## PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

. . . By . . . JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER XIV.

HEN Mrs. Brooks found herself alone in the street she walked along mechanically, stunned by what had just occurred. Her heart seemed to be pressed down by a weight, and her breath came painfully through her contracted throat. She could not be-Heve that what she had gone through was real, the thing was so monstrous, so utterly inconceivable. Her husband, Joe, for love of whom she had given up a life of ease, for whom she had borne cheerfully the trials of poverty, in whom she had placed her entire faith, this man, to whom she had yielded herself trustingly, in whom, up to that hour, she had believed as the soul of honor, had stood exposed as a thief and a liar.

To save himself from the impending punishment of his dishonesty he was willing to trade the honor of his wife! To maintain himself in the material ease that his thieving had brought them for a few brief weeks be wanted her to prostitute herself for moneyhad entreated and threatened in his efforts to force her to do this thing! And she, driven to desperation, had let him arrange a rendezvous for her with Captain Williams in the latter's rooms!

She stopped and leaned against a wall for support. A violent trembling had seized her, and the street lights were whirling about her.

"My God!" she groaned. "What shall What shall I do?"

The fit of faintness passed off, and she was able to collect her thoughts and consider the best course of action. When she had undertaken to call on Captain Williams at that hour it was with no thought of lending herself to her husband's hideous plan. In a vague, hopeless way she had resolved to beg mercy for him, to see if there was not some manner in which atonement and restitution could be made. Now she was afraid. If she went to him, how could she approach himwhat could she say? What would he think of her coming to his rooms, at night too? He would think, and under the circumstances naturally think, only one thing. And she would be completely in the power of this colossus, this ogre whom she secretly feared and detested, who so often had leered his unwelcome admiration of her when she was powerless to resent it.

Her impulse was to turn from the ordeal and fly from her husband, leaving him to the fate he merited. She could go to her mother's home and await her return from the theater. She would at least find a refuge there. But in the morning would come the public exposure and disgrace. No; she must make the effort, whatever the cost, whatever the sacrifice.

Ten minutes later she was knocking at Captain Williams' apartment. The door swung open, and the cap-

tain stood before her.
"Come right in, Mrs. Brooks," he in-

vited. "I've been waiting for you."
"I was delayed a little," she said timidly.

"Your husband telephoned that you were coming."

"Yes-I know."

The words came falteringly, and she stood, knowing not what to say or what to do "Did you meet Smith?" he inquired.

"Smith?" "Your friend Jimsy. He just left."

"No. Why?" "Must have passed you in the ele-

vator. It does not matter. Won't you sit down?" She took the chair he advanced for

her close to the table. "You must excuse the looks of these quarters," he went on. "I am an old

states, won know, and my Jap valet ain't allowed to dust up or clean much. Knocks out all my idea of arrangements." "It is a quaint place," ventured

Emma. "Yes. Lived here ever since I've

been in New York. I fixed it up to suit myself. It sin't what you'd call exactly pretty, but as I'm the only one to be pleased I guess it'll do."

"Almost a curiosity shop," she com-mented, surveying the room with a good deal of nervousness.

"Yes, stuff I've collected from time to time while I was at sea. Got about everything I ever wanted to keep, from the wheel of my first schooner down to spears from head hunters. There's models of boats and a lot of stuff. You see, I call this my main cabinsort of grand salon. Over there I bunk with my crew, just one Jap, and the galley's to the rear. In them rooms Sato gets my breakfast, steals my loose change and lies most of the time. Got another room over there. Seldom use that; got it fixed up nice and civilized. Guess that's why I ain't feeling comfortable if I try it."

These details were of no interest to Mrs. Brooks, who desired only to bring the interview to an end as speedily as

possible.
"I came right up—asked the elevator boy. Ferhaps I should have asked at the office," she said.
"Not at all." he answered in a man.

have my own way in this place. I got the money to pay for what I want, and there ain't no one in this hotel asking me any 'if,' 'and' or 'but.' " "No one knew me. I didn't care that

ner intended to be reassuring.

they should hear my name."
"It's nobody's business. What I'm
entitled to, I'm entitled to, and so long as I pay the money no one else can interfere with the way I run my ship."

