

### WITHIN THE LAW

BY MARVIN DANA

FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

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#### CHAPTER X.

**Garson's Noisless Gun.**  
Something of what was in his mind was revealed in Garson's first speech after Griggs' going.  
"That's a mighty big stake he's playing for."  
"And a big chance he's taking!" Mary retorted. "No, Joe, we don't want any of that. We'll play a game that's safe and sure."  
The words recalled to the forgetful forbiddings that had been troubling him throughout the day.  
"It's sure enough," he stated, "but is it safe?"  
"What do you mean?"  
Garson walked to and fro nervously as he answered.  
"I suppose the bulls get tired of you



Inspector Burke.

putting it over on 'em and try some rough work?"  
"Don't worry, Joe. I know a way to stop it."  
"Well, so far as that goes, so do I," the forger said, with significant emphasis.  
"Just what do you mean by that?" Mary demanded suspiciously.  
"For rough work," he said. "I have this." He took a magazine pistol from his pocket. It was of an odd shape, with a barrel longer than usual and a bell-shaped contrivance attached to the muzzle.  
"No, no, Joe," Mary cried. "None of that—ever!"  
"Even if I used it, they would never get on to me. See this?" He pointed at the strange contrivance on the muzzle.  
"What is it? I have never seen anything like that before."  
"Of course you haven't. I'm the first man in the business to get one, and I'll bet on it. I keep up with the times." He was revealing that fundamental egotism which is the characteristic of all his kind. "That's one of the new Maxim silencers. With smokeless powder in the cartridges, and the silencer on, I can make a shot from my coat pocket, and you wouldn't even know it had been done. And I'm some shot, believe me."  
"Impossible!" Mary ejaculated.  
"No, it ain't. Here, wait, I'll show you."  
"Good gracious, not here!" Mary exclaimed in alarm. "We would have the whole place down on us."  
Garson chuckled.  
"You just watch that dinky little vase at the table across the room there. Taint' very valuable, is it?"  
"No," Mary answered.  
In the same instant, while still her eyes were on the vase, it fell in a cascade of shivered glass to the table and floor. She heard no sound, she saw no smoke. Perhaps, there had been a faint clicking noise. She stared dumfounded for a few seconds, then turned her bewildered face toward Garson, who was grinning in high enjoyment.  
"Near little thing, ain't it?" the man asked, exultantly.  
"Where did you get it?" Mary asked.  
"In Boston, last week. And between you and me, Mary, it's the only model, and it sure is a corker."  
That night in the back room of Blinkey's, English Eddie and Garson sat with their heads close together over a table.  
"A chance like this," Griggs was saying, "a chance that will make a fortune for all of us."  
"It sounds good," Garson admitted, wistfully.  
"Well," urged Griggs, "what do you say?"  
"How would we split it?"  
"Three ways would be right," Griggs answered. "One to me, one to you and one to be divided up among the others."  
Garson brought his fist down on the table with a force that made the glasses jingle.  
"You're on," he said, strongly.  
"Fine!" Griggs declared, and the two men shook hands. "Now, I'll get—"  
"Get nothing!" Garson interrupted,

