PAYING THE PRICE

BY AGNES C. MITCHELL

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He had only himself to blame, he knew, and the triumph of the night when she had been in his power was as Dead Sea fruit to him now. And presently, when she ventured on a plea for mercy for Elizabeth Dent, the timid, half-frightened way in which she spoke, and the fact that it was her mother she appealed to, cut him to the quick.

"I should not like her to be punished," she said, "It is for you to decide, of course, but once—I was greatly indebted to her, and——"

"My dear, if you wish her not to be punished, she shall not," Mrs. Renton interrupted, hastily. "We are not to begin by refusing your requests," she added, with her sweet smile. "I hope we shall show our gratitude better than that. Isn't that so, David? Very soon Margharita will learn that it is ask and receive when she is with us."

"He would go and dismiss the detective," he muttered, and made his escape. Outside he stopped, giving way to his bitter self scorn and regret, and while he stood the library door was flung open and Bertram Stokes appeared, calling for assistance, Sir Anthony had had a stroke of paralysis.

Isobel and her husband arrived in the midst of the commotion which ensued; Archie came in. And when the stricken man had been carried to his room, and Margot had followed to do what she could for him, David Renton enlightened the newcomers.

Isobel, humiliated, angry, remembering with merciless distinctness her biting speeches to Margot, her cuttingly expressed thankfulness that she was not the sister of a thief, was furiously indignant with her father. She would never forgive him for bringing such disgrace upon her, never! she declared passionately; and the Rev. George, bitterly scandalized, showered down his condemnation without stint.

Archie for a wonder, said very little and there was a large admixture of relief in his first remark.

"And that's the govenor!" he said, "By George, he is a clincher!' Then—"I needn't be afraid of him now! He can say precious little to me!"

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney departed, shaking the dust of the house off their feet; Archie also went out. Mr. Stokes a substantial check in his possession, took his way to the station, alone; the housekeeper packed her boxes. Only Mr. and Mrs. Renton were left, and as they waited for Margot to reappear, the mother, radiant, excited, not seeking to restrain her joyfulness, made a dozen plans for the future, Jack's name included in all, but the father listened silently.

He went at last to seek Margot, for it seemed as if she would never come, and at the foot of the staircase he met her, coming down alone She could not leave Sir Anthony sooner, she said and would have to sit with him all night, for the doctor thought he would be unable to get nurses till next morning.

"That means we must go to Conyngslea without you tonight?" her father said. "When shall I return for you, Margharita?"

"I don't know."

The slight shrinking in her voice told that to go to Conyngslea was not a particularly welcome change. The muscles of the strong man's face contracted.

"Won't you try to forgive me, Margharita?" he asked bluntly. "Won't you let that night you came to me, the very remembrance of the oath I wrung from you, be blotted out? God knows it has brought its own fruit to me! No man ever felt more humbled than I do now."

She bent her head, covering her face with her hands.

"Why did you hate me so?" she whispered.

Judging it best, he told her the truth—that he had believed her to be Anthony Garrick's daughter. He expected a fresh outburst but none came, Margot's hands dropped, and she looked at him, trying to put herself in his place and because of her great love for Jack, she understood.

"We will never speak of it again," she said simply, putting her hand in his. "You were doing your best for Jack."

Then she put a question, calling him shyly by the name she had a right to use.

"Did Jack know of your belief, father?"

"He shared it," he said. "But that made no difference to him."

No, nothing could make any difference to Jack—not even that; he had wanted her in spite of all. The thought filled her with a great joy, and it was a very bright, happy girl who stood on the steps and waved good night to her father and mother as the motor bore them down the avenue.

He would return for her next morning, Mr. Renton said, and before 10 o'clock he arrived. Not alone, however, Jack was with him, and when the servant went to tell her they were waiting, he followed, and Margot, turning from her writing table, found herself suddenly imprisoned in a pair of strong arms.

"Oh—Jack!"

"At last!" he said.

And then they forgot all about her father, and everyone else but themselves for an unconscionable time.

* * * * * *

"Tell your father as soon as he is conscious, Archie; you will never have a chance like it again, for he can't say a word to you just now. Tell him never to mind though they all leave him—I'll go up and nurse him, and keep the house gay. Won't I show people a thing or two when I am queening it at Abbotsdale."

Thus spoke Greta when she had digested the news. Archie grinned.

"I'll tell him doing things on the quiet runs in the blood," he said, with a chuckle. "Like father, like son. That will make him wriggle."

