

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER XIV. The Noiseless Death.

RED suddenly made a slight hissing noise that arrested the attention of the others and held them in moveless silence.

"I hear something," he whispered. He went to the keyhole of the door leading into the passage. Then he whispered again, "and it's coming this way."

At the words Garson snapped his fingers. The room was plunged in darkness.

There was absolute silence in the library after the turning of the switch that brought darkness. Long seconds passed, then a little noise—the knob



"I hear something," whispered Chicago Red.

of the passage door turning. As the door swung open there came a gasping breath from Mary, for she saw framed in the faint light that came from the single burner in the corridor the slender form of her husband, Dick Gilder.

The next instant he had stepped within the room and Chicago Red had pounced on his victim, the huge hand clapped tight over the young man's mouth. There came a sound of scuffling feet, and that was all. Finally the big man's voice came triumphantly:

"I've got him!"

"It's Dick!" The cry came as a wall of despair from the girl.

At the same moment Garson flashed his torch, and the light fell swiftly on young Gilder, bowed to a kneeling posture before the couch, half throttled by Chicago Red. Close beside him, Mary looked down in wordless despair over this final disaster of the night.

Garson retired a step farther before he spoke his command, so that, though he held the torch still, he, like the others, was in shadow.

"Get away, Red."

The fellow let go his grip. Freed of that strangling embrace, Dick stumbled blindly to his feet. Then, mechanically, his hand went to the lamp on the table back of the couch. When the mellow light streamed forth he uttered an ejaculation of stark amazement, for his gaze was riveted on the face of the woman he loved.

"Good God!" It was a cry of torture wrung from his soul of souls. Mary swayed toward him a little, nimbly with fear—fear for herself, for all of them, most of all for him.

"Hush, hush!" she panted warningly. "Oh, Dick, you don't understand!"

"I understand this," he said brokenly at last. "Whether you ever did it before or not, this time you have broken the law." A sudden inspiration



Dick Gilder Throttled by Chicago Red.

on his own behalf came to him. For his love's sake he must seize on this opportunity given of fate to him for mastery.

"You're in my hands now. So are these men as well. Unless you do as I say, Mary, I'll jail every one of them."

"Who's this, anyhow?" Chicago Red demanded.

"I'm her husband," Dick answered. "Who are you?"

"Don't speak any of you," Mary directed. "You mustn't let him hear your voices."

Dick was exasperated by this persistent identification of herself with these criminals in his father's house.

"You men back there!" he cried. "If I give you my word to let every one of you go free and pledge myself never to recognize one of you again, will you make Mary here listen to me? That's all I ask. I want a few minutes to state my case. Give me that. Whether I win or lose, you men go free, and I'll forget everything that has happened here tonight." There came a muffled guffaw of laughter from the big chest of Chicago Red.

"Your safety depends on me," the young man warned. "Suppose I should call for help?"

"You would only call once," Garson said grimly. His hand went to the noiseless weapon in his coat pocket. "Once would be quite enough."

"You win," Garson said, with a half laugh. He turned to the other men and spoke a command.

"You get over by the hall door. Red, and keep your ears open every second. Give us the office if you hear anything. If we're rushed and have to make a quick getaway see that Mary has the first chance. Get that, all of you?"

Garson turned to Dick. "Make it quick, remember."

Dick spoke at once, with a hesitancy that betrayed the depth of his emotion.

"Don't you care for me at all?" he asked wistfully.

The girl's answer was uttered with nervous eagerness, which revealed her own stress of fear.

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I know you do, Mary," he asserted confidently; "a little anyway. Why, Mary, can't you see that you're throwing away everything that makes life worth while? Don't you see that?"

There was no word from the girl. Her breast was moving convulsively.

"Mary, Mary!" he cried. "You've got to change. Don't be so hard. Give the woman in you a chance."

The girl's form became rigid as she fought for self control.

"I am what I am," she said sharply. "I can't change. Keep your promise, now, and let's get out of this."