"Still, a woman-at this hour!" "Makes no difference, although you are the first lady to call on me, night or day."

"You mean that no woman has ever been in here before?"

"I said the 'first lady.' " Mrs. Brooks shuddered, and instinc tively she glanced toward the door. "You have a telephone here, haven't

you, cantain?" she saked "Right over there by the door," he said, pointing to it. "Want to use it?"

"Not now, thank you." She cleared her choking throat and

started right in to the business that had brought her. "Captain Williams, since you left us tonight Joe-Mr. Brooks-has told me

about his difficulty." "So Smith said." "That's what I came to talk about." "Well, that little matter can rest," he

said affably. "You've called, and it's the first chance I've had to speak to vou alone." "I want to know if there is any way

-some arrangement"-"No use in looking so glum over a little stolen money. I want to show

you my quarters." "I didn't come to see your quarters,

captain. I came to"-"I don't care what you came for, Mrs. Brooks," he declared, with mastodonian playfulness. "I make it a rule that everybody who drops in here, man or woman, has got to listen to me spinning yarns. Now"-

Emma was becoming more and more

"I know you will think me rude, but can't delay," she insisted. "Joe is in great trouble, and some other time I'll hear the yarns."

He rose with mock dignity.

"You're on my ship, Mrs. Brooks, Please remember every captain is master of his ship, and if you don't listen and like it—mind you, I say like it—I'll clap you in double irons for mutiny."

"Captain Williams," she pleaded, "I am sure that you would not displease"-

"This little fore and after, Mrs. Brooks," he broke in, picking up the model of the ship on the mantel, "is a model of the Sally Moran, my first command out of Frisco. That's her wheel up there over the door. She laid the cornerstone of my fortune, but she taught me how to fight and have nerve. Took her up into the north Pacific sealing and then down on the Japanese coast. Had a crew who wouldn't adorn any high back rover Captain Kidd ever could wish for. If there was any good in that schooner God must 'a' saw it first and hit it."

To humor him she had advanced to the mantel.

"And is that where you got your awful reputation?" she inquired. The bushy eyebrows came down until the lids were hidden, and his eyes, shining like live coals, were alone visible as he directed his gaze upon her.

"Just how bad is that 'awful reputation,' Mrs. Brooks?"

"They say," she returned, meeting his gaze steadily, "that you have no heart, no pity, in you; that you'd kill a man in those days with as little feel ing as I would kill a mosquito."

Well, I guess the reason you'd kill a mosquito isn't because it's just a mosquito and that you'd like to kill it, but because you're afraid it will bite you. Ain't it?"

"I had men, Mrs. Brooks, who, if you let 'em go too far, they'd bite, and if you let 'em bite too deep they'd kill. Them were the early days of sealers. It was a hard life, and it made hard men. I ain't any better, but I guess I ain't no worse, than lots of others would be fixed just as I was at that

"I'm glad to hear you say that, captain," she declared, seizing the opportunity. "It opens the way for the business I came on."

"Business?"

"Yes, business." "But it's after business hours, Mrs. Brooks, and I ain't half spun my yarn. Now, over here I want to show you a couple of spears I got from a lot of head hunters down in the Malay archipelago. You may not know where that is, but I've always had an idea it's where God battened down the devil after that first big row they had you read about in the Bible. I was going ashore, seeing what was doing, when this crew of niggers come down on us like a squall. We had an awful time getting back to the boats, I tell you. We were some cut up, and all I got out of the expedition was one of the

big chief's wives." He looked into Mrs. Brooks' eyes. "Took her back to Frisco with me,"

he added. "Women were scarce in them times-good looking ones." "You took her away from where she belonged?" questioned Emma slowly

and incredulously. "She was willing to go. No one ever beat her about the ship, and she lived pretty much as she wanted-three meals a day and no hard work."

"What became of her?" "Died-I guess from overeating. You see them two little anchors that chair's

made of?" But she had recoiled from him, shuddering with horror and aversion died from overesting?" she in-

terrogated. "Have there been many of those?" "No; I learned a lesson. I put the

rest on a diet."

particularly clever and humorous, for he burst into a loud guffaw.

