PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

...By...

JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS' lower jaw advanced, and his piggish eyes contracted. He threw off his too amiable demeanor. His voice became harsh and cruel as his natural brutality asserted itself.

"A man like me, eh?" he rasped. "That's pretty hard language, Mrs. Brooks."

"Please forgive me and let me talk."

"If you didn't come here to see me sort of socially, what did you come for?"

"About Joe—my husband."

"What about him?"

"I asked you the amount of the defalcation."

"You said it was your business. Well, it's more than $16,000."

Emma was astounded, and her heart sank. She had not imagined that it could be so large a sum.

"Is that the truth?" she asked.

"I ain't never been noted for lying."

"Captain Williams, I've come here to plead with you to save Joe and me and my family from disgrace—to keep him out of jail. You knew my father. You were in business with him. You always liked him and knew he was an honest man."

"He was square in his business dealings with me, Mrs. Brooks, but that's not less than every man has got to be who deals with me."

"I know that," she said, her manner becoming supplicating; "I know that, but you must have some respect for his memory, you must have had some affection for him at the time—everybody had—and some pity for me in this trouble. I thought all these things might soften you, might open a way to some arrangement that would save us from the exposure that seems now bound to come tomorrow morning. Isn't there some way out of it?"

But he was all business now. He had satisfied himself that he had wasted his time with her.

"Have you got the money?" he snapped.

"No."

"Then what's your proposition?"

"I have none," she confessed hopelessly, hanging her head.

"Humph!" he grunted, settling himself in his chair.

"I thought—I thought you might be a little more charitable and suggest some way," she murmured.

"Your husband sent you here, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to you?"

"Told me I might have some influence with you."

"Put the blame on you for stealing the money, didn't he?"

"How did you know that?"

She raised her head and looked at him in surprise.

"I know the man. Didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Told you, didn't he, that you could fix it up with me to call everything off?"

"Yes, that's what he said," she admitted wonderingly.

"And I suppose he said that if you didn't come you'd have to take the blame for him going to the penitentiary?"

"It—it was something like that."

"Didn't happen to mention, did he, that he thought I liked you pretty well?"

"Y-yes," she stammered, now utterly bewildered. "I—I think that was part of what he said."

"Didn't forget that, eh? Well," he continued, looking once more straight into her eyes and putting the issue squarely to her, "I'm here and you're here. That part seems all right. What have you got to say?"

She sustained his gaze bravely and answered, though with no hope in her heart:

"Is there any honorable way in which I can help him?"

"What do you mean by 'honorable?'"

Emma lost all patience. Her nerves, that had been under such severe strain, were getting beyond control. She rose, flushing angrily.

"You know what I mean by 'honorable!' You know what any good woman means when she says 'honorable.' You're beating about the bush, Captain Williams. If you want to come to the point, come to it and come to it quickly. I am going home."

"Now you're talking, my lass," he said grimly, getting up also, "and I'll talk right back to you. If I took your opinion of me and that of your thieving husband I wouldn't have to talk. I'd tell you in plain words that if you wanted to go to San Francisco with me I'd take a chance on the overeating and wouldn't put you on a diet like I put the rest. What would you do then? What if I did make the proposition that's in your mind and was in the mind of that sneaking husband of yours when he tried to put you on the bargain counter and send you over to me to see if I'd put the price up to sixteen thousand? What if I looked you over and was pleased and thought you cheap at that figure? You say I've killed men. Yes I have—worse than that—heads off with this hand like you'd sling a chicken in the air. You came here for a purpose. You ain't no child. What if I am the beast and the brute you say I am? What'll you do then? I said you was the first lady to come in here. Maybe I made a mistake, but if I did I'll find it out before you leave this room, you understand? I've talked; now you talk."

Her reply came with withering scorn:

"Now I know that you're everything people say you are."

"All right," he said, making a step toward her. "If I am what everybody says I am—what you think I am—you know what to expect, and I don't need to talk."

The peril of her situation roused her to desperation, and with it came the courage desperation sometimes imparts, the courage that impels a defenseless animal hunted into a corner from which there is no escape to turn and fight for its life.

"You think I'm afraid of you!" she cried, throwing up her head and clinching the hands at her sides. "I tell you I'm not. We've been too long at cross purposes. What you want me to do I know; what my husband sent me for I know. You can be the beast and the brute that you are; he can be the contemptible cur that he is. He can offer me for sale, and you can stand ready to buy me. But I've got something to say about it, and I desire you to know that if I wanted to place myself on the market, as you say, I couldn't! You disgust me, but I shan't shirk, and I am not afraid of you or of him or of any one. Here!"