"You can change," Dick went on impetuously. "Mary, haven't you ever wanted the things that other women have—shelter and care and the big things of life, the things worth while? They're all ready for you now, Mary. And what about me? After all, you've married me. Now, it's up to you to give me my chance to make good. I've never amounted to much. I've never tried much. I shall, now, if you will have it so, Mary—if you'll help me. I will come out all right. I know that; so do you, Mary. Only you must help me. I need you, and you need me. Come away with me."

"No, no! I married you not because I loved you, but to repay your father

"Don't you care for me at all?"

the wrong he had done me. I wouldn't let myself even think of you, and then—I realized that I had spoiled your life."

"No, not spoiled it, Mary! Blessed it! We must prove that yet."

"Yes, spoiled it," the wife went on passionately. "If I had understood, if I could have dreamed that I could ever care—Oh, Dick, I would never have married you for anything in the world!"

"But now you do realize," the young man said quietly. "The thing is done. If we made a mistake it is for us to bring happiness out of that error."

"Oh, can't you see?" came the stricken lament. "I'm a jailbird!"

"But you love me—you do love me, I know!" The young man spoke with joyous certainty, for some infection of her voice had told the truth to his heart. Nothing else mattered. "But now, to come back to this hole we're in here. Don't you understand at last that you can't beat the law? If you're caught here tonight where would you get off—caught here with a gang of burglars? Why didn't you go to Chicago, as you planned?"

"Planned? With whom?"

"When?" Mary was standing rigid now, and the rare color blazed in her cheeks. Her eyes were flaming.

"Less than an hour ago."

"Where?"

"In this room."

"What was he doing here?"

"Talking to my father."

The seemingly simple answer appeared the last straw to the girl's burden of frenzied suspicion. Her voice cut fiercely into the quiet of the room.

"Joe, turn on that light! I want to see the face of every man in this room."

The blaze of the chandelier flamed brilliantly over all. Griggs moved stealthily a little nearer the door into the passage.

But Mary's next words came wholly as a surprise.

"Dick," she cried, "what are those tapestries worth?" She pointed toward the tapers that shrouded the great octagonal window.

"Oh, \$200 or \$300, I suppose," he answered. "Why?"

"Never mind that. How long have you had them, Dick?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"And they're not famous masterpieces which your father bought recently from some dealer who smuggled them into this country?"

"I should say not."

"It's a trick! Burke's done it! Mary's word came with accusing vehemence.

There was another single step made by Griggs toward the door.

Mary's eye caught the movement, and her lips soundlessly formed the name:

"Griggs!"

The man strove to carry off the situation, though he knew well that he stood in mortal peril. He came a little toward the girl who had accused him of treachery.

"He's lying to you!" he cried forcedly, with a scornful gesture toward

"I swear I didn't! I swear it!"

"It's a frameup!" Garson broke in ferociously. His tones came in a dead-end roar of wrath.

On the instant, aware that further subterfuge could be of no avail, Griggs swaggered defiance.

"And what if it is true?" he drawled, with a resumption of his aristocratic manner. He plucked the police whistle from his waistcoat pocket and raised it to his lips.

He moved too slowly. Garson had pulled the pistol from his pocket, had pressed the trigger. There came no spurt of flame. There was no sound—save perhaps a faint clicking noise. But the man with the whistle at his lips suddenly ceased movement, trembled horribly and in the next instant crashed to the floor, dead.

In the first second of the tragedy Dick had not understood. But the falling of Griggs before the leveled weapon of the other man, there to lie in that ghastly immobility, made him understand. He leaped toward Garson—would have wrenched the pistol from the other's grasp. In the struggle it fell to the floor.

Before either could pick it up Chicago Red called his warning.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

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

Mrs. Cooper and daughter have gone to Chicago.

We take Haines in ours for a neat card of thanks.

Bro. T. J. Todd sends the Herald some more nice golden but-ter.

Mr. McLaughlin of Ashland re-membered the Herald sub-stantially.

Ceph Melteer's the man. Two days after time, but better late than never.

You ought to have seen Marth-is and a steer run a race up Main street the other day.

Mr. John Livingston, brother of our doctor, is stopping here a very poor health.

Mike Murphy, better as you re-turn that bucket. You makes roubles all the vile.

Frank White, sr., has returned from a trip out west, looking leary and as full of the de'il as ever.

