

WITHIN THE LAW By MARVIN DANA FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER Copyright, 1913, by the H. K. Fry Company.

CHAPTER XIX. Anguish and Bliss.

GARSON shouted his confession without a second of reflection. But the result must have been the same had he taken years of thought. Between him and her as the victim of the law, there could be no hesitation for choice. The prime necessity was to save her, Mary, from the tolls of the law that were closing around her. For himself, in the days to come, there would never be regret over the cost of saving her. He had saved her from the waters—he would save her until the end, as far as the power in him might lie.

The suddenness of it all held Mary voiceless for long seconds. She was frozen with horror of the event. When, at last, words came, they were a frantic prayer of protest.

"No, Joe! No! Don't talk—don't talk!" "Joe has talked," Burke said, significantly. "He did it to protect me," she stated, earnestly.

The inspector disdained such futile argument. As the doorman appeared in answer to the buzzer, he directed that the stenographer be summoned at once.

"We'll have the confession in due form," he remarked, gazing pleasantly on the three before him.

"He's not going to confess," Mary insisted, with spirit. But Burke disregarded her completely, and spoke mechanically to Garson the formal warning required by the law.

"You are hereby cautioned that anything you say may be used against you." Then, as the stenographer entered, he went on with lively interest.

"Now, Joe!" Yet once again, Mary protested, a little wildly. "Don't speak, Joe! Don't say a word till we can get a lawyer for you!"

The man met her pleading eyes steadily, and shook his head in refusal. "It's no use, my girl," Burke broke in harshly. "I told you I'd get you. I'm going to try you and Garson, and the whole gang for murder—yes, every one of you. And you, Gilder, he continued, lowering on the young man who had defied him so obstinately, "you'll go to the house of detention as a material witness." He turned his gaze to Garson again, and spoke authoritatively: "Come on now, Joe!"

Garson went a step toward the desk and spoke decisively. "If I come through, you'll let her go—and him?" he added as an afterthought, with a nod toward Dick Gilder.

"We'll get the best lawyers in the country," Mary persisted desperately. "We'll save you, Joe—we'll save you!" Garson regarded the distraught girl with wistful eyes. But there was no trace of yielding in his voice as he replied, though he spoke very sorrowfully.

"No, you can't help me," he said simply. "My time has come, Mary. And I can save you a lot of trouble." "He's right there," Burke ejaculated. "We've got him cold. So what's the use of dragging you two into it?"

"Then they go clear?" Garson exclaimed, eagerly. "They ain't even to be called as witnesses?" "You're on!" Burke agreed. "Then, here goes!" Garson cried, and he looked expectantly toward the stenographer.

thing cost me \$60, and it's worth every cent of the money. Why, they'll remember me as the first to spring one of them things, won't they?" "They sure will, Joe!" the inspector conceded.

"Nobody knew I had it," Garson continued, dropping his braggart manner abruptly. At the words, Mary started, and her lips moved as if she were about to speak.

"Nobody knew I had it—nobody in the world," he declared. "And nobody had anything to do with the killing but me."

"Was there any bad feeling between you and Eddie Griggs?" "Never till that very minute. Then I learned the truth about what he'd framed up with you." The speaker's voice reverted to its former fierceness in recollection of the treachery of one whom he had trusted.

"He was a stool pigeon, and I hated him! That's all, and it's enough. And it's all true, so help me God!" The inspector nodded dismissal to the stenographer, with an air of relief. "That's all, Williams," he said heavily. "He'll sign it as soon as you've transcribed the notes."

Then as the stenographer left the room Burke turned his gaze on the woman, who stood there in a posture of complete dejection, her white, anguished face downcast. There was triumph in the inspector's voice as he addressed her, for his professional pride was full fed by this victory over his foe.

"Young woman," Burke said briskly, "it's just like I told you. You can't beat the law. Garson thought he could—and now"—He broke off, with a wave of his hand toward the man who had just sentenced himself to death in the electric chair.

