

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER XII. Aftermath of Tragedy.

THE Gilders, both father and son, endured much suffering throughout the night and day that followed the scene in Mary Turner's apartment, when she had made known the accomplishment of her revenge on the older man by her ensnaring of the younger.

Dick had followed the others out of her presence at her command, emphasized by her leaving him alone when he would have pleaded further with her. Since then he had striven to obtain another interview with his bride, but she had refused him. He was denied admission to the apartment. Only the maid answered the ringing of the telephone, and his notes were seemingly unheeded.

Distraught by this violent interjection of torment into a life that hitherto had known no important suffering, Dick Gilder showed what mettle of man lay beneath his debonaire appearance. And that mettle was of a kind worth while. He did not for an instant believe that she was guilty of the crime with which she had been originally charged and for which she had served a sentence in prison. For the rest, he could understand in some degree how the venom of the wrong inflicted on her had poisoned her nature through the years, till she had worked out its evil through the scheme of which he was the innocent victim. He cared little for the fact that recently she had devoted herself to devious devices for making money, to ingenious schemes for legal plunder.

So, in the face of this catastrophe, where a less love must have been destroyed utterly, Dick remained loyal. His passionate regard did not falter for a moment. It never even occurred to him that he might cast her off, might yield to his father's prayers, and abandon her.

The father suffered with the son. He was a proud man, intensely gratified over the commanding position to which he had achieved in the commercial world, proud of his business integrity, of his standing in the community as a leader, proud of his social position, proud most of all of the son whom he so loved. Now, this hideous disaster threatened his pride at every turn—worse, it threatened the one person in the world whom he really loved.

He realized that his son loved the woman—nor could he wonder much at that. His keen eyes had perceived Mary Turner's graces of form, her loveliness of face. He had apprehended, too, in some measure at least, the fineness of her mental fiber and the capacities of her heart. Deep within him, denied any outlet, he knew here lurked a curious, subtle sympathy for the girl in her scheme of revenge against himself.

Gilder, in his library this night, was pacing impatiently to and fro, eagerly listening for the sound of his son's return to the house. He was anxious for the coming of Dick, to whom he would make one more appeal. If that should fail—well, he must use the influences at his command to secure the forcible parting of the adventuress from his son.

Finally the son entered the room and went at once to his father, who was standing waiting, facing the door. "I'm awfully sorry I'm so late, dad," he said simply.

"Where have you been?" the father demanded gravely. But there was great affection in the flash of his gray eyes as he scanned the young man's face, and the touch of the hand that he put on Dick's shoulder was a very tender. "With that woman again?"

"No, father, not with her. She won't see me."

"Naturally! She's got all she wanted from you—my name!"

"It's mine, too, you know, sir." Gilder looked at his son with a strange, new respect.

"Dick," he cried—"boy, you are all I live in the world. You will have to free yourself from this woman somehow. You owe me that much."

"I owe something to her, too, dad."

"What can you owe her? She tricked you into the marriage. Why, legally it's not even that. Here's been nothing more than a wedding ceremony. We must get you out of the scrape."

"I'm not sure that I want to get out of it, father."

"You want to stay married to this jail bird?"

ried to police headquarters, for it's sure to happen? The cleverest of people make mistakes, and some day she'll make one."

Dick threw out his hands in a gesture of supreme denial. But the father went on remorselessly.

"They will stand her up where the detectives will walk past her with



"I owe something to her, too, dad."

masks on their faces. Her picture, of course, is already in the rogues' gallery, but they will take another—yes, and the imprints of her fingers and the measurements of her body."

The son was writhing under the words. The woman of whom these things were said was the woman whom he loved. Yet every word had in it the piercing, horrible sting of truth.

"That's what they will do to your wife," Gilder went on harshly, "to the woman who bears your name and mine. What are you going to do about it?"

"It will never happen. She will go straight, dad. That I know. You would know it if you only knew her as I do."

Gilder was in despair. What argument could avail him? He cried out sharply in desperation.

"Do you realize what you're doing? Don't go to smash, Dick, just at the beginning of your life. Oh, I beg you, boy, stop! But this girl out of your thoughts and start fresh. You're all I have, my boy."

"Yes, dad," came the answer. "If I could avoid it I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world. I'm sorry, dad, awfully sorry"—He hesitated, then his voice rang out clearly: "But I must fight this out by myself—fight it out in my own way. And I'm going to do it!"

The butler entered. "A man to see you, sir," he said. The master took the card. "Very well," he said, "show him up." His glance met the wondering gaze of his son.

"It's Burke," he explained. "What on earth can he want—at this time of night?" Dick exclaimed.

"You may as well get used to visits from the police."

A moment later Inspector Burke entered the room. "She's skipped!" he said triumphantly.

Dick made a step forward. His eyes flashed, and there was anger in his voice as he replied: "I don't believe it."

