

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

Copyright, 1917, by Bobbs-Merrill Company

glowed brightly. As we sat down in the screened corner of the broad terrace, with the first grave approach of twilight in the sky, and the curved trumpet of the young moon hanging in the west, it might have seemed to an onlooker that the gods of chance had oddly ordered our little company. Miss Patricia in white was a picture of serenity, with the smile constant about her lips, happy in her hope for the future. Rosalind, fresh to these surroundings, showed clearly her pleasure in the pretty setting of the scene, and read into it, in bright phrases, the delight of a story-book incident.

"Let me see," she said, reflectively, "just who we are: We are the lady of the castle perched on a tree, with the abbeys, who is also a noble lady come across the fields to sit at meat with her. And you, sir, are a knight full of valor, feared in many lands, and sworn to the defense of these ladies."

"And you"—and Miss Pat's eyes were beautifully kind and gentle, as she took the cue and turned to Rosalind, "you are the well-beloved daughter of my house, faithful in all service, in all ways self-forgetful and kind, our joy and our pride."

It may have been the spirit of the evening that touched us, or only the light of her countenance and the deep sincerity of her voice; but I knew that tears were bright in all our eyes for a moment. And then Rosalind glanced at the western heavens through the foliage.

"There are the stars, Aunt Pat—brighter than ever to-night for your birthday."

Presently, as the dark gathered about us, the candles were lighted, and their glow shut out the world. To my relief the three women carried the talk alone, leaving me to my own thoughts of Helen and my plans for restoring her to her aunt with no break in the new confidence that Rosalind had inspired. I had so completely yielded myself to this undercurrent of reflection that I was startled to find Miss Pat with the coffee service before her.

"Larry, you are dreaming. How can I remember whether you take sugar?"

Sister Margaret's eyes were upon me reproachfully for my inattention, and my heart-beats quickened as eight strokes of the chapel chime stole lingeringly through the quiet air. I had half-raised my cup when I was startled by a question from Miss Pat—a request innocent enough and spoken, it seemed, utterly without intention.

"Let me see your ring a moment, Helen."

Sister Margaret flashed a glance of inquiry at me, but Rosalind met the situation instantly.

"Certainly, Aunt Pat"—and she slipped the ring from her finger, passed it across the table, and folded her hands quietly upon the white cloth. She did not look at me, but I saw her breath come and go quickly. If the rings were not the same then we were undone. This thought gripped the three of us, and I heard my cup beating a tattoo on the edge of my saucer in the tense silence, while Miss Pat bent close to the candle before her and studied the ring, turning it over slowly. Rosalind half opened her lips to speak, but Sister Margaret's snowy hand clasped the girl's fingers. The little circlet of gold with its beautiful green stone had been to me one of the convincing items of the remarkable resemblance between the cousins; but if there should be some differentiating mark Miss Pat was not so stupid as to overlook it.

Miss Pat put down the ring abruptly, and looked at Rosalind and then smiled quizzically at me.

"You are a clever boy, Larry."

Then, turning to Rosalind, Miss Pat remarked, with the most casual air imaginable:

"Helen pronounces either with the long e. I noticed at luncheon that you say either. Where's your father, Rosalind?"

My eyes were turning from her to Rosalind when, on her last word, as though by prearranged signal, far across the water, against the dark shadows of the lake's remotest shore, a rocket's spent ball broke and flung its stars against the night.

I spoke no word, but leaped over the stone balustrade and ran to the boat-house where Gillespie waited.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"With My Hands."

Gillespie was smoking his pipe on the boat-house steps. He had come over from the village in his own launch, which tossed placidly beside mine. Ifjima stepped forward promptly with a lantern as I ran out upon the planking of the pier.

"Jump into my launch, Gillespie, and be in a hurry!" and to my relief he obeyed without his usual parley. Ifjima cast us off, the engine sputtered a

sent, and then the launch got away. I bade Gillespie steer, and when we were free of the pier told him to head for the Tippecanoe.

The handful of stars that had brightened against the sky had been a real shock, and I accused myself in severe terms for having left Arthur Holbrook alone. As we swept into the open Glenarm House stood forth from the encircling wood, marked by the bright lights of the terrace where Miss Pat had, with so much composure and in so few words, made comedy of my attempt to shield Helen. In throwing off my coat my hand touched the envelope containing the forged notes which I had thrust into my pocket before dinner, and the contact sobered me; there was still a chance for me to be of use. But at the thought of what might be occurring at the houseboat on the Tippecanoe I forced the launch's speed to the limit. Gillespie still maintained silence, grimly clenching his empty pipe. He now roused himself and bawled at me:

"Did you ever meet the coroner of this county?"

