ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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tears flashed into Miss Pat's eyes as she confronted me in the woodland path.

"Oh, no! It's not so bad as that!" I pleaded.

"I tell you she has no soul! You will find it out to your cost. She is made for nothing but mischief in this world!"

"I am your humble servant, Miss Holbrook."

"Then," she began, doubtfully, and meeting my eyes with careful scrutiny, "I am going to ask you to do one thing more for me, that we may settle all this disagreeable affair. I am going to pay Henry his money; but before I do so I must find my brother Arthur, if he is still alive. That may have some difficulties."

She looked at me as though for approval; then went on:

"I have been thinking of all these matters carefully since I came here. Henry has forfeited his right to further inheritance by his contemptible, cowardly treatment of me; but I am willing to forgive all that he has done. He was greatly provoked; it would not be fair for me to hold those things against him. As between him and Arthur; as between him and Arthur—"

Her gaze lay across the twinkling lake, and her voice was tremulous. She spoke softly as though to herself, and I caught phrases of the paragraph of her father's will that Gillespie had read to me: "Dishonor as it is known, accounted and reckoned among men;"—and she bowed her head and on the veranda rail a moment; then she rose suddenly and smiled bravely through her tears.

"Why can't you find Arthur for me? Ah, if you could only find him there might be peace between us all; for I am very old, Larry. Age without peace is like life without hope. I cannot believe that Arthur is dead. I must see him again. Larry, if he is alive find him and tell him to come to me."

"Yes," I said; "I know where he is!"

She started in amazement and, coming close, her hands closed upon my arm eagerly.

"It can't be possible! You know where he is and you will bring him to me?"

She was pitifully eager and the tears were bright in her eyes.

"Be assured of it, Miss Holbrook. He is near by and well; but you must not trouble about him or about anything. And now I am going to take you home. Come! There is much to do, and I must be off. But you will keep a good heart; you are near the end of your difficulties."

She was quite herself again when we reach St. Agatha's, but at the door she detained me a moment.

"I like you, Larry!" she said, taking my hand; and my own mother had not given me sweeter benediction. "I never intended that Helen should play with you. She may serve me as she likes, but I don't want her to singe your wings, Larry."

"I have been shot at in three languages, and half drowned in others, and rewards have been offered for me. Do you think I'm going down before a mere matter of beaux yeux! Think better of me than that!"

"But she is treacherous; she will deliver you to the Philistines without losing a heart-beat."

"She could, Miss Patricia, but she won't!"

"She has every intention of marrying Gillespie; he's the richest man she knows!"

"I swear to you that she shall not marry Gillespie!"

"She would do it to annoy me if for nothing else."

I took both her hands—they were like rose-leaves, those dear slightly tremulous hands!

"Now, Miss Pat—I'm going to call you Miss Pat because we're such old friends, and we're just contemporaries, anyhow—now, Miss Pat, Helen is not half so wicked as she thinks she is. Gillespie and I are on the best of terms. He's a thoroughly good fellow and not half the fool he looks. And he will never marry Helen!"

"I should like to know what's going to prevent her from marrying him!" she demanded as I stepped back and turned to go.

"Oh, I am, if you must know! I have every intention of marrying her myself!"

I ran away from the protest that was faltering upon her lips, and strode through the garden. I had just reached Glenarm gate on my way back to the boathouse when a woman's voice called softly and Sister Margaret hurried round a turn of the garden path.

"Mr. Donovan!"

There was anxiety in the voice, and more anxious still was Sister Margaret's face as she came toward me in her brown habit, her hands clasped tensely before her. She had evidently been watching for me, and drew back from the gate into a quiet recess of the garden. Her usual repose was gone and her face, under its white coif, showed plainly her distress.

"I have bad news—Miss Helen has gone! I'm afraid something has happened to her."

"She can't have gone far, Sister Margaret. When did you miss her?" I asked, quietly; but I confess that I was badly shaken. My confident talk about the girl with Miss Pat but a moment before echoed ironically in my memory.

