

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

Copyright, 1913, by the H. K. Fly company.

CHAPTER VIII. The Thief.

MARY was in jovial spirits after her victorious matching of brains against a lawyer of high standing in his profession when she had entered the telephone booth, which had been installed in an extra closet of her bedroom for the sake of greater privacy on occasion. During her absence from the drawing room Garson again came into the apartment seeking her. On being told by Aggie as to Mary's whereabouts he sat down to await her return, listening without much interest to the chatter of the adventuress. The maid appeared and said:

"There's a girl wants to see Miss Turner."
"She says it's important. I guess the poor thing's in hard luck from the look of her," the kindly Fannie added.
"Oh, then, she'll be welcome, of course!" Aggie declared, and Garson nodded in acquiescence. "Tell her to come in and wait, Fannie. Miss Turner will be here right away." She turned to Garson as the maid left the room. "Mary sure is an easy boob," she remarked cheerfully. "Bless her soft heart!"

A minute later a girl perhaps twenty years of age stepped just within the doorway and stood there with eyes downcast after one swift, furtive glance about her. Her whole appearance was that of dejection. Her soiled black gown, the cringing posture, the pallor of her face, proclaimed the abject misery of her state.

"Are you Miss Turner?" she asked in a voice broken by nervous dismay.
"Really, I am very sorry," Aggie replied primly, "but I am only her cousin, Miss Agnes Lynch. But Miss Turner is likely to be back any minute now."
"Can I wait?" came the timid question.

"Certainly," Aggie answered hospitably. "Please sit down."
As the girl obediently sank down on the nearest chair Garson addressed her sharply, so that the visitor started uneasily at the unexpected sound.
"You don't know Miss Turner?"
"No," came the faint reply.
"Then, what do you want to see her about?"

"She once helped a girl friend of mine, and I thought—"
"You thought she might help you," Garson interrupted.
"You have been in stir—prison, I mean," Aggie hastily corrected the lapse into underworld slang. Came a distressed muttering of assent from the girl.

The conversation was put to an end by the entrance of Mary, who stopped short on seeing the limp figure huddled in the chair.
"A visitor, Agnes?" she inquired.
At the sound of her voice the girl looked up and spoke with some degree of energy.
"You're Miss Turner?" she questioned.

"Yes," Mary said. Her words rang kindly and she smiled encouragement. A gasp burst from the white lips of the girl, and she covered as one stricken physically.
"Mary Turner! Oh, my God! I— She hid her face within her arms and sat bent until her head rested on her knees in an abasement of misery.

Vaguely startled by the hysterical outburst from the girl, Mary's immediate thought was that there was a pitiful instance of one suffering from starvation.
"Here," she directed rapidly, "have Fannie bring a glass of milk with an egg and a little brandy in it, right away."

The girl in the chair was shaking soundlessly under the stress of her emotions. A few disjointed phrases fell from her quivering lips.
"I didn't know—oh, I couldn't!"
"Don't try to talk just now," Mary warned, reassuringly. "Wait until you've had something to eat."

Aggie, who had observed developments closely, now lifted her voice in tarty lamentations over her own stupidity.
"Why, the poor gawk's hungry!" she exclaimed. "And I never got the dope on her. Ain't I the simp?"
The girl regained a degree of self control and showed something of forlorn dignity.

"Yes," she said dully, "I'm starving." Mary regarded the afflicted creature with that sympathy born only of experience.
"Yes," she said softly, "I understand." Then she spoke to Aggie. "Take her to my room and let her rest there for awhile. Have her drink the egg and milk slowly and then lie down for a few minutes anyhow."

