

PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play
By
JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the door had closed behind the visitors Mrs Brooks and Smith sat down and gazed at each other in silence for some minutes.

"Well," exclaimed Emma, interrogatively, at last.

"Well," he replied, "between you and me, Joe came as near getting skinned alive as any one I ever saw."

"It was terrible!"

"It was terribly true. You saved him."

"I know."

"The captain must like you. I never did think he could like anybody."

"I hate him!" she declared, with a grimace of disgust. "Ugh, what a beast!"

Smith reflected.

"Maybe, and maybe not," he mused. "I can't just make him out."

At this juncture the front door opened and Brooks entered.

"I saw them drive off," he said, dropping into a chair. "I hope they will stay away in future. That mother and sister of yours make me tired! I can't stand for them, and what's more, I won't! They'd drive a nail to drink, and I'm no saint and don't purpose to be either."

His wife began to reproach him for his attack upon Captain Williams and for his general ill humor during the evening, but he cut her short sharply:

"We won't talk about that! Not a word, you understand? Not from you or any one else. That's final!"

"Very well; it's dropped," she said and, angry at last in turn, rose and went to her room.

Indifferently he watched her go, then turned to Smith.

"Got anything to smoke, Jimmy?" he demanded.

"No," he replied, fumbling in his pockets, "as usual, I'm just out, but I'll run around to the corner store and get some cigars."

Left alone, Brooks began to give way to the uneasiness and apprehension that had followed upon his scene with Captain Williams.

"I wonder if Williams will fire me," he muttered. "If he doesn't it's on account of Emma. He acted as if he'd go a long way for Emma."

He was anxious to know what had happened after his brusque departure. He went into the bedroom and found his wife in tears.

"Don't cry, Emma," he said soothingly, going to her and taking her in his arms. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I know I've got a fierce grouch on tonight, but I can't help it. So would you have one if you'd had to put up with what I have today?"

Mrs. Brooks was one of those sweet natured women who could not sulk for more than five minutes if they tried. It needed but his caress and apparent contrition to dispel her resentment.

"You certainly have had cause to worry, dear," she assented.

"After what's happened tonight I'll have to hunt another job," he said.

"But I don't care. I'm glad I told the beast what I thought of him. Some day somebody'll tell him too what they think of him and plug him, too, as sure as he's born."

"You'll not have to hunt for another job yet awhile," she told him. "The captain said he would overlook it and that it wouldn't make any difference."

Her husband looked at her in astonishment, half incredulous.

"He said that?"

"Yes, and I'm glad it's turned out as it has, for how we'd manage if you were out of work just now goodness knows. I don't!"

"Just how did he put it?"

"He said he was slightly sorry for what had occurred, that he knew he had been hard at times and that as far as your place and we were concerned there would be no change."

Brooks' relief showed in his face.

"Well, that knocks me," he commented. "Nobody else ever bucked up against him and got off scot free. I can't understand it. Did your mother put in a word for me?"

"No."

"Then it's you who must have a pull. He died right down when you spoke to him. I never would have believed such a thing. If you had been a man standing there in front of him he'd have smashed you. Darn it, I wonder who's ringing now? Can't be Jimmy; he hasn't had time to get to the street at the gait he goes."

He went to the head of the stairs and met a messenger boy who was bearing a letter and had received instructions to wait for an answer.

"Sure!" he exclaimed joyfully as he pursued the missive. "Ticked to death! Go and get your things on, Emma. It's from Beatrice Langley and Willie Ferguson. Willie's giving a sort of theater party, and they want us to go with them. There's going to be a little supper afterward."

She shook her head.

"Tell them we can't go."

"Can't go! Why not?"

"I simply can't."

"I don't see why."

"Well, then, I won't; so there! You'd better make some excuse."

"Write it yourself, then," he said, irritated and deeply disappointed. "I'm not going to lie to them."

Without another word she fetched some writing material, indited the note and sent it off by the messenger.

"What's the matter? Are you sore over what happened tonight?" he demanded sulkily.

"No, I'm not sore, Joe."

"Then why can't you go?"

"Because I can't. That's all!"

"I think you might, if you didn't just to go yourself you might have

She turned from him, tears of vexation and humiliation in her eyes.

