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PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

By JOHN W. HARDING

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"That's mother's ring," she said. "Please help me to bring some chairs from the parlor. We can't go there because everything's covered up and in disorder. They're papering the room. I shouldn't wonder if Captain Williams were with them. He takes mamma and Beth out in his new auto and has brought them around here quite frequently of late."

"Does he ever take you for a ride?" "He asks me to go, but I won't." "Why not?" "That's just what I can't tell. There is something about the man that is repulsive—he looks at me so strangely. And then I know just how he has treated Joe, and"—

"And what?" "I don't like him—that's all." "That's enough, it seems to me. After all, I guess he figures all to the bad with women—decent women."

"Mamma and Beth like him." "Well, your mother never did shine up to me more'n the law allowed, and as for Beth, she's a nice enough girl, but her education hurts her, I think."

"Hush! Here they are." And the little woman hurried into the hall to open the door for them.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN broad minded Mrs. Brooks observed to her husband that she did not understand her mother any more than her mother understood her she had expressed exactly the mental relation in which they stood

toward each other. Mrs. Harris was one of those women occasionally to be met with who continue to treat their grownup sons, and especially their grownup daughters, as children and feel it incumbent upon them—nay, consider it their bounden duty—to interfere with advice and comment in the natural progress of domestic sophistication of their young wedded offspring. Moreover, she was a woman wholly lacking in tact and depth of mind and possessed to an exaggerated degree that "quicksand of reason," vanity.

Mrs. Harris and Miss Beth Harris were out for a ride with Captain Williams, who accompanied them, and all were in automobile tenue. Her mother and sister greeted Emma enthusiastically. Their escort extended his hand; but Mrs. Brooks was too much occupied for once in responding to her parent's embraces to notice it. He stalked in with rude familiarity without removing his automobile cap, upon which he had pushed up his goggles and found himself face to face with Smith.

"Hello! You here?" he said by way of greeting, greatly surprised to see his superintendent there on that above all nights.

"Ya-as," replied Jimmy. "I'm here again."

"Ought to take a berth here," grunted his employer, looking round for the most comfortable chair and installing himself in it. "You're always around."

"As much as possible," admitted Smith tranquilly, remaining standing. "How do you find your new car?"

"Good enough. Cost \$5,000—ought to be good—ought to be!"

Mrs. Harris and Beth bustled in, throwing open their automobile coats and disclosing very handsome gowns that contrasted strangely with Emma's poor little cotton frock.

"Why, good evening, Jimmy!" cried Mrs. Harris. "Where's Joe?" "Gone out for a walk, I guess," he answered. "Howdy, Beth?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Smith," responded that young person somewhat frigidly.

"Mr. Smith?" he echoed, looking at her curiously. The girl raised her eyebrows and affected surprise.

"Isn't that right?" she inquired. "Yes—Smith is the name," he replied. "It ain't that I've forgot it—no—only to remind you that the first one—Jimmy—ain't been changed."

"No, dearie; Jimmy wouldn't know what it meant to be mistered," observed Mrs. Harris with an intonation of disdain.

"Me neither," put in Williams.

"but a man's got to get used to it." "Have you got used to it, captain?" asked Emma. "Yes and no. I never had it given to me until I came east—always used to be Cap'n Bill or something on that order—but with eastern airs and a bit of prosperity your old ways have got to change."

Mrs. Harris had been gazing about her deprecatingly. She wanted to know why they should stay in the dining-room. Emma explained that they had succeeded in inducing the janitor to have the sitting-room papered and that it was all upset.

"This ain't bad," commented Captain Williams. "It's real cozy, and you can see a woman's head a hand in the arrangement."

"But it's a little bit of a stuffy four roomed flat," objected Beth, turning



"Hello! You here?"

up her pretty nose. "Really, I should lie in one."

"Well, Beth," remarked Smith, with



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his quiet drawl, "you never can tell. Maybe you will."

Beth made a grimace. "I won't, if I had to do my own work, washing dishes—ugh!"

"I don't see how Emma stands it," declared Mrs. Harris. "It's just draggery!"

