

AUTO CO.
Market. \$1,075 f. o. b. Lynden

Overland

**AUTOMOBILES
BICYCLES**

ALL KINDS OF AUTO SUPPLIES
REPAIRING AT REASONABLE PRICES
WE REPAIR ANYTHING IN THE MACHINE LINE
COR. 6TH AND FRONT ST., LYNDEN PHONE R471

**Louden Hay Carriers
Cycle Grinders
Haying Tools
of all kinds**

**MARION BIEHLER
LYNDEN, WASHINGTON**

READY TO USE
For Refinishing Autos and Carriages
BERRY BROS. AUTO-COLOR VARNISH PAINT

The Pigments and Varnishes used in the making of Berry Bros. Color Varnishes are the best that money or experience can produce

Stocked in Pint and quart cans at 60c and \$1 each
MORSE HARDWARE CO., Inc.
1025-1039 Elk St. Bellingham, Wash.

You'll Forget Your Troubles

if you have a Savings Account with this bank—it will serve as a substantial comforter in time of distress. Then a man always has more courage for attacking strenuous business problems or doing hard work of any kind, if he is conscious of some financial backing. Try it by opening a savings account at once.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Bellingham, Washington
Capital and Surplus \$300,000.00

We are paying **30c** a pound for but:er fat.

OUR PRICE ON FRESH EGGS WILL BE GIVEN UPON PHONE CALL.

AT THE
Banner Creamery

WE MAKE THE LUMBER
from the timber and rough boards to the best finished floors, ceilings, and door and window boards

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BUILD
either house, barn or anything, we want to figure on your bill. Back of our reputation is our big saw mill plant and acres of timber. See us or telephone to us
ROO & VANLEEUWEN LUMBER CO., LYNDEN

LYNDEN LUMBER CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF

Rough Timber and Dimension Lumber of all sizes

Moulding
Finishing Lumber
Interior Trim
Sash and Doors
Porch Columns
Store Counters and Fixtures
Egg Crates and Fruit Boxes
of all kinds.

WE CAN FURNISH ALL MATERIAL FOR A BUILDING COMPLETE—LET US FIGURE WITH YOU.

Office and Mill East part of Town

WITHIN THE LAW

By **MARVIN DANA**
FROM THE PLAY OF
BAYARD VEILLER

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

CONTINUED.

"Is that what they did to you, Joe? I'll have to speak to Cassidy about that. Now, just you sit down, Joe, won't you? I want to have a little talk with you. I'll be through here in a second." He went on with the writing.

Garson moved forward slightly to the single chair near the end of the desk and there seated himself meekly. His face thus was turned toward the windows that gave on the corridor, and his eyes grew yet more clouded as they rested on the grim doors of the cells. He writhed in his chair, and his gaze jumped from the cells to the impassive figure of the man at the desk. Now the forger's nervousness increased momentarily. It swept beyond his control. Of a sudden he sprang up and stepped close to the inspector.

"Say," he said, in a husky voice, "I'd like—I'd like to have a lawyer."

"What's the matter with you, Joe?" the inspector returned, always with that imperturbable air, and without raising his head from the work that so engrossed his attention. "You know, you're not arrested, Joe. Maybe you never will be. Now, for the love of Mike, keep still and let me finish this letter."

Slowly, very hesitatingly, Garson went back to the chair, and sank down on it in a limp attitude of dejection wholly unlike his customary postures of strength. Again, his fear-fascinated eyes went to the row of cells that stood silently menacing on the other side of the corridor beyond the windows. His face was tinged with gray. A physical sickness was creeping stealthily on him, as his thoughts held insistently to the catastrophe that threatened. His intelligence was too keen to permit a belief that Burke's manner of almost fawning kindness hid anything ominous—ominous with a hint of death for him in return for the death he had wrought.

Then, terror crystallized. His eyes were caught by a figure, the figure of Cassidy, advancing there in the corridor. And with the detective went a man whose gait was slinking, craven. A cell door swung open, the prisoner stepped within, the door clanged to the bolts shot into their sockets noisily. Garson sat huddled, stricken—for he had recognized the victim thrust into the cell before his eyes. It was Dacey, one of his own cronies in crime—Dacey, who, the night before, had seen him kill Eddie Griggs. There was something concretely sinister to Garson in this fact of Dacey's presence there in the cell.

Of a sudden the forger cried out rancorously:

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me, I—I would"—The cry dropped into unintelligible mumbblings. Burke retained his manner of serene indifference to the other's agitation. Still, his pen hurried over the paper, and he did not trouble to look up as he expostulated, half banteringly.