fine show of virtuous indignation.  
"What about the \$30,000 you got on that partnership swindle? I s'pose you didn't steal that!"  
"Certainly not," was the ready reply. "The man advertised for a partner in a business sure to bring big and safe returns. We formed a partnership with a capital of \$60,000. We paid the money into the bank, and then at once I drew it out. It was legal. For me to draw that money—wasn't it, Mr. Demarest?"  
The district attorney admitted the truth of her contention.  
"Well, anyhow," Burke shouted, "you may stay inside the law, but you've got to get outside the city. On the level, now, do you think you could get away with that young Gilder scheme you've been planning?"  
"That's the stuff," Griggs agreed, greatly pleased.  
But a sudden shadow fell on the face of Garson. He bent closer to his companion and spoke with a fierce intensity that brooked no denial.  
"She must never know."  
Griggs nodded understandingly.  
Mary had gone to her bedroom for a nap. She was not in the least surprised that Dick had not yet returned, though he had mentioned half an hour. At the best there were many things that might detain him—his father's absence from the office, difficulties in making arrangements for his projected honeymoon trip abroad—which would never occur—or the like. At the worst there was a chance of finding his father promptly, and of that father as promptly taking steps to prevent the son from ever again seeing the woman who had so indiscreetly married him.  
Yet somehow Mary could not believe that her husband would yield to such paternal coercion. Rather, she was sure that he would prove loyal to her whom he loved through every trouble. And the thought of a certain faithfulness pervaded her and a poignant regret that this particular man should have been the one chosen of fate to be entangled within her mesh of revenge. There throbbled in her a heart torturing realization that there were in life possibilities infinitely more splendid than the joy of vengeance. She would not confess the truth even to her inmost soul, but the truth was there and set her tremble with vague fears.  
She had slept, perhaps, a half hour when Fannie awakened her.  
"It's a man named Burke," she explained as her mistress lay blinking. "And there's another man with him. They said they must see you."  
By this time Mary was wide awake, for the name of Burke, the police inspector, was enough to startle her out of drowsiness.  
She got up, slipped into a tea-gown, bathed her eyes in cologne, dressed her hair a little and went into the drawing room, where the two men had been waiting for something more than a quarter of an hour—to the violent indignation of both.  
"Oh, here you are, at last!" the big, burly man cried as she entered.  
"Yes, inspector," Mary replied pleasantly, as she advanced into the room. She gave a glance toward the other visitor, who was of a slender form, with a thin, keen face, and recognized him instantly as Demarest, who had taken part against her as the lawyer for the store at the time of her trial, and who was now district attorney. She went to the chair at the desk and seated herself in a leisurely fashion that increased the indignation of the fuming inspector. She did not ask her self invited guests to sit.  
"To whom do I owe the pleasure of this visit, inspector?" she remarked coolly. It was noticeable that she said whom and not what, as if she understood perfectly that the influence of some person brought him.  
"I have come to have a few quiet words with you," the inspector declared. Mary disregarded him, and turned to the other man.  
"How do you do, Mr. Demarest?" she said evenly. "It's four years since we met, and they've made you district attorney since then. Allow me to congratulate you."  
Demarest's keen face took on an expression of perplexity.  
"I'm puzzled," he confessed. "There is something familiar, somehow, about you, and yet—"  
"Can't you guess?" Mary questioned.  
"Search your memory, Mr. Demarest."  
The face of the district attorney lightened.  
"Why?" he exclaimed. "You are—it can't be—yes—you are the girl, you're the Mary Turner whom I—oh, I know you now."  
"I'm the girl you mean, Mr. Demarest, but for the rest, you don't know me—not at all!"  
"Young woman," Burke said peremptorily. "The Twentieth Century limited leaves Grand Central station at 8.55 tomorrow morning. He pulled a massive gold watch from this waistcoat pocket, glanced at it, thrust it back, and concluded ponderously: "You will just about have time to catch that train."  
"Working for the New York Central now?" Mary asked blandly.  
"You'd better be packing your trunk," the inspector rumbled.  
"But why? I'm not going away."  
"On the Twentieth Century limited this afternoon," the inspector declared in a voice of growing wrath.  
"Oh, dear, no!"  
"I say yes!" The answer was a below. "I'm giving you your orders. You will either go to Chicago or you'll go up the river."  
"If you can convict me. Pray, notice that little word 'if.'"  
The district attorney interposed very suavely:  
"I did once, I remember."  
"But you can't do it again," Mary declared with an assurance that excited the astonishment of the police official.  
"How do you know he can't?" he blustered.  
"Because if he could he would have had me in prison some time ago."  
"Huh!" Burke exclaimed gruffly. "I've seen them go up pretty easy."  
"The poor ones; not those that have money. I have money, plenty of money—now."  
"Money you stole!" the inspector returned brutally.  
"Oh, dear, no!" Mary cried with a

### MCLAURIN ON TILLMAN.

Marlboro Man is True to His Lifetime Colors.