Mr. George Dovey, our young bank friend, left for St. Louis yesterday to be gone several months.

Father Robal, our favorite Catholic priest, leaves for Omaha his week. Father Jannet takes his place.

Our old friend "Leu" Cropsey, a "doins" Germany, and sends his "doins" to the Journal at Lincoln. They are quite in-teresting.

Mr. Nathan, of the firm of Solomon & Nathan, paid his first visit to the new Herald office yesterday and expressed himself as well pleased.

Dr. Audubon Schildknecht has lately added to his collection of "specimens" a full size native prairie wolf, besides a goat and several other things.

Mrs. Samuel Richardson, recognizing our well known wants, and our good taste in that line, forwards a magnificent roll of famous home-made pure yellow butter.

Prof. Potter of Weeping Water made the Herald a call on his way to Chicago, where he in-tends spending the winter to obtain good medical treatment for a bronchial difficulty.

Perry Gass has a brother visit-ing him. He's a better looking man than Perry, though it may be owing to the plug hat. We never saw Perry in a plug.

Hurrah! A bran new sidewalk opposite the new Herald office, and in front of Mr. Fitzgerald's private residence. Now Boeck and Parmele and the rest of "you 'uns" finish the good work.

Mr. H. Meyer, foreman of the bindery of the Republican office at Omaha, has been to see our folks, and we are very glad to see Mr. Meyer, as he is an old friend, and we know he will do what he promises.

Through an oversight we omitted to mention a call from Mr. Pinkham, of South Bend, some days since. We were very much pleased to see Mr. Pinkham, although we forgot to vote for him last election.

We likewise left out mention of Mr. Benj. R. Bates of Coffee county, Kansas, an old resident of Cass county, who called with Mr. Calkins. Mr. Bates thinks he likes Nebraska pretty well, after all, although his interests call him elsewhere.

Elbert Duke, our old hardware man, came down from Omaha Friday. He sold \$100 worth of stoves in two hours Saturday, gave the Herald two beautiful knives, wished everybody good luck, sold the rest of his stock to Sage & Sage and left as jolly as ever.

The festivities on Tuesday evening by the ladies of the Episcopal church, given at the Saunders House, passed off very pleasantly. The gross receipts

were over \$80. The ladies desire to return thanks to Maj. Hawley for his kind offer of the use of the hotel, and also to Deacon Cowles, who came down on "puppis" to help us sing.

D. McCrea has a son home on a visit. The chickens will come home from time to time.

George Smith and Sam Chap-man, both lawyers, have each a bran new patent safe this week. We thought lawyers were safe enough without any patent.

The school board met Monday last and elected Miss Shelton, Miss Ruby, Miss Gardner and Mr. Usinger as teachers for the on-coming year. They also con-solidated the three ward schools in the high school building in order to save fuel and other items of expense. It is supposed Miss Anderson will teach the Fourth ward school. There are three teachers to elect yet, which with Prof. Wightman makes eight in all. The utmost reduc-tion they could make. They are moving in the right direction.

Mr. Eaton's handsome brown team ran away last Friday and came near playing smash. They tried to run between the O. K. saloon and the building next to it, a space of about two feet. A boy's kite frightened them, and that reminds us that the little fellows ought not to fly kites on the main streets and avenues. There are plenty of hills made a purpose to fly kites on.

We think that Omaha has made the first grand mistake in her public affairs when she re-fused to locate the U. P. head-quarters in or near the present business center of the town. It is a fearful mistake to let the railroads build up a town of their own in South Omaha and per-haps change the whole hotel and business aspect of the place. This move will be bitterly re-gretted by the business men of Omaha five years hence. Mind the prediction.

It is not very often the Herald man asks great favors of his neighbors. Thinking last week we should like to go out in the country for an airing and take the folks along, we began to look about to save expense, remem-bering that friend Buttery had a good pair of horses that he didn't use much, and that Wheeler had a carriage locked up in the barn, of no use unless used, the happy idea struck us to borrow Buttery's horses and Wheeler's carriage for our ride, and thus save a livery bill. But when we came to ask the gentle-men for this small loan, they shortly and curtly told us they couldn't do it. On pressing for a more favorable reply, we were savagely referred to the city marshal for further information, coupled with some remarks about the city keeping a livery stable for us, etc., etc. We then went over to Dovey's to buy some hams; he asked us 46 cents a pound; we told him we saw some fine ones in a new meat shop up town and thought we could do better. He also informed us that the city was going into the meat business, and we had better see Mr. Murphy. What is coming over our folks?

