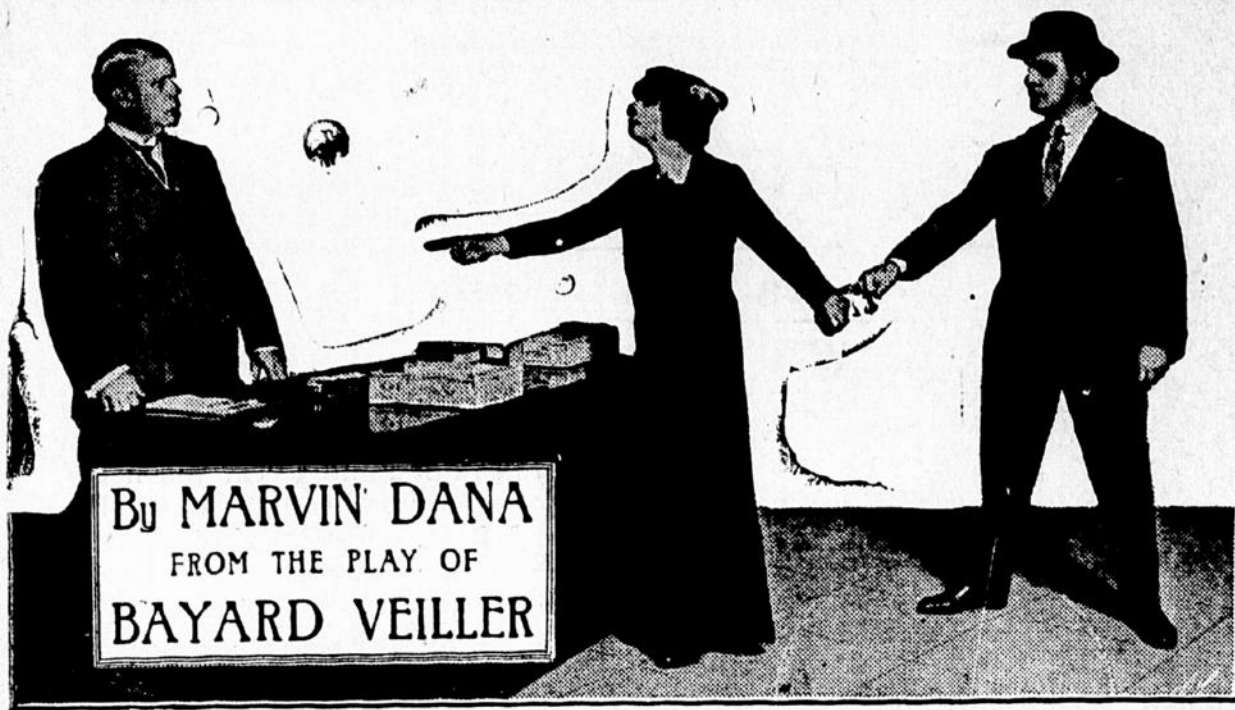


WITHIN THE LAW



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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 toils of the law that were closing around her. For himself, in the days to come, there would be a ghastly dread, but 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 until 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's confessed, 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're 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.

"My name is Joe Garson."

it, so that it didn't make any noise."

Garson paused, and the set despair of his features lightened a little. Into his voice came a tone of exultation in desirably ghastly. It was born of the eternal egotism of the criminal, fattening vanity in gloating over his ingenuity for evil. He stared at Burke with a quizzical grin crooking his lips.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I'll bet it's the first time a guy was ever croaked with one of them things! Ain't it?"

The inspector nodded affirmation.

"Some class to that, eh?" Garson demanded, still with that gawdlike air of boasting. "I got the gun and the Maxim silencer thing off a fence in Boston," he explained. "Say, that 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 foes.

"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 folly, 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 vainglorying 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 swagger 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," he murmured huskily. "That's all right, Mary." There was a short silence, and then he went on speaking more firmly. "You know, he'll look after you."

He looked up over the girl's shoulder and beckoned with his head to Dick, who came forward.

"Take good care of her, won't you?" He disengaged himself gently from the girl's embrace and set her within the arms of her husband, where she

rested quietly, as if unable to fight longer against fate's decree.

"Well, so long!"

He dared not utter another word, but turned blindly, and went, stumbling a little, toward the doorman, who had appeared in answer to the 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 husband and wife. In his hand he carried a sheet of paper, roughly scrawled. As he stopped before the two and cleared his throat, Mary withdrew herself from Dick's arms and regarded the official with brooding eyes from out her white face.

Burke extended the sheet of paper to the husband.

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

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.

THE END.

Prophecies Not Fulfilled.

That the year 1913 was to be a dolorous one was a prophecy made in November 1912, by a Frenchwoman long famous in her country as a prophetess. She bears the name of Madame de Thebes and is declared to have been a friend of General Boulanger, the younger.

Other celebrated persons. It is said that Frenchwomen through her domestic prophecies as to what the future has in store for them. The dire predictions she made last year appeared in an almanac that is well known to Parisians. It is interesting to recall her forebodings at this time, since their importance was estimated at the time at so high a rate as to call for special telegrams to New York newspapers:

"The marriage of the Queen of Luxembourg which will astound the world, damaging France's interests politically."

"Paris will be the scene of a terrible theatre fire."

"The French troops will rush to the frontier."

"The German Emperor may come to Paris, but not as a king."

"The Pope will die."

"Italy will witness a political upheaval and perhaps a new king."

"The Prince of Wales will reign."

"Bulgaria will play a stupendous role in Europe."

"Nineteen hundred and thirteen, taken as a whole will be a bloody year."

