

## WITHIN THE LAW

BY MARVIN DANA

FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

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### CHAPTER XV.

Within the Law.  
The going of Garson left the room deathly still. Dick turned to Mary and took her hand in his. His arm swept about her in a protecting embrace—just in time or she would have fallen. A whisper came from her quivering lips. Her face was close to his, else he could not have caught the uncertain murmuring. The muscles of her face twitched. She rested supinely, against him as if bereft of any strength of body or soul. Yet, in the intensity of her utterance, the feeble whisper struck like a shriek of horror.

"I—I—never saw any one killed before!"  
Before he could utter the soothing words that rose to his lips, Dick was interrupted by a slight sound at the door. Instantly he was all alert to meet the exigencies of the situation. He stood by the couch, bending forward a little as if in a posture of intimate fondness. He heard the noise, again presently, now so near that he made sure of being overheard, so at once he spoke with a forced cheerfulness in his inflection.

"I tell you, Mary, he declared, 'everything's going to be all right for you and me. It was bully of you to come here to me like this.'"  
The girl made no response. Dick, in nervous apprehension as to the issue sought to bring her to realization of the new need that had come upon them.

"Talk to me," he commanded very softly. They'll be here in a minute. When they come in pretend you just came here in order to meet me. Try, Mary. You must, dearest!" Then again his voice rose to loudness as he continued: "Why, I've been trying all day to see you. And now here we are together, just as I was beginning to get really discouraged. I know my father will understand."

"Where's your father?" he questioned roughly.  
"In bed, naturally," was the answer. "I ask you again. What are you doing here at this time of night?"  
"Oh, call your father," Burke directed.

his voice as he spoke from his kneeling posture beside the body, to which he had hurried after the summons to his aid. "I'll break you for this, Cassidy," he declared fiercely. "Why didn't you get here on the run when you heard the shot?"  
"But there wasn't any shot. I tell you, chief, there hasn't been a sound. Burke rose to his feet. His heavy face was set in its sternest mold.

"You could drive a hearse through the hole they made in him," said Cassidy. Burke wheeled on Mary and Dick. "So," he shouted, "now it's murder. Well, hand it over. Where's the gun?" He nodded toward Dick as he gave his order, "Search him!"  
Dick took the revolver from his pocket and held it out.

"At this incriminating crisis for the son the father hastily strode into the library. He had been aroused by the inspector's shouting and was evidently greatly perturbed.  
"What's all this?" he exclaimed. Burke in a moment like this was no respecter of persons.

"You can see for yourself," he said grimly to the dumfounded magnate. "So," he went on, with somber menace in his voice, "you did it, young man." He nodded toward the detective. "Well, Cassidy, you can take 'em both downtown. That's all!"  
The command aroused Dick to the remembrance against such indignity toward the woman he loved.

"Not her!" he cried impetuously. "You don't want her, inspector! This is all wrong!"  
"Dick," Mary advised quietly, "don't talk, please."  
"What do you expect?" Burke inquired truculently. "As a matter of fact, the thing's simple enough, young man. Either you killed Griggs or she did."

The inspector with his charge made a careless gesture toward the corpse of the murdered steeple pigeon. Edward Gilder looked and saw the ghastly, inanimate heap of flesh and bone that had once been a man. He fairly reeled at the spectacle, then fumbled with an outstretched hand until he laid hold on a chair, into which he sank helplessly.

"Either you killed him," the voice repeated gratingly, "or she did. Well, then, young man, did she kill him?"  
"Good God, no!" Dick shouted aghast.  
"Then it was you!"  
"No, no! He didn't!" Mary's words came frantically.  
Burke reiterated the accusation. "One of you killed Griggs. Which one of you did it?" He scowled at Dick. "Did she kill him?"  
"I told you no!"  
"Well, then," he blustered to the girl, "did he kill him?"  
The nod of his head was toward Dick. Then as she remained silent, "I'm talking to you!" he snapped. "Did he kill him?"  
The reply came with a soft distinctness that was like a crash of destiny.

## FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced in Early Files of the Yorkville Enquirer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

### FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

Thursday, June 5, 1856.—A public meeting was held in the court house last Monday for the purpose of approving the conduct of Col. Preston Brooks in inflicting chastisement on Chas. Sumner, of Massachusetts, Rev. A. Whyte presided, and John L. Miller was appointed secretary. Col. R. G. McCaw was the resolution of approval. They were seconded by Col. I. D. Witherspoon and unanimously adopted. The last resolution was: (3) That a committee of five be charged with the duty of selecting a suitable testimonial expressive of the esteem in which Col. Brooks is held, and the manner in which his conduct has been approved by the people of York district.

In compliance with the third resolution the chair appointed the following committee: Edward Moore, Samuel W. Melton, Col. R. S. Moore, John L. Miller and J. C. Chambers.

There is a half column account of an "exhibition" at Union academy on Friday previous. It is stated that there were fully one thousand people present from near and far. The academy was in charge of John B. Pankey and William L. Sandifer.

A special committee of the house has reported in favor of the expulsion of Mr. Brooks. They also censure Col. Kettitt, and Mr. Edmundson of Virginia. Judge Butler has returned to the senate, and when the Massachusetts resolutions are presented, promises to speak for himself.

An article from the St. Louis Republican describes the stories that have been coming from Kansas as very unengaged, and in an expression of editorial confidence that the situation out there is not nearly so bad as has been reported.

Thursday, June 12, 1856.—Col. I. D. Witherspoon and R. G. McCaw, candidates for the senate, publish a card in which they pledge themselves not to do any treating in the campaign or to pay any bills made for whisky by others in their behalf.

The first annual commencement of the Yorkville Female college is advertised for July 2. The second session of Bethel academy is to commence July 14. J. T. Harry is principal and Mrs. Harry is assistant.

There is a column account of the Cincinnati convention which met on the 23d instant, and adjourned to meet in Charleston after having nominated James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, for president on the seventeenth ballot and John C. Breckinridge, on the second ballot. Editorial regret is expressed at the nomination of Mr. Buchanan.

The paper says that while of course it acquiesces in the result, and will support the nominee it thinks that the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas would have been the wiser.

A division of the "Sons of Temperance" was organized on Monday evening with the following officers: John G. Enloe, W. P.; J. C. Miller, W. A.; James Mason, R. S.; J. N. Withers, A. R. S.; J. N. Lewis, S. R. Moore, T. L. M. Grist, C. J. E. Jefferys, A. C.; D. J. Logan, J. S.; J. E. Smith, O. S.; J. G. Schorb, P. W. P.

## MISCELLANEOUS READING.

### HUERTA TO HIS CONGRESS

Summary of Message Delivered, Last Thursday.

Huerta's message, which he read last Thursday night to the Mexican congress, was in part as follows: "In accordance with the constitutional provision, it is the duty of the chief executive to inform congress twice every year of the status of public affairs.

"By virtue of the solemn promise I have made before the nation and the world, the country is resuming its course under the straight and inflexible provisions of the fundamental chart of the republic and this within such a peremptory time necessarily so sets in relief before persons not actuated by passion the indubitable good will with which the government has been making efforts to re-instate the supremacy of peace.

The embodiment of our political structure having as a base a perfect equilibrium among the three powers by means of which the people exercise its sovereignty, it can be easily understood what extent of difficulty would be created by the least interruption or alteration of this equilibrium. The very moment that any of the three powers should go beyond the boundaries limiting their activity, the province of action of the others would necessarily be invaded and constitutional functions would be altered, thus menacing the life itself of the political state, and unless that the trespassing power be brought without delay to its exclusive province of action it has to cause against the other powers a defensive reaction, the vigor of which is and must be proportional to the gravity or frequency of the infraction. This situation appeared before the country since the last days of September.

"I refer to the attitude principally of the house of representatives, which affronted the other two powers but preferably the executive, whose action the aforesaid assembly endeavored to prevent and defend.

"The house on account of the assemblage of certain elements became a focus of inspection, a barefaced agency of the rebels.