She turned quickly, locked the door, threw the key at his feet and confronted him unflinchingly again.

"There's the key to your room. The door is locked, and I am alone with you. You kill men? You wring their necks? Well, Captain Williams, here's your first chance to kill a woman, for that's just exactly what you'll have to do!"

She saw the glare in the little savage optics under the beetling brows fade out, to be replaced by a gleam of admiration, not the covetous admiration of her shapely, panting form, of her handsome, resolute face, but honest admiration of the pure soul that shone in her eyes.

"I knew you were that kind of a woman," he said, thankfulness and real tenderness in his voice. "If you hadn't done just what you did I'd 'a been the most disappointed man in the world."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," he continued, almost reverently, "that I banked on you being good, and you are good. I know women. I've bought mine all over the world, from Hindoos to niggers. But I paid for 'em, and they was always willing to sell. There ain't but two kinds, the good and the bad, and there's no halfway. When they're bad they're bad through and through and can't be good, and when they're good they can't be bad, and they're next to heaven. I figured you good, and if you hadn't been it would have hit me, and hit me hard. You're safer here, young woman, than with your mother, because I'd fight for you, and don't forget I *can* wring men's necks like chickens."

Emma could not comprehend it.

"I don't understand you," she faltered.

"Maybe you mean you don't believe me," he said, going to the table and taking the paper he had written upon

"You came here for a purpose. You ain't no child."

and then slipped between the pages of one of the magazines. "Here. I've had this waiting for you. Read it."

She made no motion to take it from his hand.

"Well, I'll read it for you," he said. "It's addressed to that husband of yours:

"'Your resignation is accepted. I wish to thank you for your services and to assure you that your accounts with the Latin-American Steamship company have been audited and found to be correct.'

"Now, Mrs. Brooks, if you'd acted in any way but what you did you would not have got this, but I knew you were good, and you are good."

He added with deep feeling, holding out the paper to her again:

"It's worth that much to me and a lot more to have a good woman for a sort of daughter. Take it."

This time she accepted it mechanically.

"Thank you, Captain Williams," she said.

The words came in a whisper, almost inaudibly.

She tried to read the writing, but tears in her eyes blurred her sight.

"You know, Mrs. Brooks," said Williams in a light tone and his usual voice, seating himself in his chair and looking away from her, "before we got to discussing this business I was telling you about the Sally Moran, my first ship. Now, that ship—hear me say ship?—she was only a schooner"—

She walked up to him and interrupted him, smiling gratefully through her tears.

"What can I do now, captain?" she asked.

The telephone bell rang as she spoke. "You might answer the phone," he told her. "I'm getting almighty lazy."

She did so.

"It's Jimsy—Mr. Smith," she announced.

"I kind o' thought that fellow 'd be nosing around instead of going to Boston," he soliloquized. "What's the trouble?"

"He's downstairs and wants to know if he can come up."

"Sure he can!"

"Yes, come up, Jimsy," she called.

The captain stroked his face thoughtfully.

"When you let him in you sort o' smile and look into his face," he said. "He's a kind of an old baby, Smith is, and it does him a lot of good."

"I always smile at Jimsy," she replied. "No one could help that, could they?"

"He is an amusing cuss," he conceded.

He reached for the tin of tobacco.

"You don't mind if I smoke, do you?"

"No, I don't think I'd mind if you committed arson."

"It's too hot to burn up everything," he laughed. "Besides, there's a lot of folks say I'll get enough fire after my will's read."

"They don't know you, that's the trouble," she said, the thankful tears welling to her eyes again as she looked at him.

"Smith ain't particular quick about getting here, is he?" he remarked, changing the subject. "After all he said you'd expect him to be a regular hero and drop in from the ceiling."

"What did he say?"

"That's telling," he added, puffing stolidly at his pipe. "You're going to have a hard time letting that man in if you don't find the key you threw around so careless like."

She picked up the key and unlocked the door. As she did so Smith knocked, and she let him in. He looked keenly at her as she smiled up into his face, and he took the hand she extended.

"We've been waiting for you, Jimsy," she said.

A glad light came into his own eyes.

"Emma," he observed, "I think that's the prettiest smile I ever saw you smile."

"Hello, Smith, ain't going to Boston tonight, eh?" queried the captain.

"No; I guess them docks will be there tomorrow," he replied.

He drew his revolver, extracted the cartridges with even more than ordinary deliberation and threw them on the table.

"I just thought I'd take the pegs out of the heel of that shoe we were discussing some time since and hand 'em to you as souvenirs," he remarked.

"Thank you," was the dry rejoinder.

"I'd give you the whole darn shoe," added Jimsy with heartiness, "only a fellow never can tell when he's going to have another sore foot."

