THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

By Vaughan Kester
Author of The Prodigal Judge

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued)

"Is that so, Marsh?" He crossed his legs and nursed an ankle with both hands. "Well, somebody ought to lose Moxlow,—take him out and forget to find him again. He's much too good for this world; it ain't natural. He's about the only man of his age in Mount Hope who ain't drifted into my rooms at one time or another." He paused and took the cigar from between his teeth. "You call him off, Marsh, make him agree to let me alone; ain't there such a thing as friendship in this profession of yours?"

Langham shook his head, and again Gilmore's black brows met in a frown. He made a contemptuous gesture.

"You's a hell of a lawyer!" he sneered.

"Be careful what you say to me!" cried Langham, suddenly giving way to the feeling of rage that until now he had held in check.

"Oh, I'm careful enough. I guess if you stop to think a minute you'll understand you got to take what I choose to say as I choose to say it!"

Langham sprang to his feet shaking with anger.

"No. by——" he began hoarsely.

"Sit down," said Gilmore coldly. "You can't afford to row with me; anyhow, I ain't going to row with you. I'll tell you what I think of you and what I expect of you, so sit down!"

There was a long pause. Gilmore gazed out the window. He seemed to watch the hurrying snowflakes with no interest in Langham, who was still standing by his desk, with one shaking hand resting on the back of his chair. Presently the lawyer resumed his seat and Gilmore turned toward him.

"Don't talk about my quitting here, Marsh," he said menacingly. "That's the kind of legal advice I won't have from you or any one else."

"You may as well make up your mind first as last to it," said Langham, not regarding what Gilmore had just said. "I can't keep Moxlow quiet any longer; the sentiment of the community is against gamblers. If you are not a gambler, what are you?"

"You mean you are going to throw me over, you two?"

"With Moxlow it is a case of bread and butter; personally I don't care whom you fleece, but I've got my living to make here in Mount Hope, too, and I can't afford to go counter to public opinion."

"You have had some favors out of me, Marsh."

"I am not likely to forget them, you give me no chance," rejoined Langham bitterly.

"Why should I, eh?" asked Gilmore coolly. He leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling above his head. "Marsh, what was that North was saying about me when I came down the hall?" and his swarthy cheeks were tinged with red.

"I don't recall that he was speaking of you."

"You don't? Well, think again. It was about our going up to your house tonight, wasn't it? Your wife's back, eh? Well, don't wory, I came here partly to tell you that I had made other arrangements for the evening."

"It's just as well," said Langham.

"Do you mean your wife wouldn't receive me?" demanded Gilmore. There was a catch in his voice and a pallor in his face.

"I didn't say that."

Gilmore's chair resounded noisily on the floor as he came to his feet. He strode to the lawyer's side.

"Then what in hell do you say?" he stormed.

In spite of himself Langham quailed before the gambler's fury.

"Oh, keep still, Andy! What a nasty-tempered beast you are!" he said pacifically.

There was a pause, and Gilmore resumed his chair, turning to the window to hide his emotion; then slowly his scowling glance came back to Langham.

"He said I was a common card-sharp, eh?" Langham knew that he spoke of North. "Damn him! What does he call himself?" He threw the stub of his cigar from him across the room. "Marsh, what does your wife know about me?" And again there was the catch to his voice.

Langham looked at him in astonishment.

"Know about you—my wife—nothing," he said slowly.

"I suppose she's heard my name?" inquired the gambler.

"No doubt."

"Thinks I rob you at cards, eh?" But Langham made no answer to this. "Think's I take your money away from you," continued the gambler. "And it's your game to let her think that! I wonder what she'd think if she knew the account stood the other way about? I've been a handy sort of a friend, haven't I, Marsh? The sort you could use,—and you have used me up to the limit! I've been good enough to borrow money from, but not good enough to take home——"

"Oh, come, Andy, what's the use," placated Langham. "I'm sorry if your feelings are hurt."

"It's time you and I had a settlement, Marsh. I want you to take up those notes of yours."

"I haven't the money!" said Langham.

"Well, I can't wait on you any longer."

"I don't see but that you'll have to," retorted Langham.

"I'm going to offer a few inducements for haste, Marsh. I'm going to make you see that it's worth your while to find that money for me quick,—understand? You owe me about $2,000; are you fixed to turn it in by the end of the month?"