"She did not come down for breakfast with her aunt or me, but I thought nothing of it, as I have urged both of them to breakfast upstairs. Miss Patricia went out for a walk. An hour ago I tried Helen's door and found it unlocked and her room empty. When or how she left I don't know. She seems to have taken nothing with her."

"Can you tell a lie, Sister Margaret?"

She stared at me with so shocked an air that I laughed. "A lie in a good cause, I mean? Miss Pat must not know that her niece has gone—if she has gone! She has probably taken one of the canoes for a morning paddle; or, we will assume that she has borrowed one of the Glenarm horses, as she has every right to do, for a morning gallop, and that she has lost her way or gone farther than she intended. There are a thousand explanations!"

"But they hardly touch the fact that she was gone all night; or that a strange man brought a note addressed in Helen's handwriting to her aunt only an hour ago."

"Kidnaped!"—and I laughed aloud as the meaning of her disappearance flashed upon me!

"I don't like your way of treating this matter!" said Sister Margaret icily. "The girl may die before she can be brought back."

"No, she won't—my word for it, Sister Margaret. Please give me the letter!"

"But it is not for you!"

"Oh, yes, it is! You wouldn't have Miss Pat subjected to the shock of a demand for ransom. Worse than that, Miss Pat has little enough faith in Helen as it is; and such a move as this would be final. This kidnaping is partly designed as a punishment for me, and I propose to take care of it without letting Miss Pat know. She shall never know!"

Sister Margaret, only half convinced, drew an envelope from her girdle and gave it to me doubtfully. I glanced at the superscription and then tore it across, repeating the process until it was a mass of tiny particles, which I poured into Sister Margaret's hands.

"Burn them! Now Miss Pat will undoubtedly ask for her niece at once. I suggest that you take care that she is not distressed by Helen's absence. If it is necessary to reward your house-maid for her discretion—" I said with hesitation.

"Oh, I disarranged Helen's bed so that the maid wouldn't know!"—and Sister Margaret blushed.

"Splendid! I can teach you nothing, Sister Margaret! Please help me this much further: get one of Miss Helen's dresses—that blue one she plays tennis in, perhaps—and put it in a bag of some kind and give it to my Jap when he calls for it in ten minutes. Now listen to me carefully, Sister Margaret: I shall meet you here at 12 o'clock with a girl who shall be, to all intents and purposes, Helen Holbrook. In fact, she will be some one else. Now I expect you to carry off the situation through luncheon and until nightfall, when I expect to bring Helen—the real Helen—back here. Meanwhile, tell Miss Pat anything you like, quoting me! Good-by!"

I left her abruptly and was running toward Glenarm House to rouse Ijima, when I bumped into Gillespie, who had been told at the [illegible] somewhere in the grounds.

"What's doing, Irishman?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Buttons; I'm just exercising."

His white flannels were as fresh as the morning, and he wore a little blue cap perched saucily on the side of his head.

"I was pondering," he began, "the futility of man's effort to be helpful toward his fellows."

He leaned upon his stick and eyed me with solemn vaculty.

"I suppose I'll have to hear it; go on."

"I was always told in my youth that when an opportunity to do good offered one should seize upon it at once. No hesitation, no trifling! Only a few years ago I wandered into a little church in a hill town of Massachusetts where I waited for the Boston express. It was a beautiful Sunday evening—I shall never forget it!" he sighed. "I am uncertain whether I was led thither by good impulse, or only because the pews were more comfortable than the benches at the railway station. I arrived early and an usher seated me up front near a window and gave me an armful of books and a pamphlet on foreign missions. Other people began to come in pretty soon; and then I heard a lot of giggling and a couple of church pillars began chasing a stray dog up and down the aisles. I was placing my money on the taller pillar; he had the best reach of leg, and, besides, the other chap had side whiskers, which are not good for sprinting—they offer just so much more resistance to the wind. The unseemliness of the thing offended my sense of propriety. The sound of the chase broke in harshly upon my study of Congo missions. After much pursuing the dog sought refuge between my legs. I picked him up tenderly in my arms and dropped him gently, Donovan, gently, from the window. Now wasn't that seizing an opportunity when you found it, so to speak, underfoot?"

