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Youths Cause Heavy Damage To Power Line

OSHAWA, Ont., Oct. 13—Youths firing rifles at power line insulators yesterday broke 36 insulator coverings on the main Niagara-Toronto-Oshawa frequency changer, wrecked a 110,000-volt transmission tower near here and caused damage which may exceed \$10,000, Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission officials here said last night.

Fire Shots At Russian Embassy In Chile

SANTIAGO, Chile, Oct. 13—Police reported that shots were fired early today at the Russian Embassy, breaking shutters and glass windows of the second floor apartment occupied by an attaché. The shooting came about 24 hours after a Government statement reporting Communist activities.

WOODWORKERS' ART

The use of marquetry in cabinet work reached its highest point of development in Holland during the 17th century.

EARLY FIRE-MAKERS

Lenses to focus the rays of the sun were used as early as 424 B.C.

GOHAM'S UNDERGROUND

The first subway was introduced in New York City on Aug. 1, 1868.

Beyond The Law

By
Mary Inlay Taylor

Gayle shouted to him, "Here are sled runners!" He looked back and shook his head, pointing down. "The webs go this way!" he shouted back.

Gayle drove slowly, in a semi-circle, trying to trace the spot where Laure might have met Duval, but O'Hara went on. The barrens seemed endless. He came to a clump of frozen willows, the blue ice of the creek. He remembered suddenly that she had crossed it here the day when Gharian died. It gave him a clue.

Before him rose a sharp eminence and a mass of spruce tops, a little forest. The wind had swept it bare of fresh snow and on the slope he saw the marks of her webs. Gayle shouted to him again but he heard nothing. A biting wind cut his face, but still he climbed steadily. At the top he could look down into the small forest. A thin plume of smoke ascended! Something tightened about his heart. He forgot to sigh and Gayle and plunged down into the snow, following her prints through the trees. At last the evergreens parted. In a coulee he saw a brown object and knew it for the roof of a tiny cabin, some trapper's shelter. Strange that in all his previous hunt for clues he had not found it! He was right now; her prints were fresh here. It had taken her a long time, too, to reach it in the drifts. The webs led him straight to the door.

There were no fresh signs of doors or a sled; it was unearthly still. Only the thin curl of blue smoke and the footprints to the door! Her feet—going here—for what purpose? She knew she would be tracked! Was it the baiting of a trap?

O'Hara drew himself up. He pressed his hands across his eyes, a shudder ran through him. Behind him he heard Gayle's dogs give tongue to their howls for the service he whispered, and opened the door.

There was a fire burning in the stove, and the glow of red coals fell on the figure of a man stretched on a bed of furs. He lay still, a rigid profile. One glance told O'Hara he was dead. Beside him, kneeling, her back to the door, was Laure Gharian.

O'Hara stood still. The fire glow made a glory of her beauty. Her hands were clasped; she was praying. There was a long moment of silence in which he could hear her breathe, then nearer and nearer—Gayle's dogs yelped.

She lifted her head and their eyes met. O'Hara could not speak. She rose slowly to her feet and stood, looking down at the dead man's still face. Then she turned and her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"So you've come, m'sieur? Even here?" Her hand went to her heart, as if to still its beating. "I'm glad you slept—I meant you to sleep—until he was—beyond the law!"

O'Hara took a step forward, looking down at the dead man. "He did it!" he gasped, suddenly knowing the truth.

"He was my brother," she said simply. "We came together to the grave of my little child. I never went to the cabin at all then; I didn't mean to go there, for my husband and I were utterly separated. But Paul saw Ninon Creuse at the door. He had known her here! It was that, m'sieur, training in the hospital, and he not so much my quarrel that he took up. It was mad jealousy because Ninon was there and Gharian loved her. Paul told this afterward."

"At the time I didn't know, didn't realize it all until—too late! He was furious, tried to make Ninon come with us. Gharian interfered, and my brother told him to come outside like a man and fight it out."

"In the end it was a duel. Gharian wounded Paul. Paul's shot killed Gharian outright. The girl sprang between them, struggling to disarm them, to keep them apart. Unhappily it was a shot from my brother's pistol that killed her—and broke his heart! I was at the little grave when I heard the shots. I ran to them and found Ninon dying, in her agony she caught at my coat and we those two his away. Oh, I don't hate her, m'sieur; I pitied her. I did all I could. Paul was mortally wounded and in great anguish of mind. I held him up. We got to the creek and Duval came, we put Paul on his sled and

brought him here to hide him. I took his pistol to the cabin on purpose, and Creuse found it.

"For weeks I've stayed to tend him secretly. The doctor who dressed your arm has been here, but he couldn't save him. He kept our secret because Paul was dying. I begged to have him die in peace. I came to him just in time last night. The doctor had warned me that the end was near. M'sieur, I wouldn't betray him as he'd suffered enough. I decided to go with you to prison until the end, rather than have the law here! I loved my brother, for he was all I had. He fought—as most men would—and Gharian died. I can tell you now, he can suffer no more, he's—beyond the law."

As she finished she turned again drew the furs up over the dead face, sobbing.

O'Hara snatched at a chair back and steadied himself, the room seemed to reel. "Laure," he whispered, white lipped, "I came today—"

"To take me?" she smiled wanly. "M'sieur, I wouldn't kill a mouse."

"Laure," he sank to his knees beside her, snatching at her cold hand and resting his face upon it. "Laure!" I'm not fit to tie your shoe!"

She did not move or speak, and his heart sank. The door fell open and the bitter wind drove in. He lifted his head and looked at her with anguished eyes. But her face was calm and beautiful, and, as he looked, her eyes softened.

"M'sieur," she whispered, "I wouldn't have had you fall to do your duty. For that I honor you! For this, for your pity and your gentleness to me, for this—"

"He held her hand tight. "For this?" he cried, "for this, Laure?"

"For this I love you," she answered simply, and laid her free hand upon his cheek.

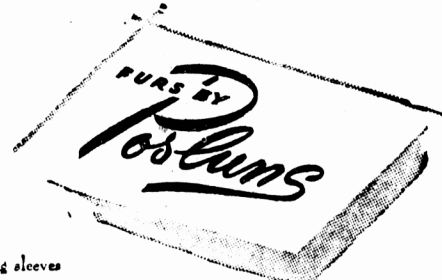
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Committee Named To Keep Peace In Balkan Area

LAKE SUCCESS, Oct. 13—(CP)—A United Nations committee of 11 members including the five major powers was set up tonight to do an on-the-spot job of bringing peace to the Greek-Balkan border.

But it faced from the outset the unrelenting opposition of Russia and her satellites, three of which have been charged with main responsibility for the trouble.

By an overwhelming vote the political committee named the following countries to the committee which will be charged with aiding and ensuring restoration of harmony between Greece and her northern neighbors. Australia, Brazil, China, France, Mexico, the Netherlands, Pakistan, Poland, the United Kingdom, the United States and the Soviet Union.

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