Half an hour afterward Aggie reported with her charge, who, though still shambling of gait and stooping, showed by some faint color in her face and an increased steadiness of bearing

that the food had already strengthened her much.
"She would come," Aggie explained. "I thought she ought to rest for awhile longer anyhow."
"You're all right, I tell you," came the querulous protest.
"Are you quite sure?" Mary said to the girl. "Then tell us all about it—this trouble of yours, you know. What is your name?"
"Helen Morris."
"I don't have to ask if you have been in prison. Your face shows it."
"I—I came out—three months ago."
"And you'd made up your mind to go straight?"
"Yes." The word was a whisper.
"You were going to do what the chaplain had told you," Mary went on. "You were going to start all over again, weren't you?"
The bent head of the girl bent lower in assent.
"It doesn't work very well, does it?"
"No; I'm whipped."
Mary's manner changed. She spoke cheerfully for the first time.
"Well, then, how would you like to work with us?"
"You—you mean that?"
"Our kind of work pays well when you know how. Look at us. Suppose I should strike you for the present and put you in with a good crowd. All you would have to do would be to answer advertisements for servant girls. I will see that you have the best of references. Then, when you get in with the right people you will open the front door some night and let in the gang. Of course you will make a getaway when they do and get your bit as well."

There flashed still another of the swift, sly glances, and the lips of the girl parted as if she would speak. But she did not; only her head sagged even lower on her breast and the shrunken form grew yet more shrunken.
"It doesn't suit you? Good! I was in hopes it wouldn't. So, here's another plan. Suppose you could go west—some place where you would have a fair chance, with money enough so you could live like a human being till you got a start?"
There came a tensing of the relaxed form, and the head lifted a little, so that the girl could look at her questioner.

"I will give you that chance," Mary said simply, "if you really want it."
The wretched girl sat suddenly erect, and her words came eagerly.
"Oh, I do!" And now her hungry gaze remained fast on the face of the woman who offered her salvation.
"Then I have just one thing to say to you first. If you are going to live straight start straight, and then go through with it. Do you know what that means?"
"You mean keep straight all the time?" The girl spoke with a force drawn from the other's strength.
"I mean more than that. I mean forget that you were ever in prison. I don't know what you have done—I don't think I care. But whatever it was, you have paid for it—a pretty big price, too."

"I have, I have!" The thin voice broke, walling.
"Well, then," Mary went on, "just begin all over again, and be sure you stand up for your rights. Don't let them make you pay a second time. Go where no one knows you, and don't tell the first people who are kind to you that you have been crooked. If they think you are straight, why, be it. Then nobody will have any right to complain. Will you promise me this?"
"Yes, I promise," came the answer, very gravely, quickened with hope.
"Good!" Mary exclaimed, with a smile of approval. "Wait a minute," she added and left the room.
"Huh! Pretty soft for some people," Aggie remarked to Garson, with a sniff.

Mary returned soon. In her hand she carried a roll of bills. She went to the girl and held out the money.
"Take this. It will pay your fare west and keep you quite awhile if you are careful."
But, without warning, a revulsion seized on the girl. She shrank again and turned her head away as her body trembled.
"I can't take it," she exclaimed. "I can't! I can't!"
"Didn't you come here for help?"
"Yes," was the faltering reply, "but—but—I didn't know—it was you!"
"Then you have met me before?" Mary said quietly.

"No, no!" The girl's voice rose shrill. Aggie spoke her mind with frankness. "She's lying."
Garson agreed. His eyes were spoken in a tone of complete certainty. That Mary, too, was of their opinion was shown in her next words.
"So you have met me before?"
The girl unwittingly made confession in her halting words.
"I can't tell you." There was despair in her voice.
"You must."
The girl only crouched lower.
"I can't!" she cried again, panting as if in exhaustion.
"Why can't you?"
"Because—because"—The girl could not go on.