"No!" I shouted.

"Well, you will—coming down! You will blow up in about three minutes."

I did not slow down until we reached Battle Orchard, where it was necessary to feel our way across the shallow channel. Here I shut off the power and paddled with an oar.

As we floated by the island a lantern flashed at the water's edge and disappeared. But my first errand was at the canoe-maker's; the whereabouts of Helen and the Stiletto were questions that must wait.

We were soon creeping along the margin of the second lake seeking the creek, whose intake quickly lay hold of us.

"We'll land just inside, on the west bank, Gillespie." A moment later we

jumped out and secured the launch, wrapped our lantern in Gillespie's coat, and ran up the bank to the porthole. At the top I turned and spoke to him.

"You'll have to trust me. I don't know what may be happening here, but surely our interests are the same to-night."

He caught me roughly by the arm.

"If this means any injury to Helen—"

"No! It is for her!" And he followed silently at my heels toward Red Gate.

The voices of two men in loud debate rang out sharply upon us through the open windows of the houseboat as we crept down upon the deck. Then followed the sound of blows, and the rattle of furniture knocked about, and as we reached the door a lamp fell with a crash and the place was dark. We seemed to strike matches at the same instant, and as they blazed upon their sticks we looked down upon Arthur Holbrook, who lay sprawling with his arms outflung on the floor, and over him stood his brother with hands clenched, his face twitching.

"I have killed him—I have killed him!" he muttered several times in a low whisper. "I had to do it. There was no other way."

My blood went cold at the thought that we were too late. Gillespie was fumbling about, striking matches, and I was somewhat reassured by the sound of my own voice as I called him.

"There are candles at the side—make a light, Gillespie."

And soon we were taking account of one another in the soft candle-light.

"I must go," said Henry huskily, looking stupidly down upon his brother, who lay quite still, his head resting on his arm.

"You will stay," I said; and I stood beside him while Gillespie filled a pail at the creek and laved Arthur's wrists and temples with cool water. We worked a quarter of an hour before he gave any signs of life; but when he opened his eyes Henry flung himself down in a chair and mopped his forehead.

"He is not dead," he said, grinning foolishly.

"Where is Helen?" I demanded.

"She's safe," he replied cunningly, nodding his head. "I suppose Pat has sent you to take her back. She may go, if you have brought my money."

Cunning and greed, and the marks of drink had made his face repulsive. Gillespie got Arthur to his feet a moment later, and I gave him brandy from a flask in the cupboard. His brother's restoration seemed now to amuse Henry.

"It was a mere love-tap. You're tougher than you look, Arthur. It's the simple life down here in the woods. My own nerves are all gone." He

turned to me with the air of one explaining the situation. "I'm glad you've come, you and our friend of but-

trivary for my cousin's hand matters the house of Holbrook. Between ourselves I favor you, Mr. Lawson; the button-making business is profitable, but damned vulgar. Now, Helen—"

"That will do!"—and I clapped my hand on his shoulder roughly. "I have business with you. Your sister is ready to settle with you; but she wishes to see Arthur first."

"No—no! She must not see him!" He leaped forward and caught hold of me. "She must not see him!"—and his cowardly fear angered me anew.

"You will do, Mr. Holbrook, very much as I tell you in this matter. I intend that your sister shall see her brother Arthur to-night, and time flies. This last play of yours, this flimsy trick of kidnapping, was sprung at a very unfortunate moment. It has delayed the settlement and done a grave injury to your daughter."

"Helen would have it; it was her idea!"

"If you speak of your daughter again in such a way I will break your neck and throw you into the creek!"

He stared a moment, then laughed aloud.

"So you are the one—are you? I really thought it was Buttons."

"I am the one, Mr. Holbrook. And now I am going to take your brother to your sister. She has asked for him, and she is waiting."

Arthur Holbrook came gravely toward us, and I have never been so struck with pity for a man as I was for him. There was a red circle on his brow where Henry's knuckles had cut, but his eyes showed no anger; they were even kind with the tenderness that lies in the eyes of women who have suffered. He advanced a step nearer his brother and spoke slowly and distinctly.

"You have nothing to fear, Henry. I shall tell her nothing."

"But"—Henry glanced uneasily from Gillespie to me—"Gillespie's notes. They are here among you somewhere. You shall not give them to Pat. If she knew—"

"If she knew you would not get a cent," I said, wishing him to know that I knew.

He whirled upon me hotly.

