

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER XI. Gilder Meets Bride.

THEY entered the erect, heavy figure of the man whom Mary had hated through the years. He stopped abruptly just within the room, gave a glance at the two men, then his eyes went to Mary, sitting at her desk, with her face lifted inquiringly. He did not pause to take in the beauty of that face, only its strength. He stared at her silently for a moment. Then he spoke, a little tremulous from anxiety.

"Are you the woman?" he said. There was something simple and primitive, something of dignity beyond the usual conventions, in his direct address.

Mary's acknowledgment was as plain as his own question.

"I am the woman. What do you want?"

"My son."

Mary guessed that his coming was altogether of his own volition, and not the result of his son's information, as at first she had supposed.

"Have you seen him recently?"

"No."

"Then, why did you come?"

"Because I intend to save my boy from a great folly. I am informed that he is infatuated with you, and Inspector Burke tells me—why—he tells me—why—he tells me— He paused, unable for a moment to continue from an excess of emotion.

Inspector Burke filled the halting sentence.

"I told you she had been an ex-coquet."

"Yes," Gilder said, after he had regained his self control. He stared at her pleadingly. "Tell me, is this true?"

Here, then, was the moment for which she had longed through weary days, through weary years. Here was the man whom she hated, suppliant before her to know the truth. Her heart quickened. Truly, vengeance is sweet to one who has suffered unjustly.

"Is this true?" the man repeated, with something of horror in his voice.

"It is," Mary said quietly.

For a little, there was silence in the room. At last, Gilder spoke with the

pride.

"Dad we're married. Mary and I were married this morning."

Mary kept her eyes steadfast on the father. There was triumph in her gaze. This was the vengeance for which she had longed, for which she had plotted, the vengeance she had at last achieved. Here was her fruition, the period of her supremacy.

Gilder seemed dazed by the brief sentence.

"Say that again," he commanded.

"Dad, Mary and I were married this morning."

"I married your son this morning," Mary said in a matter of fact tone. "I married him. Do you quite understand, Mr. Gilder? I married him." In that insistence lay her ultimate compensation for untold misery. The father stood there wordless, unable to find speech against this calamity that had befallen him.

"It's a framup!" Burke roared. He glared at the young man. "Tell your father it ain't true. Why, do you know what she is? She's done time." He paused for an instant, then spoke in a voice that was brutally menacing. "And she'll do it again!"

The young man turned toward his bride. There was disbelief, hope, despair, in his face.

"It's a lie, Mary," he said. "Say it's a lie." He seized her hand passionately.

"It is the truth," Mary said firmly. "I have served three years in prison."

There was a silence of a minute that was like years.

Dick turned his tortured face to his

bars. You owe for all that. Well, I've begun to collect."

"And that is why you married my boy?"

"It is," Mary gave the answer coldly, convincingly.

Convincingly, save to one—her husband. Dick suddenly aroused and spoke with the violence of one sure.

"It is not!"

He stood up and went to Mary, and took her two hands in his, very gently, yet very firmly.

"Mary," he said softly, "yet with a strength of conviction, 'you married me because you love me.'"

"No," she said gravely, "no, I did not."

"And you love me now?" he went on insistently.

"No, no!" Mary's denial came like a cry for escape.

"You love me now!" There was a masterful quality in his declaration, which seemed to ignore her negation.

"I don't," she repeated bitterly.

"Look me in the face and say that!" There was a silence that seemed long, though it was measured in the passing of seconds. At last Mary, who had planned so long for this hour, gathered her forces and spoke valiantly. Her voice was low, but without any weakness of doubt.

"I do not love you."

"Just the same you are my wife, and I'm going to keep you and make you love me."

"She's a crook!" Burke said.

"I don't care what you've been!" Dick exclaimed. "From now on you'll go straight. You'll walk the straightest line a woman ever walked. You'll put all thoughts of vengeance out of your heart because I'll fill it with something bigger—I'm going to make you love me."

Burke spoke again:

"I tell you she's a crook."

Mary moved a little, and then turned her face toward Gilder.

"And, if I am, who made me one? You can't send a girl to prison and have her come out anything else."

Burke swung himself around in a movement of complete disgust.

"She didn't get her time for good behavior."

"And I'm proud of it!" came her instant retort. "Do you know what goes on there behind those stone walls? Do you, Mr. District Attorney, whose business it is to send girls there? Do you know what a girl is expected to do to get time off for good behavior? If you don't, ask the keepers."

