

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—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.

The following notes are being published as time and opportunity permit their preparation.

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.

"Since the departure of our little Kansas company, we have been unable until now to gather any intimation as to their progress westward. Indeed, our very kind and attentive correspondents, the Columbia papers, having so studiously avoided any mention of them, we had reached the conclusion that they had 'swamped' in Cockerell's lane, or thereabouts. From the following letter of Mr. Rice to the Anderson Gazette, however, we have learned the track, and henceforward we shall endeavor to keep it. We stopped at our 'brave little band' has been in the 'fray' and we expect shortly to tell a good story of them. Mr. Rice's letter was dated at Nashville, Tenn., May 25: Dear Eddie: It may be of some little interest to your readers to know that the company of Kansas emigrants, under the command of Gen. C. Jones of Laurens, have safely reached the city of Nashville. Major Jones left Laurens with twenty-three faithful followers, and has received reinforcements from the districts of York and Edgefield, respectively until his company now numbers forty men. The general is accompanied by his accomplished lady, who by her kindness and amiability, contributes much to the comfort and enjoyment of the company. We lodged the first night at the Congaree house, in Columbia, and were charged with the privilege of stopping at Hunt's hotel where we would have passed 'Scott free.' Do you and your friends have any severe charges to make against hotel proprietors and railroad companies. We have been treated so kindly, and met with such hearty welcomes from the public generally, that we are disposed to forgive the few, who by their acts at least, declare their hostility to the success of the cause of the South in Kansas. By the way, we hear from both public and private sources, that hot times are expected in the South, and that a respectable gentleman, who had just

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, walloping 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, 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.

"There was a 'movie' man in town, and I asked him what it was worth to give him the exclusive privilege of taking pictures of the fight. He said ten francs, and I told him to go to it. We went out in the gray morning, and never a word was exchanged between us. My man and I backed up against each other and at the word walked ten paces, then turned and blazed away.

"The yell I let out of me could have been heard all over town. I think I dropped to the ground and squirmed. That Frenchman's sense of humor was thoroughly satisfied. He bent it, and his second yelled 'Hooray!' and I think he was going to never saw him again. When I was gone I got up and went to where the 'movie' fellows were grinding away with their camera, and got my fee. The manager of the concern grinned and said the performance was well worth the price."—New York World.

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 sold Bill's bill-board to pay Bill's board bill, and then Bill's board bill no longer bored Bill.

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 among 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 how 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.

He had better "Range with humble livers in content, Than to be perked up in a glistening grief."

And wear a golden nosegay—such as a fine house in a fashionable section, all covered with mortgages, and himself trying to meet an infinitude of burdensome debts!

Yet there are men who spend all that they possess and give no thought to the horrible sequel—debt! They have no idea of the value of money, but let it slip away from them as little children let dry sand flow through their separated fingers.

Kings and rulers have sometimes set the bad example of most extravagantly spending money, which noblemen and others in high social rank have not been slow to follow, forgetting the old maxim: "The more you spend, the more you owe." Henry VIII. set an example of the most extravagant spender, which ruined many of the nobles in trying to imitate. In Hood's "Life of Cromwell," we read that, while the people were starving under the weight of oppression and forced loans the king was spending fortunes right and left for himself or for his immediate friends.

We read of over \$50,000 being paid to William Rogers, a goldsmith; of \$50,000 paid to Philip Jacobson, a jeweler; of \$50,000 paid to the cook of Henry Gastrell, 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 in the direction of 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.

"And everybody is good in Blackwell!" the Tribune correspondent asked Mr. Todd.
"They are," succinctly responded his majesty, who, pressed to account for it, explained, "We don't allow them to be anything else, and Mr. Todd put in, in kindest fashion, 'I think it is because we take such an interest in them.'"

"Perhaps it is," rather reluctantly admitted Mr. Todd.
The benevolent despot went on to say that the collieries owned every thing in Blackwell, employed every man and boy, about 5,000 workers, who were paid weekly, and controlled everything in the village, except the public house, which we don't notice.

"We have the best cricket grounds in England and in it we've played 42 matches this year, losing only six. We have tennis, bowls and football, besides, and musical evenings, too," said Mr. Todd.

"And during the tennis season we have teas on the ground," misapprehended Mrs. Todd, "the wives sitting as housewives."
"We have a first-class band and a boys' brigade," proudly said the king.

"I tell you, sir, they're a fine class of people here; the nicest and most respectable colliers in the country," he went on. "You see, I don't allow any one here to be prosecuted. We have one policeman, and I object to his prosecuting anybody whatsoever. If anybody is bad the policeman reports him, and I deal with him, and if he is very bad I send him away."
Mr. Todd did not admit that the policeman's lot was merry and gay, and on the way back to the station the Tribune correspondent met two men coming homeward with a walk more like a sailor's than a collier's. But even if they were a bit worse for wear, they had a cherry greeting.

On the bridge stood a lonely figure, as austere and majestic as the ghost in "Hamlet." A street lamp glinted on his helmet.

A SINLESS TOWN

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

All America knows 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, who in private life is J. T. Todd, manager of the Blackwell Colliery company.

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Any you the One Policeman and are you truly happy?" began the Tribune correspondent, but just then the train to Nottingham busily bustled into the doll's house of a station and the policeman's answer was drowned in the clatter.

Another sure way to get in bad is to try to please everybody.—Luke McLuke.

Another woman who has tried to discover that building wherein four children are welcome knows that Columbus was a mere piker.—Luke McLuke.

Moses isn't the only man who had a bullrush for a family tree. But Moses was the only man who was not ashamed of it.—Luke McLuke.

