

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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game of last night. To-day you are to invade the very citadel and deceive your aunt. Your cousin has left without notice and the situation demands prompt action."

"I was already carrying the suit-case toward the house, explaining as we walked along together."

"But was I so successful last night? Was he really deceived, or did he just play that he was?"

"He's madly in love with you. You stole away all his senses. But he thought you changed toward him unaccountably on the way home."

"But why didn't she tell him?—she must have told him."

"Oh, I took care of that! I rather warned her against betraying us. And now she's trying to punish me by being kidnapped!"

Rosalind paused at the threshold, gathering the stems of the sweet peas in her hands.

"Do you think," she began, "do you think he really liked me—I mean the real me?"

"Like you! That is not the right word for it. He's gloomily dreaming of you—the real you—at this very moment over at Glenarm. But do hasten into these things that Sister Margaret picked out for you. I must see your father before I carry you off. We've no time to waste, I can tell you!"

The canoe-maker heard my story in silence and shook his head.

"It is impossible; we should only get into deeper trouble. I have no great faith in this resemblance. It may have worked once on young Gillespie, but women have sharper eyes."

"But it must be tried!" I pleaded. "We are approaching the end of these troubles, and nothing must be allowed to interfere. Your sister wishes to see you; this is her birthday."

"So it is! So it is!" exclaimed the canoe-maker with feeling.

"Helen must be saved from her own folly. Her aunt must not know of this latest exploit; it would ruin everything."

As we debated Rosalind joined her persuasions to mine.

"Aunt Pat must not know what Helen has done if we can help it," she said.

While she changed her clothes I talked on at the house-boat with her father.

"My sister has asked for me?"

"Yes; your sister is ready to settle with Henry; but she wishes to see you first. She has begged me to find you; but Helen must go back to her aunt. This fraudulent kidnapping must never be known to Miss Pat. And on the other hand, I hope it may not be necessary for Helen to know the truth about her father."

"I dare say she would sacrifice my own daughter quickly enough," he said.

"No; you are wrong; I do not believe it! She is making no war on you, or on her aunt! It's against me! She enjoys a contest; she's trying to beat me."

"She believes that I forged the Gillespie notes and ruined her father. Henry has undoubtedly told her so."

"Yes; and he has used her to get them away from young Gillespie. There's no question about that. But I have the notes, and I propose holding them for your protection. But I don't want to use them if I can help it."

"I appreciate what you are doing for me," he said quietly, but his eyes were still troubled and I saw that he had little faith in the outcome.

"Your sister is disposed to deal generously with Henry. She does not know where the dishonor lies."

"We are all honorable men," he replied bitterly, slowly pacing the floor. His sleeves were rolled away from his sun-browned arms, his shirt was open at the throat, and though he wore the rough clothes of a mechanic he looked more the artist at work in a rural studio than the canoe-maker of the Tippecanoe. He walked to a window and looked down for a moment upon the singing creek, then came up to me and spoke in a different tone.

"I have given these years of my life to protecting my brother, and they must not be wasted. I have nothing to say against him; I shall keep silent."

"He has forfeited every right. Now is your time to punish him," I said; but Arthur Holbrook only looked at me pityingly.

"I don't want revenge, Mr. Donovan, but I am almost in a mood for justice," he said with a rueful smile; and just then Rosalind entered the shop.

"Is my fate decided?" she demanded.

The sight of her seemed to renew the canoe-maker's distress, and I led the way at once to the door. I think that in spite of my efforts to be gay and to carry the affair off lightly, we all felt that the day was momentous.

"When shall I expect you back?" asked Holbrook, when we had reached

"Early to-night," I answered. "But if anything should happen here?" The tears flashed in Rosalind's eyes, and she clung a moment to his hand.

"He will hardly be troubled by daylight, and this evening he can send up a rocket if any one molests him. Go ahead, I'll be there!"

As we cleared Battle Orchard and sped on toward Glenarm there was a sting in the wind, and Lake Annandale had frothed itself into foam. We saw the Stiletto running prettily before the wind along the Glenarm shore, and I stopped the engine before crossing her wake and let the launch jump the waves. Helen would not, I hoped, believe me capable of attempting to palm off Rosalind on Miss Pat; and I had no wish to deceive her. My passenger had wrapped herself in my mackintosh and taken my cap, so that at the distance at which we passed she was not recognizable.

Sister Margaret was waiting for us at the Glenarm pier. I had been a little afraid of Sister Margaret. It was presuming a good deal to take her into

Had Wrapped Herself in My Mackintosh and Taken My Cap.

the conspiracy, and I stood by in apprehension while she scrutinized Rosalind. She was clearly bewildered and drew close to the girl, as Rosalind threw off the wet mackintosh and flung down the dripping cap.

"Will she do, Sister Margaret?"

"I believe she will; I really believe she will!" And the sister's face brightened with relief. She had a color in her face that I had not seen before, as the joy of the situation took hold of her. She was, I realized, a woman after all, and a young woman at that, with a heart not hardened against life's daily adventures.

"It is time for luncheon. Miss Pat expects you, too."