"I served every minute of my time—every minute of it, three full, whole years. Do you wonder that I want to get even, that some one has got to pay? Four years ago, you took away my name, and gave me a number. Now, I've given up the number—and I've got your name."

(To be Continued)

Has Fine New Milk Wagon.

From Friday's Daily.

James Maroussek, who operates a dairy line from his farm, south of the city, is the proud possessor of a very fine new milk wagon which he has in use and it makes a very fine appearance, as he drives over the city. The new wagon is the latest thing in these styles of wagons and will make the best possible means of delivering milk to the customers in the different parts of the city.

This new vehicle was secured from the establishment of John Gorder in this city, and the fact that it was purchased at this place is a guarantee that it is first-class in every way, as Mr. Gorder handles only the best articles on the market and sees that every customer is given perfect satisfaction.

The Journal advertisers are doing the business.

Woman Finally Recovers From Nervous Breakdown

Impoverished nerves destroy many people before their time. Often before a sufferer realizes what the trouble is, he is on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown. It is of the utmost importance to keep your nervous system in good condition, as the nerves are the source of all bodily power. Mrs. Rosa Bonner, 825 N. 18th St., Birmingham, Ala., says:

"I have been suffering with nervous prostration for nine or ten years. Have tried many of the best doctors in Birmingham, but they all failed to reach my case. I would feel as if I was smothering; finally I went into convulsions. My little girl saw

Dr. Miles' Nervine
advertised in the papers and I at once began to take it. I continued to take it for some time and now I am well."

If you are troubled with loss of appetite, poor digestion, weakness, inability to sleep; if you are in a general run down condition and unable to bear your part of the daily grind of life, you need something to strengthen your nerves. You may not realize what is the matter with you, but that is no reason why you should delay treatment.

Dr. Miles' Nervine
has proven its value in nervous disorders for thirty years, and merits a trial, no matter how many other remedies have failed to help you. Sold by all druggists. If first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

FRANCE BALLANCE MEETS WITH A VERY SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT GLENWOOD

From Friday's Daily.

Reports from the bedside of France Ballance at Glenwood indicate that that gentleman is getting along nicely from his recent accident and it is thought by the doctors in attendance that he will be able to be out in a short time. The accident occurred about a week ago, and France has been suffering with several broken ribs, as well as a sprained ankle, since that time. He was driving with a load of wooden blocks that were to be employed in the repairing of a well near the state institution at Glenwood, and as he was driving along he started to sit down on one of the blocks, when it slipped and threw France out of the wagon and down between the wagon and the team of mules which was attached to the vehicle, and one of the mules kicked him quite severely, and at the same time the wagon was pulled forward, the wheels passing over his chest and ankle, with the results as noted above. Mr. Ballance was at once given the attention of a surgeon and his injuries dressed and he was made as comfortable as possible, but it will be a number of days before he is able to be up and around in his former active manner. The friends of this genial gentleman here have been greatly worried over the matter, but will be pleased to learn that he is getting along so nicely.

ANOTHER INMATE OF THE MASONIC HOME DIES LAST EVENING

From Saturday's Daily.

Last evening another of the old gentlemen making their home at the Masonic Home in this city was called to his final reward, when E. H. Benedict passed away. Mr. Benedict had resided at the Home since February, 1911, coming here with his daughter from O'Neill, Nebraska, and both were afflicted with a malady that made it a very difficult matter for them to get around, but in spite of this affliction there was not a Sunday unless in very severe weather that Mr. Benedict did not attend services at the Methodist church, of which he was a very devout member and the funeral services at the Home this morning were conducted by the pastor of that church, Rev. F. M. Druliner, who gave a few remarks on the life of the deceased, who will be greatly missed by his many friends at the Home, as well as throughout the city, where he had become well known. The body was taken to O'Neill, his old home, where the interment will be made. Mr. Benedict was about 57 years of age, and leaves besides his daughter, who resides at the Masonic Home here, an adopted son and daughter, who reside at Spokane, Washington.

Beautiful Shetland Ponies
for sale at all times, for the next 100 years, unless I die in the meantime. I have now an extra fine stallion, the best in the state for sale. Well broke for both harness and saddle.

Wm. Gilmour, Plattsmouth, Neb.
R. F. D. No. 1.

The Journal for stationery.