"What were you sent up for?"
"For stealing."
"Stealing what?"
"Goods."
"Where from?"
"The Emporium."
In a flash of intuition the whole truth was revealed to the woman who stood looking down at the cowering creature before her.
"The Emporium!" she repeated. There was a tragedy in the single word. "Then you are the one who—"
The accusation was cut short by the

girl's shriek.
"I am not! I am not, I tell you!"
For a moment Mary lost her poise. Her voice rose in a flare of rage.
"You are! You are!"
The craven spirit of the girl could struggle no more. She could only sit in a huddled, shaking heap of dread. Mary soon mastered her to such an extent that when she spoke again, as if in self communion, her words came quietly, yet with overtones of a supreme woe.
"She did it!" Then after a little she addressed the girl with a certain wondering before this mystery of horror. "Why did you throw the blame on me?"
The girl made several efforts before her mumbling became intelligible, and then her speech was gasping, broken with fear.
"I found out they were watching me, and I was afraid they would catch me. So I took them and ran into the cloak room and put them in a locker that wasn't close to mine and some in the pocket of a coat that was hanging there. God knows I didn't know whose it was. I just put them there—I was frightened."
"But they caught you later. Why didn't you tell them?"
"I was afraid," came the answer from the shuddering girl. "I told them it was the first time I had taken anything, and they let me off with a year."
"You cried and lied, and they let you off with a year. I wouldn't cry. I told the truth—and"—Mary's voice broke in a tearful sob. The color had gone out of her face, and she stood rigid, looking down at the girl whose crime had ruined her life with an expression of infinite loathing in her eyes.

Aggie took advantage of the pause. Her voice was acid. "Some people are sneaks—just sneaks!"
Somehow the speech was welcome to the girl, gave her a touch of courage sufficient for cowardly protestations. It was more like the abuse that was familiar to her. A gush of tears came.
"I'll never forgive myself, never!" she moaned.
"Oh, yes, you will," Mary said malevolently. "People forgive themselves pretty easily. Stop crying. Nobody is going to hurt you." She thrust the money again toward the girl and crowded it into the half reluctant, half greedy hand. "Take it, and get out." The contempt in her voice rang still sharper. "Go, before I change my mind!"

The girl needed no second bidding. With the money still clutched in her hand she went forth swiftly, stumbling a little in her haste, fearful lest at the last moment the woman she had so wronged should change in mood and take back the money.
Freed from the miasma of that presence, Mary remained motionless for a long minute, then sighed from her tortured heart.
"A girl I didn't know," she said bewilderedly, "perhaps had never spoken to—who smashed my life like that! Oh, if it wasn't so awful it would be funny! It would be funny!"

(To be Continued)

Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
Rev. James A. Lewis, Milaca, Minn., writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been a needed and welcome guest in our home for a number of years. I highly recommend it to my fellows as being a medicine worthy of trial in cases of colds, coughs and croup."
Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and we are confident you will find it very effective and continue to use it as occasion requires for years to come, as many others have done. For sale by all dealers.

What Hustling Did.
Manager Shlaes says he has secured a contract from the management of "The Deep Purple." The date will be announced later on. It will be a month or so at least. Energy of this kind, if pursued, will bring to our town a high standard of companies.

THE THIRD DEGREE
is coming soon, a 5-part photoplay masterpiece, at the Grand. Watch paper for further announcements. 2-48-3rd-21w

FREE TO FARMERS
By special arrangement the Ratekin Seed House of Shenandoah, Iowa, will mail a copy of their Big 1914 Illustrated Seed Book, and a sample of their famous "Diamond Joe's Big White" seed corn that has a record of over 200 bushels per acre, free to every reader of this paper who may be interested in the crops they plant. This book is a complete compendium of farming and farm and garden seeds. It tells how to grow big crops and all about best varieties of seed corn for your locality; also Seed Oats, Wheat, Barley, Speltz, Grasses, Clovers, Alfalfa, Pasture and Lawn Mixtures, Seed Potatoes and all other farm and garden seeds. This seed book is worth dollars to all in want of seeds of any sort. It's free to all our readers. Write for it and mention this paper. The address is RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa. Box 227.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

John Fitzgerald, esq., has returned home again.
Mr. Pierce, our quaint friend of pleasant memory, remembered the Herald on Thanksgiving day.