"Well, mother, please remember it's Emma who does stand it, after all," retorted that little woman patiently, "so please, please, don't you mind."

"I think it's a great little nook, Mrs. Brooks," opined Williams.

"Thank you, captain," she said gratefully. "And fixed up nice and comfortable. Can't say as anything looks cheap."

"Thank you again. Perhaps it isn't." "You know, captain, you ain't the only one who's found out the secret of making a dollar produce 500 cents," said Smith, with his whimsical smile.

"Has he done that?" inquired Mrs. Harris, affecting surprise and admiration.

"Figuratively speaking, I presume," chimed in Beth primly. "I always thought 500 was figuratively speaking," said Smith.

Captain Williams had produced his pipe, filled it and lighted it without asking permission.

"Smith says I'm close. I'm not!" he declared. "To me business is business. If I've got money nobody gave it to me. I earned what I earned, and then I made that earn more."

"You sure ain't given it no vacations, captain," commented his superintendent dryly.

"And that's right," affirmed Mrs. Harris with some heat. "I believe in men getting money. Mr. Harris was one of those soft-hearted men who never made the best of his opportunities—always trying to be fair and square with other men, and what thanks did he get?"

"Mother, please!" remonstrated Emma. "It's true," went on her parent. "If he hadn't been that way, Emma, do you suppose you'd be here doing your own work?"

"Mother, I insist—you must not!" "Mother is perfectly right," interrupted Beth. "Emma, you don't deserve this kind of a life."

"But have I complained?" demanded Mrs. Brooks desperately. "Why do you say such things?"

"Because I've got myself to think of," snapped her mother. "You're wasting yourself—tied up to the house all the time—and everybody—all my friends know just how you're fixed. You're never invited anywhere any more."

"Completely forgotten," said Beth. Brooks, who had let himself in silently and unobserved, stood in the hall irresolutely, watching them and listening to the conversation.

"Please don't," entreated Emma, greatly distressed. "It's my affair, and, besides, before people!"

"You might say the captain's almost one of the family since your father died," put in her mother. "I knew you should never have married Joe—that he couldn't take care of you the way he ought."

"It's too late now," said Beth, shrugging her shoulders. "Captain, don't you think Emma should have more?"

"Well, Mrs. Brooks must know her own mind," he replied. "Your father when he worked for me always had a way of his own. But it does seem as if she should at least have a hired girl and more than four rooms to a flat, but!"

Brooks strode into the room, livid with passion, goaded to a white heat of fury, reckless of everything, murder in his heart, and, hurling his hat to the floor, faced the company.

"It does seem so, does it?" he fairly hissed, going over to his employer. "I'm glad you think so. And why hasn't she? Will you tell me that? Ph tell me that! Will you tell me that? Ph tell me that! Will you tell me that?"

Mrs. Harris and Beth sat speechless and pale, but Smith rose. "Steady, Joe, boy!" he admonished. Emma had hurried to her husband and grasped his arm.

"Oh, Joe, don't!" she implored. "Fou don't!"

He flung her roughly from him. "Let me alone!" he shouted and turned to Williams again, quivering with rage. "Do you know why she hasn't?" he continued. "Well, I'll tell you all. It's because this man ain't on the square. He began by cheating and murdering niggers who worked for him aboard his rotten trading ships. Then, after he got through with the belying pin, after he got his money, he picked up the salary list for a club, and he's murdered and wounded and maimed with that. You see my wife here? She's only one of hundreds, and she suffers. It is too bad she married me. It is too bad that she's got to do her own work. It is too bad that she's

got to wash and scrub and sweat in the heat, but that man's to blame. If you gave me a fair share of what I produce, if you didn't grind down, oppress and pinch, she wouldn't have to. I've worked for you five years, hard, honest, and all the time you've been grinding me down, down, and thousands of others, thousands. You know, all of you know—my mother-in-law and smart sister-in-law know—you've piled up your money on the blood and sweat and misery of others. That's the kind of a man you are, and you might as well know it."

Captain Williams had listened to this denunciation at first in utter amazement. Then his shaggy eyebrows had knitted together, and his little eyes had narrowed to slits, while the blood had spread over his face in a deep glow through the veins that swelled out like cords on his neck and throat.

