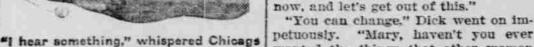
THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1914.

## PLATTSMOUTH SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.





Red.

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 have it so, Mary-if you'll help me. I within the room and Chicago Red had will come out all right. I know that; pounced on his victim, the huge hand so do you, Mary. Only you must help ferociously. His tones came in a dead clapped tight over the young man's mouth. There came a sound of scuf- Come away with me." fling feet, and that was all. Finally the big man's voice came trium- I loved you, but to repay your father

phantly: "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, palpitant with fear-fear for herself.

for all of them, most of all for him. "Hush, hush!" she panted warningly. | let myself even think of you, and then "Oh, Dick, you don't understand!"

"I understand this," he said broken- life." ly at last, "Whether you ever did it before or not, this time you have bro- it! We must prove that yet." ken the law." A sudden inspiration



wanted the things that other women have-shelter and care and the big of the passage door turning. As the things of life, the things worth while? door swung open there came a gasp- They're all ready for you now, Mary. Dick Gilder. "I tell you those tapesing breath from Mary, for she saw And what about me? After all, you've tries are worth a million cold." married me. Now, it's up to you to Mary's answer was virulent in its give me my chance to make good. I've sudden burst of hate. never amounted to much. I've never

"You can change." Dick went on im-

"You stool pigeon! You did this for tried much. I shall, now, if you will Burke!" "I swear I didn't! I swear it!" "It's a frameup!" Garson broke in me. I need you, and you need me. ened roar of wrath. On the instant, aware that further

"No. no! I married you not because 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 whis tle 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 soundsave perhaps a faint clicking noise But the man with the whistle at his lips suddenly censed movement, trembled horribly and in the next instant crashed to the floor, dead.

Gilder Leaped Toward Garson.

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 Garsonwould 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. "Somebody's opening the front door!"

Garson sprang to the octagonal window as Dick took posession of the pistol

"The street's empty! We must fump for it! Come on, Mary," he cried. Already Chicago Red had snapped Garson would have called out to the

"She couldn't make it, Garson," he I could have dreamed that I could ever declared coolly and resolutely. "You go. I'll take care of her!"

> half uttered threat. "She won't be."

> > (To be Continued)

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

"Who told you that I had arranged Ing the business, ell pleased.

Dr. Audubon Schildknecht has the folks along, we began to look rege. ately added to his collection of about to save expense, remem-'speciments" a full size native bering that friend Buttery had a prairie wolf, besides a goaty and good pair of horses that he didn't use much, and that the club proceeded to make ar- and their efforts to boost this everal other things.

Mrs. Samuel Richardson, in the barn, of no use unless and after some discussion it was in their securing a great deal ecognizing our well known used, the happy idea struck us to decided to have the hunt on more additional business. Mr. vants, and our good taste in that borrow Buttery's horses and Thursday. Messrs. Geo. W. Dawson is well known here and ine, forwards a magnificent roll Wheeler's carriage for our ride, Holdrege and W. D. Jones were should be able to handle the of famous home-made pure yel- and thus save a livery bill. But chosen as captains, and they pro- trade in spleudid shape. The ow butter.

men for this small loan, they sulted as follows: Prof. Potter of Weeping Water shortly and curtly told us they Geo. W. Holdrege-A. W. side of Sixth street, just across

vay to Chicago, where he in- more favorable reply, we were new, Geo. Leving, H. Sage, J. ends spending the winter to savagely referred to the city Marthis, O. M. Streight, W. E. or a bronchial difficulty.

Perry Gass has a brother visit- for us, etc., etc. We then went ersen, J. W. Barnes, A. L. ing him. He's a better looking over to Dovey's to buy some Sprague, Jno. Shannon, J. A. nan than Perry, though it may hams; he asked us 16 cents a Connor. be owing to the plug hat. We pound; we told him we saw some W. D. Jones-S. Chapman, H. - The Lincoln Pure Builter

lever saw Perry in a plug.

opposite the new Herald office, the city was going into the meat ham, F. Dorrington, John & kinds of produce, cream & and in front of Mr. Fitzgerald's business, nad we had better see O'Rourke, M. B. Cutler, U. V. - and butter. They will pay private residence. Now Boeck Mr. Murphy. What is coming Mathews, J. Streight, Wm. B. - the highest market price in and Parmele and the rest of "you over our folks? 'u'ns" finish the good work.