He made his confession while Margot was engaged with Jack. Sir Anthony was much better; the seizure had been a slight one, but the doctor had warned him that others might follow, and his foreign tour must be indefinitely postponed. He listened to his son now with a grim smile, making no comment until he heard the proposal that his daughter-in-law should come and help nurse him. He lifted his unaffected hand then and flung a book at Archie's head, ordering him from the room in such unmistaken terms that Greta's husband retired precipitately. And later in the day Sir Anthony gave instructions that Tom should be cabled for. There was a chance that he might not be quite an idiot, he said bitterly, and he might as well have the use of him now.

Greta came, however. She induced Archie to take her to see his father, and though he obeyed in fear and trembling, se played her part so well that Sir Anthony did not forbid her to come again, and by the time Tom reached home she was established triumphantly at Abbotsdale, ordering the servants, and using the carriage and the motor as to the manner born.

"Mrs. Archie has more than risen to her position," Margot said, laughingly, some four months later, when Jack and she were honeymooning in Glenshee. "In the letter I had from Tom this morning, he says it is most amusing to hear her condescending to the neighbors who call and try to patronize her."

"Mrs. Archie will hold her own, any day. Has Isobel come round yet"

"Slightly. She and Sir Anthony speak, but she won't look at Archie or his wife."

"She will get over that, too," Jack remarked, lazily.

They had been married just a fortnight, and were blissfully happy. Fleethilll gossips had worn the subject of Sir Anthony's affairs threadbare long ago, and though her wedding had revived talk again, Margot was hopeful that the whole story would have sunk into oblivion when they returned to settle down in their new home.

Sir Anthony was never seen outside the gates of Abbottsdale now. He said he was not able to go out; people said he was not willing; he would not face the public, they declared. Be that as it might, no more big subscriptions were got from him; for him the same game of philanthropy was played out, and his miserly spirit got free rein. Those who had rejoiced over his downfall could, at any rate, be made to feel the want of his money, he told himself viciously. Through Tom all his business affairs were transacted, Tom, steadied and firm, took his place in the office, and, though there was little cordiality between them, their relations were at least smooth.

Archie was going more and more seldom to business as each week came round. His income was paid to him, whether he worked for it or not, and as Greta was taking care their home should be secure, he did not feel called upon to "play second fiddle to Tom," he said. But Greta took care he was a most devoted husband, and took his wife about continually. His wife know that it was she who took him.

Margot grew very thoughtful now as she sat looking at the purple hills which were hemming them in, and presently Jack, noticing her unusual silence, asked what she was thinking of.

"Of the palmist's prophecy," she said. "Do you remember, Jack? It seems too foolish to believe in it, and yet it has all come true; all the trouble, and the peace at last. I can't seen an explanation of it anywhere."

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," quoted Jack.

[The End.]

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WHEELS IN MID AIR

Wonderful Feat of Forman in His Airship Above Paris.

Paris, Jan. 15.—Henry Farman, the French aeronaut, yesterday won the Deutsche-Archdeacon prize of 50,000 francs ($10,000) by making a circular kilometre in an airship heavier than air. The successful flight was made in the presence of an official committee of the Aero Club. The time was 1 minute and 28 seconds.

Farman's great feat was accomplished in a brilliant and impressive manner. The flight took place this morning over a field at Issy, five miles southwest of Paris, in the presence of M. Archdeacon, M. Santos-Dumont, Count de la Vaulx, Captain Ferber, M. Bleriot and a score of other enthusiastic aeronauts and about 500 spectators.

With the preliminary run of a hundred yards over the ground the aeroplane had risen to a height of twelve or fifteen feet before it reached the starting pole. Then with outstretched wings it sailed out across the field at a height of from twenty-five to thirty feet. It was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

As it approached the outer mark it described a graceful curve, descending slightly the while. The turn was completely successful, the wings righted the machine, and the aeroplane came sailing home on an even keel.

As it passed the finish mark Farman cut off the power and the machine descended lightly to the earth, winner of the Deutsche-Archdeacon prize, amid the frantic cheers of the spectators.

The motor used had eight cylinders, and developed fifty-horsepower. It weighs 176 pounds. The manufacturers of the motor also win a medal.

The Aero Club will give a banquet next Thursday evening, when Farman will be presented with the prize he won and the gold medal of the club.

As the outer mark is 512 meters from the start, it is estimated that with the curve described by Farman the aeroplane covered a distance of 1,300 meters. Aeronauts consider this exploit of M. Farman the greatest since M. Santos-Dumont circumnavigated the Eiffel Tower in a dirigible balloon,

The Grand Duke Constantine, cousin of the Czar, who has had some experience behind the footlights, will soon make his re-entry, according to reports from St. Petersburg which have been published in Vienna. Some years ago he translated "Hamlet" into the Russian language in collaboration with his wife, and when the work was finished he surprised his friends by appearing in the character of the Prince of Denmark. The reports say that "Quo Vadis" has been translated and prepared for the stage by the Grand Duke, and that he will be seen in the part of the hero, Vicinius.