Emma did not laugh. She was more disgusted and apprehensive than ever. The clock struck 11.

"Did you hear that?" she said. "I must insist that you let me talk over what I came here for."

"Eleven! It ain't late," he replied coaxingly. "Would you like a little something to drink? It's hot tonight."

"No, I thank you." "You can have it just as well as not."

"I don't care for it." "All right, only I thought I might get it for you. You see, when I heard you were coming here I sent my Jap

"Why?" "What he don't know won't hurt him."

"Is there anything, captain, you're afraid he'll find out?" she demanded frigidly.

"Sit down-there, opposite me. I was only thinking of you."

"Joe has stolen some money from you."

"Too bad! Too bad!" "How much is it?"

"What do you want to know for?" "I am his wife. It is my business to

"There you go, talking business again!" he protested, trying to be gallant and throwing an ogling glance at her. "I so seldom have the pleasure of your company, Mrs. Brooks, that this 'business' thing knocks all the romance out of your visit."

"I didn't intend there should be any romance in it, Captain Williams," she

retorted stiffly.
"Mrs. Brooks," he went on, ignoring the snub, "a sailorman always finds romance in an evening spent with a pretty woman. I can remember well when the Sally Moran put into Nagasaki for water and fresh provisions a little Japanese girl called on me, and I had a terrible time. I wanted to make things right nice and pleasant for her, but, Lord, she couldn't talk a word of English. There she sat all the evening, grinning and making signs, while I was talking my head off trying to tell her how much I loved her. Aft my pretty speeches were lost."

He laughed aloud as the scene rose

before his mind's eye. "Now," he continued meaningly, with an intonation intended to be tender, "when I have a girl like you, who can understand"-

"I beg your pardon, captain," she said, very coldly and sternly. "I must tell you that I did not come here to make a social call. I never came to a place like this, at a time like this, to talk to a man like you before in my

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Depth and Speed.

A remarkable result of the speed tests of fast-driven vessels is the discovery that the depth of water strongly influences the speed. But it is not true, as was until recently believed. that increase of depth is invariably attended by increase of speed. Experiments with the "river class" of torpedo-boat destroyers have shown that there is a sudden maximum resistance developed at certain depths, where it takes the same power to give a speed of 20 knots as to give a speed of 22 knots when the depth of water is 45 feet. On the other hand. there are points of minimum resistance. For instance, a speed of 32 in 60 feet of water can be of tained with less horse-power than in 200 feet. The result, says a writer in Cassier's Magazine, is vet better at 40 feet. It seems to be established that in moderate depths the square of the speed in knots divided by 10 gives the depth of water in feet where a sudden increase of resistance is felt. It all depends upon the influence of the bottom of the water on wave for mation.

\$2,245 for Two Pennies.

Who was Wiglaf? Numismatists know, and gave £449 for two of his silver pennies yesterday at Sotheby's. Wiglaf, or Withlafe, as his name is sometimes spelled in the old chronicles, was that King of Mercia tributary to Egbert, first King of England. and held nominal sway between 825 and 839. His silver penny, without bust, with a cross in centre and a pellet in each angle within a beaded centre on the obverse, and lunettes and pellets on the reverse, caused excited bidding, which reached £275 (Spink). Only one other of this particular type is known, and it is, fortunately, in the British Museum. Another Wiglaf penny, with a rude head in a circle and a cross-crosslet in centre of reverse, realize £174 (Lincoln). This was found at Dorking in 1817.-London Daily Telegraph.

Wireless and Safety at Sea. "Of late, too, another and powerful safeguard has come into use," writes L. Frank Tooker in an account in the "Century" of new and old devices for navigating in fog and darkness. "If one enters the wireless telegraphy room of a transatiantic steamer he will find on the wall a rectangular chart crossed and recrossed by many black lines. Across it also runs one broader line in red ink. On the margin of the chart are marked the days of the week. It is the wireless guide for the current month; the red line gives the course of the steamer, while the many black lines crossing it indicate to the operator at what hour of each day of his passage he will probably pick up the wireless messages of other ships crossing that month. The ship, one sees at a glance, is scarcely ever out of touch with other ships through which disaster may come; and with this knowledge of constant intercommunication the feeling of security justly grows!"

