PAID IN **FULL**

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

... By ... JOHN W. HARDING

Capyright, 1988, by G. W. Dillingham Co.

CHAPTER X.

ULLY is credited with being the first to remark what essayists have pointed out ever since—that friendship improves happiness and abates misery by the doubling of our joys and dividing of our griefs. This was the sort of friendship that animated Jimsy Smith. His regard began in love for Emma Harris, but when he found that this love was not requited he did not for that reason withdraw his interest in her. Accepting the cold reality with his usual philosophy, he thrust deep down in his heart the passion that never could be eradicated, and his sterling, unflinching honesty transformed it in time into a fraternal affection as self sacrificing as it was loyal, which he extended to the man Emma had chosen for her life partner. With his keen perception he had soon seen that that man was morally weak, irresolute of purpose, incompetent in business and that his love for his wife was not of that kind which counted sacrifice for her as a privilege and forbearance, indulgence and unfailing consideration for her gentler and purer nature as a duty. But it was not for him to judge or to condemn. That Emma was satisfied was sufficient. No other consideration mattered a particle. And he esteemed himself happy in being admitted to the little household on terms of the intimacy of an elder brother. In all the world there was no one else he cared for or who cared for him. When Mrs. Brooks and he re-entered

the apartment and she turned to him and told him that it was good to see him back she meant it.

"It is good to me to be back again," be admitted, "if only for a few hours." 'Why a few hours, Jimsy?"

"Williams expects me to take the midnight train for Boston. There is some legal tangle about our dock lease there."

"Oh, I see. Did Joe tell you about our good fortune? Of course you can see the change," and she made a gesture that took in the whole room. "You mean the raise in salary and

back pay?" 'Yes. Wasn't it splendid of Captain

"It certainly has agreed with you," he responded evasively. "Never saw

you look so well." "Did the captain tell you about it?" "No; he never mentioned it."

"Why not?" "Captain Williams has a habit of keeping a whole lot to himself." "It came as a complete surprise

least to me." "Seems to have done your mother a whole lot of good. She never did

shine up to that Harlem flat." "In all the years I've known you, Jimsy, you've never spoken of your

care to." An expression of pain fitted over his

face. "No; it ain't pleasant," he confessed. Mrs. Brooks was sincerly sorry for

her rather thoughtless remark. "Forgive me, Jimsy. I wish I hadn't said that. Could I help to make it more pleasant? I'd like to," she said

sympathetically. He gazed at her with a queer look

and for a few moments did not speak. He appeared to be debating something

"My mother, as near as I have been able to find out, hiked out tuto Colorado when it was a territory. There wasn't much law and, I guess, no conventionalities. Everybody kind o' drifted along the best or the worst they could, the majority voting the straight ticket for the worst. A shake of the hand was as good as a bond, and there wasn't any law in the land except that between man and woman. Some of them out there yearned as much for the sanctity of the marriage vows as an Arab in the Sahara does for a sun bath. It was a loose country, full of loose people. My mother fell in love with a roving miner, and he promised to marry her, but before the parson wandered into the camp to make a little loose change tying matrimonial knots pa got into an argument concerning alcoholic capacity and got plugged with a 45."

"Yes. He passed on. Later I was shoved into the midst of an unsuspecting public. My coming into the world without the usual legal credentials hit my poor mother awful hard, and before I could open my eyes she died. Then there was an awful argument about where I belonged."

"Two cities claimed me. Denver said I was born in Omaha, and Omaha blamed it on Denver. Those that look-ed after me when I was a kid got a little careless about my education, and finally the city of Denver adopted me as a favorite son. Father's only known name was Jim. I grabbed it. I had to have a last one on the handle, so I chose Smith, feeling tolerably certain would pass the scrutiny of an innisitive world without raising a storm

He paused, then concluded, with a wan smile:

You see, Emma, I am some shy." "I'm awfully sorry. Jimsy, but it doesn't make a lot of difference, does

tt?' she said consolingly.
"No, only that's why I came east.
The west sin't conducive to pleasant recollections."