"Now, now! What's the matter with you, Joe? I told you that I wanted to ask you a few questions. That's all." But, after a moment, Garson's emotion forced him to another appeal.

"Say, inspector"—he began.

Then, abruptly, he was silent, his mouth still open to utter the words that were now held back by horror. Again, he saw the detective walking forward, out there in the corridor. And with him, as before, was a second figure, which advanced slinkingly.

Again the door swung wide, the prisoner slipped within, the door clanged shut, the bolts clattered noisily into their sockets.

And, in the watcher, terror grew—for he had seen the face of Chicago Red, another of his pals, another who had seen him kill Griggs. At last he licked his dry lips, and his voice broke in a throaty whisper.

"Say, inspector, if you've got anything against me, why?"

"Who said there was anything against you, Joe?" Burke rejoined, in a voice that was genially chiding.

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 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 complete-



"Say, inspector, if you've got anything on me"—
"What's the matter with you today,"

Joe? You seem nervous." Still, the official kept on with his writing.

"No, I ain't nervous," Garson cried, with a feverish effort to appear calm. "Why, what makes you think that? But this ain't exactly the place you'd pick out as a pleasant one to spend the morning." He was silent for a little, trying with all his strength to regain his self control, but with small success.

Burke believed that his opportunity was come. His hand slipped into the pocket where was the pistol, and clutched it. He stared at Garson fiercely, and spoke with a rush of the words:

"Why did you kill Eddie Griggs?"

"I didn't kill him!" The reply was quick enough, but it came weakly. Again, Garson was forced to wet his lips with a dry tongue, and to swallow painfully. "I tell you, I didn't kill him!" he repeated at last, with more force.

"You killed him last night—with this!" Burke cried, viciously. On the instant, the pistol leaped into view, pointed straight at Garson. "Why?" the inspector shouted. "Come on, now! Why?"

"I didn't, I tell you!" Garson was growing stronger, since at last the crisis was upon him. He got to his feet with little swiftness of movement and sprang close to the desk. He bent his head forward challengingly, to meet the glare of his accuser's eyes.

There passed many seconds, while the two men battled in silence, will warring against will. In the end it was the murderer who triumphed.

Suddenly, Burke dropped the pistol into his pocket, and lolled back in his chair. His gaze fell away from the man confronting him. In the same instant, the rigidity of Garson's form relaxed, and he straightened slowly.

"Oh, well," Burke exclaimed amiably, "I didn't really think you did, but I wasn't sure, so I had to take a chance. You understand, don't you, Joe?"

"Sure, I understand," Garson replied, with an amiability equal to the inspector's own.

Burke pressed the buzzer as the agreed signal to Cassidy. "Where did you say Mary Turner was last night?"

At the question, all Garson's fears for the woman rushed back on him with appalling force.

"I don't know where she was," he exclaimed doubtfully. He realized his blunder even as the words left his lips, and sought to correct it as best he might. "Why, yes, I do, too," he went on, as if assailed by sudden memory. "I dropped into her place kind of late, and they said she'd gone to bed—headache, I guess. Yes, she was home of course. She didn't go out of the house all night." His insistence on the point was of itself suspicious, but eagerness to protect her dulled his wits.

"Know anything about Gilder?" Burke demanded.

"Not a thing," was the earnest answer.

The inner door opened, and Mary Turner entered the office. Garson with difficulty suppressed the cry of distress that rose to his lips. For a few moments the silence was unbroken. Then presently Burke by a gesture directed the girl to advance toward the center of the room. As she obeyed he himself went a little toward the door, and when it opened again and Dick Gilder appeared he interposed to check the young man's rush forward as his gaze fell on his bride, who stood regarding him with sad eyes.

Then, while still that curious, dynamic silence endured, Cassidy came briskly into the office.

"Say, chief," the detective said rapidly, "they've squealed."

"Squealed, eh? Do they tell the same story?" And then when the detective had answered in the affirmative he went on speaking in tones ponderous with self complacency.

"I was right, then, after all—right all the time. Good enough." Of a sudden his voice boomed somberly. "Mary Turner, I want you for the murder of—"

Garson's rush halted the sentence. He had leaped forward. His face was rigid. He broke on the inspector's words with a gesture of fury. His voice came in a hiss:

"That's a — lie! I did it!"

ly, 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?"

"Let 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 in harshly. I told you and Garson, and 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."

"She'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.

"My name is Joe Garson."

"Alias?" Burke suggested.

