

BEYOND THE LAW

Mary Inmley Taylor

CHAPTER X

SYNOPSIS: Sgt. Michael O'Hara, of the mounted, on the trail of the killer of Jean Gharlan and Ninon Creuse, is in love with Laure Duval, widow of the slain man, whom he suspects of being guilty of both murders. He is bringing her back to face justice with the half breed, Duval, whom she has been sheltering in her cabin. Laure has already saved O'Hara from death at the hands of Duval, when O'Hara's death would have set her free. O'Hara is puzzled by this. While they are traveling towards headquarters with a dog team O'Hara slips and breaks his arm on a rocky ledge. When he recovers consciousness he sees Duval and Laure speeding away on the sledge, abandoning him to his fate. He relapses into unconsciousness again and wakes up in Gharlan's cabin. Laure Gharlan nurses him with great tenderness.

though you charged me with crime, you could not wish to be left alone thus!"

"You don't know all!" he cried abruptly. "Tell me, what day is it?"

"Friday, m'sieur."

His tension relaxed — but this was hopelessness, Inspector Macdonald knew everything by this time. Listlessly his craggy face suddenly seemed years older. O'Hara turned his face toward the wall. "I have done it — betrayed you," he muttered.

There was a moment of silence; then her voice still sweet and modulated, "I know all, m'sieur. You told me in your fever."

"You knew the inspector will send an officer here, now I have failed to bring you in?" he gasped, in fresh agony of soul, "you knew?"

"I know, m'sieur."

"You knew and you stayed? When you could have gone with Duval—You stayed to wait on me?"

He caught at her hand and drew her nearer, lifting fevered eyes to the calm beauty of her face. "Laure, tell me about this man, Duval. He's devoted to you like a faithful dog—"

She dragged her hand away, gently. "It's quite simple about that, m'sieur. When I came here a bride, Duval's young wife would have died one night but for my care. I went a few miles through the snow to help her. He loves her, m'sieur, and thinks I saved her life. That is all."

O'Hara uttered a sharp cry. "I know now," he said with a rasp of throat. "I know! Duval brought

you here. He found the girl, believed your husband false; and in revenge he killed them both!"

She fell upon her knees beside him, catching his fevered hand and holding it. "No, no. Before the good God, Duval is innocent! He never came here while the girl was here. He never saw her — even dead!"

"He did! You want to save the man because he's been faithful, or for some other senseless reason! Gharlan was cruel to you, they've told me. He deserved to die. I swear it! But you must be cleared. I'll have to take Duval. He's the guilty one, but I don't blame him—"

She dropped his hand and wrung her own together. Sobs of terror shook her. "He's innocent! If you accuse him you're a wicked man! Duval saved you; be grateful and just to him!"

"He didn't save me; you did! I know now you're innocent; I'd stake my soul on it! It's the man who did it. He must pay for it, not you."

"M'sieur, Duval's innocent; there's no clue which can lead you to him. You know it!"

"You can't deceive me now, Laure! Don't I remember how you begged me not to try Creuse on circumstantial evidence? One of those two did it, Laure, and one of them must pay—if not your half breed, then Nicky Creuse. He had the motive, he was taken haunting this house, and there's only one link missing. He seems to have been at Churchill. Well, he wasn't, that's all. We've miscalculated the time. He got there in time to fulfill his threats. As soon as I'm up I'll nail him!"

She drew a long breath, her eyes shining strangely, but she did not move. "You'll do this because of me?" she whispered. "To save me you'll send that boy unjustly to the gallows?"

He did not answer. A startled light of sanity shot through the madness of unreason in his eyes, however, as he stared at her.

"And what if I swear to you that both are innocent, Creuse, and poor Jacques?"

"I know you can't, Laure. I'm sure of it, for one of them had to do it; there can be no one

Shocked protest was mirrored in her features. "No, no, m'sieur! Even if you hated me, even

FOR SALE
3 stacks of timothy clover on my farm on Piney Creek highway. Also new Holland Corn Crusher.


FOR RENT
9/10 acres of tobacco land to good tobacco grower. See V. B. LANDRETH Thorpe, W. Va.

Great Way
to relieve stiffness, invite **Sleep**
if nose gets "stopped up" **Tonight!**

It's wonderful how a little V-a-tro-nol relieves transient congestion that stuffs up the nose and spoils sleep. Quickly your nose opens up—breathing is easier! If you need relief tonight, try it! Follow directions in the package.

Just a few drops up each nostril

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★ FOR THEIR SAKE ★

Let's Make North Carolina The Number One Health State

North Carolina ranks among the nation's most progressive states, but one long unanswered need—good health—still poses a challenge. We are desperately short of hospitals, doctors, and other health personnel. We can get them with the Good Health Plan, arrived at after three years of careful study and now presented by the North Carolina Medical Care Commission for action by our legislators. The opportunity is here, now, to make North Carolina the nation's number one health state instead of 42nd. For the sake of our children and the generations to follow, we must not fail!