"She left this morning for Chicago," Burke said, lying with a manner that long habit rendered altogether convincing. "I told you she'd go." He turned to the father and spoke with an air of boastful good nature. "Now, all you have to do is to get this boy out of the scrape and you'll be all right."

"If we only could!" The cry came with deepest earnestness from the lips of Gilder, but there was little hope in his voice.

"I guess we can find a way to have the marriage annulled or whatever they do to marriages that don't take," said Burke.

The brutal assurance of the man in this referring to things that were sacred moved Dick to wrath.

"Don't you interfere," he said. Nevertheless Burke held to the topic. "Interfere! Huh!" he ejaculated, grinning broadly. "Why, that's what I'm paid to do. Listen to me, son. The minute you begin mixing up with crooks you ain't in a position to give orders to any one. The crooks have got no rights in the eyes of the police. Just remember that."

But Dick was not listening. His thoughts were again wholly with the woman he loved, who, as the inspector declared, had fled from him.

"Where's she gone in Chicago?" Burke answered in his usual gruff fashion, but with a note of kindness that was not without its effect on Dick.

"I'm no mind reader," he said. "But she'll probably stop at the Blackstone—that is, until the Chicago police are tipped off that she is in town."

The face of the young man took on a totally different expression. He went close to the inspector and spoke with intense seriousness.

"Burke," he said pleadingly, "give me a chance. I'll leave for Chicago in the morning. Give me twenty-four hours start before you begin hounding her."

The inspector smiled acquiescence. "Seems reasonable," he admitted.

"No, no, Dick!" the father cried. "You shall not go! You shall not go!" The inspector shot a word of warning to Gilder in an aside that Dick could not hear.

Dick said, "that you won't notify the police in Chicago until I've been there twenty-four hours?"

"You're on," Burke replied genially. "They won't get a whisper out of me until the time is up."

"Then I'll go," Dick smiled rather wanly at his father. "You know, dad, I'm sorry, but I've got to do what I think is the right thing."

It was not until the door was closed after Dick that Burke spoke.

"He'll go to Chicago in the morning, you think, don't you?" he asked.

"Certainly," Gilder answered. "But I don't like it."

"Best thing that could have happened! You see, he won't find her there."

"Where did she go then?" Gilder queried, wholly at a loss.

"Nowhere yet. But just about the time he's starting for the west I'll have her down at headquarters. Demarest will have her indicted before noon. She'll go to trial in the afternoon, and tomorrow night she'll be sleeping up the river. That's where she is going."

Gilder stood motionless for a moment. "But," he said wonderingly, "you can't do that."

"Well, perhaps I can't, but I will! Suddenly his face grew hard. His heavy jaw shot forward aggressively as he spoke.

"Think I'm going to let that girl make a joke of the police department? Why, I'm here to get her, to stop her anyhow. Her gang is going to break into your house tonight."

"What?" Gilder demanded. "You mean she's coming here as a thief?"

"Not exactly," Inspector Burke confessed, "but her pals are coming to try to pull off something right here. She wouldn't come, not if I know her. She's too clever for that. Why, if she knew what Garson was planning to do, she'd stop him."

The inspector paused suddenly. For a long minute his face was seamed with thought. Then he smote his thigh with a blow strong enough to kill an ox. His face was radiant.

"I've got her!" he cried. He went to the desk where the telephone was and took up the receiver.

"Give me 3300 Spring," he said. As he waited for the connection he smiled widely on the astonished Gilder.

"Headquarters?" he called. "Inspector Burke speaking. Who's in my office? I want him quick." He smiled as he listened, and he spoke again to Gilder. "It's Smith, the best man I have. That's luck, if you ask me."

Then again he spoke into the mouth-piece of the telephone.

"Oh, Ed, send some one up to that Turner woman. You have the address. Just see that she is tipped off that Joe Garson and some pals are going to break into Edward Gilder's house tonight. Get some stool pigeon to hand her the information. You'd better get to work quick. Understand?"

The inspector hung up the receiver and faced his host with a contented smile.

"What good will all that do?" Gilder demanded impatiently.

"She'll come to stop 'em. When we get the rest of the gang we'll grab her too. Just call your man for a minute, will you, Mr. Gilder?"

Gilder pressed the electric button on his desk. At the same moment, through the octagonal window, came a blinding flash of light that rested for seconds, then vanished. Burke was startled by the mysterious radiance.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply. "It's the flashlight from the Metropolitan tower," Gilder explained. "It swings around this way about every fifteen minutes. The servant forgot to draw the curtains."

(To be Continued)

The Forty Year Test.

An article must have exceptional merit to survive for a period of forty years. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was first offered to the public in 1872. From a small beginning it has grown in favor and popularity until it has attained a world-wide reputation. You will find nothing better for a cough or cold. Try it and you will understand why it is a favorite after a period of more than forty years. It not only gives relief—it cures. For sale by all dealers.