As she did so Smith, the peacemaker, entered. He had arrived in time to hear the last part of the confession that had been forced from her by her husband's injustice and selfishness.

"Emma," he said soothingly, "there ain't no use in making Joe feel worse than he does. He works like the devil, but somehow Joe wasn't built exactly lucky. He is one of those fellows like I used to know in Colorado who spend all their lives looking for a gold mine and never quite find one. But Joe's all right, and just to make this eventful sort of evening end up nicely I'm going to hike to the best show in town, and you two are going to hit my trail while I dig up the necessary spondulics to defray any and all expense incurred, including a slight and select grub stake after the entertainment. Now, what do you think of that?"

Brooks, who had been listening to his wife and friend sullenly, was filled with a sudden resolve.

"No, you won't!" he said tempestuously. "I ain't going to be an object of charity. I'm as sick and tired of this whole business as she is. Emma, you put on the best dress you've got and fix yourself up the best you can, and I'll take you to a show, and if Jimmy wants to come he can come as my guest. I'm still a man, and it's just as fair I should take care of my wife and let her have a little fun as it is for the Astors and Vanderbilts and all of them to spend money on their families. I'm going to do it, and I don't care whether I can afford it or not. I can find a way all right. Hurry up, Emma!"

Mrs. Brooks would much rather have stayed at home. She was worn out with the constant quarrelling and exciting happenings of the evening, but she did not want to be accused of contrariness. So she said:

"If you think we can really afford it I'd like to go. I haven't seen a show in nearly a year. Do you think I'd better go, Jimmy?"

"Why, surely, my girl," was Smith's reply. "There's no use of sticking around here all the time and getting into more rows. Go ahead!"

"Then I'll hurry and get ready," she said, hastening to her room.

Brooks had seated himself and was gazing before him with a determined expression, his hands clasped between his knees. Smith went to him and tendered a bill to him.

"Joe," he said kindly, "you'd better let me slip you the ten that will be necessary to pay for this business. You know Emma don't need to know, and you ain't got the coin to blow in."

"Yes, I have," he asserted, pushing the note from him, "and I'll pay for it myself."

"All right, Joe. But, take my tip, when you go into the borrowing business you'd better borrow from the fellow who knows he's giving it to you and ain't in a hurry to get it back."

"Look here, Jimmy!" exclaimed Brooks hotly, jumping up. "Don't you butt into my business! It's none of your affair! And, by the way, it might be just as well to remind you that Emma's my wife—my wife, you hear? She married me, no one else—just me—although I've been told she had other chances at the time."

Smith gazed at him without any trace of offense, but with a look of pain in his eyes.

"Accepted for my sake. I never get any amusement, and you're always complaining."

"When do I complain, and of what?"

"It's the selfish way you act, I mean, for, once we get a chance to go and see a decent show and afterward have a supper party, you get sore. You simply don't want to go. You haven't any consideration for me."

Burning with indignation, she went up to him and forced him to look her in the face.

"You say I have no consideration for you?" she said. "You know as well as I do why I can't go. I haven't had a new dress in a year. My gloves are all worn out. I've skimped and struggled and economized until I can't do any more. I'd go to the theater if I could go alone or with you or with Jimmy and hide somewhere in the corner, but do you think I want to go to a party looking like a kitchen maid? My shoes are cracked. Everything is secondhand and old and ugly. And look at me! Do you know what's happened to me? I've grown common and coarse and cheap. Sometimes when I look at myself in the glass it seems as though I could see the dirt and the grease and the horrid nastiness of it all staring me right in the face. Why don't I go? I'm ashamed, that's all. And you make it harder. It has almost reached my limit of endurance."



"I'm sorry you said that, Joe."

"I'm sorry you said that, Joe," he answered in his slow, quiet voice.

"Yes, I know Emma's your wife and that she chose you after I asked her to be mine, and it is just because I do know that that I don't want you to go wrong, and for just that same reason I want you to understand that if you ever get into a tight hole you can gamble on me for help, and I ain't always been a spendthrift. Good night!"

"You're not going, then?" inquired Brooks as his friend moved toward the hall, but there was nothing in the tone of the query designed to encourage the great hearted fellow to accompany them.

"No; you two had better go together," he replied as he passed out.