Mother Flaherty has bought a new clock, the handsomest one Frank Carruth had in his outfit.
Frank White has moved into his own cottage by the avenue, and had a surprising party there.

Doc. Jones and six other candidates for sheriff all went down to Nebraska City to the district convention.
A sister of Capt. Bennett died at Atchison, Kansas, on the 20th inst., and the captain has gone to attend the funeral.

Frank Carruth has just returned from a fortnight's trip east. He is content to remain at Plattsmouth for awhile yet.
Gen. E. E. Cunningham has been down in Kansas to see his daddy. He hurried home to get some turkey, too.

Now and then our Weeping Water friends drop in to see Plattsmouth once more.
A. P. Miller of Weeping Water returned from the east, through Plattsmouth, on Tuesday last. Mr. Miller has been east to attend the funeral of a loved brother, we believe.

Dr. G. Hildebrand of Pacific City, Iowa, called at the Herald office Saturday. He reports prospects good around his neighborhood.
Uncle Peter Hugus, an old-time hardware man of Omaha, and an old friend of the Herald, is clerking for E. T. Duke & Co., at Omaha, for the present.

Mike Schnellbacher, our favorite blacksmith, has been sick, nigh unto death this past week, but we are glad to announce that he is fast getting better, under the care of Dr. Jno. Black.

Jim Tucker has written a letter to his father, and is very much better. The physician at the asylum expects to discharge James, cured, before fall.

Complaint has been made to the Herald against tying horses to trees in the public grounds of this city, and allowing them to stand for hours, thus destroying the young limbs.

William Herold is having new shelves put in the west side of his building, and will fill them with a bran new stock of dry goods. He is going to keep a large assortment of good goods, which he will sell cheap for cash.

Mr. D. H. Wheeler will dispose of the large stock of stoves and tinware left at the store of E. T. Duke & Co., very reasonable for cash. The firm only moves their hardware stock to Omaha and not the stoves and tinware.

Master Willie Straight met with a very painful accident yesterday. He was rolling a hoop with a lath, one end of which was sharpened, when he fell down, striking his cheek against the sharpened end, forcing it through his cheek into his mouth. Dr. Livingston was called in and relieved the little sufferer.

Little Cora Wells had a bad fall yesterday morning. She was down on her knees looking over the side of the foot-bridge in front of her home, when she suddenly pitched off head first into the Branch, striking the side of her head on some bricks, bruising her face badly. Fortunately no bones were broken.

D. L. Morrow changes and enlarges his advertisement in two ways this week. The firm has grown, being now Morrow Brothers, and the ad increases to keep pace with the firm and also the increased amount of business they do. Mr. Morrow informs us that they intend building a new blacksmith and machine shop for a certainty this fall, and they will build a foundry in the spring at

PARMELE THEATRE

Monday Evening, Feb. 23rd

DANIEL L. MARTIN OFFERS

THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

Adapted from Gene Stratton Porter's Book

FRECKLES

...WITH...

A BIG and BRILLIANT COMPANY and COMPLETE PRODUCTION

SPECIAL PRICES

1st two Rows Parquet.....	50c
Balance of Parquet and 1st two rows Dress Circle.....	75c
Balance of Dress Circle.....	\$1.00
All of Balcony.....	50c
Gallery.....	25c

Seats on Sale Friday, February 20th at Weyrich & Hadraba's

any rate, and possibly this fall, if the promise of work will warrant them in so doing. They have several lots donated to them for a foundry site conditional upon their building before next May. We are glad to hear this good news and to see some little progress in the direction the Herald has long pointed out.