WILL NOT PLAY DOG IN MANGER.

Would Have Peace in South Carolina; But Even for Peace Would Not Sacrifice the Splendid Principles for Which He Has Been Fighting Since His Entry into Political Life—Really a Message to Tillman; but no Less a Message to South Carolina.  
Senator John L. McLaurin on last Wednesday afternoon gave out to the press the following in reply to Senator Tillman's recent spiteful broadside: Bennettsville, Nov. 4th 1913.  
Senator Tillman's letter is so "Tillmanesque" that when I read it yesterday, I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; or, as you say, I expect a little of it in my order.  
He hits Bleese with a meat axe, pitchforks, and ignores Smith and Simm's face. I am not going to let myself loose (if I can help it). The situation is too serious, for from the way I feel and he feels, we'd be fighting in a pair of minutes and let South Carolina go to the devil as we did before. I will honestly acknowledge that I have never been able to get entirely over an early affection for Senator Tillman. I don't like to hear other people say one word against him. If I had conquered and had him down, I would never have rubbed salt in his eyes. His letter is distinctly offensive. "Johnny is smart, but he is a bad little boy, he sassed papa. Papa is sorry, but come here Johnny, hand me the brush, now get across my knee, papa is going to spank you, but if Johnny is good the balance of the week, he can go to the movies Saturday." I feel like saying "damn," but I'll say "Bless the Lord."  
That letter discloses why I couldn't get on with Tillman, why Tillman couldn't, and why he and Smith can't agree. An imperious will that brooks no opposition, I could get on with him now. I'd laugh at him. I used to take him and myself too seriously. I will say however that, God never made a man big enough to talk down to me. My record in the senate needs no defense. I have done the "penance" of the "very narrow great man," who was too far ahead of his time. I have suffered the bitter fate that comes to all advanced thinkers. After "picking" under the state warehouse office with agricultural products as a bankable asset will give me a place in history, where foul slanders and my own weakness are forgotten. God has been good. I do not need an office for my name to live. When Cole L. Bleese stood up before 8,000 people and said he is a "good man, he would make a good governor, he has been badly treated by the scurrilous politicians of South Carolina," he made a personal friend that will last him after the turned bootlecks and syringes have been turned on him like those who used to lick Tillman's hand and at his bidding drove the steel into his heart and are now ready to drive it into Tillman's for the favor of another. Senator Tillman has served a great purpose, he does not need an office to perpetuate his fame, but he is a man, poor weak link, same as I. In us both is that unperishable spark, that after death has washed the dross away, will shine clear and bright. Why should he still seek to dim the luster of my star? I envy him not the faintest ray of his own. I rejoice in what is little for me and sorrow in what is little for you and not all MEN.  
God must judge between us and the balance he strikes shall be for all eternity. I long ago forgave him, his letter shows he has never been able to do that.  
God does not expect repentance except from the "near" great. Life is a pose to 99 per cent. The world is a stage. My sense of humor saves me. It made me laugh, to see how utterly the public misconstrues the true character of both myself and Tillman. It is the joke of the century.  
Tillman's pose from the beginning has been bluff, brutal honesty. "Pork-fork Ben." "Give 'em hell and rub it in." He overplayed his hand a little. Down underneath lives the most astute player of the political game that ever dealt a card. The only man without college training that I ever knew with a classical education. Under that roughness, exquisite literary tastes. A giant mind that has read, digested and assimilated the wisdom of all the ages, and applied it to practical politics. Beneath bluster is the subtle genius of a Tallyrand, he has made every man in South Carolina vote for him one time or another. I laughed with him when the Gonzales solemnly voted for him last summer.  
I am no politician. I haven't fooled anybody and Tillman has fooled everybody except himself. I was the seeker of abstract truth, careless of vulgar political acrobats that could change from a radical to a conservative. I tried to reason it out and was crucified for the reasons, not the result. Woodrow Wilson and Underwood are just where I stood fifteen years ago.  
His letter is so full of Tillmanism, his arrogance and dominant power over man, that I almost love him for my course and they are free to give it to the press. If it is necessary to fight for peace, then I am ready to fight. I will not be a "dog in the manger" nor be a servile tool to gratify any man's spleen toward Governor Bleese, or to in any manner curtail the rights gain-

