

## WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA  
FROM THE PLAY OF  
BAYARD VEILLER

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### The Burglary at Gilder's.

The entrance of the butler brought the inspector's thoughts back to the matter in hand.

"My man," he said authoritatively. "I want you to go up to the roof and open the scuttle. You'll find some men waiting up there. Bring 'em down here. They're police officers. You get 'em down here, and then you go to bed and stay there till morning. Understand?"

The butler looked at his master for guidance. Receiving a nod, he said: "Very well, sir."

"How do you know they're going to break into the house tonight?" Gilder demanded of Burke. "or do you only think they're going to break into the house?"

"I know they are. I fixed it." "You did?" "Sure; did it through a stool pigeon."

"Oh, an informer?" Gilder interrupted, a little doubtfully.

"Yes," Burke agreed; "stool pigeon is the police name for him. Really, he's the vilest thing that crawls."

"But if you think that," Gilder expostulated, "why do you have anything to do with that sort of person?"

"Because it's good business," the inspector replied. "We know he's a spy and a traitor and that every time he comes near us we ought to use a disinfectant. But we deal with him just the same because we have to. Now, the stool pigeon in this trick is a swell English crook. He went to Garson yesterday with a scheme to rob your house. He tried out Mary Turner, too, but she told Garson to leave it alone. But he met Griggs afterward and agreed to pull it off. Griggs got word to me that it's coming off tonight, and so, you see, Mr. Gilder, that's how I know."

"I see," Gilder admitted without any enthusiasm. "But why do you have your men come down over the roof?"

"It wasn't safe to bring them in the front way. It's a cinch the house is being watched. I wish you would let me have your latch key. I want to come back and make this collar myself."

"But why not stay, now that you are here?"

"Suppose some of them saw me come in? There wouldn't be anything doing until after they saw me go out again."

The hall door opened, and the butler re-entered the room. Behind him came Cassidy and two other detectives in plain clothes. At a word from his master the disturbed Thomas withdrew.

"Now," Burke went on briskly as the door closed behind the servant, "where could these men stay out of sight until they're needed?"

There followed a little discussion which ended in the selection of a storeroom at the end of the passage on the ground floor.

"And now, Mr. Gilder," the inspector said energetically, "I'm going to give you the same tip I gave your man. Go to bed and stay there."

"But the boy," Gilder protested. "What about him? He's the one thing of importance to me."

"If he says anything more about going to Chicago just you let him go, that's all! It's the best place for him for the next few days."

"You're in charge here," Burke said to Cassidy, "and I hold you responsible. I'm coming back to get this bunch myself, and I'll call you when you're wanted. You'll wait in the storeroom out there and don't make a move till you hear from me, unless by any chance things go wrong and you get a call from Griggs. He's got a whistle, and he'll use it if necessary. Got that straight?" Cassidy declared an entire understanding of the directions.

As the men left the room Burke turned again to Gilder.

"Just one thing more," he said. "After I've gone I want you to stay up for a half hour anyhow, with the lights burning. Do you see? I want to be sure to give the Turner woman time to get here while that gang is at work."

Gilder scrupulously followed the directions of the police inspector. Unhappily he had remained in the library until the allotted time was elapsed. He fidgeted from place to place, his mind heavy with distress under the shadow that threatened to blight the life of his cherished son. Finally, with a sense of relief he put out the lights and went to his chamber.

His thoughts were most with his son, and ever as he thought of Dick his fury waxed against the woman who had ensnared the boy in her plotting for vengeance on himself. And into his thoughts now crept a doubt, one that alarmed his sense of justice. A horrible suspicion that he had misjudged Mary Turner crept into his brain and would not out. He fought it with all the strength of him, and that was



Mary was Utterly Wretched.

much, but ever it abode there.

Mary Turner herself, too, was in a condition utterly wretched, and for the same cause—Dick Gilder. That source of the father's suffering was hers as well. She had won her ambition of years—revenge on the man who had sent her to prison. And now the joy of it was a torture, for the puppet of her plans, the son, had suddenly become the chief thing in her life.

She had taken it for granted that he would leave her after he came to know that her marriage to him was only a device to bring shame on his father. Instead he loved her. That fact seemed the secret of her distress. He loved her. More, he dared believe, and to assert boldly, that she loved him. Had he acted otherwise the matter would have been simple enough. But he loved her—loved her still, though he knew the shame that had clouded her life, knew the motive that had led her to accept him as a husband. More—by a sublime audacity he declared that she loved him.