The gambler bit off the end of a fresh cigar and held it a moment between his fingers as he gazed at Langham, waiting for his reply. The latter shook his head but said nothing.

"Well, then, by George, I am going to sue you!"

"Because I can't protect you longer!"

"Oh, to hell with your protection! Go dig up the money for me or I'll raise a fuss here that'll hurt more than one reputation! The notes are good ain't they?"

They are good when I have the money to meet them."

"They are good even if you haven't the money to meet them! I guess Judge Langham's indorsement is worth something, and Linscott's a rich man; even Moxlow's got some property. Those are the three who are on your paper, and the paper's considerably overdue."

Langham turned a pale face on the gambler.

"You won't do that, Andy!" he said, in a voice which he vainly strove to hold steady.

"Won't I? Do you think I'm in business for my health?" And he laughed shortly, then he wheeled on Langham with unexpected fierceness. "I'll give you until the first of the month, Marsh, and then I'm going after you without gloves. I don't care a damn who squares the account; your indorsers' cash will suit me as well as your own." He caught the expression on Langham's face, its deathly pallor, the hunted look in his eyes, and paused suddenly. The shadow of a slow smile fixed itself at the corners of his mouth, he put out a hand and rested it on Langham's shoulder. "You damn fool! Have you tried that trick on me? I'll take those notes to the bank in the morning and see if the signatures are genuine."

"Do it!" Langham spoke in a whisper.

"Maybe you think I won't!" sneered the gambler. "Maybe you'd rather I didn't, eh? It will hardly suit you to have me show those notes?"

"Do what you like; whatever suggests itself to a scurvy whelp like you!" said Langham.

Gilmore merely grinned at this.

"If you are trying to encourage me to smash you, Marsh, you have got the right idea as to how it is to be done." But his tone was now one of lazy good nature.

"Smash me then; I haven't the money to pay you."

"Get it!" said Gilmore tersely.

"Where?"

"You are asking too much of me, Marsh. If I could finance you I'd cut out cards in the future. How about the judge.—no? Well, I just threw that out as a hint, but I suppose you have been there already, for naturally you'd compliment him by giving him the chance to pull you up out of your troubles. Since your own father won't help you, how about Linscott? Is he going to want to see his son-in-law disgraced? I guess he's your best chance, Marsh. Put it on strong and for once tell the truth. Tell him you've dabbled in forgery and that it won't work!"

Langham had dropped back in his chair. He was seeking to devise some expedient that would meet his present difficulties. His bondage to the gambler had become intolerable, anything would be better than a continuance of that. The monstrous folly of those forgeries seemed beyond anything he could have perpetrated in his sober senses. He must have been mad! But then he had needed the money desperately.

He might go to his father, but he had been to him only recently, and the judge himself was burdened with debt. He might go to Mr. Linscott, he might even try North. He could tell the latter the whole circumstances and borrow a part of what was left of his small fortune; of course he was in his debt as it was, but North would never thing of that; he was a man to share his last dollar with a friend.

He passed a shaking hand across his eyes. On every side the nightmare of his obligations confronted him, for who was there that he could owe whom he did not already owe? He was notorious for his inability to pay his debts. This notoriety was hurting his professional standing, and now if Gilmore carried out his threast he must look forward to the shame of a public exposure. His very reputation for common honesty was at stake.

He wondered what men did in a crisis such as this. He wondered what happened to them when they could do nothing more. Usually he was fertile in expedients, but today his brain seemed wholly inert. He realized only a certain dull terror of the future; the present eluded him utterly.

He had never been over-scrupulous perhaps, he had always taken what he pleased to call long chances, and it was in almost imperceptible gradations that he had descended in the scale of honesty to the point that had at last made possible these forgeries. Until now he had always felt certain of himself and of his future; time was to bring him into the presence of his dear desires, when he should have money to lift the burden of debt, money to waste, money to scatter, money to spend for the good things of life.

But he had made the fatal mistake of anticipating the success in which he so firmly believed. Those notes—he dashed his hand before his face; suddenly the air of the room seemed to stifle him, courage and cunning had left him; there was only North to whom he could turn for a few hundreds with which to quiet Gilmore. Let him but escape the consequences of his folly this time and he promised himself he would retrench; he would live within his income, he would apply himself to his profession as he had never yet applied himself. He scowled heavily at Gilmore, who met his scowl with a cynical smile.