### Miscellaneous Reading.

LAWSON'S \$12,000 BOOK

"High Cost of Living" Sent to Congressmen in Financier's Latest Bomb for System.  
The latest bomb from the Boston camp of Thomas W. Lawson is a portly folio encased in red oiled calf, faced with crimson silk, printed on hand-made deckle-edged paper and with the colored illustrations of devils—quite the most exquisite setting ever devised for verbal shrapnel. The total cost of the edition was \$12,000.  
It is full to the brim of explosives, containing his latest magazine articles exposing "The System's" responsibility for the advancing charges for food, housing, railroad and transportation, besides other arguments proving the relation between Stock Exchange quotations and high cost of living—done in the best Lawnesque—vivid, pyrotechnic, forceful.  
Of this expensive work, only 1,000 volumes were printed and a copy, suitably inscribed, sent to each member of the United States senate and house of representatives, and to certain other lawmakers throughout the country.  
Sandwiched among the serious arguments, printed in red, appear a series of parables and epigrams from the author's calls muckrakers, from which the following are excerpted:  
"Oh, the Muck that the Muckraker makes.  
Is the Muck that the Muckraker makes.  
Is the Muck that the Muckraker makes.  
Is the Muck that the Muckraker makes."  
"The Wall street map of America is divided into three sections: Wall street, Suckerville and the territory embraced by Bloomingdale, Mattawan and Washington."  
"A Zanzibar galleys slave, passing through Homestead in those good old days before Andy swapped his \$150,000,000 of human brothers and heart-and-soul friers into a \$1,500,000,000 license-to-tax-the-American people, was so terrorized at the sight of My Lord of Skibo's subjects, that he fainted. Coming to, he begged to be embalmed until he could get back to God's own country and ways, and 'tis said that in far-off Zanzibar the poor devil even yet nightmares at the vision of America's freedom."  
"A son of Eris loaded to the gun-wauch with the ozone and microbic good things of God's free and abundantly supplied atmosphere, sitting on the steamship landing contemplating the possibilities of getting a lubricant for his sea-mussed innards, or, as second choice, a solid meal for the vacuum created by his contributions to the fishes on the way over, had his attention tweaked by the arrival of the crested brougham of one of the kings of New York. As the beautiful steeds were being thrown to their haunches, the bedazzling footman, hurrying through the box and door space to his "me ludship," knocked the babe from the arms of a ragged mother, whose palsied outstretched for-heaven's-sake-give-me-alms hand was already in through the brougham's window. As to the manner-born retainer boot-toed the babe clear of "me ludship's" path with a gently-whispered "Get to hell out of here with your brat." Pat recognized in the plug-hatted statesman millionaire king for every dollar destroyed a new one is put into circulation.  
"While my work is somewhat 'messy,' it is interesting and does not grow monotonous. It is really fun!"

### DESTROYING MONEY

Washington Woman Has Caused \$1,500,000,000 to Be Torn Up.