A SQUARE DEAL IN CHURCH.

Sandy Was Not Allowed Even One Day of Grace.

"I canna get over it," a Scotch farmer remarked to his wife. "I put a two shillin' piece in ta plate at kirk this morn instead o' ma usual penny."

The beadle had noticed the mistake, and also the frightened face of his old friend, who had not the courage to retake the coin as the old-fashioned ladle-like spoon was carefully passed over the head to the next pew, and one penny after another was dropped into the bowl.

The old farmer sat in silence and said nothing. The old beadle allowed him to miss the plate for twenty-four consecutive Sundays.

On the twenty-fifth Sunday the farmer again ignored the collection plate, but the old beadle steaded the ladle in front of him, and in a loud, tragic whisper, said hoarsely, "Your time's up noo, Sandy!"

ONLY HIS FUN.



Maud (angrily)-So you told Ethel that there was something cheap looking about my face, did you? Jack-I admit it. I referred, of

course, to your nostrils-two for a scent.-Washington Star.

Very Likely.

The depot of Meridian, Texas, is about a mile from the business part of the town. One night a sleepy, weary traveling man said to the darky who was driving him to the hotel: "Old man, why in the name of

Heaven did they put this depot so far from town?" The darky scratched his head in

thought, and replied: "Waal, boss, I's fo'ced to admit dat hasn't give de matter s'ficient cogitation, but jes' jumped up fer a answer like dis. I s'pose dey done dat so as to have de depot as near as possible to de railroad."

His Motive.

"Witness," said the coroner, "do you know what motive the deceased had in committing suicide?" "Yes, Judge, your Honor," said the

witness pompously. "Deceased told me his motive, sir." The coroner, the court officers, everybody, was interested.

"What was, then, deceased's mo tive?" asked the coroner. "Why, your Honor, he said he wanted to kill himself," was the reply.

The Inquisitive Colonel. At a certain military post there was a gruff old colonel, one of whose duties was to occasionally test the food of the soldiers. One day he saw privates carrying a and called out sharply: "Here, let me taste of that." They obeyed, running eagerly for a spoon. "Great thunder!" he exclaimed, "you don't call that soup, do you?" "No, sir," replied one, meekly. "That's the dish water!"-Mabel Alice Pratt.

The First Quarrel.

A young couple had come to words for the first time. The woman al-ready had her hat on and she stopped to say the last word: "I am going back to my parents."

After a few minutes the husband heard her rummaging about the kitchen. Opening the door half way, he said: "I thought you were going back to your parents." "I am," she said.
"Then what are you looking for?" "For the house-key," was her reply.

One Definition.

The teacher was giving a geographical lesson, and the class, having traveled from London to Labrador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was thoroughly worn out. "And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Yes'm," yawned Tommy Jones, "s stream o' water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth.'

Testing Her. "How would you feel, Clarisse, if you and I were sailing down the stream of life together, far away from here?"

"How far, George?" "Oh, far, far away!" "I'd be so terribly homesick for mother!

And from that night this young man ceased his visits.

Every Reason. "Why does your new baby cry so

much? "Say, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I rather fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."

A War-Game Hero The Girl (ecstatically)-Just think, father! When the color-sergeant tripped and fell, deorge grabbed the flag and charged the battery, although theoretically (iddled with bullein)

# Helpful Beauty Hints

Some Valuable Information On the Skin-What to Do for Roughness In Hair-Good Points for the Stout Girl-To Develop Arms and Shoulders-To Live in Perfect Health.

Live up stairs if you wish to be in good health! "Up how many flights?" Only one flight of seven steps. I will describe them.

First Step-Eat wheat, oats, corn. fruits, beef and mutton, plainly cooked in moderate quantity, and but two meals a day. Third Step-Exercise freely in the

open air. Fourth Step-Retire early and rise

Fifth Step-Wear fiannel next your skin every day of the year, and so dispose your dress that your limbs shall be kept warm. Bathe frequently. Sixth Step-Live in the sunshine. Let your bedroom be one which receives a flood of light, and spend your days either out in the sunlight or in

room which is well lighted. Seventh Step-Cultivate a cheerful temper. Seek the society of jolly people. Absolutely refuse to worry, and above all don't be afraid to laugh. Go up this flight of stairs. Live above. Sickness cannot crawl up there. Disease prowls about in the basement, rarely does it get "up

Would Like to Get Thin.

stairs."

