

# THE FREE BRIDGE TOLL PROPOSITION OVER THE PLATTE

From Present Indications a Free Day Will Be Given by the Merchants Once a Week.

The question of the free Platte river bridge and Missouri river ferry days seems likely to be put through, judging from the sentiment expressed Thursday evening at the Commercial club meeting, as most of the business men of the city seem to look with favor on the idea of having certain days set aside each month when the farmers and residents of Mills county, Iowa, and Sarpy county can secure transportation over the bridge and ferry into this city without having to pay toll.

This is as it should be, as there should be no opposition to the move that will tend to expand the territory now reached by the business men of the city and which will bring to this city many more of the farmers from these two counties to do their trading. These free days will not cause a great outlay of money and will in time develop a fine field that can belong to Plattsburgh if the chance to grasp it is realized by the business interests of the city. Before the dates for the free days are set the fact of the intention to invite the farmers from our neighboring counties should be advertised in order that they may be prepared to take advantage of them and a special effort made to give them an opportunity to secure bargains that will show them the advantages they can secure by trading here in preference to going to other towns.

The business men can easily secure the trade from these localities by showing their interest in the persons who come here to trade from out of the city, as the live merchants of other towns throughout the state are doing, and which has more than repaid them for any effort they may have made. The proposition is one that must be kept going, and the live committee that has been appointed by the Commercial club will see that there is an opportunity afforded the business men of the city to take advantage of the chance to gain new territory for their trade expansion.

### Chamberlain's Tablets for Constipation.

For constipation, Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent. Easy to take, mild and gentle in effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

### Motorcycle for Sale.

In excellent condition, good as new. Big, powerful 2-cylinder, developing 7-10 H. P. Need the money. Must sell at once. See Ed Steinhauer at Journal office.

### Hedge Posts for Sale.

I have several thousand good hedge posts for sale. All sizes. Louie Puls, 5 miles west of Murray.

### Withdraws as Candidate.

While appreciating deeply the high honor that the republicans of the Third ward have conferred upon me in tendering me the nomination for the office of councilman from that ward, I must decline the honor, as business matters will not permit of my making the race. Thanking my friends for their deep interest shown in my candidacy and trusting that they will receive the same loyal support, I respectfully ask that someone else be placed on the ticket. Edward Lutz.

### Back on the Job.

This morning Frank A. Cloldt, the money order clerk at the postoffice, who has been confined to his home for the past month, suffering from an attack of scarletina, is able to be on the job again, looking after the needs of the patrons. His friends were delighted to see him back in their midst again after so long an absence and to find that he had gotten over the attack of the malady without serious results.

### The Mothers' Favorite.

A cough medicine for children should be harmless. It should be pleasant to take. It should be effective. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is all of this and is the mothers' favorite everywhere. For sale by all dealers.

## Public Auction

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction at his home, three and one-quarter miles east of Murray and eight miles southeast of Plattsburgh, on the Roseana Hall place, what is known as the old Mose Hiatt place, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., on

**MONDAY, MARCH 30th,** the following described property to-wit:

- One black horse, coming eight years old, weight about 1,200.
- One sorrel horse, coming twelve years old, weight 1,200.
- One brown horse, coming eight years old, weight about 1,050, single driver and saddle horse.
- One brown mare, coming ten years old, weight about 1,050.
- One black mare, smooth mouth, weight about 1,100.
- One black colt, coming two year old.
- One sorrel colt, coming one year old.
- Two good young milk cows, giving milk.
- One yearling heifer.
- Two calves.
- Some baled out straw.
- Some extra fine early seed oats.
- Some cane hay.
- Two farm wagons.
- One J. I. Case riding lister, new.
- One tongue truck disc.
- One three-section harrow.
- One one-row stalk cutter.
- One St. Joe walking lister.
- One John Deere 14-inch stirring plow.
- One corn drill.
- Two Avery cultivators.
- Three sets of work harness.
- One Beatrice separator.
- One 60-gallon oil tank and oil.
- One big heating stove.
- One six-hole Monarch range.
- One three-hole oil stove and oven.
- One 12-foot dining table.
- One kitchen cabinet.
- One dresser.
- One New Royal cabinet sewing machine.
- Six dining room chairs.
- Two bedsteads and two springs.
- One sanitary cot.
- One single cot.
- One White Cedar cylinder churn.
- Cider vinegar and barrel.
- Cooking and kitchen utensils and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale. All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand. All sums over \$10 a credit of six to twelve months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security, bearing 8 per cent interest from date. All property must be settled for before being removed.

