

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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CHAPTER XV.

Within the Tails.

THE going of Garson left the room deathly still. Dick turned to Mary and took her hand in his. His arm swept about her in a protecting embrace—just in time or she would have fallen.

A whisper came from her quivering lips. Her face was close to his, else he could not have caught the uncertain murmuring. The muscles of her face twitched. She rested suspiciously against him as if bereft of any strength of body or of soul. Yet, in the intensity of her utterance, the feeble whisper struck like a shriek of horror.

"I—never saw any one killed before."

Before he could utter the soothing words that rose to his lips, Dick was interrupted by a slight sound at the door. Instantly he was all alert to meet the exigencies of the situation. He stood by the couch, bending forward a little as if in a posture of intimate fondness. He heard the noise again presently, now so near that he made sure of being overheard, so at once he spoke with a forced cheerfulness in his inflection.

"I tell you, Mary," he declared, "everything's going to be all right for you and me. It was bulky of you to come here to me like this."

The girl made no response. Dick, in nervous apprehension as to the issue, sought to bring her to realization of the new need that had come upon them.

"Talk to me," he commanded very softly. "They'll be here in a minute. When they come in pretend you just came here in order to meet me. Try, Mary. You must, dearest. Then again his voice rose to loudness as he continued: "Why, I've been trying all day to see you. And now here we are together, just as I was beginning to get really discouraged. I know my father will eventually—"

He was interrupted by the swift swinging open of the hallway door. Burke stood just within the library, a revolver pointed menacingly.

"Hands up, all of you!" The inspector's voice fairly roared the command.

The belligerent expression of his face vanished abruptly as his eyes fell on Dick standing by the couch and Mary reclining there in limp helplessness.

"What are you doing in this house at this time of night?" Dick demanded. "I recognize you, Inspector Burke. But you must understand that there are limits even to what you can do. It seems to me, sir, that you exceed your authority by such an intrusion as this."

Burke waved his revolver toward Mary.

"What's she doing here?" he asked.

"You forget yourself, inspector. This is my wife. She has the right to be with me—her husband!"

"Where's your father?" he questioned roughly.

"In bed, naturally," was the answer.

"I ask you again. What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Oh, call your father," Burke directed.

"It's late," Dick objected. "I'd rather not disturb him, if you don't mind." Suddenly he smiled very winningly and spoke with a good assumption of ingenuousness.

"Inspector," he said briskly, "I see I'll have to tell you the truth. It's this: I've persuaded my wife to go away with me. She's going to give all that other sort of thing up. Yes, we're going away together. So, you see, we've got to talk it over. Now, then, inspector, if you'll come back in the morning—"

As he spoke the white beam of the flashing searchlight from the tower fell between the undrawn draperies of the octagonal window. The light started the inspector again, as it had done once before that same night. His gaze followed it instinctively. So within the second he saw the still form lying there on the floor.

There was no mistaking that awful, motionless, crumpled posture. The inspector leaped to the switch by the door and turned on the lights of the chandelier. In the next moment he had reached the door of the passage across the room, and his whistle sounded shrill. His voice belted reinforcement to the blast.

"Cassidy! Cassidy!"

Cassidy came rushing in with the other detectives.

"Why, what's it all mean, chief?" he questioned.

"They've got Griggs!" Burke answered.

There was exceeding rage in his voice as he spoke from his kneeling posture beside the body, to which he had hurried after the summons to his aids. "I'll break you for this, Cassidy," he declared fiercely. "Why didn't you get here on the run when you heard the shot?"

"But there wasn't any shot. I tell you, chief, there hasn't been a sound."

Burke rose to his feet. His heavy face was set in its sternest mold.

"You could drive a horse through the hole they made in him," said Cassidy. Burke wheeled on Mary and Dick. "So," he shouted, "now it's murder! Well, hand it over. Where's the gun?" He nodded toward Dick as he gave his order. "Search him!"

Dick took the revolver from his pocket and held it out.

At this incriminating crisis for the son the father hastily strode into the library. He had been aroused by the inspector's shouting and was evidently greatly perturbed.

"What's all this?" he exclaimed.

Burke in a moment like this was no respecter of persons.

"You can see for yourself," he said grimly to the dumfounded magnate.