"It's nothing you could help." "No. I figure you can't always blame people for what they can't belp. If a fellow comes into the work shy, he's shy, and the chances are be's doing the best he can the very time he goes to the bad."
"How? In what way?"

"You seem puzzled," he said, moving his chair so that it brought him squarely facing her. "Well, for in-stance, out in Denver I knew a fellow who married a girl who'd had pretty

much what she wanted, but he'd been in hard luck. It was a love match all right, both parties being clean foolish over each other. Well, he didn't get on, and she had to work pretty hard. Finally he thought her health and spirits were about busted up on account of the work, and he commenced appropriating other folks' money-got way in, and the harder he tried to get | ful smile. out the deeper he floundered. Finally the big exposure came off. He was a thief. Now, what do you think about him, Emma? Do you think because he was long on love and short on honor

he was all bad, eh?" She hesitated, pondering the ques-tion as something so utterly beyond ordinary cogitation that it could not have presented itself to her and was not to be lightly decided.

"I don't know what to think," she mused. "I've always loathed a thief and a liar. I know there's an awful lot of dishonesty—in business. Father always declared that a man to drink or gamble or dissipate might be weak. but that a man who stole or lied to injure people was vicious. Somehow I think that too."

"Maybe you're right, but I wondered if you'd been in his wife's place you'd sort of forgiven the man and helped him get right."

"Perhaps-I don't know," she replied doubtfully. "But I think if anything like that ever happened it would almost kill me."

Her thoughts were diverted from the subject by the ringing of the telephone bell. She answered it.

"Captain Williams calling," she said to Smith, then through the phone: 'Ask the gentleman to come up,

Jimsy, anxious and much troubled, regarded her thoughtfully.

She turned from the telephone and advanced to him, holding out her hand. He took it hesitatingly and wonder-

ingly. "Jimsy," she said earnestly, "I've never quite understood you before."

"No?" he interrogated. "But after what you told me tonight," she went on, "I've had a little peek behind the curtains. You are a good man, Jimsy-a good man. That means everything."

For the second time in his entire life-the first having been when he proposed to her-Smith displayed trepidation.

"Now, Emma, be careful," he reproved. "There ain't no celestial medals pinned on my coat signifying an angelic career, and don't you start

tossing bouquets in my direction." The doorbell rang as he settled himself in his chair again.

"Ah! There's the old sea dog," said Mrs. Brooks, hastening to let the cap-

tain in. "Good evening, Mrs. Brooks. Glad

Captain Williams grasped her hand as his eyes wandered over the comfortable room, and he added:

"Hello, Smith! Meet you every time come here." "One of my hangouts," agreed the

superintendent genially. "Sit down, captain," invited Emma,

motioning him to a chair. "Thanks," he said. "Where's your busband?"

"He's just gone out. He'll be back in a little while. Jimsy has been telling us about your eventful trip." "Eventful trip?"

He echoed the words with a bewildered air. Smith pushed his chair back so that Mrs. Brooks could not see him without turning in his direction and, unobserved by her, motioned warning sig-

nals to his employer, who did not understand them. "Spinning a yarn about that little revolution down at Guatemala," he

prompted. "Eh? Guatemala-oh, yes-the revolution-very bloody affair-very serious," replied Williams, who had suddenly realized that he was expected to confirm a story that Smith had found it expedient to relate to Mrs. Brooks.

"Jimsy said there wasn't a shot fired," she told him. Smith, seeing that the captain under

stood, drew his chair forward. "Emma, don't you let the captain fill you full of yarns. He can lie faster than I can," be laughed.

"No," protested Williams; "there ain't nothing can beat you, Smith. Well, Mrs. Brooks, how have you

"Splendid. When did you get in?" "When did I get in? Let me see Smith, when did I get in?"

"You look as if you had just got," suggested the superintendent. "Today-yes. But what time? should say at 10, maybe 11 o'clock."