Not one of these predictions has come true, nor has anything happened to give a semblance of the truth to any one of them. Unthinking persons might say that the prediction for Bulgaria, that she "will play a stupendous role in Europe," has been fulfilled. They should remember, however, that Bulgaria's "stupendous role" was played in 1912—had, in fact, already been played at the time when the predictions were made—and that in 1913 Bulgaria was submitted to the humiliation of losing to Roumania a valuable part of her northern territory, and acquiring other lands bordering on the sea that are chiefly valuable to her as mountains and as lacking a seaport.

Literary Digest.

The King of All Laxatives.

For constipation, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says they are the "king of all laxatives. They are a blessing to all my family and I always keep a box at home." Get a box and get well again. Price 25c.

At all druggists or by mail. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Did the intense heat and long continued warm period last summer destroy the egg-producing proclivities of the great American hen? Dealers in eggs and poultry sincerely believe that the same was affected by the heat of last summer. In no other way can dealers account for a shortage of eggs under conditions which ordinarily would be considered ideal. The market ought to be glutted with eggs. Ordinarily a mild season like we have had would be regarded as just right for a swamp of eggs, yet there are no eggs in this part of the country to speak of. The demand is bigger than the supply.

A woman wants a recipe for politics just like a soda biscuit.

HEED THE WARNING.

"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.

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A woman wants a recipe for politics just like a soda biscuit.

HEED THE WARNING.

Many Leon people Have Done So.

When the kidneys are weak they give unmistakable warnings that should not be ignored. By examining the first sign of disorder, many days of suffering may be saved. Weak kidneys usually expel a dark, ill-smelling urine, full of "brickdust."

Sluggish kidneys often cause a dull pain in the small of the back, headaches, dizzy spells, tired, languid feelings and frequent rheumatic twinges.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only. There is no better recommended remedy.

Leon people endorse Doan's Kidney Pills.

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Of Consideration for Passage of Proposed Resolution of Necessity for Street Improvement.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the city council of the city of Leon, Iowa, held on the 13th day of January, 1914, there was introduced the Resolution of Necessity hereinafter set forth, which said resolution will be considered for passage by the city council at a meeting to be held in the city hall at 7:30 o'clock p. m., on the 5th day of February, 1914, at which time the owners of the property subject to the assessment for the cost of the street improvement contemplated in said resolution may appear and make objections, if any they have, to the contemplated improvement and the passage of said proposed resolution of necessity, which resolution is as follows, to-wit:—

Resolution of Necessity. Be it resolved by the city council of the city of Leon, Iowa, on its own motion, that it is deemed advisable and necessary to improve by grading, curbing and paving the following streets and parts of streets located in the city of Leon, Iowa, to-wit:—

Section 1. On Main street from and connecting with pavement at 16th street south on Main street and on the Leon and Davis City road, to the north side of bridge on Possum Creek.

Section 2. On Idaho street from and connecting with pavement at 9th street south to and connecting with pavement on Commercial street.

Said street improvement shall be made and constructed of one, or more, of the following kind or kinds of material, to-wit:—

Bitulithic laid on cement concrete foundation; Asphaltic concrete wearing surface composed of selected grade of natural lake asphalt 2 inches in thickness laid on Portland cement foundation; No. 1 vitrified brick block laid on a cement concrete foundation. Curb to be of Portland cement concrete. Combination curb and gutter to be of Portland cement concrete, asphaltic concrete, bitulithic, or No. 1 vitrified brick block with concrete foundation. The city council to determine the kind or kinds of pavement, curbs, gutters and gutters, or gutters, to be used, for each separate section or part of the work above enumerated.

All of which grading, curbing and paving shall be done in accordance with plans and specifications to be prepared by the city engineer and approved by the city council.

Be it further resolved, that the entire cost of making said street improvement, including the cost of estimates, notices, inspection, preparation of the assessment and plat, the cost of paving, curbing and guttering, the intersections of streets and alleys crossings and one-half the cost of paving, curbing and guttering streets and alleys intersecting but not crossing, shall be assessed against the property abutting on and adjacent to the entire streets and parts of streets so paved, curbed and guttered, in proportion to the benefits derived by said abutting and adjacent properties, and in accordance with the city of Leon to pay the cost of extra grading and such other cost of said street improvement, if any, not included in the aforesaid cost and expense to be assessed against abutting and adjacent property; except only, if any portion of the cost of said street improvement may not be lawfully assessed against abutting and adjacent property and the special assessment which may be levied against any lot or tract of land, shall be insufficient to pay the cost of said improvement, the deficiencies and costs thereof, if any, shall be paid from the city improvement fund. The contractor who shall make said street improvement shall guarantee that the same will endure without need of repair for a period of five years from the date of its acceptance by the city.

Be it further resolved, that whenever the contractor who shall make said street improvement shall have finished and fully completed, according to contract, all of the streets and parts of streets herein above separately described and enumerated in any one of said paragraphs, numbered and designated as sections 1 and 2, and the same shall have been accepted by the city council the city shall proceed without unnecessary delay, and as by law provided, to make the levy for such streets and parts of streets, herein separately described, and so completed and accepted, and issue to said contractor the assessment certificates therefor, and shall also issue warrants upon the city improvement fund for such an amount, if any, as should be paid from said improvement fund for such street improvement so completed and accepted.

Dated at Leon, Iowa, this 13th day of January, 1914.

S. G. MITCHELL, City Clerk of Leon, Iowa.

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I treat successfully the cases I undertake and accept no fees from those that cannot be successfully treated. That is why I continue my visit year after year, while other specialists make only a few visits and cease to return.

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If You Wish To Obtain Complete and Permanent Results Try

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