"So," he went on, with somber menace in his voice, "you did it, young man." He nodded toward the detective. "Well, Cassidy, you can take 'em both downtown. That's all."

The command aroused Dick to re-



"Hands up! All of you!"

monstrance against such indignity toward the woman he loved.

"Not her!" he cried imploringly.

"You don't want her, inspector? This is all wrong!"

"Dick," Mary advised quietly, "don't talk, please."

"What do you expect?" Burke inquired truculently. "As a matter of fact, the thing's simple enough, young man. Either you killed Griggs or she did."

The inspector with his charge made a careless gesture toward the corpse of the murdered stool pigeon. Edward Glider looked and saw the ghastly, inanimate heap of flesh and bone that had once been a man. He fairly reeled

at the spectacle, then fumbled with an outstretched hand until he laid hold on a chair, into which he sank helplessly.

"Either you killed him," the voice repeated gratingly, "or she did. Well, then, young man, did she kill him?"

"Good God, no!" Dick shouted, aghast.

"Then it was you!"

"No, no! He didn't!" Mary's words came frantically.

Burke reiterated the accusation.

"One of you killed Griggs. Which one of you did it?" He scowled at Dick. "Did she kill him?"

"I told you no!"

"Well, then," he blustered to the girl, "did he kill him?"

The nod of his head was toward Dick. Then as she remained silent, "I'm talking to you!" he snapped.

"Did he kill him?"

The reply came with a soft distinctness that was like a crash of destiny.

"Yes."

Dick turned to his wife in reproachful amazement.

"Mary!" he cried incredulously.

"You'll swear he killed him?" Burke asked briskly.

"Why not?" she responded listlessly.

At this intolerable assertion as he deemed it Edward Glider sat rigidly erect in his chair.

"God!" he cried despairingly. "And that's your vengeance!"

"I don't want vengeance—now!" she said.

"But they'll try my boy for murder," the magnate remonstrated, distraught.

"Oh, no, they can't!" came the rejoinder.

"What's the reason we can't?" Burke stormed.

"Because my husband merely killed a burglar. He shot him in defense of his home!"

In his office next morning Inspector Burke was fuming over the failure of his conspiracy. He had hoped through this plot to vindicate his au-

thority, so sadly flouted by Garson and Mary Turner. Instead of this much to be desired result from his scheming the outcome had been nothing less than disastrous.

Some one had murdered Griggs, the stool pigeon. The murder could not go unpunished. The slayer's identity must be determined. To the discovery of this identity, the inspector was at the present moment devoting himself by adroit questioning of Dacey and Chicago Red, who had been arrested in one of their accustomed haunts.

"Come across now!" he admonished. His voice rolled forth like that of a bull of Bashan. He was on his feet, facing the two thieves. His head was thrust forward menacingly, and his eyes were savage.

"I don't know nothing!" Chicago Red's voice was between a snarl and a whine. "Ain't I been telling you that for over an hour?"

Burke gave Dacey, who chanced to be the nearer of the two, a shove that sent the fellow staggering halfway across the room under its impetus.

"Dacey, how long have you been out?"

"A week."

"Want to go back for another stretch?"

"God, no!"

"Who shot Griggs?"

"The reply was a chorus from the two."

"I don't know—honest, I don't!"

In his eagerness Chicago Red moved toward his questioner.

"Honest to Gawd, I don't know nothing about it!"

The inspector's fist shot out toward Chicago Red's jaw. The thief went to his knees under the blow.

"Now, get up—and talk!" Burke's voice came with unrepentant noisiness against the stricken man.

Cringingly Chicago Red obeyed as far as the getting to his feet was concerned. While he got slowly to his feet he took care to keep at a respectful distance from the official.

Cassidy entered the inspector's office to announce the arrival of the district attorney.

"Send 'em in," Burke directed. He made a gesture toward the door and added, "Take 'em back!"

"I came as soon as I got your message," the district attorney said as he seated himself in a chair by the desk. "And I've sent word to Mr. Glider. Now, then, Burke, let's have this thing quickly!"

