the services at the house.

Louisville

From the Courier.

It is reported that Murdock will be dry on account of not having enough signers on the petition.

George Waldron expects to move to Knife River, Minn., next week where he and his family will make their future home.

Miss Ida Schoeman is here this week from Springfield, being called to attend her sister, Mrs. Wm. Hoover who is quite sick.

Rev. Randall's lecture on "Foreign Missions" at the M. E. church Thursday evening was a masterly effort and greatly enjoyed by a fair sized congregation.

C. W. Spence has purchased the building of J. L. Hartsborn in which John Burns has conducted a restaurant for the past year and expects to open up a saloon in it.

W. E. Gess was made to rejoice this week by receiving a check for \$184.40 back pension and the granting of \$12 per month hereafter. Mr. Gess is certainly deserving of this and it is a great help to him in his present physical condition.

Fred Boedecker is here from Wausa this week visiting relatives and friends. Mr. Boedecker is now conducting a meat market in Wausa, and is doing a lucrative business. Louisville is Fred's old home town and he says he can not get along without the Courier, so he renewed for another year.

A fellow named Richardson and one of our town girls, Dot Bender, were arrested Wednesday night for breaking into the school house, via the new fire escape. They will be given a hearing tonight, Friday, before Judge Wood. The school board is endeavoring to break up this prowling around the school house at night by people who should be at home and in bed.

Sustains Badly Cut Hand.

J. C. Coleman yesterday sustained a very severe injury to his left hand while engaged in work on the new building of the Parmele garage on North Sixth street. He was engaged in putting in a glass in a transom in the building, the glass slipped and in catching it Mr. Coleman threw out his left hand which clutched the glass causing it to break and cut the palm of the hand severely. The injury while not dangerous is bad enough to keep him from his work for several days.

Mrs. Frank Schlater was a passenger on the fast mail yesterday noon for Omaha where she will spend the afternoon with Mrs. Wm. Osenkop at the hospital. Mrs. Osenkop it is pleasant to say, is now progressing toward recovery very favorably and will soon be in shape where she can be brought home.

Those Stylish Rain Coats of Ours at \$12, \$13.50 and \$18

are being appreciated. They look "twenty dollarish."

You'll appreciate our calling your attention to them when you know how good they are. They have broad well-padded shoulders, 52-inch length and full sweep and drape loosely from the yoke. Well tailored throughout and made from the new shades in tweeds and worsteds. Also a fine black with auto collar \$12.50 and \$13.50. These coats are well worth their cost on one stormy night in saving to your good clothes. Call in and look at them.



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C. E. Wescott's Sons

"Where Quality Counts."

Accepts New Position.

Ed. Rynott, who has been driving the Gering medicine wagon through the county for some time past, departed this morning for Omaha where he goes to take a position with the Goodrich Drug Company as district manager of their feed department. This is a handsome advance for Mr. Rynott and one which he appreciates. It is the reward of good service and duties well performed. He will continue to make his home in this city, reaching here once a week at least. Mr. Gering was sorry to lose his services but Mr. Rynott believed the opportunity a good one and a distinct advance and so acted upon it. His place on the Gering wagon will be taken by John Beeson. Mr. Rynott returning to instruct him in the work for several days. In his new position Mr. Rynott carries the best wishes of a host of friends who hope to see him climb to the top of the ladder before he stops.

Sad Intelligence.

Carl Kunsman this noon was a passenger on the mail train for Omaha from which point he expects to send his wife to Des Moines, Ia. He received a telegram from his son Ed, at Des Moines, apprising him of the dangerous illness of the latter's wife, Dorothy, and asking that Mrs. Kunsman or Mrs. Carmack come at once. The former lady is visiting with Mrs. Carmack at Omaha today. Mr. Kunsman departed for her and will send her to Des Moines at once.

Mr. Fricke is Much Better.

The condition of F. G. Fricke is reported today as being some better than yesterday, he being able to sleep last night in fairly good shape. It is not believed that he is injured internally and the belief is that he will be able to soon be out and about. His many friends in the city trust that this information is true and that he will soon be able to be back at the store and meet his host of friends.

Official Vote of Plattsmouth

	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Fifth	Total	Majority
Mayor							
Sattler, dem	57	150	146	92	70	515	196
Cummins, cit-rep	71	81	92	42	33	319	...
Treasurer—							
Fricke, dem	130	213	209	127	98	777	777
City Clerk							
Elster, dem	59	141	133	94	69	496	165
Richey, cit-rep	71	88	101	37	34	331	...
Police Judge—							
Archer, dem	130	208	209	126	100	773	771
E. Ptak	1	1	1	1	1	5	...
A. L. Tidd	1	1	1	1	1	5	...
Councilmen—							
Dovey, dem-rep	116	110
Dwyer, dem	72	13
Falter, cit-rep	59
Kurtz, dem	128	43
Range, rep-cit	85
Butter, petition	18
Bockmeyer, dem	124	9
Larson, cit-rep	115
Schulhof, dem	98	64
Parker, cit-rep	34
Ragmer, dem	81	59
Gorder, cit-rep	22
School Board—							
Lorenz, dem	43	119	113	76	65	416	...
Hallstrom, dem	40	116	120	81	67	424	...
Dovey, cit-rep	97	138	144	51	36	466	50
Marshall, cit-rep	91	124	132	52	32	431	7