"That's probably why Joe hasn't seen you," observed Emma. "He's just taken mother and Beth as far as the theater. I don't know what keeps him. He should be back before this."

"I guess he ain't run away," opined the captain, with a suspicion of grim-ness. "I'll wait." "You know, Emms, that's one of the

Smith.

"What?" "Waiting. When it comes to patience and persistency he's got most Indians beat a dozen city blocks."

"Don't you mind what Smith says, Mrs. Brooks," grinned the captain. "The years he's been working for me he never showed any special signs of hurry or nervousness. How's your husband?"

"Fairly well. I think he seems a little worried over business."

"That so! What's the matter?" "You see, in his new position he feels his responsibility."

Williams looked surprised. 'Has he any special new responsibility?" he asked, his eyes wandering inquiringly to Smith, who did some more warning signaling unobserved by their

"Well, since you raised his salary, captain, and gave him his extra work naturally he's anxious to make good,' again prompted the superintendent.

"Anxious to make good? Well, he'll have a chance, and soon at that." Mrs. Brooks rose, hand outstretched,

and went to him, with a happy, grate-"Now that it's out I want to thank

ou ever so much," she said. "Thank me?" "Yes, for Joe's raise and that six

months' back pay.' "He told you that?"

"Sure he did," put in Smith. "He has forbidden me to speak of it to either you or Jimsy," Emma told

him, "but since you mave mentioned it first I can thank you, can't I?" He did not return a direct answer, but rubbed his chin dubiously as he

"So I raised his pay, eh? And dated it back six months?" "Of course you did," asseverated

Smith with emphasis. "Don't let him fool you, Emma." "You don't know how happy it's made us all," went on Mrs. Brooks

gratefully. "I feel like a new woman, and mother appreciates it." "Well, seems that I done all these

things"-

He stopped abruptly as the door opened and his eyes rested on Brooks. The latter's underjaw dropped, and he turned livid with fear at the unexpected presence of the captain. He was, in fact, so startled that he nearly

collapsed. "Ca-captain Williams!" he stammer ed, advancing tremblingly toward him. W-will you shake hands, captain?" "Sure!" replied Williams in a firm voice. "How are you, Brooks?" "I-I'm all right, I guess."

"You know, Joe, you told me not to thank the captain. But he brought it up-the raise and the money," said his wife, still full of the subject and her gratitude

"No, I did, Joe," corrected Smith. You see, the captain feels"-Brooks turned upon them, snarling like a wolf at bay.

"What are you trying to do-make fun of me? Don't you think that's it""Now, Brooks," interrupted the captain authoritatively, "you sure are nervous. Your wife has just been telling me-how she enjoys your new income."

Mrs. Brooks, startled and alarmed, gazed at her husband.

"Why, Joe, are you sick?" she demanded. "No, no! Maybe it's the heat," he

replied weakly, passing his tongue over his dried lips. There was a moment of general em-

barrassment, during which Captain Williams took stock of the room. "You are fixed up mighty snug here, Mrs. Brooks," he commented, breaking

the awkward silence. "Yes, it is pleasant," she answered, now seriously worried.

Williams rose. "Well, I must go," he remarked. "Do you want me to go with you?" asked Joe.

"No; tomorrow morning will do to see you. You know my lonely little quarters ain't more'n half a block from here, and I like to hang out there."

"The captain," added Smith, "lives in a little south sea island nook moved be squared—there's still a chance."



"Anxious to make good? Well, he'll have

into his flat. He keeps it so dirty that ome say it's attractive."

"That's what you get for being a bachelor," laughed Williams. He moved toward the door, and the

best things the captain does," said Brooks," he observed, pausing and looking about him again.

"Thank you," said she. "I never did know before what a little money meant to a woman." "Perhaps that's because you don't

know women." "Oh, I know women-one kind, any-But Brooks is lucky in having a girl like you for a wife."