There came a thrill in her heart each time she thought of that—that she loved him. The idea was monstrous, of course, and yet—here, as always, she broke off, a hot flush blazing in her cheeks.

Mary Turner was just ready for bed when a note came by a messenger who waited for no answer, as he told the yawning maid. As Mary read the roughly scrawled message, she was caught in the grip of terror. The man who had saved her from death had yielded to temptation. As he had saved her so she must save him. She hurried into the gown she had just put off. Then she went to the telephone book and searched for the number of Gilder's house.

A few moments before Mary Turner received the note from the hands of the sleepy maid one of the leaves

of the octagonal window in the library of Richard Gilder's town house swung open under the persuasive influence of a thin rod of steel, cunningly used, and Joe Garson stepped confidently into the dark room.

For a space he rested motionless, listening intently. Reassured, he drew out an electric torch and set it glowing. A little disk of light touched here and there about the room, traveling very swiftly and in methodical circles. Satisfied by the survey, Garson crossed to the hall door, where he listened for any sound of life without and found none. The door into the passage that led to the storeroom where the detectives waited next engaged his watchful attention. And here again there was naught to provoke his suspicion.

It seemed to him that everything was in readiness for the coming of his associates. There remained only to give them the signal in the room around the corner where they waited at a telephone. He seated himself in Gilder's chair at the desk and drew the telephone to him.

"Give me 999 Bryant," he said. There was a little wait. Then an answer in a voice he knew came over the wire.

Garson picked up a penholder from the desk and began tapping lightly on the rim of the transmitter. It was a code message in Morse. In the room around the corner the tapping sounded clearly, ticking out the message that

the way was free for the thieves' coming.

For a final safeguard Garson searched for and found the telephone bell box and unscrewed the bells, which he placed on the desk. He then took his pistol from his hip pocket and thrust it into the right side pocket of his coat. Once again, now, he produced the electric torch and lighted it as he extinguished the lamp on the table.

He then went to the door into the hall, opened it and, leaving it ajar,

made his way in silence to the outer doorway. The doors there were freed of their bolts, and one of them swung wide. So nicely had the affair been timed that hardly was the door open before the three men slipped in and stood mute and motionless in the hall while Garson refastened the doors. Then Garson walked quickly back to the library. Behind him, with steps as noiseless as his own, came the three men.

When all were gathered in the library Garson shut the hall door, touched the button in the wall beside it, and the chandelier threw its radiant light on the group.

Griggs was in evening clothes, seeming a very elegant young gentleman indeed, but his two companions were of grosser type, as far as appearance went—one, Dacey, thin and wiry, with a ferret face; the other, Chicago Red, a brawny ruffian, whose stolid features nevertheless exhibited something of half sullen good nature.

"Everything all right so far," Garson said rapidly. He turned to Griggs and pointed toward the heavy hangings that shrouded the octagonal window. "Are those the things we want?" he demanded.

"Yes," was the answer. "Well, then, we've got to get busy."

Before he could add a direction he was halted by a soft buzzing from the telephone. For an instant he hesitated while the others regarded him doubtfully.

"We've got to take a chance," Garson went to the desk and put the receiver to his ear.

There came again the faint tapping of some one at the other end of the line, signaling a message in the Morse code. An expression of blank amazement, which grew in a flash to deep concern, showed on Garson's face as he listened tensely.

"Why, this is Mary calling," he muttered.

"Mary?" Griggs cried.

"Yes, she's on," Garson interpreted a moment later as the tapping ceased for a little. He translated in a loud whisper as the irregular ticking noise sounded again.

"I shall be there almost at once. I am sending this message from the drug store around the corner. Have some one open the door for me immediately."

"She's coming over!" Griggs cried incredulously.

"No, I'll stop her," Garson declared firmly.

But when after tapping a few words the forger paused for the reply no sound came.

"She don't answer!" he exclaimed.

"On her way already," Griggs suggested. "I'll let her in." He drew a small torch from the skirt pocket of his coat and crossed to the hall door as Garson nodded assent.

"God! Why did she have to come?" Garson muttered, filled with forebodings. "If anything should go wrong now!"

He turned back toward the door just as it opened, and Mary darted into the room, with Griggs following closely at her heels.

"What do you want here?" he demanded, with peremptory savagery in his voice, which was a tone he had never hitherto used in addressing her.

There was only tender pleading in Mary's voice, though her words were an arraignment.