Old— aged until every drop is rare and mellow. That's what gives the flavor to Old

I. W. Harper Whiskey. For fifty years that flavor has been the favorite. It's velvety richness never varies. Your Grandfather chose Old I. W.

HARPER because he knew it was the best. Today you can find no finer

WHISKEY ED EGENBERGER

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

Items of Interest to Our Readers Gleaned from the Newspaper Files of Many Years Ago.

G. A. Ashman of Weeping Water called on the Herald Tuesday. He is quite a Sunday school man we perceive.

Faxon has gone again, and no more shall the yell of that bell boy waste its sweetness in our Plattsmouth air.

Hesser remembers the Herald man once in awhile yet. A handsome germanium came to hand the other day.

We are pained to hear that Cap. Whitcomb, formerly a resident of this town, is in very bad health and not likely to survive long. Palsy of vital parts is the trouble. We extend our sympathy to himself and all his friends.

Mr. Thos. Pollock, secretary of our school board, one of our councilmen, and a prominent citizen generally, has been fighting bronchitis for some two weeks most manfully. We are happy to announce that he is fast conquering old Bronner's and coming out strong, as Mark Tapley says, on the side of health and strength once more.

Dick Reese fixed our wrench as one as could be, and Mike Schnellbacher dodged our sign up so even Saturday's big wind couldn't blow her over. Mike is heavy on signs.

Cap. Bennett, our well known, affable and reliable express agent, insurance man, etc., has been under the weather for the past ten days. He has now conquered old Billious and is all O. K. once more.

Died—Very suddenly at home in Chicago, of congestion of the brain, Mr. W. French, son-in-law of our esteemed friends, Chaplain Wright and wife. We most heartily extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones in this sudden affliction.

J. M. Sampson, he of Faxon's outfit, is one of the best auctioneers we ever heard, besides being a prompt, good-paying business man to boot, and if he can't pull the pillars of a temple over he can knock down goods to the lowest bidder with any of 'em.

Mr. T. A. Davis, agent for the Union Nurseries at Glenwood, Iowa, owned by Mr. L. A. Williams, is in town taking orders for this celebrated nursery. We bespeak a good business for Mr. Davis as the Williams' Nurseries are well known here to the farmers as good stock.

R. B. Claiborne removed his family to Weeping Water last Friday.

Lines on the death of Mrs. Benj. Austin will have to lay over until next week.

Miss L. Davis of Marysville, Mo., is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. B. Spurlock.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Dr. Schildknecht is recovering from the effects of her fall, and hope to chronicle her entire recovery in a short time.

Our old friend, Burley, made the rifle for sheriff of Douglas county at the convention Saturday. Hope he may get elected now.

Our readers will observe in this week's paper a plain and sensible card from Mr. Streight, announcing that he has taken charge of the Saunders House and means to keep it in good shape after this. As we have said before, we think Mr. Streight is the right man for this business and he has got the right kind of a wife, and that's two-thirds of the battle. Give us a good landlady and we will make a good hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Streight belong here, they are our friends and our neighbors, we all want the town wants a good first-class hotel. It has long wanted it. Now you all know he knows how to keep a good house, and it is the duty of everyone to encourage and promote its success in every way possible. Tell folks you have a good hotel, patronize it yourself, merchants and others.

You want its trade and you should work for the success of the hotel in return. To travelers we say that we know the Saunders House under the present management will give you satisfaction and good accommodation. We want it further understood that we have written the above lines on our own motion without any suggestion of Mr. Streight's because we think the business interests of the town demand a good hotel and we ought to all help it to succeed.

Jno. L. Hobbs, son of William Hobbs, and formerly of Rock Bluffs, goes to Omaha to enter into business. Success to you, John. Good boy, too!

Wm. Stadelmann, our enterprising clothier, left for Chicago last Tuesday afternoon, where he will lay in a large stock for his fall trade. He will be back in time to vote.

Mr. H. H. Bedwell, another of Plattsmouth's old citizens, leaves this week for Kansas City, Mr. B. is endeared to us by many pleasant associations and kindnesses. We were loth to part, the necessities of business are breaking up old friendships all the time. We most heartily wish our friend, Bedwell, success, fame and fortune wherever he may light.

A. C. McMaken, one of the oldest mail agents in the service, left this week for Denver, where he enters the service again on the Colorado Central, running between Denver and Longmont. "Andy" ran with the first mail car on the B. & M. to Lincoln, first to Kearney, and the first on this road into Omaha. He was the pioneer agent in this end of Uncle Sam's mail outfit, and goes we are informed to open a new route out in Colorado. Success to the old boy, wherever he may go. He is one of us and a right down good fellow all over and all around.