"It endeavored to prevent every effort of the government, aggressively invading not only the province of the judicial power, but that of the executive. Having come to this extreme, the government under my direction, had to face this painful dilemma, the decision of which could not be held any further—consent in the preservation of the house of representatives as an assembly of demagogues, so that it would end by strangling the other two powers, dragging the country to a state of bloody anarchy or in taking a legitimate reaction of defense and public health, waiting during a short period of time the so-called national reputation and appealing to the people to come before the polls, in order that it should express its ultimate and sovereign desire; and it being impossible to hesitate before such a situation, the executive adopted the extreme measure and dissolved congress.

"Congress having been dissolved, and in absence of this important organ of the government from that date until the assembling of the new chamber, it became necessary to decree extraordinary powers.

"This would seem as a propitious moment to give you an account of the use made of the above powers; but inasmuch as it is the purpose of this congress to pass upon them, I shall in due time and under separate distribution, give you an itemized account of the use made of them by the executive to the end that if you find his action useful, honest and patriotic, you should afford him your support, and in case that you are of a different opinion, you should lay the responsibilities upon him who may deserve them."

### MADE A COMEDY OF A DUEL

An American's Fight With a Frenchman.  
The French liner La Touraine, arriving recently from Havre, brought among its passengers, John B. Miller, who formerly lived in Brooklyn, but who for a year has been living in Glay, France with his wife. Mr. Miller fought a duel with an irate Frenchman, and that no blood was shed was due to his sense of humor.

Living in the same town was a Frenchman for whom he conceived a great dislike, and his feelings apparently didn't let the cut of the gentleman's hair, who he invariably wore. But quite by accident, he contends, he stepped on the Frenchman's foot. It was in a cafe, and his friend, the enemy, had one foot out in the aisle.

"Pig!" said the Frenchman.  
"What's that?" queried Miller, doubting the evidence of his senses.  
"Swine!" cried the other with disdain.  
Miller swung on the gentleman's jaw and the latter yelled "Assassin!"  
Gendarmes rushed in and Miller was arrested.  
"And believe me," said Miller, "I found this was quite a different matter, for a man in France than handling him on this side. It was lucky that I had friends over there or I might have gone to jail for something like life. My friends told me that the proper thing over there was to cane a man; that it was not only unpardonable to strike a man with your hands, but that it was criminal. Well, I got out of it all right. Then I bought a stick with a lot of knots in it, and what I handed to that gentleman was plenty. 'Instead of an arrest this time I got a challenge to a duel. My wife's cousin, the second who brought me the challenge, I told him that I didn't want to fight any duel, and he said that there was no way out of it. Well, he was a good fellow, and I told him that I would get a second and that they could 'job' the bloodthirsty gentleman. He agreed to have the pistols loaded with black powder.

## Prize Winner

Another one has started, and promises to become a worthy successor to "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" Many heretofore versions of the new teaser are at large, but the true form is as follows, and must be strictly adhered to by the faithful:

Bill had a bill-board and Bill had a board bill, and Bill's bill-boarded Bill till Bill's board bill-boarded Bill's bill-board, and then Bill's board bill no longer bored Bill.

The Charlotte Whig announces the death of Mrs. Susan Alexander, in Mecklenburg county on Thursday last at the age of 94 years, and says that by this event "the last link that bound the present with the past of our country is broken. Mrs. Alexander was the last of the purest in the present, and the last of the Women of the Revolution. May she rest in peace."

The latest advices from Kansas confirm the tidings of a renewal of hostilities between the pro-slavery and abolition settlers, and bring intelligence of the destruction of the Free State towns of Ossawatimie and Palmyra by the southerners, and of the towns of Bernard and Franklin by the Free State forces. The feeling throughout South Carolina is that if the Abolitionists win Kansas the institution of slavery is doomed.

The first part of the reply of Senator Butler of South Carolina to Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, is published in today's paper.  
(To be Continued.)

## NEW USE FOR THE "MOVIES"

Once in a While the Criminals Find Cinema Pictures Very Convenient.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!"  
As the man came running down the street about 100 yards ahead of the crowd, a big determined-looking navy stepped forward and gripped him firmly.

"That's right," gasped the almost breathless runner. "Jerk me aside—we are doing this for a cinema picture!"  
His captor, with a laugh at once relaxed his hold, and the man, darting swiftly round the corner, continued his flight and disappeared. He was a real thief! This incident occurred recently. It seems that a woman had been looking in a shop window in the Finchley road, London, when a man snatched her hand-bag and bolted. Though a hue and cry was raised at once he escaped by the ingenious ruse related above.