"You tricked Helen to get them, and now, by God! I want them! I want them!" And he struck at me crazily. I knocked his arm away, but he flung himself upon me, clasping me with his arms. I caught his wrists and held him for a moment. I wished to be done with him and off to Glenarm with Arthur; and he wasted time.

"I have that packet you sent Helen to get—I have it—still unopened! Your secret is as safe with me, Mr. Holbrook, as that other secret of yours with your Italian body-guard."

His face went white, then gray, and he would have fallen if I had not kept hold of him.

"Will you not be decent—reasonable—sane—for an hour, till we can present you as an honorable man to your sister? If you will not, your sailor shall deliver you to the law with his own hands. You delay matters—can't you see that we are your friends, that we are trying to protect you, that we are ready to lie to your sister that we may be rid of you?"

I was beside myself with rage and impatient that time must be wasted on him. I did not hear steps on the deck, or Gillespie's quick warning, and I had begun again, still holding Henry Holbrook close to me with one hand.

"We expect to deceive your sister—we will lie to her—lie to her—lie to her—"

"For God's sake, stop!" cried Arthur Holbrook, clutching my arm.

I fung round and faced Miss Pat and Rosalind. They stood for a moment in the doorway; then Miss Pat advanced slowly toward us where we formed a little semi-circle, and as I dropped Henry's wrists the brothers stood side by side. Arthur took a step forward, half murmuring his sister's name; then he drew back and waited, his head bowed, his hands thrust into the side pockets of his coat. In the dead quiet I heard the babble of the creek outside, and when Miss Pat spoke her voice seemed to steal off and mingle with the subdued murmur of the stream.

"Gentlemen, what is it you wish to lie to me about?"

A brave little smile played about Miss Pat's lips. She stood there in the light of the candles, all in white as I had left her on the terrace of Glenarm, in her lace cap, with only a light shawl about her shoulders. I felt that the situation might yet be saved, and I was about to speak when Henry, with some wild notion of justifying himself, broke out stridently:

"Yes; they meant to lie to you! They plotted against me and hounded me when I wished to see you peacefully and to make amends. They have now charged me with murder; they are ready to swear away my honor, my life. I am glad you are here that you may see for yourself how they are against me."

He broke off a little grandly, as though convinced by his own words.

"Yes; father speaks the truth, as Mr. Donovan can tell you!"

I could have sworn that it was Rosalind who spoke; but there by Rosalind's side in the doorway stood Helen. Her head was lifted, and she faced us all with her figure tense, her eyes blazing. Rosalind drew away a little, and I saw Gillespie touch her hand. It was as though a quicker sense than sight had on the instant undeceived him; but he did not look at Rosalind; his eyes were upon the angry girl who was about to speak again. Miss Pat glanced about, and her eyes rested on me.

"Larry, what were the lies you were

RUSKIN SAYS—



"All Works of Quality must bear a price in proportion to the skill, time, expense and risk attending their invention and manufacture. Those things called dear are, when justly estimated, the cheapest. They are attended with much less profit to the artist than those things which everybody calls cheap. Beautiful forms and composition are not made by chance, nor can they ever in any material, be made at small expense."

These words of Ruskin fit exactly the good clothes proposition. Good clothes—clothes well tailored of good materials, may be called dear by some, but when justly estimated, they are actually the cheapest. This is why so many people buy our "Quality Clothes" because they find them the most economical in the end. Quality line \$20 to \$35. Other good ones \$10 to \$20.

C.E. Wescott's Sons

"Where Quality Counts."

OFFICERS HAVE NARROW ESCAPE

Desperate Members of Adair Gang Fire on Officers

The preliminary hearing of Joseph Adair, John Walters and Alfred Bazes the three fellows arrested on the charge of having received stolen property at their homes at the Rendering Works near LaPlatte, was held in the district courtroom Wednesday forenoon before Justice G. P. Miller. The goods consisted largely of meats and lard stolen from a C. B. & Q. car loaded with meats from Armour & Co., of South Omaha.

A number of the employes of the packing house were put on the stand and testified to loading the car April 14th, sealing it, and shipping it to Quincy, Ill., and later of the report from the destination that certain articles were short when the car arrived. The car was traced to LaPlatte, and later detectives raided the homes of the above named employes at the rendering works and as a result of the raid, the identical goods missing in the car referred to above were found in a coal shed on the premises of Adair, also a part in the Walters home. Bazes is a simple minded fellow employed at the works and had no part in the transaction apparently and he was turned loose.

When Adair and Walters were arrested they weakened and confessed to the detectives that they had received the goods from Lou Adair, a brother of Joe Adair, and further that their thieving had been going on for three or four months. Walters is foreman of the rendering works.