The inspector's explanation was concise:

"Joe Garson, Chicago Red and Dacey, along with Griggs, broke into Edward Glider's house last night. I knew the trick was going to be pulled off, and so I planted Cassidy and a couple of other men just outside the room where the haul was to be made. Then I went away, and after something like half an hour I came back to make the arrests myself. When I broke into the room I found young Glider alone with that Turner woman he married, and they were just talking together."

"I found Griggs lying on the floor—dead! The Turner woman says young Glider shot Griggs because he broke into the house. Ain't that the limit?"

"What does the boy say?"

"Nothing. We've got Chicago Red and Dacey, and we'll have Garson before the day's over. And, oh, yes! They've picked up a young girl at the Turner woman's place. And we've got one real clew—for once!"

He opened a drawer of the desk and took out Garson's pistol, to which the silencer was still attached.

"You never saw a gun like that before, eh?" he exclaimed. Demarest admitted the fact.

"I'll bet you never did! That thing on the end is a Maxim silencer. There are thousands of them in use on rifles, but they've never been able to use them on revolvers before. That thing is absolutely noiseless. I've tried it. Well, you see, it'll be an easy thing—easiest thing in the world—to trace that silencer attachment. Cassidy's working on that end of the thing now!"

(To be Continued)

Disordered Kidneys Cause Much Misery.

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.

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.

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Careful Attention to Public Sales Rates are Reasonable

WEEPING WATER. Republican.

Paul Sitzman came over from Plattsmouth Monday and will work on the farm this summer for George Towle.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spangler and children, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Spangler and George took Sunday dinner with John Spangler near Louisville.

Paul Wurl is moving onto the farm of T. L. Wiles, east of Grand View church, this week, which he has rented. His sister, Miss Theresa, will keep house for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wiles, Miss Lula Wiles, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wiles and children made an all-day visit at the Leslie Wiles home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Livingstone spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tchirren, near Plattsmouth. Their children were all at home, making a family reunion.

Mr. Patrick of Omaha and a civil engineer of the Missouri Pacific were in town Saturday morning making arrangements for the spur track to be put in at the Olsen quarry for the new crusher.

A seven and one-half-pound little daughter arrived Friday, March 6, to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Rugha, living southwest of town. She has been named Eunice Jeanette.

Miss Jennie Hitchman, who resigned her position as teacher in the Wabash school last Saturday, took up the first grade work at our school Monday morning, which has been in charge of Mrs. E. L. Hunter for several weeks since Miss Crew has had to remain at home on account of sickness in the family.

Last Friday morning Mrs. A. L. Marshall had a fall, wrenching the ligaments loose on her left foot. In the afternoon it had swollen very much, with intense pain. She called Dr. M. M. Butler, who dressed it, giving great relief, but the doctor thinks it will be many weeks before she can use it again with safety and comfort.

ELMWOOD. Leader-Echo.

Mrs. Z. A. London of Butler, Mo., arrived Sunday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Geo. A. Miller.

We are pleased to see George Hall and family back from South Dakota to again establish their residence among us.

Miss Kittie Fae Worley of Omaha was an over Sunday guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Worley.

Mrs. Clara Cowger and son, of Lincoln, came Tuesday to visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hettrick.

Miss Martha Stolz returned Tuesday to her home at Milford, after an extended visit with relatives and friends.

Charles West moved his family last week into the property last occupied by him joining the office of Dr. Liston, and which he has purchased. George Kunz will move into the Mairs' residence, vacated by Mr. West.

Wm. W. Aldrich, wife and two sons, of Modesto, Cal., were visitors this week at the home of Mr. Aldrich's brother, Capt. C. S. Aldrich and family. Mr. Aldrich has just moved from his California home to Lincoln.

Considerable activity is already noticeable among the farmers, who are getting ready for spring work. It is a little early for this, but the very spring-like weather prompts many to do now what would add to the heavy burdens of spring work later on.

Cecil Bird was brought home from Lincoln Tuesday afternoon, having successfully undergone an operation for rupture at the state orthopedic hospital, and we are pleased to note that he is now doing nicely and on the happy road to recovery.

A. W. Platt, the peace officer secured by the Commercial club, has moved in.

John J. Long returned to Vesta Wednesday after a month's visit to his son, the editor and family.