On Thursday evening last a very sad accident happened to the family of Mr. Aug. Reinhardt of this place. A little son, Frederick, and the other children, older, concluded to play "keep house" in the kitchen, and in

When Chicks Come

keep them. On the care they get the first three weeks depend their lives and your profits.

Pratts' Baby Chick Food
25c, 50c and \$1.00
is just the right combination of nourishment, tonic and conditioner to do the most good to new hatched chicks. It makes for rapid, sturdy growth and protects from bowel trouble and other diseases waiting to attack weaklings. No other food is as well suited to start the babies right.

Lester Tompkins, Concord, Mass., the Rhode Island Red King, writes: "I cannot say too much in favor of Pratts' Baby Chick Food for baby chicks. I have lost out to feeding I must have it when I have little chicks coming along, as they take such a start, and the weakly ones trace up and seem to be as strong as the rest. You can certainly quote me as recommending it for baby chicks."

Pratts' White Diarrhea Remedy
25c and 50c
kills the germs of this costly common profit killer. It saved millions of little lives last year. Refuse substitutes; insist on Pratts.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back
Get Pratts 100 page Poultry Book

For sale by J. V. Egenberger, Plattsmouth, Wolff & Ault, Cedar Creek, 4515.

order to do so, proposed to build a fire as all housekeepers do. The kindling not burning as they desired and imitating the older ones, they got the kerosene can and poured oil on the smouldering embers. Instantly it caught fire and the poor child, Frederick, only 4 years old, was so badly burned that he died that night and was buried on Friday.

Mr. John Fitzgerald has returned home after an absence of some length. With his usual energy he is head and ears in new plans and new business ahead.

Dr. John Black has got a new fancy matched team—that was some days ago. Now he hasn't 'em. Before we go to press he probably may own them again. Now you have your property, and now you don't; about this time.

El Plummer goes it alone after this. John R. Clark has sold his interest in his store to Mr. Plummer and the Herald hopes the new man may do double the business he ever did before.

And the marshal concluded to put his leddie William Board up against the House so the great Herald office would appear to view. That's right—much

obliged; we don't need the Brick Block moved now. John Shannon says he'll put a load on you or the fellow that wrote his little "gardening" up.

We are most glad to see Judge Thomas out on the streets again, and to learn that he is fast recovering his usual health.

Mr. Arthur Mills of Concord, Mass., one of Plattsmouth, sends us a new play, in which "Monsieur Gustave de Girgime" flourishes, and we guess it is Arthur himself. Can't beat the spirit of '76, old boy.

PRODUCE WANTED.

The Lincoln Pure Butter Co. have established a branch house in Plattsmouth and want to buy all kinds of produce, cream and butter. They will pay the highest market price in cash at all times. Lincoln Pure Butter Co. John Ingrassano, Manager. Cream and Produce Station. Sixth and Pearl Streets, Plattsmouth, Neb.

GOOD FARMING IMPLEMENTS AT THE RIGHT PRICE JUST AT THE TIME YOU NEED THEM

This is what the farmer is looking for at this season of the year, and we want to tell you that we believe we are prepared to fill your every want with the very best machinery to be found on the market. We want to call your attention to the following high grade lines that will be found in our stock at this time—

GRAND DE TOUR PLOWS AND GANG PLOWS, ALSO JOHN DEERE, CASE AND PACEMAKER GANG PLOWS.

STALK CUTTERS—Such at the Sterling, Rock Island and Avery from \$36.00 to \$42.00

DISC HARROWS—The Grand De Tour, Osborne and Bud Long.

WALKING CULTIVATORS—Avery, Jenny Linde and Genuine New Departure. Also a few John Deere Walking Cultivators at \$12 each.

RIDING CULTIVATORS—New Century, Grand De Tour, and a number of John Deere Riding Cultivators at \$23.00 each.

RIDING LISTERS—the 2-wheel disc cover, Grand De Tour.

WALKING LISTERS—the John Deere at \$23.00.

CORN PLANTERS—Black Hawk, Case, John Deere and Gale.

FARM WAGONS—Newton, Webber and Columbus; also a complete line of steel and wood wheel truck wagons. Extra beds from \$13.75 up.

THE DEERING AND McCORMICK GENERAL LINES.

I. H. C. ENGINES with magneto built in and needs no batteries.

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES—Henny, Emerson, D. M. Sechler, Moon Bros. and Rock Island. A number of Velie buggies at \$33.50.

HARNESS—A complete line of home made harness made from bark tanned leather.

BLANKETS AND ROBES—This is the line we are offering you a special inducement in, and every robe and blanket in the house will be sold at a 10 PER CENT DISCOUNT.

HARNESS OILED AT \$1.00 PER SET.

JONH F. GORDER

THE IMPLEMENT MAN (A DISCOUNT OF 2 PER ON ALL CASH PURCHASES)

PLATTSMOUTH NEBRASKA