"There ain't no one ever said them things to me and got away with it," he thundered, clenching his fists and gathering all his tremendous strength as he rose to crush his accuser.

Mrs. Harris and Beth sprang up in great alarm, and at the captain's terrifying voice and his ferocious aspect Brooks shrank back. Smith stood impassive, but watching Williams, toward whom he had been edging.

Emma had stepped quickly between the captain and her husband.

"Please—please, captain—for my sake," she pleaded.

"I don't care—let him come on," cried Brooks doggedly, but his voice faltering.

Williams gazed at the sweet, frail woman standing imploringly before him, and as he gazed his muscles gradually relaxed, the wrath faded from his eyes, and finally the corners of his mouth twitched in a faint smile.

"All right, Mrs. Brooks," he said gently. "I almost forgot where I was. I apologize."

Smith, his hands in his pockets, moved away across the room.

"Joe, you know it's your home—our home," expostulated his wife.

To be continued.

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LINDEN VALLEY. Linden Valley, Sept. 19.—Many from here attended the Woodville fair and are now waiting for Lindsay and Oakwood yet.

Thank offering services in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning and evening. Rev. T. M. Wesley, Sunderland, will have charge of both services. Special music furnished.

Miss G. Staples, of Grass Hill, was the guest of her cousin, Miss Shirley Rogers, last Sunday.

A good work comes as a start from the Cambry branch of the Women's Institute in the way of doing something to improve the appearance of the Eden cemetery, when it was heartily responded to on Monday afternoon by some thirty or forty men and women with lawn mowers, scythes and rakes, in which all spared no labor in putting them in use, and when evening had come and as we left for our different homes we could not but feel that we had our reward in only looking over the place where our many love ones sleep, and only hope that this good work may be continued year after year.

Mr. E. G. Campbell, of Anderson, Ill., spent a few days of last week with his sister Mrs. W. Bean of this place.

Mrs. Ralph and children returned to their home in Midland after a three weeks vacation with Mr. and Mrs. McElroy.

Mrs. McKay and Miss McGinnis, of the Glen, spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Gullis.

Mrs. McFadden, of Toronto, is spending a few days with Mrs. Fowler and Mrs. B. Birchard this week.

Rev. L. Beecham, of British Columbia and Mr. Whitlock, of Cleveland, took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cullis last week on their way to the former's old home at Eden, Mariposa.

Mrs. Hood and children, of Newmarket, spent a few days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Jewell before leaving for the west.

Mr. C. Best took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McElroy on Sunday last.

Mrs. J. T. Jewell is visiting at Lorneville this week.

Peterboro to have Missionary Institute

Peterboro is to have another missionary institute. This announcement will be gladly received by all who had the privilege of attending the very successful institute held two years ago. The committee appointed by the Young People's Union of the city to arrange the program has been most successful, and a large attendance is assured. The dates are October 10, 11 and 12. Mr. J. Lovell Murray, M.A., successor to Prof. Harlem P. Beach, as educational secretary of the Student Volunteer movement has kindly consented to come, and will give one or two addresses. He is a man of wide experience, of world-wide travel, and will be a great help to the success of the Institute. Other speakers are Rev. Dr. Rankin, of Toronto; Rev. Canon Tucker, L.L.D.; Rev. Dr. J. G. Brown, Rev. A. E. Armstrong, M.A., all favorably known to Peterboro audiences. Mission study classes will be held each day, and a number of missionaries who are home on furlough, will be present, giving the institute the inspiration of their presence and messages. The Mission Study classes include all strangers within our gates, led by Mrs. F. C. Stephenson of Toronto. The challenge of the city by Rev. J. A. Millener, B.A., of Toronto, South America, by Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Bolivia. Other countries will be under consideration. A noted figure at the institute will be Mr. G. Whitfield Ray, F.R.G.S., missionary and government explorer, author of "Through Five Republics on Horseback." Delegates will come from the surrounding towns, and a most successful institute is looked for. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 10, 11 and 12, should be set apart in our program as given up to the Missionary Institute. All societies from outside points should kindly send in names of delegates at the earliest possible date.

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