Blair Dale is finishing up the good work he began last week and is painting the outside of Sheldon's store.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Branson of Avoca visited Andrew Plattson on their way home from Plattsmouth Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Fries left Wednesday evening for their new home in Omaha. They leave a host of friends in this community who are loath to see them go.

W. E. Rosencrans, one of the

best fellows who ever lived in Plattsmouth, came over Monday afternoon for the K. of P. blowing-out Monday night.

Mrs. Charles Chriswiser and the two children were passengers to Plattsmouth Friday evening where they expected to visit a few days. Mr. Chriswiser is in Texas on a land-seeking expedition.

Mrs. A. L. Stoll fell from a horse Monday evening and broke her collar bone. Her and Mr. Stoll were returning from town horseback when the horse Mrs. Stoll was riding shied at something and threw her.

The editor and Louise returned from Red Oak Monday, after having been there since Friday night. His father-in-law, James A. Gray, died Saturday morning and was buried Sunday afternoon. He had been a sufferer for several months with cancer of the stomach, and his condition had been hopeless for weeks. Mrs. Lang and the baby returned Wednesday.

Andrew Anderson left this week for Gordon, Neb., where he expects to live in the future, making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Gust Nordwall and family.

Rev. and Mrs. Fred Urwin of Ainsworth, Neb., who have been visiting relatives in Louisville the past three weeks, have decided to locate here if they can find a house.

We are sorry to report that our old friend, George Meier and his wife have been considerably under the weather, but we hope with the coming of spring they may begin to feel better.

Frank DePuy agreeably surprised Charles and George Reichart this week by sending them a hundred-pound box of fresh water herring from Knife River, Minn. The Courier editor wishes to thank the boys for a fine mess of them and to assure our friend, DePuy, that they were most excellent.

AVOID STUFFY WHEEZY BREATHING.

Take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for an inflamed and congested condition of the air passages and bronchial tubes. A cold develops quickly if not checked and bronchitis, lagrippe and pneumonia are dangerous possibilities. Harsh, racking coughs weaken the system, but Foley's Honey and Tar is safe, pure and certain in results. Contains no opiates. For sale by all druggists.

LOUISVILLE. Courier.

Born—Sunday, March 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Helmer Sundstrom, a boy.

Frank Schmader, the Louisville wrestler, goes to Beatrice March 17 to wrestle J. M. Lenx.

At the people's primary held last week E. C. Twiss, E. Palmer and T. H. Wilson were nominated for village trustees.

Miss Celia Group, who is attending the State Normal at Peru, came home Saturday for an over Sunday visit with her parents.

Chester Eager went to Omaha Monday to consult a stomach specialist. It is possible that he may have to go to the hospital for treatment in the near future.

Yale Motorcycle for Sale. Fully equipped and good as new. Inquire at the Journal office.

EAGLE. Beacon.

Jim South of Plattsmouth visited the fore part of the week

at the home of his sister, Mrs. Ben Muench and family.

We are glad to report that the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Al Purbaugh is improving, and bright hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Edna, the 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Caddy, fell in such a manner last Friday as to break one of the bones of her left shoulder.

A. H. Vaulandingham is able to be out and around again after having been confined to the house for two weeks with a badly bruised leg caused by a fall on the ice recently.

George Oberle and family moved in from the farm Tuesday of this week and are occupying the Ed Wachter property. We understand that George will take charge of the Eagle garage Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Albright of Red Cloud, Neb., spent Monday night with their uncle, J. C. Benz, departing for Lincoln on the 11 o'clock train Tuesday.

Word has been received telling of the arrival of a seven and one-half-pound little daughter, on Friday, March 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rugha, living near Weeping Water. She has been named Eunice Jeanette.

Mrs. A. J. Anderson departed Thursday of last week for Seattle, Wash., after an extended visit with her son, O. S. Anderson, and her daughter, Mrs. P. F. Venner and their families. O. S. Anderson and wife and Mrs. Venner and Mabel accompanied here as far as Lincoln.

A deal was consummated the fore part of the week whereby C. S. Trumble became owner of the J. A. Talkington building on the west side of main street, formerly occupied by Wall's restaurant. The consideration was \$1,100, Mr. Talkington taking a team of horses as part payment.

NEHAWKA.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. 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 Syrups. 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, all 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 Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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