Lunch Will Be Served at Noon by Dee Shrader. This property offered for sale is mostly all new, and in good condition. I have sold my lease on the farm I am living on, and intend to quit farming, and every article offered in this sale will be sold to the highest bidder and their will not be a by-bidder on the ground.

**ENOCH MORELAND.** WM. R. YOUNG, Auctioneer. W. G. BOEDEKER, Clerk.

**Spring Blood and System Cleanser.** During the winter months impurities accumulate, your blood becomes impure and thick, your kidneys, liver and bowels fail to work, causing so-called "Spring Fever." You feel tired, weak and lazy. Electric Bitters—the spring tonic and system cleanser—is what you need; they stimulate the kidneys, liver and bowels to healthy action, expel blood impurities and restore your health, strength and ambition. Electric Bitters makes you feel like new. Start a four weeks' treatment—it will put you in fine shape for your spring work. Guaranteed. All Drug-gists, 50c and \$1.00. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

You will find the most complete line of stationery in the city of Plattsburgh at the Journal office. The finest line of box paper, visiting and calling cards.

Tyewriter ribbons at the Journal office.

We are desirous of securing the name of every person now living who traded with "C. E. Wescott The Boss Clothier," in the year 1879. Will you please call at the store or send us the name by mail? C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS.

# WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

Copyright, 1913, by the H. K. Fly company.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### The Trap That Failed.

As the scornful maiden went out of the door under the escort of Cassidy, Burke bowed gallantly to her lithe back and blew a kiss from his thick finger tips in mocking reverence for her as an artist in her way. Then when he learned that Edward Gilder had arrived he ordered that the magistrate and the district attorney be admitted and that the son also be sent up from his cell.

"It's a bad business, sir," Burke said with hearty sympathy to the shaken father after the formal greetings that followed the entrance of the two men. "It's a very bad business."

"What does he say?" Gilder questioned.

"Nothing," Burke answered. "That is why I sent for you. I suppose Mr. Demarest has made the situation plain to you."

"Yes, he has explained it to me. It's a terrible position for my boy. But you'll release him at once, won't you?"

"I can't," Burke replied reluctantly, but bluntly. "You ought not to expect it, Mr. Gilder."

"Inspector," the magistrate cried brokenly, "you—don't mean—"

"I mean, Mr. Gilder, that you've got to make him talk. That's what I want you to do for all our sakes. Will you?"

"I'll do my best," the unhappy man replied.

A minute later Dick, in charge of an officer, was brought into the room. He was pale, a little disheveled from his hours in a cell.

The father went forward quickly and caught Dick's hands in a mighty grip.

"My boy!" he murmured huskily. Then he made a great effort and controlled his emotion to some extent.

"The inspector tells me," he went on, "that you've refused to talk—to answer his questions."

"That wasn't wise under the circumstances," the father remonstrated hurriedly. "However, now, Demarest and I are here to protect your interests, so that you can talk freely. Now, Dick, tell us! Who killed that man? We must know. Tell me!"

Demarest went a step toward the young man. "Dick, I don't want to frighten you, but your position is really dangerous. Your only chance is to speak with perfect frankness. I pledge you my word I'm telling the truth. The inspector tells me," he went on, "that you've refused to talk—to answer his questions."

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Griggs to death. "Where'd you get this gun?" he shouted.

"I won't talk any more," Dick answered simply. "I must see my wife first." His voice became more aggressive. "I want to know what you've done to her."

"Did she kill Griggs?" Burke questioned roughly.

Dick was startled out of his calm. "No, no!" he cried, desperately.

"Then, who did?" Burke demanded sharply. "Who did?"

"I won't say any more until I've talked with a lawyer whom I can trust." He shot a vindictive glance toward Demarest.

The father intervened with a piteous eagerness.

"Dick, if you know who killed this man you must speak to protect yourself."

The face of the young man softened as he met his father's beseeching eyes.

"I'm sorry, dad," he said, very gently. "But I—well, I can't!"

Again, Burke interposed.

"I'm going to give him a little more time to think things over. Perhaps he'll get to understand the importance of what we've been saying pretty soon."

He pressed the button on his desk, and as the doorman appeared, addressed that functionary.

"Dan, have one of the men take him back. You wait outside."

Dick, however, did not move. His voice came with a note of determination.

"I want to know about my wife. Where is she?"

Burke disregarded the question as completely as if it had not been uttered and went on speaking to the doorman, with a suggestion in his words that was effective.

"He's not to speak to any one, you understand." Then he condescended to give his attention to the prisoner.

"You'll know all about your wife, young man, when you make up your mind to tell me the truth."

Dick turned and followed his custodian out of the office in silence.

As the doorman reappeared Burke gave his order. "Dan, have the Turner woman brought up."