"Alias nothing!" came the sharp retort. "Garson's my moniker. I shot Eddie Griggs, because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon, and he got just what was coming to him." Vituperation beyond the mere words beat in his voice now.

"Now, now!" Burke objected, severely. "We can't take a confession like that."

Garson shook his head—spoke with fiercer hatred.

"Because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon," he repeated. "Have you got it?" And then, as the stenographer nodded assent, he went on, less violently: "I croaked him just as he was going to call the bulls with a police whistle. I used a gun with smokeless powder. It had a Maxim silencer on 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 indescribably 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 greswome air of boasting. "I got the gun and the Maxim silencer thing off a fence in Boston," he explained. "Say, that thing cost me \$50, 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

FLOUR The Swing-Sitter Brand

MADE FROM NUMBER ONE BLUE STEM WHEAT

We have tried for months to get this brand of Flour. At last we have signed up for the exclusive agency at Lynden—we will guarantee this Flour in every respect. Call for a sample

HAY, GRAIN, FEED AND SEEDS
Albers Poultry and Dairy Feeds
Cash paid for Poultry and Eggs. Hyd-Lime Fertilizer

BUILDING MATERIALS
Our Mill is always ready for grinding or rolling feed

THE PIONEER STORAGE CO.
Phone X 702. Warehouse opposite Creamery.

ly, 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?"

"Let 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 in harshly. I told you and Garson, and 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."

"She'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.

"My name is Joe Garson."

"Alias?" Burke suggested.

"Alias nothing!" came the sharp retort. "Garson's my moniker. I shot Eddie Griggs, because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon, and he got just what was coming to him." Vituperation beyond the mere words beat in his voice now.

"Now, now!" Burke objected, severely. "We can't take a confession like that."

Garson shook his head—spoke with fiercer hatred.

"Because he was a skunk and a stool pigeon," he repeated. "Have you got it?" And then, as the stenographer nodded assent, he went on, less violently: "I croaked him just as he was going to call the bulls with a police whistle. I used a gun with smokeless powder. It had a Maxim silencer on 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 indescribably 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 greswome air of boasting. "I got the gun and the Maxim silencer thing off a fence in Boston," he explained. "Say, that thing cost me \$50, 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 had framed up with you." The speaker's voice reverted to its former harshness 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 briefly. "He'll sign it as soon as you've transcribed the notes."

To be concluded next week.

An Earnest Petition.

Dear God, I need you awful bad, I don't know what to do. My papa's cross, my mama's sick, I ain't no friend but you. Them careless angels went and brung, Stid of the boy I ast, A meeny teeny little girl; I don't know how they dasd, And God, I wisht you'd take her back, She's just as good as new, Won't no one know she's second hand But 'cep'n' me and you, An' pick a boy, dear God, yourself, The nicest in your fold; But please don't choose him quite so young, I'd like him five years old.

—Selected.

THE PALM TREE

By JNO. W. TREMAIN, Jr.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree. Ps. 92:12.

Characteristics of the palm: It is very tall, being always conspicuous for its height among other trees (corresponding to the nobility and grandeur of the character of the righteous).

It casts but little shadow; thus not interfering with the growth and prosperity of its neighbor.

It is very soft at heart; it has not many roots; just enough so that it can gain sustenance, all its energy and vitality being expended in growing upward, not reaching out after earthly goods but foregoing this for the larger and higher upward growth.

It is never barren. It bears fruit at all seasons of the year. The longer the tree has stood, so much sweeter and better its fruit.

It cannot be repressed; always over-coming every obstacle to growth and making its way surely and steadily upward. It is the only tree that can resist the effect of the ivy which in those countries over-comes and kills all other trees.

The palm tree is very clean. When others are covered with dust and grime from the dust-laden air, it would scarcely soil a white handkerchief if passed over it. Keeping oneself unspotted from the world.

It is ever green, never found in a dead condition. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree.

The wicked are compared to a green bay tree. Ps. 37:35. In contrast with the palm, it is not very tall but much spread out, having many branches and roots, tangled together, crooked and gnarled, and extending in every conceivable direction. It has much dependence on the earth, its roots extending forty or fifty feet. It is very kindly and hard at the heart; nothing can grow near it. It bears no fruit, its leaves when crushed have no good odor.

DR. VAN KIRK, Specialist in diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE, and THROAT. Glasses accurately fitted. Bellingham Nat'l Bank Building, Bellingham.

ELECTRIC MOTORS New Power! Rates are in effect

SAVE MONEY

24-Hour Service

Reliability-Convenience-Economy

PUGET SOUND TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER CO.
Local Supt. Phone M35