The Herald had a very pleasant call Monday from Mr. E. E. Woolsey of Three Groves, who, we are sorry to say, is about to leave us for Otoe county in the spring. Mr. Woolsey has just sold his farm in this county for \$10,000. It may not be uninteresting to note the facts connected with the cost and sale of this land. One hundred and sixty acres were pre-empted at government price, \$1.25 per acre; 200 acres more were added at different times at an average of less than 85 per acre. It now brings over \$28 per acre, of course with all the improvements. Mr. Woolsey has lived in this county since 1857, consequently he is one of our oldest settlers. He came here with small means and became independent by industry and the use of good common sense and a thorough knowledge of his business. He raised cattle and horses quite extensively and it is presumable fed up his surplus grain and marketed it in the shape of stock. We have made the few remarks above to help show that farming in Nebraska will pay when conducted with sense and skill. While we are sorry to lose so good a citizen as Mr. Woolsey, we are glad to learn that his farm has been purchased by another live and energetic Nebraska farmer, who will probably enlarge and improve it still more. The purchaser is Mr. Anderson Root, of Lincoln, and now manager of the agricultural farm of this state under the control of the university. Mr. Root owns an-

other farm almost adjoining the one he has just bought and will move to Cass county in the spring. Mr. Woolsey retires to a smaller farm near Nebraska City and will enter into the brokerage business. We hope he may be as successful there as he has been here, and we shall welcome Mr. Root, as a citizen, with great pride.

CLAYTON ROSENCRANS BUYS BARBER SHOP

The barber shop which for the past three years has been operated by H. H. Kuhnley in the Eschenberger building on Fifth street, and which is one of the best locations for a place of this kind in the city, has been purchased by Clayton Rosenkrans and will be run under his management in the future. Mr. Rosenkrans has been employed by Mr. Kuhnley for the past several months and prior to that time was the owner of the barber shop in the Hotel Riley block, and his work as a barber is too well known to the people here to require any extensive words as to his ability in this line and he will continue to carry on his trade in his usual excellent style. The health of Mr. Kuhnley has not been the best of late and he found it impossible to continue the work of running the shop, and finding a purchaser, decided to dispose of it without delay. That the new proprietor will meet with success in his new venture goes without saying and his friends and patrons will be pleased to learn that he has decided to again engage in business for himself.
Sell your property through the Journal Want Ads.

ALMA GLUCK

AMERICA'S PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO

Sings for the Omaha Letter Carriers at the Omaha Auditorium on March 2d.

This will be the first appearance of Miss Gluck in Omaha. She has but recently returned from a highly successful tour of Europe, and you may be sure a considerable expense was entailed in bringing her to that city. Those of you have listened to any of Miss Gluck's records on the Victrola cannot afford to miss seeing and hearing this wonderful sweet singer in person.

The admission price has been so reduced that with the added car fare will be but barely more than is usually charged for admission for a high-grade concert of this nature.
This means that the entire capacity must be sold.
Tickets from 75c to \$2.00. Send in your remittance in care of Omaha Convention Committee, 582 1/2 Brandeis Bldg., Omaha, Neb., and seats will be reserved on date of receipt of your order. Mr. Reinhold Weyersbach, America's foremost baritone, assist Miss Gluck in this concert, thereby giving two concerts for the price of one.

For Sale at a Bargain.
Five acres, good house, barn, fruit, 2 1/2 miles from town; part cash, balance monthly. Make offer. W. R. Byers, 1418 North 24th street, South Omaha, Neb. 2-7-2648-w

The Plattsmouth Business College

is now open and ready to receive all those who are desirous of obtaining a thorough practical business training. All commercial branches taught, embracing—

BOOKKEEPING	SHORTHAND
BANKING	TOUCH TYPEWRITING
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC	PENMANSHIP
COMMERCIAL LAW	ENGLISH GRAMMAR
RAPID CALCULATION	PUNCTUATION, ETC.
BUSINESS LETTER WRITING	COMMERCIAL PAPERS

(Day school—9 to 12 and 1:30 to 4 o'clock. Night School—7:30 to 10)

Five days and evenings each week. This is a splendid opportunity—not only for the young men and women of Plattsmouth and vicinity to perfect themselves in the above subjects—but also for the business men and women who wish to improve along these lines. For information in regard to rates, course of study, etc., write or see—

S. P. RANDALL, Field Secretary