"Emma, he's giving you a little south

Pacific blarney," put in Jimsy.
"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," said the captain. "But," he continued emphatically, "it's a sure thing that if I had a girl like you I'd knuckle down and earn enough money to make you happy-eh, Brooks?"

"I suppose that's what you'd do." as sented that individual.

"Yes, I'd work pretty hard without kicking to please you, Mrs. Brooks, if you looked to me to make good for

"Emma," declared Smith, with his quiet smile, "if you were single I'd suspect captain of getting a little soft." "But I'd earn the money," went on

the captain, pursuing his train of thought. "That's the only way to get along. Well, I'll say good hight, Mrs.

"Good night, captain. Thank you again."

"Good night, Smith." "I may drop over later," remarked the superintendent by way of reply.

"Wish you would," the captain assured him with some eagerness. "I'd like to smoke a pipe and talk awhile. Good night, Brooks."

"Good night, sir." Brooks went forward and opened the

"Try to get down to the office by 8 in the morning," recommended the captain, gazing at him with sinister contempt.

"Yes, sir." "There'll be some gentlemen there who may be anxious to meet you." "I'll be there."

"Didn't know but what you might oversleep now that you're so prosperous. Good night."

Brooks shut the door and stood leaning against it, clutching the handle for support. The muscles of his face were twitching, and he gazed with frightened, haunted eyes from his wife to Smith. "Have you told her, Jimsy?" he de-

manded. Smith raised his hand in protest. "No, Joe: it ain't the right time yet,

and"-"Why isn't it the right time? I'm trapped, and Williams"-

"Joe, see here," he expostulated; 'you can't talk." "What is it? What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Brooks, very pale.

Smith still sought to spare ber, to keep the dreadful truth from ber. "There's just been a little trouble, Emma," he said evasively. "Joe here

is all worked up-excited." "I'll tell you what happened!" cried her husband in a choking voice, staggering to the table. "You think I got raise. I didn't. You think that man Williams gave me six months' back pay. He didn't. All this money you've been living on-all of it-I stole. I took it from the company! Williams trapped me. He wanted me to steal. Now he knows-now he knows, and I'm done for"

He fell into a chair and doubled forward, burying his face in his hands. For once Smith was at a loss what

Mrs. Brooks, paler than ever, stood rigid, as though turned to stone, staring at her husband.

"You mean," she articulated in low, slow tones, "you mean that you"—
"I'm a thief," he moaned brokenly without raising his head. "They know it. Detectives are downstairs watch-

ing—watching. Tomorrow—tomorrow

—I'll be in jail." ing-watching. Another long, awkward silence ensued. Smith ended it.

"You see, Emma, Joe here ain't so much to blame. He'-"And you didn't let me know?" There was cold reproach in her voice

and in her gaze. "It wasn't time," explained Jimsy uneasily. "There's a chance things can

"Still, you didn't let me know?" "The thing to do is to sit down quietly and talk this over. To begin with"-"No, Jimsy. Please go home. I-I want to be with Joe-alone."

Smith took up his hat reluctantly and prepared to depart. "Just as you say, Emma—just as you say," he said. "I'll do all I can tonight and let you know. Maybe it'll

be all right. "I know, Jimsy. Good night."
"Good night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Different. When money talks it matters not What it may have to say.

It never acts like foolish men
And gives itself away.

—Detroit Tribuns

As to Marrying Blindly. It's all right to marry blindly if only you can be sure of staying blind.

Bifurcated.

When first she donned her riding garb She deemed "it" just a gem. She has another habit now

And says she's proud of "them."

—Boston Po

Young Mr. McNagg
Is a terrible jagger.
He goes to a stag
And comes back with a stagger.
—Cleveland Leader.

Shrewd Inference Mr. Volgarheim (after the ball)—See Josephine, a spoon. One of the guest-must have had a hole in his pocket. ensdorfer Blatter.