"No doubt of it at all. Hurry with the rest of it, Buttons!"

"Well, that pup fell with a sickening yelp through a skylight into the basement where the choir was vesting itself, and hit a bishop—actually struck a young and promising bishop who had never done anything to me. They got the constable and made a horrible row, and besides paying for the skylight I had to give the church a new organ to square myself with the bishop, who was a friend of mine in Kentucky who once gave me a tip on the Derby. Since then the very thought of foreign missions makes me ill. I always hear that dog—it was the usual village mongrel of evil ancestry—crashing through the skylight. What's doing this morning, Irishman?".

I linked my arm in his and led the way toward Glenarm House. There was much to be done before I could bring together the warring members of the house of Holbrook, and Gillespie could, I felt, be relied on in emergencies. He broke forth at once.

"I want to see her—I've got to see her!"

"Who—Helen? Then you'll have to wait a while, for she's gone for a paddle or a gallop, I'm not sure which, and won't be back for a couple of hours. But you have grown too daring, Miss Pat is still here, and you can't expect me to arrange meetings for you every day in the year."

"I've got to see her," he repeated, and his tone was utterly joyless. "I don't understand her, Donovan."

"Man is not expected to understand woman, my dear Buttons. At the casino last night everything was as gay as an octogenarian's birthday cake."

He stopped in the shadow of the house and seized my arm.

"You told her something about me last night. She was all right until you took her away and talked with her at the casino. On the way home she was moody and queer—a different girl altogether. You are not on the square; you are playing on too many sides of this game."

"You're in love, that's all. These suspicions and apprehensions are leading symptoms. Up there at the casino, with the water washing beneath and the stars overhead and the band playing waltzes, a spell was upon you both. Even a hardened old sinner like me could feel it. I've had palpitations all day! Cheer up! In your own happy phrase, everything points to plus."

"I tell you she turned on me, and that you are responsible for it!"—and he glared at me, angrily.

"Now, Buttons! You're not going to take that attitude toward me, after all I have done for you! I really took some trouble to arrange that little meeting last night; and here you come with sad eye and mournful voice and rebuke me!"

"I tell you she was different. She had never been so kind to me as she was there at the casino; but as we came back she changed, and was ready to fling me aside. I asked her to leave this place and marry me today, and she only laughed at me!"

"Now, Buttons, you are letting your imagination get the better of your common sense. If you're going to take your lady's moods so hard you'd better give up trying to understand the ways of woman. It's wholly possible that Helen was tired and didn't want to be made love to. It seems to me that you are singularly lacking in consideration. But I can't talk to you all morning; I have other things to do; but if you will find a cool corner of the house and look at picture-books until I'm free I'll promise to be best man for you when you're married; and I predict your marriage before Christmas—a happy union of the ancient houses of Holbrook and Gillespie. Run along like a good boy and don't let Miss Pat catch sight of you."

"Do you keep a goat, a donkey or a [illegible]" he asked, with his saddest [illegible]

"The cook keeps a parrot, and there's a donkey in one of the pastures."

"Good. Are his powers of vocalization unimpaired?"

"First rate. I occasionally hear his vesper hymn. He's in good voice."

"Then I may speak to him, soul to soul, if I find that I bore myself."

We climbed the steps to the cool shadows of the terrace. As we stood a moment looking out on the lake we saw, far away toward the northern shore, the Stiletto, that seemed just to have slipped out from the lower lake. The humor of the situation pleased me; Helen was off there in the sloop playing at being kidnaped to harass her aunt into coming to terms with Henry Holbrook, and she was doubtless rejoicing in the fact that she had effected a combination of events that would make her father's case irresistible.

But there was no time to lose. I made Gillespie comfortable indoors and sent Ijima to get the bag I had asked for; and a few minutes later the launch was skimming over the water toward the canoe-maker's house at Red Gate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Rocket Signal.

Rosalind was cutting sweet peas in the garden where they climbed high upon a filmy net, humming softly to herself.