"Joe, you lied to me!"

"That can be settled later!" the man snapped. His jaw was thrust forward obstinately, and his clear eyes sparkled defiantly.

"You are fools, all of you!" Mary cried. "Yes, fools! This is burglary. I can't protect you if you are caught. How can I? Oh, come!" She held out her hands pleadingly toward Garson, and her voice dropped to beseeching.

"Joe, Joe, you must get away from this house at once, all of you! Joe, make them go!"

"It's too late," was the stern answer. "We're here now, and we'll stay till the business is done."

"Joe, for my sake!"

"I can't quit now until we've got what we came here after," he declared roughly.

"Boys, let's get away! Please, oh, please! Joe, for God's sake!" Her tone was a sob.

"I'm going to see this through," said Garson doggedly.

With a gesture of despair she turned away toward the door by which she had entered.

"You can't go," Garson said sharply. "You might be caught."

"And if I were," Mary demanded in a flash of indignation, "do you think I'd tell?"

"Of course not, Mary. I know you. You would go up for life first. Just the same, you can't take any chances. We'll all get away in a minute and you'll come with us." He turned to the men and spoke with swift authority.

"Come," he said to Dacey, "you get to the light switch there by the hall door. If you hear me snap my fingers, turn 'em off. Understand?"

With instant obedience the man went to his station by the hall door.

"Red," Garson ordered, "you get to that door." He pointed to the one that gave on the passageway against which he had set the chair tilted. As



"This is Mary calling," Garson muttered.

the man obeyed Garson gave further instructions.

"If any one comes in that way get him and get him quick. You understand? Don't let him cry out or make a sound."

Chicago Red held up his huge hand, widely open.

"Not a chance," he declared proudly, "with that over his mug."

"Now, let's get to work," Garson continued eagerly.

Mary spoke with the bitterness of defeat.

"Listen, Joe! If you do this I'm through with you. I quit."

"If this goes through," he countered, "we'll all quit. That's why I'm doing it. I'm sick of the game."

(To be Continued)

### SOUTH BEND.

Mrs. Henry Sever is staying at Lishe's.

Miss Mullett went to Ashland Friday.

W. Wallick visited with Hills Monday.

Mrs. Ollie Johnson is visiting at Leishe's.

Sterl Cellars is visiting with Mrs. O'Brien.

Clarence Graham spent Saturday in Omaha.

Samuel Long was a passenger to Omaha Monday.

H. P. Long was on the sick list the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vogle spent Sunday in Omaha.

Little Edna Wagner spent Tuesday with her aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Long spent Sunday with H. P. Long.

Mrs. Nannie Streight spent Tuesday across the river.

Mrs. Nannie Streight was a passenger to Omaha Wednesday.

Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Gilliam were in Louisville Tuesday.

Luella Sawyer and Mary McHugh spent Sunday at Sawyer's.

Miss Thiele of Louisville spent Sunday evening with the Kirell's.

Mrs. William Wagner visited with Mrs. Streight the first of the week.

Miss Craig of Ashland spent Thursday with Frances Campbell.

A number of the young folks spent Sunday evening at Kirell's.

The picture show given at the church Sunday night was well attended.

Clyde Berge and Sterling McDonald spent Sunday night in Greenwood.

Mrs. Charles Campbell and Paul were passengers to Louisville Saturday.

Clyde Berge, John Kirell and Lovell Massey spent Sunday evening in Louisville.

Mrs. Ed McGinnis is reported somewhat better, after having been sick for so long.

A number of the young folks from here attended the show at Louisville last week.

O. M. McDonald and Clarice Streight spent Sunday afternoon at the state fisheries.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Ernest Sturzenegger spent Sunday with his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Greenwood spent Saturday night, and Sunday with the McDonald's.

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## Alvo Notes

From Saturday's Daily.

G. P. Meisinger, jr., came in this morning to visit for a few hours with his parents and to attend to some trading.

P. A. Hild of near Maple Grove was in the city today looking after some trading with the merchants for a few hours.

Albert Wheeler drove in this morning from his farm home, south of the city, to attend to some trading with the merchants.

County Attorney C. H. Taylor departed last evening for Kansas City, where he was called to look after some legal matters for a short time.

Adam Kaffenberger of the vicinity of Cedar Creek came in this morning to spend the day looking after some matters of business.

W. H. Heil of the Pleasant View stock farm was in the city today attending to some matters of business with the merchants.