O. Sandin, D. V. M., graduate of the Kansas City Veterinary College, is permanently located in Plattsmouth. Calls answered day or night. Phone 255. Office 606 Main.

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

William Rice of Murray was in the city yesterday attending to some matters with the different merchants.

Mrs. A. E. Seybert of Cullom came in this morning on No. 4 to visit for the day with her relatives in this city.

J. E. Wiles departed this morning for Omaha to visit for a few hours there in attendance at the automobile show.

George Snyder was in Omaha yesterday for a few hours looking after the auto show and visiting the stock market.

Mayor Fred H. Gorder of Weeping Water was in the city today attending to some matters at the store of his brother, John Gorder.

Ed Tritsch was among the Cass county visitors at the automobile show in Omaha today, going to that city on the early Burlington train.

Peter Halmes and son were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they were called to attend to some matters of business for a few hours.

Charles Chriswiser of near Nehawka was in the city last evening for a few hours visiting with friends and attending to some matters of business.

Adam Meisinger of Cedar Creek came in yesterday from his home and spent the day here attending to some business affairs with the different merchants.

T. W. Swan and G. Ward Chaney, two of the prominent residents of the vicinity of Union, were in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business at the court house.

From Saturday's Daily.

R. C. Bailey came in last evening from Omaha, where he was attending the automobile show.

Creed Harris was among the Union citizens who came in last evening to enjoy the pleasures of the fiddlers' contest.

Miss Edna Propst came down from Omaha this afternoon and will visit over Sunday with her parents at Myard.

Frank Stigel of near Union was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters at the court house.

George P. Barton of Union came up last evening on the Missouri Pacific and attended the fiddlers' contest at the Parmele theater.

Charles Peacock drove in this morning from his farm home west of this city and spent several hours here looking after matters of business.

Frank Blotzer, jr., and wife, of near Cedar Creek, were in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

D. W. Foster of Union was among the enthusiasts present last evening at the fiddlers' contest, taking in the gems furnished by the old-timers.

Chris Parkening drove in yesterday afternoon from his farm home west of the city and spent several hours here looking after some trading with the merchants.

Mrs. Fred Ebinger and Mrs. Nelson were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day at the hospital with Mr. Ebinger.

Mrs. J. W. Ockerman of Hildreth, Neb., who has been here for a short time visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. O. Engenberger, departed this morning for her home.

Frank Finkle, the irrepressible and genial citizen of near Union, came up last evening on the belated Missouri Pacific and attended the fiddlers' contest at the Parmele theater.

Editor Graves of the Union Ledger was among those present last evening in this city at the fiddlers' contest, and he remained over night to look after some matters of business.

Conrad Schlater of Oshkosh, Nebraska, arrived last evening

Children Cry for Fletcher's

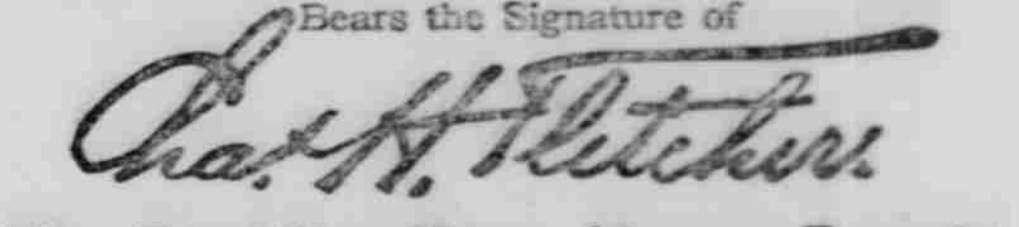


The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, and Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS



The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

PLATTSMOUTH TEAM LOSES CLOSELY-CONTESTED DEBATE WITH NEB. CITY

From Saturday's Daily.

Last evening at Nebraska City the debaters representing the local high school met defeat at the hands of the team representing our neighboring city in a very closely contested debate on the subject, "Resolved, That the policy of regulating trusts is preferable to abolishing them." The team from this city represented the negative side of the question and it was thoroughly discussed before the judges, Prof. Edwin Maxey, Prof. G. A. Stephens of the University of Nebraska, and H. A. Prince of Grand Island, a member of the law school and one of the leading debaters on the state university team, and the judges had a hard time to determine just who was entitled to receive the reward of victory, but finally gave the honors to the Nebraska City school team. The team from here did remarkably well, as it has only been in existence about two weeks, and the young people composing the team acquitted themselves very well and should not be ashamed of the showing they have made so far. The team had been changed by the Nebraska City debate, as Miss Margaret Thomas appeared in place of Tracy Dealmer, and Chester Tney accompanied the team as alternate.