One of the incidents of the raid was a shooting affray that has not generally been known. While the detectives were at work at the rendering Works, between the hours of 9 and 10 p. m. a team drove up with two men in the wagon. They were immediately halted by the policemen, and Lou Adair was arrested, in the meantime the other Adair made a dash to get away and Detective Dunn grappled with him and threw him to the ground. Adair called to a man whom he named "Curley" to shoot the _____, and "Curley" stood at the footboard of the wagon and fired two shots at the policemen, but none of them took effect. Detective

Dunn fired two shots at him but they also failed to hit the target and "Curley" jumped over a high board fence and disappeared in the timber and has not since been apprehended. The shots were fired so close to Special Agent Searls, of Lincoln, that the flashes blinded and dazed him but he escaped.

Lou Adair, who is the main offender in the affair, was not present at the preliminary hearing of the other three members of the gang, but Attorney Patrick had telephoned him to be present in the afternoon, and accordingly the hearing would have to be postponed over the noon hour. At this stage Attorney McFarland on behalf of the men whom he represented, waived further preliminary evidence and admitted to hold the men to the district court.

The arrested men have made practically a clean breast of the affair, and Lou Adair, who did the stealing and turned the goods over to the other fellows at the Rendering Works has practically confessed the entire affair to the police in Omaha, and he will turn state evidence in this case too, if given the opportunity. He served a term before in the penitentiary for burglary and is held in Omaha now on a similar charge and will be dealt with accordingly.

Walters and Adair were held to the district court, which convenes in September, under bonds of \$1,500 each, in default of which they will be held in jail. Both are married men and have families who reside at the works at LaPlatte. Besides the meats found at the Walters and Adair homes, a quantity of carpets, clothing, breakfast foods, guns, tobacco, crackers, horse collars, law books, and horse blankets were also found, all of which have been stolen.

The company has been missing goods from their cars for a long time and detectives have been at work for some time and finally succeeded in locating the guilty parties.

Deputy County Attorney Patrick represented the state in the preliminary, while Attorney McFarland of Omaha appeared for the defendants.—Papillon Times.

Undergoes Severe Operation

J. R. Baird, one of the most prominent citizens of Elmwood, was operated upon last Thursday at the Immanuel hospital at Omaha. The only person present aside from the physicians and surgeons was County Clerk Rosencrans, a very close personal friend of Mr. Baird's. He stood the operation which was a severe one, in good shape and the latest advices from his bedside are to the effect that his progress is very satisfactory to the surgeons. Mr. Baird is a very well-to-do citizen of Elmwood and is quite well known in the county. He has been prominently connected with republican politics in the county for a long time and is one of the best men in the country. With the large acquaintance which he has and the numerous friends not alone in Elmwood, but throughout the county, it is a matter of general hope that he goes through the operation without much trouble and that he will soon be able to be out and about and return to his family a well man.

Wants One Thousand Dollars.

Philip Kell last evening commenced a suit against James Sage for \$1,000 damages which he alleges he has sustained by reason of an assault upon him by the defendant yesterday morning. The case will be for trial during the coming June term of the county court in which it was filed. Kell alleges that Sage assaulted him by kicking him and other means. A. N. Sullivan appears for the plaintiff.

Tornado Insurance.

We write your tornado insurance for 60 cents per \$100 for five years. Take no more chances. Call Phone No. 98.

Windham Investment Co.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE. L. E. Quisley, will take notice, that on the 15th day of April, 1909, M. Archer, a Justice of the Peace of Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$11.85 in an action pending before him, wherein Joseph Fetzer is plaintiff, and L. E. Quisley is defendant, that property of the defendant, consisting of money has been attached under said order, and cause was continued to the 25th day of May, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m. Joseph Fetzer, Plaintiff.

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 15th 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 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) of the Southwest Quarter (S. W. 1-4) of Township Eleven, (11), Range Eight (8), in Lancaster County, Nebraska, subject to a mortgage thereon of Fifteen Hundred and Fifty Dollars 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 published 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 Hafke, Atty. 212 S. 14th St., Omaha. In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska. Carl Wilhelm Hafke, Plaintiff, vs. Jemial Keelke, 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. q.) of the North West quarter (N. W. q.) 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 costs 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 granted as a matter of course and judgment rendered accordingly against you and each of you.

Dated April 6, 1909.

Charles Hafke, 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, spirituous 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, spirituous and vinous liquors, and to take place of business on west two-thirds of Lot 5, Block 15, fronting on House Street in said village, for the municipal year ending on the 31st 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.