Wiff you please tell me how to get thin? I weigh 139 pounds and am only 16 years old. Please tell me what to eat and what not to eat. Is bathing good? Are oranges and bananas fattening?

What is good for freckles? N. Y. If you had given me your measurements, including your height, I would be able to tell you whether or not you should weigh 139 pounds. However, taking it for granted that you should not, I will advice you to diet. Eat little or no white bread, drink no milk or cream, avoid all sweet and and starchy foods. Bananas are fattening because they contain so much starch, but oranges and lemons may be eaten, for they have tendency to

reduce the weight. Physicial exercise is the best thing to decrease the weight. It quickens the respiration and increases the quantity of oxygen taken into the lungs. Oxygen consumes carbon, which is thus prevented from being converted into fat.

Applications of buttermilk are very good for removing freckles.

To Develop Arms and Shoulders. Will you kindly publish some method of fattening the arms and shoulders, and also a way to get rid of

'gooseflesh" on the arms? Is there any way to make the eye-CLAIRE. lashes grow long? To develop the arms and shoulders, massage them every night with cocoa butter, and exercise in the morning

with dumbbells. I cannot tell you what to do to get rid of gooseflesh, for in each case the cause of it may be slightly different and therefore each case may need a different treatment. Sometimes it is caused by the poor condition of the blood, and then again by improper circulation. I advise you to consult a physician and have him prescribe. If you will apply vaseline to the edge of the eyelids it will increase the growth of the eyelashes. Be sure that the vaseline is pure, so that if any should happen to touch the eye itself no harm will be done.

For Rough Hair.

When there is a roughness in the hair and it fails to grow it should be brushed with a brush having stiff pig bristles, which reach the scalp but do not scratch it. The brushing should be done at night, first applying a few drops of sweet almond oil to the scalp with the tips of the fingers, massaging it well. This massaging is not rubbing, but a sort of pinching process, where the thumbs and finger tips are placed about three inches apart and then brought together at intervals all over the head. Pass the brush with long even strokes clear from the roots to the end of the hair, and give at least 50 light strokes, then pass the palms over the hair from the scalp down. When a shampoo is needed, add a teaspoonful of glycerine to the rinsing water and dry the hair in the wind and sun when possible, and never with the heat.

For Irritated Skin.

Many women are quite unfortunate in the summer in that their skin becomes irritated with the warm weath er. There are several soothing applications to reduce the inflammation. One of these is bicarbonate of soda made into a strong solution. A ta-blespoonful of soda to about half a pint of water is an excellent mixture, and the applications should be used cold. The wash should be allowed to dry in the skin. Oxide of zinc ointment is both cooling and healing. Warm water and castile soap should be used, with an old piece of soft muslin as a wash cloth. It is often best to dust the face with talcum powder. If the skin is subject to chafing use a great deal of the powder. Cream of tartar water is cooling and it is mixed the same way as the sods.

Distressed.-The electric needle is teh only way by which superfluous hair can be permanently removed.

## Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,

OF HONESDALE, WAYNE COUNTY, PA. at the close of business. Nov. 6th, 1909.

RESOURCES.

currency.
Checks and other cash items...
Bills discounted, not due.
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral.
Loans on call with collateral.
Loans on call upon one name...
Loans upon call upon two or more names...

Loans upon call upon two or more names 23,195 00 Loans secured by bonds and mortgages. 14,160 00 Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz. Stocks, bonds, etc. \$44,290 41 Mortgages and judgments of record 36,480 22—80,770 63 Office Building and Lot 18,999 55 Furniture and fixtures 1,994 41

\$ 293,443 33 LIABILITIES. 

\$293,443 33 State of Pennsylvania, County of Wayne, as I, C. A. Emery, Cashier of the above named company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. A. EMERY, Cashler.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of Nov. 1909. RENA S. EDGETT, N. P. Correct attest; M. E. SIMONS, F. W. KREITNES, W. M. FOWLER.

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