Mrs. Edna Propst came down from Omaha this afternoon and will visit over Sunday with her parents at Myard.

Ben Wiles, W. H. Wiles and John Wiles, jr., were passengers this morning for Omaha to visit with their brother, Everett Wiles, at the hospital for the day, and while in the metropolis they will also take in the automobile show.

L. E. Foster and wife came up last evening from their home at Union and visited here over night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Larson, the parents of Mrs. Foster. They departed this morning for Omaha, where they will spend the day.

Moving Dirt Fast.
The work of excavating at the site for the new county jail still continues and George Siltman, who has been given the contract for the removal of the dirt, is getting the work along in good shape. There is quite a demand among the different parties around town for the dirt to use in making fills.

Residence Property for Sale.
The L. S. White residence property in Murray is offered for sale. This is an excellent piece of property and will be sold right. For particulars call at the Murray State Bank, or Mark White.

Do you know that the Journal office carries the finest line of stationery in the city?

DO YOU REALIZE

How Strong is the Demand for Cheap Land?

If you have come to know what it means to own a farm, I can put you in a position to secure one whose cost will be within your means.
THE MONDELL LANDS—you can file on a 320 acre Mondell tract in Wyoming or Montana and make it yours at a cost to you of only \$22. You can, also, buy 160 acres more adjoining for \$1.25 per acre; you can become the independent owner of 480 acres of good grazing and farm land for \$222.00. Our inquiries indicate an extensive settlement of these lands this coming season.

THE NORTH PLATTE VALLEY AND THE BIG HORN BASIN

There are in these valleys Government Irrigated Homesteads, Carey act and Deeded lands. The Burlington's new central Wyoming main line traverses both localities, and will put them in close touch with the Western markets. Write me, telling me the kind of land you seek.

D. GLEN DEEVER,
1004 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Immigration Agent



"Are you the woman?"

sureness of a man of wealth, confident that money will solve any wound.

"How much?" he asked, baldly.

Mary smiled an inscrutable smile.

"Oh, I don't need money," she said, carelessly. "Inspector Burke will tell you how easy it is for me to get it."

"Do you want my son to learn what you are?" he said.

"Why not? I'm ready to tell him myself."

Then Gilder showed his true heart in which love for his boy was before all else.

"But I don't want him to know," he stammered. "Why, I've spared the boy all his life. If he really loves you—it will!"

At that moment, the son himself entered hurriedly. In his eagerness he saw no one save the woman he loved. At his entrance, Mary rose and moved backward a step involuntarily, in sheer surprise over his coming.

The young man went swiftly to her, while the other three men stood silent. Dick took Mary's hand in a warm clasp, pressed it tenderly.

"I didn't see father," he said happily, "but I left a note on his desk at the office."

Then, somehow, the surcharged atmosphere penetrated his consciousness, and he looked around, to see his father standing grimly opposite him. But there was no change in his expression beyond a more radiant smile.

"Hello, dad!" he cried, joyously.

"Then you got my note?"

"No, Dick, I haven't had any note."

The young man spoke with simple



"Dad, Mary and I were married this morning."

bride of a day. Then he spoke again more beseechingly.

"Say there's a mistake."

Mary spoke with a simplicity that admitted no denial.

"It's all quite true."

The man who had so loved her, trusted her, stood trembling for a moment, tottered and sank into a chair.

The father looked at Mary with a reproach that was pathetic.

"See," he said, and his heavy voice was for once thin with passion—"see what you've done to my boy?"

"What is that compared to what you have done to me?"

"What have I done to you?" he questioned, uncomprehending.

"Do you remember what I said to you the day you had me sent away?"

"I don't remember you at all."

"Perhaps you remember Mary Turner, who was arrested four years ago for robbing your store, and perhaps you remember that she asked to speak to you before they took her to prison."

The heavy jawed man gave a start.

"Oh, you begin to remember! Yes! There was a girl who swore she was innocent—yes, she swore that she was innocent. And she would have got off—only you asked the judge to make an example of her."

"You are that girl?"

"I am that girl."

There was a little interval of silence. Then Mary spoke again remorselessly.

"You took away my good name; you smashed my life; you put me behind



"Say, there's a mistake."