The inspector next called his stenographer and gave explicit directions. At the back of the room, behind the desk, was a three large windows, which opened on a corridor, and across this was a row of cells. The stenographer was to take his seat in this corridor, just outside one of the windows. Over the windows the shades were drawn, so that he would remain invisible to any one within the office while yet easily able to overhear every word spoken in the room.

When he had completed his instructions to the stenographer Burke turned to Gilder and Demarest.

"Now, this time," he said energetically, "I'll be the one to do the talking. And get this: Whatever you hear me say don't you be surprised. Remember, we're dealing with crooks, and when you're dealing with crooks you have to use crooked ways."

Then the door opened, and Mary Turner entered. She paid absolutely no attention to the other two in the room, but went straight to the desk and there halted, gazing with her softly penetrating eyes of deepest violet into the face of the inspector.

Under that intent scrutiny Burke felt a challenge and set himself to

haste, Mary glanced toward Gilder and Demarest, who were watching the scene closely. Then, she went toward the outer door of the office.

Burke waited until she had nearly reached the door before he shot his bolt.

"Garson has confessed!"

Mary turned and confronted the inspector, and answered without the least trace of fear, but the firmness of knowledge:

"Oh, no, he hasn't!"

"What's the reason he hasn't?" Burke roared out wrathfully.

"Because he didn't do it."

"Well, he says he did it!"

Mary, in her turn, resorted to a bit of finesse, in order to learn whether or not Garson had been arrested.

"But how could he have done it, when he went?" she began.

"Where did he go?"

"You ought to know, since you have arrested him, and he has confessed."

Burke was frantic over being worsted thus. To gain a diversion, he reverted to his familiar bullying tactics.

"Who shot Griggs?" he shouted.

"My husband shot a burglar," Mary said languidly. "Was his name Griggs?"

"Oh, you know better than that," Burke declared, truculently. "You see, we've traced the Maxim silencer. Garson himself bought it up in Hartford."

For the first time, Mary was caught off her guard.

"But he told me"—she began, then checked herself.

"What did he tell you?" Burke questioned.

"He told me that he had never seen me. Surely, if he had had anything of the sort, he would have shown it to me."

Burke pressed the button on the desk, and when the doorman appeared, ordered that the prisoner be returned to her cell.

"I suppose," Mary said, "that it's useless for me to claim my constitutional rights, and demand to see a lawyer?"

"Yes," Burke agreed, "you've guessed it right, the first time."

Cassidy came hurrying in with a grin of satisfaction on his stolid face.

"Say, chief," the detective said with animation, "we've got Garson."

Burke asked Gilder and the district attorney to withdraw, while he should have a private conversation with the prisoner.

"Now," he said when they were alone together, "I'm going to be your friend."

"Are you?" Mary's tone was non-committal.

"Yes," Burke declared, heartily. "And I mean it! Give up the truth about young Gilder. I know he shot Griggs, of course. But I'm not taking any stock in that burglar story—not a little bit! No court would either."

What was really back of the killing? Was he jealous of Griggs? Well, that's what he might do then. He's always been a worthless young cub. A rotten deal like this would be about his gait. I guess. Tell me, now, why did he shoot Eddie Griggs?"

There was coarseness a-plenty in the inspector's pretense, but it possessed a solitary fundamental virtue; it played on the heart of the woman whom he questioned, aroused it to wrath in defense of her mate. In a second, all poise fled from this girl whose soul was blossoming in the best realization that a man loved her purely, unselfishly. Her words came stumbling in their haste.

"He didn't kill him! He didn't kill him!" she fairly hissed. "Why, he's the most wonderful man in the world. You shan't hurt him! Nobody shall hurt him! I'll fight to the end of my life for Dick Gilder!"

Burke was beaming joyously.

"Well, that's just what I thought," he said, with smug content. "And now, then, who did shoot Griggs? We've got every one of the gang. They're all crooks. See here, he went on, with a sudden change to the respectful in his manner, "why don't you start fresh? I'll give you every chance in the world. I'm dead on the level with you this time."

By now Mary had herself well in hand again, vastly ashamed of the short period of self-betrayal caused by the official's artifice against her heart. As she listened to the inspector's assurances, the mocking expression of her face was not encouraging to that astute individual, but he persevered manfully.

"Just you wait," he went on cheerfully, "and I'll prove to you that I'm on the level about this, that I'm really your friend. There was a letter came for you to your apartment. My men brought it down to me. I've read it. Here it is. I'll read it to you!"

He picked up an envelope, which had been lying on the desk, and drew out the single sheet of paper it contained. Mary watched him, wondering much more than her expression revealed over this new development. Then, as she listened, quick interest touched her features to a new life.