"Then I must leave you to instruct Miss Holbrook and carry off the first meeting. Miss Holbrook has been—"

"For a long walk"—the sister supplied—"and will enter St. Agatha's parlor a little tired from her tramp. She shall go at once to her room—with me. I have put out a white gown for her; and at luncheon we will talk only of safe things."

"And I shall have this bouquet of sweet peas," added Rosalind, "that I brought from a farmer's garden near by, as an offering for Aunt Pat's birthday. And you will both be there to keep me from making mistakes."

"Then after luncheon we shall drive until Miss Pat's birthday dinner; and the dinner shall be on the terrace at Glenarm, which is even now being decorated for a fete occasion. And before the night is old Helen shall be laid. Good luck attend us all!" I said; and we parted in the best of spirits.

I had forgotten Gillespie, and was surprised to find him at the table in my room, absorbed in business papers.

"Button, button, who's got the button!" he chanted as he looked me over. "You appear to have been swimming in your clothes. I had my mail sent out here. I've got to shut down the factory at Ponsocket. The thought of it bores me extravagantly. What time's luncheon?"

"Whenever you ring three times. I'm lunching out."

"Ladies!" he asked, raising his brows. "You appear to be a little social favorite; couldn't you get me in on something? How about dinner?"

"I am myself entertaining at dinner; and your name isn't on the list. I'm sorry to say, Buttons. But to-morrow! Everything will be possible to-morrow. I expect Miss Pat and Helen here to-night. It's Miss Pat's birthday, and I want to make it a happy day for her. She's going to settle with Henry as soon as some preliminaries are arranged, so the war's nearly over."

"She can't settle with him until something definite is known about Arthur. If he's really dead—"

"I've promised to settle that; but I must hurry now. Will you meet me at the Glenarm boathouse at eight? If I'm not there, wait. I shall have something for you to do."

"Meanwhile I'm turned out of your house, am I? But I positively decline to go until I'm fed."

As I got into a fresh coat he played a lively tune on the electric bell, and I left him giving his orders to the butler.

I was reassured by the sound of voices as I passed under the windows of St. Agatha's, and Sister Margaret met me in the hall with a smiling face.

"Luncheon waits. We will go out at once. Everything has passed off smoothly, perfectly."

I did not dare look at Rosalind until we were seated in the dining room. Her sweet peas graced the center of the round table, and Sister Margaret

had placed them in a tall vase so that Rosalind was well screened from her aunt's direct gaze. The sister had managed admirably. Rosalind's hair was swept up in exactly Helen's pompadour; and in one of Helen's white gowns, with Helen's own particular shade of scarlet ribbon at her throat and wrist, the resemblance was even more complete than I had thought it before. But we were cast at once upon deep waters.

"Helen, where did you find that article on Charles Lamb you read the other evening? I have looked for it everywhere."

Rosalind took rather more time than was necessary to help herself to the asparagus, and my heart sank; but Sister Margaret promptly saved the day.

"It was in the Round World. That article we were reading on 'The Authorship of the Collects' is in the same number."

"Yes; of course," said Rosalind, turning to me.

Art seemed a safe topic; and I steered for the open, and spoke in a large way, out of my ignorance, of Michelangelo's influence, winding up presently with a suggestion that Miss Pat should have her portrait painted. This was a successful stroke, for we all fell into a discussion of contemporary portrait painters about whom Sister Margaret fortunately knew something; but a cold chill went down my back a moment later when Miss Pat turned upon Rosalind and asked her a direct question:

"Helen, what was the name of the artist who did that miniature of your mother?"

Sister Margaret swallowed a glass of water, and I stooped to pick up my napkin.

"Van Arsdel, wasn't it?" asked Rosalind, instantly.

"Yes; so it was," replied Miss Pat. Luck was favoring us, and Rosalind was rising to the emergency splendidly. It appeared afterward that her own mother had been painted by the same artist, and she had boldly risked the guess. Sister Margaret and I were frightened into a discussion of the possibilities of aerial navigation, with a vague notion, I think, of keeping the talk in the air, and it sufficed until we had concluded the simple luncheon. I walked beside Miss Pat to the parlor. The sky had cleared, and I broached a drive at once. I had read in the newspapers that a considerable body of regular troops was passing near Annandale on a practice march from Fort Sheridan to a rendezvous at some point south of us.

"Let us go and see the soldiers," I suggested.

"Very well, Larry," she said. "We can make believe they are sent out to do honor to my birthday. You are a thoughtful boy. I can never thank you for all your consideration and kindness. And you will not fail to find Arthur—I am asking you no questions; I'd rather not know where he is. I'm afraid of truth!" She turned her head away quickly—we were seated by ourselves in a corner of the room. "I am afraid, I am afraid to ask!"

"He is well; quite well. I shall have news of him to-night."

She glanced across the room to where Rosalind and Sister Margaret talked quietly together. I felt Miss Pat's hand touch mine, and suddenly there were tears in her eyes.

"I was wrong! I was most unjust in what I said to you of her. She was all tenderness, all gentleness when she came in this morning." She fumbled at her belt and held up a small cluster of the sweet peas that Rosalind had brought from Red Gate.