When he had gone Brooks drew quickly from the inside pocket of his waistcoat the pocketbook containing the collections in checks and bills that he had not had time to turn in to the company, extracted a bill of \$10 and returned the wad to its hiding place.

Emma emerged from the bedroom with her hat and jacket on.

"Why, where's Jimmy?" she asked.

"He went home. He said he guessed he'd better not come, as he wanted to get up early, or something or other," lied Brooks.

"I wonder why he changed his mind so suddenly," she said.

It was 9 o'clock when they found themselves in the street, and Brooks decided on a vaudeville show as being the only possible place of entertainment they could go to at that hour. It had been so long since they had permitted themselves the extravagance of a night out that Mrs. Brooks enjoyed the change to the full. Watch her the actors and laughing at their jokes and antics, she forgot for the time her worries, and the painful impression of the early evening was completely dispelled. As the performance progressed Brooks' mood underwent a change of mood, and by the time the curtain fell he had softened to something of his old self and was tender and attentive.

When they found themselves outside again she was for going straight home.

"No," he said gayly, squeezing her arm that she had passed under his and patting her hand affectionately; "we are out for a good time for once, and we're going to have it."

She demurred feebly, wanting to go, but feeling that scruple on the ground of expense which, from the necessity of exercising strict and unrelenting economy, entered into all her household expenditures, but he brushed aside her cautious calculations, and soon they were seated in a restaurant of quite imposing aspect, and he was ordering broiled lobsters and wine with the air of a man to whom money was no object. He was in rare high spirits and gallant with a tenderness he had not manifested toward her in many a moon. He chattered and chattered, and his animation communicated itself to her, so that her eyes sparkled, her pretty face was wreathed in happy smiles, and she returned his glances of love and admiration as in the happy days of their early married life, when they were all in all to each other and there was none so handsome and so noble minded as he in all the world.

(Continued Monday)

GILCHRIST AS A BOOSTER

On his return from his recent extended western trip, in the course of which he did some splendid boosting for Florida, Governor Gilchrist stopped a few hours in Birmingham, Ala., and there was besought by the reporters of papers for interviews. The following is reproduced from the Birmingham Age-Herald:

"The creator intended Southern California for a desert, but by artificial means it has been transformed into a veritable garden," said Gov. Albert W. Gilchrist of Florida, who was in the city yesterday for a few hours on his way home from a vacation spent in the West.

"I was never so greatly impressed with the opportunity offered in the Southland till I visited the great West. Out there, I hear people clamoring for irrigation and reclamation of desert lands. After the government spends millions on these lands, providing water, their maintenance is expensive. The lands cost the planters four and five times the price charged in Alabama and Florida, and here we have all these advantages that must be provided artificially in the West.

"We have the climate, soil, water, and everything else needed to make us happy and prosperous. The price of land is cheap in comparison and yet we do not seem to appreciate our opportunities. It is surprising that more of the immigrants that are flooding the north and west do not turn to the south, where all these things they seek are provided by nature and lands are reasonable.

"I am inclined to think we are at fault. Though we may appreciate some of our advantages we do not go out after the people that might be turned this way.

"Taking all things into considera-



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"No, I'm not sore, Joe."

"Then why can't you go?"

"Because I can't. That's all!"

"I think you might, if you didn't just to go yourself you might have

"WHERE YOU WILL BE TREATED RIGHT"

FRANK'S

OCALA FLORIDA.

The Sale of Sales

THE BIG STOCK REDUCTION SALE inaugurated here Monday, September 13th, is in every sense "The Sale of Sales" in our history. It opened up with one of the best day's trade that we have ever enjoyed on a similar occasion. Our only regret is that on the opening day we did not have sufficient help to wait upon our patrons as promptly as we should like to have done; however, this has now been obviated, as we now have plenty of clerks to wait on everybody promptly. We want to call your attention to a few "Specials" of the SPECIAL SALE that may have escaped your notice in our last advertisement.