It is more than probable that he obtained his idea from a recent film which actually showed this very incident on the screen. And he is not the first criminal who has called in the aid of the cinema.

Last December a gang of thieves robbed a banker in Paris of \$6,000 worth of valuables in an exceedingly clever way. The banker was away with all his family, and the constable on duty near his house was accosted by ten well-dressed men who produced a letter stating that they had permission to make a cinema film at the banker's house, and requested the policeman to keep the public out of the way of the actors.

One of the strangers placed a cinema machine in position and vigorously turned the handle while the others reared a ladder against the wall, broke a window and entered the house. Several of the men, dressed as policemen, pretended to hide themselves around the corner in order to surprise the supposed burglars when they emerged. When the "actors" taking the part of burglars appeared with sacks on their shoulders and were seized by the real policemen watching were greatly amused. They laughed still more when they read in the evening paper an account of the banker's house having been burgled. They thought the report was a joke on the part of one of the onlookers. It was not till the bank-

## MANY FAMOUS SPENDTHRIFTS

Kings and Rulers Often Set Pace Hard For Drivers to Keep Up.

There is a state wherein one is prosperous, fortunate, increasing in worldly possessions and generally successful. A spendthrift, however, is one who succeeds in spending and parting with what has come to him, either by his own endeavors or through the interest that others have had in him.

The art of economizing is unknown to the spendthrift, and the word frugality is not in his lexicon. To another word he is a stranger also, that is forethought, says Dr. W. E. Evans. It never occurs to him that a day of disaster and trouble may come into his life wherein he shall wish that he had been provident.

I suppose the spendthrift will abide amongst us as long as men's wants are so excessively beyond their usual needs, and as long as men permit other people to decide how they should live, and as long as people suffer society to dictate the style in which they should entertain and dress.

The provident man will think for himself in all these matters. He knows exactly what he may spend, and keeps up a speaking acquaintance with his bank account. If he cannot afford it he will not buy an automobile simply because some of his neighbors have chosen that manner of transit. He will not permit other people to decide where he should live. He will remain in the old neighborhood where living is less expensive, rather than move into a more stylish part of the city, if he cannot afford it. Many of his old friends have gone, and he feels that "the old neighborhood is not what it once was," but his friends are not to set the standard of his method of living. He—and not they—knows the entries in his bank book.

## A SINLESS TOWN

It's Blackwell, in England's Coal Mining District.

All Americans know of the existence of a "Spotless Town," but who from Maine to Texas or from Washington to Florida ever heard of a "Sinless Village"? There is one in England, and it is a mining town, too—the little town of Blackwell, in the colliery district, where one would naturally suspect riotousness and vice, says London correspondence in New York Tribune. Instead of vice owning Blackwell, virtue triumphs, almost to a degree, the visitors say, of monotony.

"I just won't allow any sign of wickedness; that's all," says the King of Blackwell, in private life, Henry J. T. Todd, manager of the Blackwell Colliery company.

The sojourner and sociological investigator tramps a mile and a half from the railway-station to Blackwell, only to find a town built in small, compact rows, fashioned with a precision that absolutely reflects its righteousness. At one corner there is a public house, as a saloon is called in England, but this is the neatest and trimmest of resorts and turns its face to the main thoroughfare. Inside a few quiet spirits sit and discuss Home Rule and football, the two predominant subjects in England, without the slightest rancor and almost subdued tones.

Under a September moon, and with the faint incense of field and hedge-row stirring through the streets, Blackwell looks to be the best place in the whole world, if the adjective is applied in the right way. The wayfarer walks along, and only his foot steps break the stillness. No lights show in the windows of the tiny houses, and this is soon explained when it is found that the occupants sit in their kitchens, so that the streets will not be garish at night.

A cat slinks out from a doorway trying to be wicked, as is the natural wont of a cat, but before it reaches the next shadow a shocked and reproachful voice calls, "Now, Tabby, come right in," and the cat slinks hopelessly back.

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