"That's right," Garson agreed, with somber intensity. His eyes were grown clouded again now, and his voice dragged leaden. "That's right, Mary," he repeated dully, after a little pause. "You can't beat the law!" He hesitated a little, then went on, with a certain curious embarrassment. "And this same old law says a woman must stick to her man."

The girl's eyes met his with passionate sorrow in their misty depths. Garson gave a significant glance toward Dick Gilder, then his gaze returned to her. There was a smoldering despair in that look. There were, as well, an entreaty and a command.

"So," he went on, "you must go along with him, Mary. Won't you? It's the best thing to do." The girl could not answer. There was a clutch on her throat just then, which would not relax at the call of her will.

Of a sudden, an inspiration came to him, a means to snap the tension, to create a diversion wholly efficacious. He would turn to his boasting again, would call upon his vanity, which he knew well as his chief foible, and make it serve as the foil against his love.

"You want to cut out worrying about me," he counseled, bravely. "Why, I ain't worrying any, myself—not a little bit! You see, it's something new I've pulled off. Nobody ever put over anything like it before."

He faced Burke with a grin of gloating again. "I'll bet there'll be a lot of stuff in the newspapers about this, and my picture, too, in most of 'em! What?" The man's manner imposed on Burke, though Mary felt the torment that his vainglorious was meant to mask.

"Say," Garson continued to the inspector, "if the reporters want any pictures of me could I have some new ones taken? The one you've got of me in the gallery is over ten years old. I've taken off my beard since then. Can I have a new one?"

"Sure you can, Joe. I'll send you up to the gallery right now." "Immense!" Garson cried boisterously. He moved toward Dick Gilder, walking with a faint suggestion of swag to cover the nervous tremor that had seized him.

"So long, young fellow," he exclaimed, and held out his hand. "You've been on the square, and I guess you always will be." Dick had no scruple in clasping that extended hand very warmly in his own.

"We'll do what we can for you," he said simply. "That's all right," Garson replied, with such carelessness of manner as he could contrive. Then at last he turned to Mary. This parting must be bitter, and he braced himself with all the vigors of his will to combat the weakness that leaped from his soul.

As he came near the girl could hold herself in leash no longer. She threw herself on his breast. Her arms wreathed about his neck. Great sobs racked her. "Oh, Joe, Joe!" The gasping cry was of utter despair. Garson's trembling hand patted the girl's shoulder very softly, a caress of infinite tenderness.



"That's all right. That's all right, Mary."

Inspector's call. "To the gallery," Burke ordered curtly. Garson went on without ever a glance back.

There was a long silence in the room after Garson's passing. It was broken at last by the inspector, who got up from his chair and advanced toward the official with brooding eyes from out her white face.

Burke extended the sheet of paper to the husband. "There's a document," he said gruffly. "It's a letter from one Helen Morris, in which she sets forth the interesting fact that she pulled off a theft in the Emporium, for which your Mrs. Gilder here did time. You know, your father got your Mrs. Gilder sent up for three years for that same job—which she didn't do. That's why she had such a grudge against your father and against the law too!"

Burke chuckled, as the young man took the paper, wondering. "I don't know that I blame her much for that grudge, when all's said and done. You give that document to your father. It sets her right. He's a just man, according to his lights, your father. He'll do all he can to make things right for her, now he knows. Now, you two listen. I've got to go out a minute. When I get back, I don't want to find anybody here—not anybody! Do you get me?"

When the official was gone, the two stood staring mutely each at the other through long seconds. What she read in the man's eyes set the woman's heart to beating with a new delight. What he read in her eyes set the husband's pulses to bounding. He opened his arms in an appeal that was a command. Mary went forward slowly, without hesitation, in a bliss that forgot every sorrow for that blessed moment, and cast herself on his breast.

THEY WERE... 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.

WEeping WATER. Republican. W. D. Bish of Kansas City was calling on his brother, G. W. Wednesday night.

Mr. Myron Kinney of Vermont arrived today for a visit with his cousin, E. E. Day and family.

Miss Myrtle Woods of Wabash who has been teaching school at Sheridan, Wyoming, was visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Staton, the last of the week.