"Well, what are you going to do?" he queried.

But Langham did not answer at once. He had turned and was looking from the window. It was snowing now very hard, and twilight, under the edges of torn gray clouds was creeping over the Square; he could barely see the flickering lights in Archibald McBride's dingy shop windows.

"Give me a chance, Andy!" he said at last appealingly.

"To the end of the month, not a day more," asserted Gilmore.

"Where am I to get such a sum in that time? You know I can't do it!"

"Don't ask me, but turn to and get it, Marsh. That's your only hope."

"By the first of the year perhaps," urged Langham.

"No, get rid of the notion that I am going to let up on you, for I ain't! I'm going to squat on your trail until the money's in my hand; otherwise I know damn well I won't ever see a cent of it! I ain't your only creditor, but the one who hounds you hardest will see his money first, and I got you where I want you."

"I can't raise the money; what will you gain by ruining me?" demanded Langham. He wished to impress this on Gilmore, and then he would propose as a compromise the few hundreds it would be possible to borrow from North.

"To get square with you, Marsh, will be worth something, and frankly, I ain't sure that I ever expected to see any of that money, but as long as you stood my friend I was disposed to be easy on you."

"I am still your friend."

"Just about so-so, but you won't keep Moxlow——"

"I can't!"

"Then I can't see where your friendship comes in." Gilmore quitted his chair.

"Wait, Andy!" said Langham hastily.

"No use of any more talk, Marsh, I want my money! Go dig it up."

"Suppose, by straining every nerve, I can raise $500 by the end of the month—"

"Oh, pay your grocer with that!"

Langham choked down his rage. "You haven't always been so contemptuous of such sums."

"I'm feeling proud today, Marsh. I'm going to treat myself to a few airs, and you can pat yourself on the back when you've dug up the money by the end of the month! You'll have done something to feel proud of, too."

"Suppose we say a thousand," urged Langham.

"Good old Marsh! If you keep on raising yourself like this you'll soon get to a figure where we can talk business!" Gilmore laughed.

To be Continued Monday.

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GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Bride-elect's Luncheon—Can Be Effectively Carried Out in Yellow and Green, With a Touch of Red for the Guest of Honor—Suggestion for a Very Dainty Luncheon in Pink and White.

A spring luncheon for a bride-elect can be very effectively carried out in yellow and green, with a touch of red for the guest of honor. Make a mat of ferns in the center of the table, and on this place a deep green basket filled with yellow tulips. To the handle of this basket tie a bow of deep red ribbon. From the basket have strands of smilax reaching to each plate, and tie to the handles of small, delicate, green baskets by narrow red ribbon with little bows at top. At each plate have a single yellow tulip, with a red one for the bride-elect. The blinds can be drawn and yellow and green candles used with tulip-shaded shades.

It would be nice to decorate the plate rail with little pots of yellow and red tulips. An egg salad served on green lettuce leaves and garnished with tiny beet hearts would be nice. Serve the creamed green peas or asparagus in carrot cases. Stuffed green and red peppers, olives, red radishes and the yellow centers of celery can be served as relishes. The yellow ice-cream can be served in yellow paper tulip cases, and the top decorated with tiny hearts cut out of candied cherries. With the ice-cream serve squares of angel food or any white cake iced in white and yellow and decorated with red candy hearts.

The place cards can have around the edge a row of tiny red hearts; these can be painted or cut out of crepe paper and pasted on the cards, and the edges touched up with gilt paint. After the refreshments are over, shower the bride-elect, with red, yellow and green confetti, and with numerous packages decorated with red hearts. This can be done in any manner desired.

If you wish something very simple, yet very dainty, take a shallow silvered basket and fill with lilies-of-the-valley and delicate ferns and a few pink rosebuds. Place this basket on a circular mirror in the center of the table, and conceal the frame with a wreath of ferns, lilies and a pink rosebud here and there.

Have at each plate a small bunch of the valley lilies, with one pink rosebud tied together with silver gauze. Mark the bride-elect's place with a wreath of pink rosebuds and ferns, and one can be tied to the back of her chair with silver gauze. Have at each plate small silver baskets filled with pink and white confections. Use pink candles in silver candlesticks, with white shades decorated with a wreath of pink paper rosebuds. You can serve your rolls, croquettes, ices and cakes in heart shape. Heart-shaped cases can also be used, and will be nice in pink and white.