"The trouble with you is, Smith, your foot hurts you before you stub your toe," commented Williams.

"I guess that's right," he avowed. "Ready to go home, Emma?"

"You wait for me a moment, Jimsy. I want to speak to the captain," she said.

"All right," he responded, going outside to ring up the elevator.

"Captain, this paper—shall I give it to him?" she inquired.

"Who—Brooks?"

"Yes."

"I would. It clears you."

"And you? How can I thank you?"

"Don't mind me. Only some time when you get settled down and are living happy again invite me up to tea. Let me put on my slippers and smoke my pipe in the parlor."

"Indeed I will. Good night."

"And, Emma," he added ere she had reached the door, "I suppose I can call you Emma now, can't I?"

"Always."

"Pay a lot of attention to that fellow Smith. He's an awful good friend of yours."

"I've found that out tonight," she answered. "Good night."

"Good night, Emma."

When she had gone the old man sat for some time smoking his pipe meditatively. Finally he kicked off his slippers, rose, stretched himself, sat down again, smiled and uttered his thoughts aloud.

"Well, Captain Bill," he told himself, "I guess you've paid up a part of that deficit you've owed decency for such a long time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Included.

After the dry-goods saleman had completed his business with Cyrus Craig, Centerville's one storekeeper, he asked what was going on in the town. "Had any entertainments this winter?" he inquired.

"No," said Mr. Craig. "Not one. Salome Howe's pupils have given two concerts, piano and organ, and the principal of the 'cademy has lectured twice, once on 'Our National Forests' and once on 'Stones as I know them'; but as far as entertainments are concerned, Centerville hasn't got round to 'em yet, this winter."

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

On the Sunday School Lesson by Rev. Dr. Linscott For the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

Dec. 26th, 1909.

(Copyright, 1909, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.)

The Birth of Christ—Matt. ii:1-12.

Golden Text—And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

Verse 1—Where is Bethlehem, the birth place of Jesus?

Where was the home of Mary and Joseph, the parents of Jesus, and how did it happen that they were at Bethlehem at this time?

What was the probable nationality of these "wise men?"

Verse 2—Is there any evidence, and if so what is it, which indicates that God, in past ages, has revealed himself to other peoples than those of Jewish origin?

Give your own idea of this star that the wise men saw, which indicated to them that a Jewish king had been born; was it objective or only subjective?

Were the wise men right in their opinion, that Jesus was "the King of the Jews," as they were in the fact of his birth?

Verse 3—What is the evidence for or against the idea that it was God's original intention for Jesus to be the literal King of the Jews, as the wise men stated, and as Herod feared?

Why should Herod and "all Jerusalem" be troubled at the announcement of the birth of a Jewish King?

Verses 4-6—What prophet is here referred to, and where in the Bible did these priests and scribes quote from?

Did the prophet they quoted from, and did these priests and scribes think that the expected Christ was to be an earthly King? Why?

Verse 7.—What is it which makes diligent study, of a worthy subject, either noble or ignoble?

Verse 8—How would you describe a man with motive of Herod, when he sent these wise men off on their mission of finding Jesus?

What, if any, reason is there to believe that there are those to-day who attend church, and thus pretend they are earnestly seeking Jesus, who have practically the same motive as Herod had?

Verse 9.—If a man to-day would see the Christ, what "star" does he need to follow to be sure of being led to him?

Give your reason for your idea whether it is to the favored few only that God sends a star or its equivalent, pointing to where Jesus may be found, or are all men similarly treated?

Verse 10—Mention some things which always produce joy, and then describe that which produces the greatest joy to mortals known? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Verse 11.—What is the ground for certainty for the statement that those who really seek Jesus always find him?

What are the emotions which are stirred, the motives which are formed, and the deeds which are done by everyone who really seeks and finds Jesus?

Verse 12.—Is there any liability that those who live in the presence of Jesus, will ever be duped into betraying Him or his cause?

Is the day of the supernatural guidance of God's children, past, or is there reason to believe that it is as operative as ever?

Lesson for Sunday, January 2, 1910. —John the Forerunner of Jesus. Matt. iii:1-12.

Cure for Toothache.

A London physician at a meeting of a medical society stated that extraction of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled to cure the most desperate case of toothache, he said, unless the case was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth: Alum, reduced to an impalable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to tooth.

He Wouldn't Miss It.

Ivon and his baby sister were playing with some new marbles that were quite small. One marble disappeared and could not be found. The mother became alarmed, fearing baby had swallowed it. "Oh, well," said three-year-old Ivon, "there are enough left." The Delineator.

Keeping Friends.