"A penny for your thoughts!" I challenged.

She snipped an imaginary flower from the air in my direction.

"Keep your money! I was not thinking of you! You wear, sir, an intent commercial air; have you thread and needles in your pack?"

"It is ordained that we continue the

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LEGAL NOTICE.

State of Nebraska, County of Cass, ss.
In County Court:
In the matter of the Estate of John L. Axmaker, deceased.
TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED:

You are hereby notified that there has been filed in this court petition of Rosetta Axmaker, alleging among other things that said John L. Axmaker departed this life interstate in Cass County, Nebraska, and at said time as an inhabitant of said county, leaving an estate to be administered.

The prayer of said petition is that Letters of Administration be granted to Rosetta Axmaker.

You are further notified that a hearing will be had on said petition before this court in the County Court room at Plattsmouth, in said County on the 17th day of May, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. and all objections if any, must be filed on or before said day and hour of hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of the County Court of said County, this 21st day of April, 1909.

(SEAL)

By the Court,
Allen J. Beeson
County Judge.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska.
In the Matter of the Estate of Telitha Walling, Deceased.

This cause coming on to be heard on the petition of W. E. Hand, administrator of the estate of Telitha Walling, deceased, to sell the real estate belonging to the said estate, to-wit:

The Southwest Quarter (S. W. 1-4) of the Northwest Quarter (N. W. 1-4) and the Northwest Quarter (N. W. 1-4) of the Southwest (S. W. 1-4) of Section Twelve (12) Township Eleven (11), Range Eight (8), in Lancaster County, Nebraska, subject to a mortgage thereon of Fifteen Hundred Dollars ($1500) now due to pay the debts allowed against said estate and costs of administration, it is ordered:

That all parties interested in said estate be and appear before the undersigned Judge of the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, at chambers in the Court House at Plattsmouth in said Cass County, on the Twenty-fourth day of May, 1909, to show cause, if any, and why license should not be granted to the said W. E. Hand as such administrator to sell the above described property.

And it is further ordered that this order be publisher for four weeks in the Plattsmouth Journal, a newspaper published and of general circulation in said Cass County, Nebraska.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 12th day of April, 1909.

Harvey D. Travis.
Judge of the District Court.

Notice of Petition to Quit Title.

Charles Haffke, Atty.
212 S. 14th St., Omaha.

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska

Carl Wilhelm Haffke, Plaintiff, vs. Jeremiah Keeliker, Administrator of the estate of John P. Kinney, deceased, and the unknown legatees heirs and devisees of the said John P. Kinney, deceased, Defendants.

The above named defendants and each of them will take notice that on the 24th day of February, 1909, the above named plaintiff filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska against them and each of them, the object and prayer of which is to quiet title in said plaintiff as against said defendants, to the following described real estate, to-wit:—Lot twenty-three (23) in the North East quarter (N. E. qr.) of the North West quarter (N. W. qr.) of Section Nineteen (19) Township Twelve (12), Range Fourteen (14), East of the Sixth Principal Meridian in the City of Plattsmouth, in the County of Cass and State of Nebraska, and to further enjoin said defendants and each of them from having or claiming any right, title or interest therein and for cost of suit.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before May 24th, 1909, or the prayer of said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered accordingly against you and each of you.

Carl Wilhelm Haffke.

Dated April 6, 1909.
Charles Haffke,
Atty. for Plaintiff

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned C. S. Trumble has filed his petition and application in the office of the village clerk of the village of Eagle, Cass County, Nebraska, as required by law, signed by a majority of the resident freeholders of Eagle, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license be issued to the said C. S. Trumble for the sale of malt, spiritous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building on lots five (5) and six (6), block nineteen (19) in the village of Eagle, Cass County, Nebraska.

C. S. Trumble,
Applicant.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Matter of the application of Gus F. Mohr for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of April, 1909, Gus F. Mohr filed his application with the Village Clerk and the Board of Trustees of the village of Avoca, Cass County, Nebraska, for license to sell malt, spiritous and vinous liquors at his place of business on west two-thirds of Lot 5 Block 13, fronting on House Street in said village, for the municipal year ending on the 3rd day of May, 1910, and that he will apply for such license at a meeting of the said board of trustees to be held on or after May 4, 1909, or as soon thereafter as he can be heard.