BRITISH

Mr. James Snook, one of Nottingham's best known citizens, celebrated his golden wedding on Monday by distributing £100 among the deserving poor.

An inquest was held at Leeds on Wednesday on Sarah Ellen Ashcroft, aged 38, who committed suicide on Christmas eve by pouring oil over her clothes and setting them on fire.

After being closed for upwards of two years, owing to two serious subsidences, the Alexandra Graving Dock, Belfast, one of the largest in the kingdom, was publicly reopened on Wednesday.

The Waterford toll bridge, after many years' agitation, was declared free to public traffic at Tuesday midnight by the mayor, Mr. Quinlan. The cost of freeing the bridge was close on £70,000.

A goat was led into Acton police-court on Wednesday at the request of a man who was summoned for allowing one to stray. His object was to prove that the goat complained of did not belong to him.

Charlotte Saville, aged 15, of Bramley, near Leeds, died in the infirmary on Tuesday after swallowing a piece of chalk, which caused appendicitis. Deceased was a winder at a mill and used chalk in her work.

The largest buoy in the world, stationed at the anchorage of the Cunarders Lusitania and Mauretania in the Mersey, exploded on Wednesday and severely injured Geo. Seel, one of the workmen who were repairing it.

Among the collection of relics and curios, valued at over £60,000, formed by the late Mr. T. G. Middlebrook, which is to be disposed of at the end of January, is the bugle which, it is said, sounded the charge at Balaclava.

Mr. Richard Rigg, who resigned his seat as Liberal M. P., for Appleby in 1905, because he had changed his views, is again to stand for parliament as a Liberal. Mr. Leif Jones now represents Appleby in the Liberal interest.

Mr. William Elphinstone Malcolm, of Burnfoot, near Langholm, whose death occurred on Monday, at the age of 90, years, was the son of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, the guardian of Napoleon during his captivity at St. Helena.

South Burrule, one of the most beautiful of Manx mountains, has been devastated by a fire which commenced on Monday night and raged for most of Tuesday. Fortunately the extensive crown plantations of timber were not affected.

In a case heard on Monday at the Highgate police court a witness stated that her father sent her with the jacket to the war office. Mr. Beal, clerk—The war office?" Mr. Graves, assistant clerk—"That is what some people call a pawnshop."

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Young, of Ballymather, near Belfast, whose combined ages totalled 160 years at the time of their death, were buried in the same grave on Tuesday near Templepatrick, County Antrim. They were married fifty-five years ago.

A carpenter named William Ernest McKindey was fined £10 or a month at Southampton on Wednesday for stowing himself away on the troopship Soudan, which arrived on Monday from Cape Town. He went on board attired in a military uniform.

Father Bernard Vaughan, speaking in London on Wednesday, said that they were living in a day when too many people wanted to be like a motor and to run through the ways of life at top speed. It could not be done without a breakdwn or a collision, or both.

It was shown at Tuesday's inquest on Louisa Stone, a widow, that she was found dead and badly burnt in her house at Tottenham, with a broken lamp and a clock lying by her side. Her dog was guarding the body, and refused for some time to allow anyone to approach it.

A new Russian walnut, the Eldorado, has been introduced to the London market. They are a little larger and cleaner in kernel than the English walnut. They cost 8d. per pound, and the total consignment that has arrived in England is just 100 pounds.

Sir David Gill, speaking at the Royal Institution on Tuesday, said that in 1608 a spectacle maker in Holland happened one day to pick up two lenses and look through them at a weather-cock. He found that he could see very much more distinctly, and so he put them in a tube and made the first telescope.

In protesting at the Lambeth board of guardians on Wednesday against a proposal to abolish a regulation restricting the number of concerts given in the workhouse. Mr. Baldwin declared that the public already had the notion that life in the workhouse was one long round of amusements.

Jimmy Roche, an inmate of the Sunderland workhouse, astonished the guardians at the annual Christmas gathering by claiming to be 112 years old. He states that his father fought at the battle of Waterloo, and that he himself went through the Indian Mutiny and the Crimean war.

Pimento, a dark-colored berry, is the size of a pea with the remains of the calyx attached, and possesses an odor and flavor resembling a mixture of cinnamon, cloves and nutmegs, from which fact it derives the name of allspice. While an inferior variety grows in Mexico and parts of Central and South America, Jamaica is the only country in the world from which pimento is exported.

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