This was the letter:

I can't go without telling you how sorry I am. There won't never be a time that I won't remember it was me not you sent up; that you did time in my place. I ain't going to forgive myself ever, and I swear I'm going straight always. Your true friend, HELEN MORRIS.

For once, Burke showed a certain delicacy. When he had finished the reading, he said nothing for a long minute.

Mary's eyes were luminous in the joy of the realization that for her, after all, rehabilitation might be in a measure possible, though nothing could ever repay the degradation of years infinitely worse than lost.

Burke's harsh voice, cadenced to a singular sympathy, broke in on her reverie of pleasure and of pain.

"You know this?" he inquired.

"Yes, two days ago."

"Did you tell old Gilder?" he asked.

Mary shook her head in negation.

## 3 Good Breeding Stallions



**BODENHAM MATCH-LESS 22132** is an English Shire and was foaled in 1903. Bred by Mrs. Medlicott, Bodenham, Leominster, England. He is bay in color, with white face, and weighs 2000 pounds. Bodenham is an excellent breeder and has many fine colts in Cass county that will prove this statement.

**HERBERT** is a sorrel horse weighing 1800 pounds and is a good foal getter and producer.

**PRIZELANDER**—A thoroughbred trotting stallion, is a jet black and weighs 1200 pounds. He was foaled in 1907, by Borolyptol 32229; dam Minalta, by Wrestler 18754; grand dam Minola, by Alpine 9611; sire Borolyptol 32229, Electioneer, Jr. 26257.

The season of 1914 for these horses will be made at my farm one mile south of Mynard.

## The Great Breeding Jack "Tom"

Tom is a black jack with white points and weighs 1000 lbs. good bone and a sure foal getter. He will also make the entire season at my farm.

**Terms:** For Herbert and Prizelander—\$10 to insure colt to stand and suck. For Bodenham and Jack Tom—\$15 to insure colt to stand and suck. Care will be taken to prevent accidents but will not be held responsible should any occur. When parties dispose of mares or remove from the county service fee becomes due and payable immediately.

**W. A. FIGHT, Owner.**

And that industrious writer of short-hand notes, absorbed in his task, answered instantly from his hidden place in the corridor.

"No, ma'am, not quite."

Mary laughed aloud, while Burke sat dumfounded. She rose swiftly, and went to the nearest window, and with a pull at the cord sent the shade flying upward. There was revealed the busy stenographer, bent over his pad. A groan of distress burst from him, and he fled the place in ignominious rout.

The smiling Mary was returned to her cell.

(To Be Continued)

### Just Right for Backache and Rheumatism.

Foley Kidney Pills are so thoroughly effective for backache, rheumatism, swollen, aching joints, kidney and bladder ailments that they are recommended everywhere. A. A. Jeffords, McGrew, Neb., says: "My druggist recommended Foley Kidney Pills for pains in my back, and before I finished one bottle, my old trouble entirely disappeared." For sale by all druggists.

### Accounts Must Be Settled.

There are still a great many accounts due the estate of August Gorder that we must insist upon being settled at once. This notice is final, and if same is not paid within a reasonable time, the accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.

Fred Gorder, Administrator.

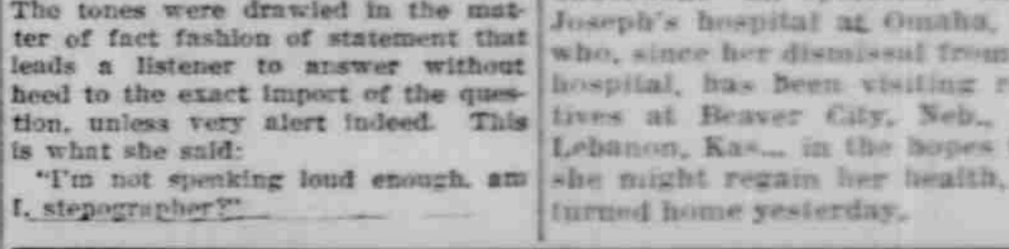
### Returns Home.

From Friday's Daily. Mrs. G. R. Rhoden, who recently underwent an operation at St. Joseph's hospital at Omaha, and who, since her dismissal from the hospital, has been visiting relatives at Beaver City, Neb., and Lebanon, Kas., in the hope that she might regain her health, returned home yesterday.

## ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIRING

### "SICK SOLES"

Like to Come to Us



TRY A PAIR OF OUR WORK SHOES.

Every pair guaranteed and all New Stock. Take a look in our window.

**AVARD & McLEAN, Riley Block.**