Of Interest to Women

Cuban Woman Poses For a New Statue of Liberty For Cuba-Work of Italian Sculptor Unveiled at Matanzas-Has Been at Work on Statue For More Than Two Years.

Cuba is to have a statue of Liberty at Matanzas, for which a Cuban woman posed.

Salvatore Buemi of Rome, an Italan sculptor, who executed the figure, which will stand in a public park facing the harbor, left this city recently for Matanzas to arrange for the dedication of the monument. Sig. Buemi has been at work on the statue for more than two years and will take an important part in the dedication cere-

monies. In addition to the bronze figure representing Liberty, which will rest on a granite pedestal, the bronze image of Jose Marti will form a part of the same monument, which is bein erected by a popular subscription. The liberty statue will stand 12 feet high and will be at the foot of the Marti monu-



Cuba Libre.

ment, which will rest on a higher pedestal.

Sig. Buemi was born in Messina, but has not visited his native city since the earthquake. He said that he designed and executed the work for a public statue in the public gardens of Messina erected to the memory of Sician soldiers who perished in

THE MONTHS AND THE JEWELS.

Garnets, January's gems, mean "Victory and Power"; February Amethysts rule sweet

"Affection's" hour; March with Jaspers decorates those who are "Wise and Bold"; April's deep-blue sapphires reign where "Truth" is brave-

Chalcedonies belong to May; their message is Cheer": The Emeralds of June declare "Immortal Life" is clear;

July claims Diamond's "Purity"

-freedom from spot or stain; August's sky-blue Turquoises stand for "Worldly Gain." September's Chrysolites proclaim: "Hope ever for the best";

"Happiness and Rest." November's glowing Topazes types of "Faithful Friends," December's blood-red Rubies sing: "God's power never ends."-Tudor Jenks, in Harp-

er's Bazar.

To Stem Currants and Gooseberries.

When green currants are to be stemmed, as soon as brought from the bushes, while crisp, take up a handful and rub between the hands over a pan, briskly. The few that do not come off can be quickly removed and the stems thrown away. Should any stems fall into the pan remove after each handful has been cleaned, and in this way a large quantity can soon be stemmed in a short time. Even when partially ripened they can be treated in the same manner. Gooseberries, while fresh and crisp, can be put in a flour sack and rubbed on a washboard to remove stems and blossoms. Have the sack no more than half full. There will be a few stems left on, which can be quickly removed when looking them over.-Mrs. E J. H.

Add pinch of salt to water and boi asparagus until tender. Take from boiling water, plunging instantly into ice water. Leave until thoroughly chilled; then spread on a platter, put ting at once on ice, as it should be crisp when ready for use. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Place it in a wire sieve or colande over a pan of boiling water. It wil soon regain its freshness and can be easily cut or put through the food chopper.

A clean cloth dipped in hot water then a saucer of bran, will speedily clean white paint without injury to it. The soft bran acts like soap or the dirt.

Cold water, a tablespoonful of ammonia and soap, will remove machine grease where other means would not The Art of Life.

It was remarked in a recent article upon woman's dress in our columns that when a Frenchwoman plans a contume she plans it as a whole, and that every part has to bear its proper relation to the whole; whereas an Englishwoman at the dressmaker's is apt to say: "That will do," and to choose each particular item of her dress just because she takes a fancy to it and without considering its relation to other items. In fact, the Frenchwoman puts more fundamental brainwork into her choice. She plans and foresees, and considers not only the fashion but her own peculiarities, with the result that her dress has

character and seems all of a piece. The French have this superiority in many things besides dress. They have it, indeed, in nearly all the minor arts of life, which they take far more seriously than we do. Perhaps that is the reason why we are apt to think of them as a frivolous nation .-London Times.

Getting along with people is a valuable trait to cultivate. First of all, be amiable and forgiving; do not hear all that is said, never repeat anything and be willing to be pleased while doing your part.

Getting Along with People.

Nip and Tuck. Self-confidence is half the battle, but the other half generally makes you lose it .- Puck.

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