After having destroyed something like \$1,500,000,000 in real money since May, 1912, Miss Louise Lester, of the treasury department, still likes her job, although it is a "messy" one. Most people keep at it for some time to come, says a Washington letter to the New York Telegram.  
Miss Lester is a member of the committee on the Destruction of Mutilated Money. Her fellow members of the committee are Messrs. U. L. Adams, chairman; J. N. Pite and William M. Meredith.  
Every day shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning a big automobile truck backs up to the treasury and takes aboard six or eight trunks. Every one of the trunks contains half a million or more dollars in real money, the bills being cut in halves.  
Accompanying the truck is a cartilage from the bureau of engraving and printing. Into this climb Mr. Adams and Miss Lester. At least two members of the committee must keep the money in sight at all times.  
Upon arriving at the bureau, the trunks full of money are taken to the mangle machines. The mutilated money is dumped by Miss Lester and other members of the committee into four large iron funnels, which convey it into the mangle machines piece by piece.  
With the completion of the feeding process bucketfuls of soda, ash and unslaked lime are poured in. This takes the color out. Then the machines are set in motion and grind away for twenty-four hours. The gray pulp matter then goes to another machine and is made into sheets. Most of the pulp is converted into pastboard, the government receiving \$40 a ton from a New York contractor for the pulp.  
"There is only one drawback to my job," said Miss Lester today. "I receive over a million letters from persons who seem to think it is my own money I am destroying and that I do me it is inconceivable that they do believe the money destroyed a new one is put into circulation.  
"While my work is somewhat 'messy,' it is interesting and does not grow monotonous. It is really fun!"

### WHAT ARE X-RAYS?

A New Weapon in the Search Into the Mysteries of Nature.