Dated this 15th day of April, 1909, at Avoca, Nebraska.

Gus F. Mohr,
Applicant.

Mrs. John Hockstrasser and daughter Miss Hannah, are spending the day in Omaha being passengers for that city on the early morning train.

A VERY IMPORTANT DECISION

In the Matter of J. H. Teasdale Co. vs. Keckler of Manley

Among the important cases to be decided by the supreme court at their last sitting was that of the Teasdale Commission Co. vs. Keckler, a case which went on appeal from this county. The case which was won by Keckler in the lower court was reversed and remanded for a new trial. Byron Clark appeared for the Teasdale Company who secured the reversal while Matthew Gering represented the defendant Keckler. The case is regarded as a very important one especially affecting grain dealdealers and their contracts, and has attracted wide attention throughout the state. It is the only case of the kind the attorneys or the court have been able to find and establishes a new principle and application of the law. It applies the law to these grain cases in effect that they are taken out of the statute of frauds by the partial fulfillment of the contract of sale and further that it is necessary for the dealer selling grain to the commission company to take notice any errors in the letter of confirmation of the company at the time and not endeavor to take advantage of any disagreement which may arise between them over the terms of the sale. This is said to be the first time this issue has been brought to a square test between the commission men and the grain dealers and it resulted in a clear victory for the former. Mr. Clark is naturally much pleased at his success in winning the case. The syllabus of the case is as follows, it setting out the facts briefly and distinctly:

J. H. Teasdale Commission Co. vs. Keckler. Appeal, Cass. Reversed and remanded. Duffie, C. Commissioners' department

1. The defendant, a resident of Manley, sold ten thousand bushels of corn to the plaintiff, the sale being made through a broker residing in Omaha, communnication being made between them by telephone. On the next day the broker wrote the defendant stating the terms of the sale, and that confirmation thereof would be received by the defendant from the plaintiff. Plaintiff wrote the defendant from St. Louis, where it was located and where the corn was to be delivered, confirming the sale and stating fully the terms thereof. This letter was headed in bold type as follows: "Report Immediately, any Errors in This Confirmation." Defendand did not reply to either of these letters, but on a later date shipped one car of corn upon the contract, but failed and refused to ship the remainder.

In an action brought by the plaintiff to recover the damage suffered from a failure to deliver all the corn, the defendant alleged as one ground of defense, that his contract to furnish corn was conditioned on his ability to get cars to make the shipment, and that cars could not be procured. He also pleaded the statute of fraud as a defense. Held, first, that the agreement was taken out of the statute of frauds by shipping part of the corn, and second, that, if the plaintiff's letter of cinfirmation did not properly state the terms of sale, it was the duty of the defendant to observe the directions of the letter and report any error therein, relating to the terms of the agreement, and that the rule that he who is silent when it is his duty to speak shall not be heard when he should be silent should be applied.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

L. E. Ousley, will take notice, that on the 13th day of April, 1909, M. Archer, a Justice of the Peace of Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of $15.85 in an action pending before him, wherein Joseph Fetzer is plaintiff, and L. E. Ousley is defendant, that property of the defendant, consisting of money has been attached under said order, said cause was continued to the 28th day of May, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Joseph Fetzer,
Plaintiff.

Girl wanted at the Hotel Riley at once.

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Within the last sixty days we have made some extraordinary low purchases on Plumbing Goods, and have the largest line of Bath Tubs, Closets, Lavatories and Sinks ever shown in Plattsmouth at remarkable reduction in price:

Bath Tubs, white enameled	$15.00 and Up
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We can also make Kewaunee Air Pressure Water Systems at a big reduction over former prices. Remember you can see what you get when purchasing from us, as we have six styles of tubs, six styles of lavatories and three styles of closets in stock and on display.

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Plattsmouth, : : : Nebraska.