- ### Dry Goods
- Yard wide Taffeta Silk, assorted colors, \$1.25 quality, at only 69c
 - 46-inch Mohair, assorted colors, 75c quality, at only 49c
 - Suesine Silk, assorted colors, sells for 47 1-2c, sale price only 29c
 - Brown Dress Linens, good grades at upward from 14c
 - A large assortment of White Dress Goods, suitable for Waists and Suits, that sold for nearly double, to go at upward from 7c
 - 36-inch White Linen Lawn, worth 40c, at only 21c
 - 36-inch White Linen Suitings, worth 50c, going at only 24c
 - 90-inch Linen Sheeting, suitable for ladies suits, at only 84c
 - Colored Dress Lawns that sold up to 15c, going in this sale at 31-2c
 - Dress Lawns in assorted colors, going at upward from 31-2c
 - 40-inch White Lawn, good quality, 15c value at only 10c
 - 36-inch Percales in the newest shades, fast colors, only 9c
 - 40-inch White Lingerie, very nice, worth 25c at only 14c
 - White Cross Barred Nainsooks, good quality, at only 8c
 - Colored Madras, suitable for children's dresses at only 8c
 - Arnold Colored Satines (known as broadcloth) worth 20c, at only 10c
 - Simpson's and American 3-4 Percales, the best made, worth 8c, at 5c
 - 28-inch Unbleached Sheeting, worth 5c, at only 4c
 - Yard-wide Unbleached Sheeting, good weight, 8c values, at only 51-2c
 - 39-inch Unbleached Sheeting, very nice quality, 10c goods, at 63-4c
 - Yard-wide Bleached Sheeting, no starch, 10c quality, at only 8c
 - Amoskeag Gingham, good for aprons, 8c quality, at only 51-2c
 - Apron Gingham, thin but serviceable, 6c goods, at only 41-4c
 - 9-4 Unbleached Sheeting, sells for 25c, at only 19c
 - 9-4 Bleached Sheeting, 33c goods, in this sale only 23c

- ### Here And There
- J. & P. Coats Spool Thread, all sizes, at a spool for 4c
 - Gold Eyed Needles at per paper only 3c
 - Guitar or Banjo Strings at only 3 for 19c
 - Eaton-Hurlbut's Box Papers for 5c
 - 300-page Pencil Tablets for 3c
 - "Memphisto" copying Pencils at 6 for 25c
 - Guaranteed Alarm Clocks for 79c
 - 72-inch Mosquito Bars, iron frame, for 98c
 - 90-inch Mosquito Bars, iron frame, for only \$1.19
 - Good quality Window Shades at upward from 24c
 - Boys' Percalé Shirt Waists, well made and worth 35c, at only 21c

Men's Clothing

We have simply cut this line clean to the bone. Our line of clothing must go out with this sale, hence the prices are tempting.

Our special is a lot of suits that we have been selling up to \$9.98 which go in this sale for \$4.98

Another good lot is all wool worsted suits, made up in the very latest style, the kind that we have been getting \$15.00 for, only \$9.98

Men's Pants

Our line in these goods is complete and we can fit you at a big saving.

Our special for this sale is a lot of pants that we have been selling up to \$3.98, which will go at \$1.98

Another good lot is some all wool pants made up in to the very latest style, full peg, belt strap, flaps, side buckles and well worth up to \$5, all go in this sale at \$2.98

WE HAVE A LARGE LINE OF DRESS GOODS AND IN THIS SALE THE PROFITS HAVE BEEN ALMOST ELIMINATED

We want to take this opportunity to thank the people for their liberal patronage during the Sale as well as before it began. The short notice given of this Sale is proof conclusive that the public has learned to know that when we say "SPECIAL SALE" it really means that we have reduced our prices to rock bottom for the occasion.

Come in and look over the stock--It'll cost you nothing

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BOUGHT A MEXICAN RAILROAD

Ambassador Thompson has Secured an Important Link in the Pan-American System

Mexico City, Sept. 17.—David E. Thompson, United States ambassador to Mexico, has secured control of the Pan-American railway, a line extending from San Geronimo on the Tehuantepec National railway to Mariscal, a town on the Mexican-Guatemalan frontier.

The line, which is 244 miles in length, was formerly owned by Los Angeles and St. Louis capitalists. D. P. Oak being president of the road, J. M. Noeland of Los Angeles, vice president.

Ambassador Thompson is a practical railroad man and declares that the little line he has purchased is of great strategic value in that it is the only feasible route for entrance into Central America.

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