"I told you so!" I said, trying to laugh off her contrition. "What you said to me is forgotten, Miss Pat."

"And now when everything is settled, if she wants to marry Gillespie, let her do it."

"But she won't! Haven't I told you that Helen shall never marry him?"

"I had ordered a buckboard, and it was now announced."

"Don't trouble to go upstairs, Aunt Pat; I will bring your things for you," said Rosalind; and Miss Pat turned upon me with an air of satisfaction and pride, as much as to say: "You see how devoted she is to me!"

I wish to acknowledge here my obligations to Sister Margaret for giving me the benefit of her care and resourcefulness on that difficult day. There was no nice detail that she overlooked, no danger that she did not anticipate. She sat by Miss Pat on the long drive, while Rosalind and I chattered nonsense behind them. We were so fortunate as to strike the first battalion, and saw it go into camp on a bit of open prairie to await the arrival of the artillery that followed. But at no time did I lose sight of the odd business that still lay ahead of me, nor did I remember with any satisfaction how Helen, somewhere across woodland and lake, chafed at the delayed climax of her plot. The girl at my side, lovely and gracious as she was, struck me increasingly as but a tame shadow of that other one, so like and so unlike! I marveled that Miss Pat had not seen it; and in a period of silence on the drive home I think Rosalind must have guessed my thought; for I caught her regarding me with a mischievous smile and she said, as the others rather too generously sought to ignore us:

"You can see now how different I am—how very different!"

When I left them at St. Agatha's with an hour to spare before dinner, Sister Margaret assured me with her eyes that there was nothing to fear.

I was nervously pacing the long terrace when I saw my guests approaching. I told the butler to order dinner at once and went down to meet them. Miss Pat declared that she never felt better; and under the excitement of the hour Sister Margaret's eyes



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A Delightful Surprise.

One of the most delightful events of the season was held Sunday, April 18, at the home of Peter Spader, 5 miles northeast of Osmond, Neb. The affair being a surprise on Mr. Spader in honor of his 47th birthday anniversary. When he returned from church he found his house taken possession by his friends and neighbors who called to help him celebrate the event. Covers were laid for 40 guests for dinner and supper while the table fairly groaned with good things to eat. Music, cards and dancing were the amusements of the day and evening. At a late hour the guests departed wishing Mr. Spader many more such happy birthdays.

Those present were: Messrs and Mesdames Ray Torrence, L. Hausworth, David O'Brien, August Neubaum, Peter Spader, Misses Josephine and Mary Goeres, Margaret O'Brien, Julia and Connie Schmitz, Ella Backhaus, Margaret Tubbers, Goldie Hausworth, Tessie Neubaum, Margaret and Minna Spader, Messrs. Frank, Leonard and Fred Schmitz, John, Jess, Walter Hausworth, Arthur Anderson, Fred Backhaus, Barney Tubbers, James and David O'Brien, Leo and August Neubaum, George Applegate, Matt, John, Leo and Joseph Spader.

One Who Was There.

Kunsman & Ramge yesterday received some very fine fat cattle which they will slaughter and place on the market. This firm does practically all its own slaughtering and by this means they succeed in having very nice meats for their patrons. This shipment is one of the nicest appearing they have ever received and it can readily be seen that they displayed unusual care in its selection. During the past winter they received a number of shipments of cattle which were very nice and good to look at but this is a better looking one than any of the others. The cattle were driven out to their feeding pens northwest of the city where they will be kept and slaughtered as needed. Plattsmouth is fortunate in its meat markets having some of the best in the state and this firm is one of the best in the city.

Girl wanted at the Hotel Riley at once.

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 intestate 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. D. K. Barr, Attorney.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Teitha Walling, Deceased. This cause coming on to be heard on the petition of W. E. Hand, administrator of the estate of Teitha Walling, 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 County, Nebraska, 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 published for four weeks in the Plattsmouth Journal, a newspaper published and of general circulation in said Cass County, Nebraska, and in testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 21st day of April, 1909. Harvey D. Travis, Judge of the District Court.

Notice of Petition to Quit Title.

Charles Hafke, ATTORNEY, 212 S. 14th St., Omaha, Nebraska. In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska. Carl Wilhelm Hafke, 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 2nd 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 Hafke, Dated April 6, 1909. Charles Hafke, Attorney 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, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building on lot 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, spirituous and vinous liquors at his place of business on west two-thirds of Lot 3, 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.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

L. E. Ousley, will take notice, that on the 12th day of April, 1909, M. Arelier, a Justice of the Peace of Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$15.55 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 25th day of May, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m. Joseph Fetzer, Plaintiff.

Mrs. Josslyn Better.

The many friends of Mrs. B. B. Josslyn will be glad to learn that she is considered much better today, having passed a very comfortable night. Mrs. Josslyn has been very seriously ill for some days past and her parents Rev. and Mrs. Randall have been worried over her condition, but they feel much encouraged over the outlook now and hope that she will have no further difficulty in regaining her health.