Mrs. G. H. Olive went to Omaha Friday; from there she will visit relatives while George is taking in the sights in Florida. Ben has quite the appearance of a bachelor.

Will Holden of Scotts Bluff was a Wednesday night visitor with relatives here. He had been to Kansas City with a load of fat cattle and was on his way home. He says the family are all well and they like the country out there fine.

The friends of Miss Verna Bates will be pleased to know that she returned from the hospital at Lincoln this afternoon and is much improved and escaped the trying ordeals of an operation.

Mrs. George Colbert, son, Wiley, and her daughter, Mrs. Brown, were over night visitors at the John Colbert home Wednesday night, leaving Thursday for their new home in Chase county. They were accompanied as far as Lincoln by Grandma Colbert and Mrs. John Colbert.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Philpot were in town Wednesday and closed a deal for another eighty acres of land that he had bought of his father, Chas. Philpot. This eighty acres joins his land at Arnold, which makes him 400 acres there, which he says is all good alfalfa land.

UNION Ledger. Dave A. Eaton went to South Omaha Monday evening, taking two carloads of his fat cattle.

W. B. Banning and wife and son, Hollis, went to Lincoln last Friday to make a visit with some of their friends.

Riley Dill and wife of Rosalie, Neb., arrived Wednesday to make a visit with C. F. Harris and family and other relatives near here.

Mrs. Robert Eaton was taken to Omaha Wednesday evening for treatment in a hospital, being accompanied by her husband and her mother, Mrs. Will Bakes.

Miss Jessie Todd departed last Tuesday evening for Canada, intending to have charge of household affairs for her nephew, Vance Todd, on a large ranch owned by Harry Todd near Strathmore, Canada.

Jesse R. Dysart of near Ayocsa was here Wednesday afternoon to visit and attend to business affairs. Mr. Dysart and family are located on the fine farm of "Billy" H. Betts, who recently moved to his large ranch in Holt county.

Robert Foster, who has been in the south for some time, came in the first of the week and will probably find suitable employment and remain here. He informs us that he has spent most of the time in Louisiana, but that this part of Nebraska looks good to him.

Mrs. Frank Freiburghouse and children, whose home has been at Rushville, Neb., for several years, have been visiting relatives in this village, and will soon locate at the new home in Texas. Mr. Freiburghouse went there two weeks ago with the household goods.

One of the pleasant features in connection with the wedding of Grover Hoback and Miss Georgia Massie was a reception given them Thursday evening, March 19, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Hoback. About forty guests were present, and a splendid supper was served, the affair being one of great enjoyment for all the participants.

NEHAWKA. Mr. and Mrs. George Sheldon are rejoicing over the arrival at their home Monday of a fine baby boy.

John Griffith is using crutches, the result of mistaking one of his toes for the limb of a tree he was trimming.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knabe, George Hansen and Miss Gladys West were Nebraska City visitors Wednesday.

The many friends of Mrs. Tom Kivett will be glad to know that she is improved in health and is able to be up and around again.

From the looks of things Nehawka will have her share of candidates for the various offices this fall, and they are all good ones.

C. A. Anderson left with his car Saturday for Park Roberts, Minnesota, where he will make his future home. The family will remain for a time at least.

Tom Fulton has been doing a lot of work recently with his big Skow disc machine. He has the only one in the county, and disc plows are sent here from all over the county to be sharpened.

Mrs. J. E. Banning and the children are all ready to leave Saturday for their new home in Astoria, Ore., where Mr. Banning has a lucrative position with the S. P. railway. They have been waiting several days for a part of their transportation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Viall left Monday afternoon for Mentor, Minn., where they will make their home. The elder Mr. Viall and Earl have established themselves up there and have everything ready to begin work. This family leaves a host of friends here who wish them the best of success in their northern home.

ner Zink, who is at Waconda Springs, Kansas, that her sister's husband, Chris Hunter, of Green, Kansas, died Sunday morning and that she would attend the funeral and return to Waconda, as she thought the baths were helping her.