Ever since Prof. Roentgen discovered the mysterious "rays" which bear his name it has been a puzzle as to what these rays could be. They seem like a form of light—they give out light under proper conditions. Or rather they cause plates and screens prepared with certain chemicals to become luminescent or fluorescent, as the physicists say, when they are bombarded by the X-rays.  
But otherwise they do not (or did not seem to) act like ordinary light at all. For example, when ordinary light is passed through a prism it is bent slightly out of its straight-line course, and the degree of bending varies with the color—that is, with the wave length of light. So, when a compound light like sunlight is put through the prism it is split up into all the colors of the rainbow.  
Again, ordinary light rays when passed through certain substances like turmaline are "polarized"—that is, only those vibrations which lie in a particular plane get through. And, again, it is possible to measure the "wave length" of ordinary light, even of those "ultra-violet" rays which lie above and far below the limits of visibility. But all this was impossible with the X-rays.  
On the other hand, as everybody knows, the X-rays are generated when a metal plate in a vacuum tube is bombarded by an electrical stream. It is one of the greatest discoveries of recent years that this electrical stream, this beautiful glow which is seen inside the vacuum tubes, is due to myriads of "electric," "ionized" particles which act for all the world like the particles of a gas—air, for example. But while the weight and "charge" of these electrical atoms can actually be measured, no such measurement could be made with the "X-rays." And so the puzzle remained.  
Very recently, however, some English and German physicists have found substances which react in a very peculiar way to the X-rays. Certain crystals and the rough edges of mica plates and the like, it has been discovered, will act like a glass prism to the rays, so that the later can now be manipulated much like the rays of ordinary light. And in this way it has been established that the rays are actually little pulses of light. But they are incredibly thin and small. Ordinary light waves are measured in fractions of a meter—very small fractions indeed of a meter. A millionth of a meter is called a micron, and a thousandth part of this is called a micromicron. The longest visible rays are 700 or 800 of these units in length, and the shortest, at the violet end of the spectrum, are about 400. It is possible to measure ultraviolet rays, which are less than 100 units in length. But no method of measurement has yet been devised which can give any accurate idea of the waves in the X-ray spectrum. Probably they are not a thousandth part the size of the smallest of the ultraviolet.  
But now that their nature has been determined, now that they can be "reflected" and "polarized" just like ordinary light, it is only a matter of time when marvelous instrument makers and ingenious experimenters will find a way to determine their actual dimensions.  
When they do we shall have a new weapon in the search into nature's mysteries; and we shall have a thousand new promises to throw new light upon the structure of atoms and molecules—that is, the structure of that "matter" amid which we live and a part of which we are—*Collier's Weekly*.  
**World's Bread Supply.**—At short intervals some professional economist feels it to be his solemn duty to lift his voice in warning to a heedless world concerning the rapidly with which it is using up its resources of food, or fuel, or building material, or something else upon which human existence is more or less dependent. This time it is a British scientist sounding warning about the bread supply. The wheat-growing area, he declares, is about all under cultivation, and in his view, there is a near danger—within about a century or so—that there will not be enough bread to go around. Perhaps before another century passes the scientists will tell us how to make bread from a combination of elements to be found in the earth, air and water. But anyhow, the world's requirements of the world's bread supply now than they were a century ago, and there is good reason upon which to found the belief that food will always be in ample supply for the world's population.  
As to growing wheat, the untilled lands of Siberia, Canada and Argentina are of an extent to nearly double the present yield of bread cereals. Barely a start has been made in the United States in intensive methods of wheat growing. The Midwest is producing a population tending to out-grow the substance sounds all right in theory, but the experience of more than 4,000 years demonstrates that there is no such danger.—*Baltimore American*.  
**A Heavy Diet.**—A Tipperary fisherman makes a specialty of pike, for which he finds ready sale in the town. He had one customer who was in the habit of so beating him down in price that he felt justified in resorting to somewhat questionable means to increase the weight of his fish. In the manner of the winner of the stakes in the celebrated "Jumping Frog" sporting event, he would introduce some weighty substance into their interiors, bits of iron railing, etc.  
Once he went so far as to stuff two old handless flatirons he had picked from a refuse heap down the gullet of one before taking it to his customer, who, having weighed it carefully and, after much haggling, paid him a fraction less per pound for it than he might have perhaps obtained elsewhere. Meeting him next day, Pat instantly aware there was trouble in the wind by the opening remark, "What do pike feed on, Paddy?"  
"Och and indee, your honor, but there's mighty little that comes amiss to them lads," answered Pat. "Grigs and fish, sticks and bones they like well, but they would give their two eyes for flatirons."  
**Professionals Responsibility.**  
**Some Mistakes are Corrected; But Others are Not.**  
In a communication a reader of the Roanoke Times inquires whether a client who has bought real estate on the favorable report of his lawyer on the title and subsequently learns that his title is hopelessly bad has a remedy. It seems that by justice he should have; but probably in practical life he would have none. No professional man is supposed to be, and few pretend to be, infallible. When it is a question of brains and judgment, law, custom and necessity allow wide latitude for mistakes. Reasonable diligence is all that is required. In every lawsuit one side or the other is badly advised or suffers from the mistakes of some lawyer, on or off the bench. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen, civil engineers, fall into errors and clients, patients, people and patrons suffer, but recovery of damages for such losses is rare.  
A blunt old contractor and builder once put the case clearly. A house he had put up for an enemy. A housewife was a butcher in respects and the old man was derided and rebuked with asperity.  
"Yes, doctor," he said quietly, "that's the way of the world. When I do a bad job everybody sees it and says 'that old fool ought to be run out of town.' When you do a bad job they take it up with flowers and the newspapers say you exhausted in vain all the resources of medical science."  
In a famous sensational murder trial in Maryland a lawyer snapped at a doctor on the stand. "Your mistakes go six feet under ground."  
"And your swing six feet up in the air," retorted the doctor, who retired with the honors of war.  
Mistakes we make with our hands are visible and subject to action for damages. A newspaper's mistakes are obvious and detected instantly. Sometimes a lawyer is made to pay damages for negligence and a physician is held in damages for malpractice. Of what becomes of preacher's mistakes we are not advised and no suit for the promulgation of misleading doctrine or for putting false sign boards on the straight and narrow path ever has been brought. It is mighty hard to prove negligence or incompetence against any of those living who are supposed to earn their livings by their thought and study.—*Roanoke Times*.  
"Pat," said the doctor, "your case is a very peculiar and baffling one, and if you'll agree, I'd like to call in another physician. Two heads are better than one, you know."  
"O' agree," returned the willing patient. "Sure, th' fellow must be worth seein'. Bring in th' doctor with th' two heads!"—*Exchange*.