It is one thing to make friends, but quite another to keep them. Remember that friendship will not thrive on discourtesy or neglect. Little courtesies and attentions to those with whom we are most intimate help to smooth and sweeten life.—Home Chat.

Dress of Tailor's Patron Saint.

The tailor's saint is St. John the Baptist, but why, we do not know, for, as far as sacred writ informs us, "his clothing was of camel's hair, and a leather girdle about his loins."—London Tailor and Cutter.

Sees End of Tuberculosis.

"It is quite possible that in 50 years consumption will be practically unknown in this country," said a doctor from Guy's hospital at a Southwark (London) inquest.

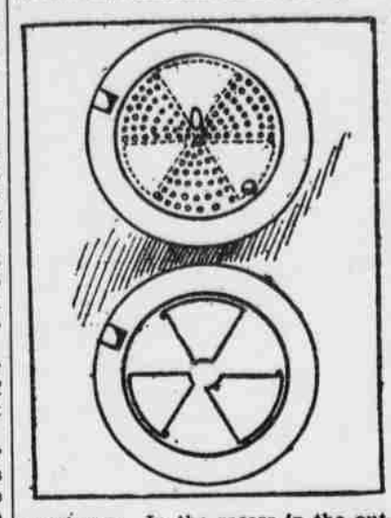
Shopping in Luxury.

Luxurious shopping is probably only in an early stage of its development. It would not surprise us if in a few years shoppers were paid a salary.

NOVEL STOVE LID.

Used as a Damper Without Removing Lid From the Fire.

A new type of stove lid is the recent invention of a Pennsylvania man. It is designed to be used as a damper without necessitating the removal of the lid from the fire. As shown in the illustration the dampering of the fire can be accurately and minutely regulated. This stove lid is made in two sections, the outer section having a large circular recess one-half the depth of the lid. The upper section fits and revolves in the recess and contains numerous round



apertures. In the recess in the outer section are triangular openings corresponding with the triangular sections of apertures in the inner lid. Obviously when the inner lid is revolved so that the apertures are over the openings in the outer section the fire will be dampered. When the apertures do not register over the openings the stove opening will be as effectively sealed as with the common solid stove lid. The dampering is regulated by placing only a portion of the apertures over the openings in the lower section of the lid.

Hearing After Death.

An extraordinary instance which occurred at the guillotining at Orleans, France, of the murderer Languille has been interestingly explained by Professor Hartsmann, a famous Paris surgeon.

When the blade of the guillotine fell Languille's head was completely severed from the trunk. A doctor who was in attendance immediately picked up the head and called the dead man's name.

To the astonishment of all present the eyelids of the severed head opened wide and then closed again.

"Languille! Languille!" called the doctor a second time, and once more the eyelids lifted, but a third call met with no response.

Prof. Hartsmann said that it is quite possible for a form of nervous life to exist after death. This would not be the case if the subject died naturally or of some disease, but undoubtedly it would be the case of a healthy person meeting with a sudden and violent death. When a strong man suddenly passes from life to death the body tissues show a considerable amount of resistance.

The professor says that he himself dissected the body of a man thirty-six hours after he had been executed, and that on pricking with a needle the nerve of the thigh he discovered that it was alive.

In the case of Languille, says the professor, the eyelids opened, not because the name of Languille was pronounced, but because the sound of the voice on the eyes immediately produced a reflex action upon the nerves. They would have lifted had any other name been called.

A Heating Plant.

Schmidt the plumber, and Schmidt the florist held forth at opposite ends of the town; but distance did not prevent mistakes on the part of their common letter-carrier. Although the names were similar, the bearers thereof were not. The stout plumber was slothful and easy-going, the slim florist industrious and alert. The plumber lost much business by procrastination; the florist, on the other hand, gained many dollars by taking advantage of any opportunity that presented itself.

One day the following wrathful postal card fell by accident into the florist's hands:

"If that heating plant isn't on these premises within twenty four hours, you needn't send it at all. John Brown."

Hastily running an eye over his stock, Schmidt the florist, after a single moment of hesitation, seized a potted shrub bearing scarlet globular fruit, and despatched it with a hastily penciled bill to Brown's residence. The bill read: "To one pepper plant, one dollar."

Silvering a Horn.

To Silver Horn.—The horn perfectly freed from oil is painted with a saturated solution of gallic acid and then with a solution of 20 parts nitrate of silver in 100 parts of water. Repeat the coating alternately until the black color is replaced by a slight silver tint, then paint once more with the silver solution. Rubbing down with cream of tartar solution completes the silvering.

Constancy is a jewel when it is not set in the base metal of an unworthy attachment.

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