EAGLE. Beacon. August Bergman shipped a carload of cattle to South Omaha Wednesday.

J. S. Dysart shipped a carload of cattle to the South Omaha market the fore part of the week. A. H. Vanlandingham shipped a carload of hogs to Nebraska City the latter part of last week.

Miss Gladys Sharp left for Hilger, Mont., last week with the view of securing some homestead land.

Mrs. Bert Price was called to Coon Rapids, Iowa, the latter part of last week on account of the illness of her mother.

B. F. Judkins went to Tobias, Neb., Tuesday for a couple of days' visit with his daughter, Miss Abbie Judkins, who is teaching in the public schools there.

At the caucus held in the town hall last Thursday evening, Chas. Renner, Geo. Reitter, jr., and Geo. Oberle were selected as candidates for village trustees to be voted on at the spring election.

Mrs. B. F. Judkins received word the fore part of the week of the death of Mrs. Grace Blodgett Statten at her home in Silverthorne, Neb., which occurred Saturday morning of last week. Mrs. Statten was formerly a teacher in the Eagle and Highland schools.

Monday morning, March 16th, Anson Burdick commenced on his twelfth year as rural mail carrier out of Eagle. It was on Monday morning, March 16, 1903, that Anson commenced his duties on the route and this is the first time in the eleven years that March 16 has come on Monday. He has been a most faithful carrier, not having lost any time during the entire eleven years, and for promptness and courteous treatment, the patrons of his route say they could ask for none better.

LOUISVILLE. Courier. Born—Tuesday, March 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Taylor, a boy. Also on Monday, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnson, a boy.

Mrs. G. A. Pribble went to Omaha Monday to attend the funeral of her nephew's little child. She returned home Tuesday.

Miss May Richey returned to her home in Plattsmouth Wednesday after a ten days' visit with her brother, C. A. Richey and family.

If you neglect to vote Tuesday, April 7, you will have thrown away a privilege for which some women would tear their bonnets to accomplish.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. T. C. Amick is recovering from a serious attack of heart trouble which kept her bedfast for several weeks.

Miss Rose Rathbun has returned to Lincoln for the summer as the millenary season has as the millenary season has vacation in Louisville, at the home of her mother, Mrs. C. F. Rathbun.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Kilgore, who came here from Columbus, Ohio, several years ago, have had their household goods shipped here and they arrived this week, which would indicate that they have decided to remain in the west. Mr. Kilgore is engineer of the steam shovel at the National stone quarry.

In an item in last week's Courier we stated that our old friend, Geo. L. Berger, of Elmwood, had purchased a farm near Greenwood, paying \$25,000 for 240 acres. The information as to price was derived from an exchange, but we are informed that the purchase price was in the neighborhood of \$35,000.

Special "Health Warning" for March. March is a trying month for the very young and for elderly people. Croup, bronchial colds, lagrippe and pneumonia are to be feared and avoided. Foley's Honey and Tar is a great family medicine that will quickly stop a cough, check the progress of a cold, and relieve inflamed and congested air passages. It is safe, pure and always reliable. For sale by all druggists.

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 Minaletta, 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.

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Horses for Sale. 25 head of horses and mares for sale. Mostly broke and ready to go to work. Prices and terms are right. Frank Vallery, Plattsmouth, Neb. Phone 305-J.

The Celebrated Young Jack Sandors



Sandors is an excellent young Jack, coming 3 years old, weighing 900 pounds, plenty of extra heavy bone, black with mealy points.

Sandors (5298) was foaled June 2, 1911; his sire was San Salvador, 2nd, by Salvador, imported from Spain. Sandors was bred and owned by Frank Busch of Villa Ridge, Mo. He has been inspected this spring by the State Inspector and is sound in every way. Sandors will make the season of 1914 at our home, six miles west of Murray, and six miles east of Manley, every day in the week.

TERMS \$15 to insure colt to stand up and suck. Parties disposing of mares or removing from the locality, service fee becomes due and must be paid immediately. All care will be taken to prevent accidents, but owners will not be responsible should any occur.

SCHAFFER BROS.

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