William Howland, wife and little son were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for a short time with friends and look after some business matters of importance.

James McCullough and wife, of the vicinity of Murray, and Fred Oldenhansen, the father of Mrs. McCullough, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for the day.

**JURYMEN FOR THE APRIL TERM OF THE DISTRICT COURT**

From Saturday's Daily.

The jury panel for the coming term of the district court, which opens here on April 13, was drawn today by Sheriff Quinton and Clerk of the District Court Robertson, as follows: George Klinger, Jr., J. W. Brobst, W. H. Tuey, G. G. Meisinger, Frank Sieve, Gus Johnson, Cyrus Creamer, George L. Fels, W. C. Wollen, W. M. Cook, Paul J. Marshall, Henry Bornemeier, I. H. Ward, A. L. Jardine, Charles Vanscoyoc, J. D. Cross, James W. Holmes, Henry Shoemaker, Geo. Wiles, F. H. Goodfellow, Frank Laughlin, A. O. Ault, R. G. Glover and Roy Taylor.

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If you don't feel well, begin taking Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion today, and build your health and strengthen your system against more serious illness. To convalescents, old people, puny children and all others, who are weak, run-down or ailing, we offer Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion with our personal promise that, if it doesn't make you well and strong again, it will cost you nothing. If we didn't have the utmost faith in it, we wouldn't offer it with this guarantee, nor ever recommend it to you. We are sure that once you have used it you will recommend it to your friends, and thank us for having recommended it to you. Sold only at the more than 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us. \$1.00.—F. G. Fricke & Co., Union Block, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Eggs for hatching from S. C. Rhode Island Reds, \$1.00 per 15; \$5.00 per 100. Extra choice matings, \$2.00 and \$3.00 per 15.

A. O. Rampe, 3-9-14w

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Bears the Signature of

*Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

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In Use For Over 30 Years

## Local News

From Friday's Daily.

A. F. Seybert came down this morning from his home near Cullom to secure some articles for use on the farm, and made a flying visit here.

Mrs. George Weidman and daughter, Mrs. Fred Kroehler, of Havlock, were passengers this afternoon for Omaha to visit Fred Ebinger at the hospital.

Henry Speck departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, from where he will go to Columbus, Neb., where he will be engaged in the job printing business.

County Commissioners Julius Fitz and C. E. Heebner returned yesterday afternoon from Omaha, where they were called to look after some matters for the county.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Kaus, son, Fredrich, and daughter, Bernia, who have been here for a short time visiting with relatives and friends, departed this morning for their home at Farmington, Minnesota. Miss Louise Gorder accompanied them as far as Omaha.

Henry Born came in this morning from his farm home near this city and looked after some trading with the different merchants, and in the course of his visits called at the Journal office and renewed his subscription to the Old Reliable for another year. The visit of Mr. Born was much appreciated and we were greatly pleased to have this genial gentleman call, and when he is in town he will always be welcomed at these headquarters.

### Card of Thanks.

We desire to take this method of extending our most sincere thanks to our many kind neighbors and friends for their kindly assistance at the time of the gasoline engine explosion at our home. May God reward you.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Meisinger.

## RESORT TO ANYTHING

TO MAKE A POINT IN

## THE FAVOR OF REMOVAL

From Saturday's Daily.

The celebrated Omaha stinger, through its Lincoln correspondent, takes a poke at E. M. Pollard for his activity among the university alumni, by calling him a "paid" lobbyist for the anti-removalists. People who have watched this fuss as spectators are satisfied that if any paying has been done it has come from those who would pull the university out in the country in order to enhance the value of their real estate. If the voters only knew the true reasons for that removal scheme they would set down on it and set down hard.

—Nebraska News.

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With pain and misery by day, sleep-disturbing bladder weakness at night, tired, nervous, run-down men and women everywhere are glad to know that Foley Kidney Pills restore health and strength, and the regular action of kidneys and bladder. For sale by all druggists.

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From March 15th to April 15th, there will be low one-way fares—such as \$30 from principal Nebraska towns to the Pacific Coast, and \$25 to Utah and parts of Idaho and Montana. Travelers can easily join the Burlington's Personally Conducted Tourist Sleeper Parties to California, through their nearest agent.

**Winter Tourist Fares**—to Southern resorts are yet available. The winter season of the Southland and Cuba is at its height during March. Then, later, many Southern tourists come homeward by way of Washington, D. C. The capital city and its historic environs are at their best during April and May.

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