The North Carolina Good Health Association

This Space Contributed in the Interest of Good Health by the North Carolina Committee—United States Brewers Foundation.



LEARN CHINESE . . . a group of Junction City, Kan., high school students are shown learning to read and write in Chinese. Arthur M. Hummel, right, a representative of United Service to China, conducted the Kansas class as one of a series of demonstrations in Junction City, geographical center of the United States.

Twin Oaks News here Wednesday night.

R. A. Reed, who is teaching in the Ronda High school, spent the week end with homefolks, here.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Irwin had as dinner guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Carl Irwin and Mrs. Wade Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Boone have moved to Fred Osborne's farm, Sparta Route 3.

Brady Farmer is erecting a dwelling on the property he recently purchased on the Piney Creek road near Johnson Wyatt's.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Sturgill have moved to John R. Watson's farm, Sparta, Route 3.

Clint Landreth and Roscoe Williams returned to their work in Gary, W. Va., Sunday after spending the week end with homefolks here.

Lester Irwin visited friends here, Tuesday afternoon.

Richard Finney made a trip to West Virginia, last week.

Misses Janell Shores and Georgia Wagoner spent Saturday night with Miss Patsy Atwood.

Mrs. Lester Irwin, Mrs. Joe Ware, Mrs. Cecil Murray, Mrs. Wade Irwin, and Mrs. Carl Irwin visited Mrs. Gene Irwin, Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulmont Taylor, Charleston, S. C., visited friends

else." Yet in that second instinct told him he erred.

"Except Gharlan's wife, m'sieur, the one whom you suspected first, the one whom you hunted first!"

"Come nearer," he pleaded. "Let me look into your eyes — Laure!"

"Yes, m'sieur." She knelt beside him, looking at him with soft, melancholy eyes.

"Look at me, Laure," he whispered hoarsely. "Hear me! As God is my judge, I believe I was mistaken. You're innocent! I—I love you!"

She was so close that his well hand touched her flushed cheek, but she evaded him and rose to her feet. For an instant she stood thus, looking down, and then she hid her face in her own hands and burst into bitter, passionate tears.

"Laure," he cried hoarsely, brokenly, "forgive me! I had no right to tell you, but I couldn't keep it back. From that first moment at French Pete's I've loved you more than any other woman on God's earth! That's why I left that letter with the chief. I was afraid my heart would fail. But I put the Service before my own life, before yours. I can't betray my trust, but I deserve to die, Laure! Kill me!" He half rose to his elbow. "Kill me, Laure, and escape! I can't give you up!"

"See what harm you do yourself, m'sieur; your head is burning, the doctor said you must be quiet!" She put him back among his pillows, but he caught at her hand again and held her captive, voicing his love and his faith in her.

"Laure," he whispered thickly, "do you—care?"

She bent over him gently, looking into his grief-stricken face, then she stopped and softly pressed her cool lips against his hot cheek.

"Laure—"

The room swam in glory to his eyes. He tried to draw her to him, but she slipped from his hold and stood, listening.

"Hark, m'sieur, there's someone at the door."

He almost shouted, "Duval! He shall tell me the truth, Laure!"

But she turned quietly and looked at him with a wan smile. "Not so, m'sieur! They've read your letter. It's one of your comrades—come for me!"

"This is tough luck, old chap!" Gayle was a big broad shouldered officer, red with the biting cold. "I understand now—" he cast a quick glance over his shoulder at the figure of the woman in the outer room, "—why you didn't bring in your prisoner in six days! Old Mac got worried, thought something had happened — must have had a hunch, eh?"

O'Hara groaned. "Listen to me, Gayle," he whispered hoarsely. "Did the chief tell you what I'd written in the letter?"

head, thought Gayle; she was a lovely creature, and surely she did not look the part of a murderess!

He leaned toward his comrade and whispered. "If she's innocent, O'Hara, who is guilty? You checked up on young Creuse and found he was in Churchill the day of the killing."

O'Hara seemed to brush the haze of fever from his eyes, he was straining every nerve to be calm. "I may have been wrong in that, I've been a fool all through! I want time to check up on Creuse again. That's why I want to see the inspector—to beg for time! I believe it must have been Creuse, he had the motive, he'd made the threats, he may have shot his sister in sheer rage because she had been here to nurse Gharlan. If I have time enough—"

(To Be Continued)

MR. MERCHANT
SEE THAT SHE READS YOUR AD IN THESE COLUMNS

before she goes SHOPPING



Supper and Square Dance
Saturday Night
Community Bldg., Sparta
Time 7:30
MUSIC
By Clif Evans and Band
PUBLIC CORDIALLY INVITED
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Special at \$64.50 up

Special Living Room Group
We have a few studio couches with chairs to match, PRICED VERY SPECIAL.

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White enamel with red trim.

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Sparta N. Carolina

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On Potato Creek
3 Miles from Piney Creek
Will sell 23 1/4 acres of land, with house, barn and outbuildings.
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Victor B. Phipps
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