Mr. H. Meyer, foreman of the fair Brother Shryock took it into The supper will be given on & Gream and Produce Station. bindery of the Republican office his head to go and get married. Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. 🕹 Sixth and Pearl Streets, at Omaha, has been to see our Now this isn't W. Schryock, olks, and we are very glad to see mind, but Bro. Thos., the elder Mr. Meyer, as he is an old one, and it is not the first time friend, and we know he will do he has done it either. Twentyfive years ago last Friday, in the what he promises.

calm still light of a September Through an oversight we moon, before the wet seasons omitted to mention a call from came on, Bro. Shryock stood up off the lights of the chandelier, had Mr. Pinkham, of South Bend, before the parson and doubled sprung to the window, thrown open a some days since. We were very himself. He has been living that panel of it and had vanished into the much pleased to see Mr. Pink- way ever since. His neighbors, night, with Dacey at his heels. As ham, although we forget to vote wishing to show their esteem for his pluck and offer their confor him last election. gratulations that he still survive

We likewise left out mention the perils and tidal waves of the of Mr. Benj. R. Bates of Coffee sea of matrimony, gathered to. county, Kansas, an old resident gether last Friday and presented indescribable menace in the forger's of Cass county, who called with Mr. and Mrs. Shryock with the Mr. Calkins. Mr. Bates thinks following handsome silver prhe likes Nebraska pretty well, ticles: Silver castor, from Mr. "If she is, I'll get you, that's all," after all, although his interests and Mrs. Jacob Vallery; berry Garson said as he dropped out of sight | call him elsewhere. dish. from Mr. and Mrs. Adair,

Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Mr. and Elbert Duke, our old hardware Mrs. Prof. Wightman; spoon man, came down from Cmaha holder, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mar-Friday. He sold \$100 worth of shall; butter knife and dish, R for sale at all times, for the next stoves in two hours' Saturday, B. Windham; pickle jar, Mr. and 100 years, unless I die in the gave the Herald two beautiful Mrs. E. Davis and Mrs. Kennedy meantime. I have now an extra knives, wished everybody good cake basket, Mrs. B. Spurlock fine stallion, the best in the state, luck, sold the rest of his stock to and sisters; silver teaspoons. Mr caught here tonight where would you for sale. Well broke for both Sage & Sage and left as jolly as and Mrs. J. W. Barnes; knives and forks, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. ever.

Schildknecht, Mr. and Mrs. M The festivities on Tuesday Waybright, Mr. and Mrs. W evening by the ladies of the Brantner and Mr. and Mrs. B Episcopal church, given at the Brown. It is due to Bro. Shryock The Journal advertisers are do- Saunders House, passed off very to state that he has but few silver pleasantly. The gross receipts threads among the gold, so no

all kinds of farm produce that we should like to go out in the President-R. R. Livingston. Vice President-Geo, W. Hold- may be brought in for sale, This country for an airing and take company at the present time is

> Secretary-L. D. Bennett, Treasurer-H. J. Streight, After the election of officers higher than the nurket price,

Wheeler had a carriage locked up rangements for the annual hunt. line of the business should result when we came to ask the gentle- ceeded to choose sides, which re- office of the company is localed

nade the Herald a call on his couldn't do it. On pressing for a Osburne, L. D. Bennett, W. Ag- from the Modern Woodman

obtain good medical treatment marshal for further information, Donelan, D. Miller, W. L. Hobbs. coupled with some remarks about E. Ruffner, Ben Hemple, C. H. Journal office. the city keeping a livery stable Parmele, D. H. Wheeler, P. Ped-

fine ones in a new meat shop up J. Streight, R. R. Livingston, Geo. + Co. have established a town and thought we could do Smith, A. Cunningham, Wm. Ne- - branch house in Platts-Hurrah! A bran new sidewalk better. He also informed us that ville, R. Vivian, E. E. Cunning- i mouth and want to buy all

Journal Want Ads.

Shryock, Dr. Schildknecht, R. O. - cash at all times. Fellows, Wm, Stadelmann, Wiley & Lincoln Pure Buller Co. While the Herald was off at the Black, Joe Connor.

John Ingram, Manager. -Piattsmouth, Neb. Sell your property through the -

concern in the future and handle

paying 28 cents per pound for

butter fat, which is some 5 cents

in the Hall building on the cust

Blank books of all kinds at the

PRODUCE WANTED.

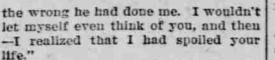
building.

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



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 inflection 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

burglars? Why didn't you go to Chi-

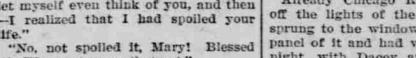
rago, as you planned?"

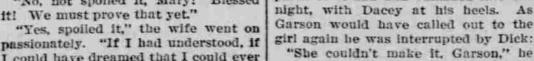
"Why, with Burke."

"Burke himself did."

"Planned? With whom?"

world!"





care- Oh, Dick, I would never have married you for anything in the "If she's caught"- There was an

"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

Beautiful Shetland Ponies

get off-caught here with a gang of harness and saddle.