While the Herald was off at the fair Brother Shryock took it into his head to go and get married. Now this isn't W. Schryock, mind, but Bro. Thos., the elder one, and it is not the first time he has done it either. Twenty-five years ago last Friday, in the calm still light of a September moon, before the wet seasons came on, Bro. Shryock stood up before the parson and doubled himself. He has been living that way ever since. His neighbors, wishing to show their esteem for his pluck and offer their con-gratulations that he still survive the perils and tidal waves of the sea of matrimony, gathered to-gether last Friday and presented Mr. and Mrs. Shryock with the following handsome silver ar-ticles: Silver easton, from Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Vallery; berry dish, from Mr. and Mrs. Adair, Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Prof. Wightman; spoon holder, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mar-shall; butter knife and dish, R. B. Windham; pickle jar, Mr. and Mrs. E. Davis and Mrs. Kennedy; cake basket, Mrs. B. Spurlock and sisters; silver teaspoons, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barnes; knives and forks, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Schildknecht, Mr. and Mrs. M. Waybright, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brantner and Mr. and Mrs. B. Brown. It is due to Bro. Shryock to state that he has but few silver threads among the gold, so no

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gray hairs can get in the butter dish; but long years after this, when the Herald is gathered to its Father's, we expect to hear of our children's children going to an old man's golden wedding, and his name will be Shryock.

At the called meeting of the Platts-mouth Sportsman's club on Monday evening to elect officers and make arrangements for the annual fall hunt the following business was transacted. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—R. R. Livingston. Vice President—Geo. W. Holdrege. Secretary—L. D. Bennett. Treasurer—H. J. Streight.

After the election of officers the club proceeded to make ar-rangements for the annual hunt, and after some discussion it was decided to have the hunt on Thursday. Messrs. Geo. W. Holdrege and W. D. Jones were chosen as captains, and they proceeded to choose sides, which re-sulted as follows:

Geo. W. Holdrege—A. W. Osburne, L. D. Bennett, W. Agnew, Geo. Leving, H. Sage, J. Marthias, O. M. Streight, W. E. Donelan, D. Miller, W. L. Hobbs, E. Ruffner, Ben Hemple, C. H. Parmele, D. H. Wheeler, P. Ped-ersen, J. W. Barnes, A. L. Sprague, Jno. Shannon, J. A. Connor.

W. D. Jones—S. Chapman, H. J. Streight, R. R. Livingston, Geo. Smith, A. Cunningham, Wm. Neville, R. Vivian, E. E. Cunningham, F. Durrington, John O'Rourke, M. B. Culler, U. V. Mathews, J. Streight, Wm. B. Shryock, Dr. Schildknecht, R. O. Fellows, Wm. Stadelmann, Wiley Black, Joe Connor.

The supper will be given on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Sell your property through the Journal Want Ads.

NEW MANAGER FOR LINCOLN PURE BUTTER COMPANY IN THIS CITY

The Lincoln Pure Butter com-pany, which has been under the charge of Mr. John Ingram for the past few weeks has been transferred to F. G. Dawson, who will look after the business of the concern in the future and handle all kinds of farm produce that may be brought in for sale. This company at the present time is paying 28 cents per pound for butter fat, which is some 3 cents higher than the market price, and their efforts to boost this line of the business should result in their securing a great deal more additional business. Mr. Dawson is well known here and should be able to handle the trade in splendid shape. The office of the company is located in the Hall building on the east side of Sixth street, just across from the Modern Woodman building.

Blank books of all kinds at the Journal office.

PRODUCE WANTED.

The Lincoln Pure Butter Co. have established a branch house in Platts-mouth 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 Ingram, Manager. Cream and Produce Station. Sixth and Pearl Streets, Platts-mouth, Neb.

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The Journal advertisers are do-ing the business.