### Helpful Household Hints.

Aluminum ware may be cleaned by washing in hot water with plenty of soap suds. It will be polished with a paste of jeweler's whiting which has been sifted to remove hard particles. Paste may be made with soapy water or water and alcohol, or water and ammonia added to the whiting; spread paste smoothly on surface and polish with soft cloth or chamois skin. Nickel and silver are polished in the same way. Any good metal polish may be used. If the stain is very bad, polish with sapollo. If this fails, discolorations may be removed with a very dilute solution of nitric acid. Never use alkalis such as washing soda or potash in cleaning aluminum.  
Never try to clean yokes, collars or cuffs while sewed on the gown. Such things should always be made detachable.  
Add a sliced banana to the white of one egg and beat until stiff. The banana will entirely dissolve, and you will have a delicious substitute for whipped cream.  
Cleaned clothes become wet with rain while on the line, do not take them down. Allow to remain till dry and they will retain their original stiffness.  
Fresh chalk will clean a soiled white hat, either felt or beaver. Dust the chalk well into the nap and then shake and beat it out carefully. Repeat the process several times if it seems necessary. Remember that you must never brush a beaver hat; it matts the fluffy fur down beyond repair. Shake and beat it with a light rod or whisk and the fluff continues erect.  
When anything boils over on the stove cover the spot with salt and see how quickly the unpleasant odor will disappear.  
When potatoes begin to spoil, try sprinkling with lime.  
Put a few drops of water with the whites of eggs and see how much neater and quicker they beat.  
Gold may be brightened by rubbing with clear ashes.  
Very few know the value of hot oats for a bad cold on the lungs, or for pneumonia. Put a couple of quarts of the grain in sacks of thin material and heat in the oven until very hot; or they can be heated in a steamer, then applied to the spot desired. Oats have the power of retaining heat longer than most applications and are easily retained as often as desired.  
The disagreeable odor of creosote, coal liver oil, petroleum and other substances can easily be removed from vessels of any kind, mortars, etc., by boiling black mustard, meal and water in the vessel and allowing it to stand aside for a while.



"Well, gentlemen, what are you going to do about it?"

most unfamiliar to himself. "You can't go through with this. There's always a weak link in the chain somewhere. It's up to me to find it, and I will."  
"Now," she said, and there was respect in the glance she gave the stalwart man, "now you really sound dangerous."  
Fannie appeared at the door.  
"Mr. Edward Gilder wishes to see you, Miss Turner," she said. "Shall I show him in?"  
"Oh, certainly," Mary answered, with an admirable pretense of indifference, while Burke glared at Demarest, and the district attorney appeared ill at ease.  
(To Be Continued.)  
**A Good Sheriff.**—Sheriff Joe M. H. Ashley of Anderson county is making good in an office wherein is required tact, wisdom and courage. It was felt last year that Anderson had made a bad trade when Mr. Ashley was chosen sheriff; but such apprehension has been dissipated by the conduct of the sheriff.  
When it came to his attention that certain social clubs were violating the law in the matter of intoxicating liquors, Sheriff Ashley firmly but fairly notified them all that such conduct would not be tolerated. Last week when the circus was to visit Anderson, knowing the history of drunkenness and crime attending the usual circus at the express office, he deputy on duty at the express office, to prohibit indiscriminate delivery of liquor, thus reducing drunkenness to a minimum.  
Nor does Sheriff Ashley stop at the enforcement of whisky laws. He has been alert in other causes, as he should have been. When a sheriff desires to see laws enforced, he can enforce them. It is all in the man.—*Abbeville Medium*.