THE USEFUL TAILORED BOW.

Every woman has at least one tailored costume included in her wardrobe, and if she is wise will have several tailored bows to wear with her stiff linen collars or at the joining point of her Dutch collar, and if she is twice wise, she will make them herself, for if you buy those innocent-looking little bows ready made you will find they cost from 25 cents to $1, and you know "a penny saved is a penny earned." Here is an opportunity to turn to account the odd pieces of silk and ribbon left from dresses and hat trimmings. It requires only a few minutes' time and a little ingenuity to fashion the most fascinating loops and bows.

One flat pump bow is made of black satin laid in five narrow folds. This should be done and the satin pressed into place on the wrong side before the bow is made up. Lay two flat loops measuring four inches from end to end, then over them two loops that measure three inches from end to end, leaving the lower loops one-half inch longer than the upper ones at each end. Lay a fold of satin around the center and sew three tiny satin-covered buttons to each side. Two loops and two ends of velvet ribbon have each end fastened to the loops with a small button. In this bow the satin side of the ribbon is revealed.

This style of bow would be lovely made up with two-toned double-faced satin ribbon in black and green or two shades of rose. Any desired color could be used. The combination of two colors is attractive, and very often seen in the tailored bow.

Dark green and pale apple-green satin are used in a little bow made of pieces of satin cut with pointed ends, folded through the center and held in place with a flat knot of the lighter shade. Both pieces of satin are lined.

Navy blue and old glory satin have been combined in another bow that shows the pointed ends held over with little satin-covered buttons, and plain white satin in a cunning litle bow that has each of its six ends trimmed with French knots. Every one may be made in any desirable color, but the needlework employed in the making must be of the finest or you will not be successful. Use a fine needle and take very fine stitches; be careful to turn the ends out properly and press into shape on the wrong side.

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW OF BUSINESS GIRLS.

If you could only get on the inside of my brain and see the pictures I have of girls! If I were to peek out through a crack of my door at 5:20, what do you think I should see? Thirty shoulders bent over typewriters and ledgers and desks? Not so; I'd see 60 eyes fixed on the clock, waiting for it to be 5:30. Then I should see a few of the bolder spirits shutting up their notebooks and yanking sheets out of their machines and pretending it was 5:30, anyway. Do you think that one pair of eyes would be on that clock with the hope of beating the clock to the job and getting some good, solid, last licks out of a piece of work? Not so; those bright eyes would be picturing the meeting with Billy, who plays the piano at the Palace moving-picture show. These pretty lips would be smiling to think that presently Earle, of the Sixth avenue clothing shop, would be met on Broadway and Forty-second.

Believe me, any girl who would have her eye on the clock with the intention of beating the clock to the job would not be in that outer office at all. She would be in with me as my private secretary, pulling down $25 a week. Or maybe she would have left me to go into business for herself and be making her thousands a year. I've known a very few like that.

But when they are like that they have their minds on their work from the start. They don't come to my office to practice their manners and exhibit clothes fit only for the drawing-room. They don't keep their minds on their persons, but on that something which is the highest part of themselves, their work; for the real success of a personality depends not on the admiration it can excite, but on the achievement it can make. Admiration passes, but work and the results of work stay by a woman.—Woman's World.

NEW COVERS FOR PILLOWS.

The needlewoman has ample ooportunity to display her artistic talent when furnishing the library, for the table runner and the many cushions can be examples of her handicraft.

The square pillow no longer enjoys its former popularity, the oblong pillow having usurped its reign.

Lovely designs are displayed, stampped on backgrounds of heavy crash, pongee or burlap. Pepper berries are always effective for the library, so a pillow embroidered with this design should be provided for your room. Using several shades of green silk, work the leaves solid and pad the berries heavily with darning cotton, covering this with silk of a bright scarlet. If preferred, red wooden beads are purchasable at the needlework shops, and these can be sewed to the pillow, forming the pepper berries. Pad the stem lengthwise and work over this crosswise with the silk, laying each stitch carefully, so that a perfect [illegible]line is preserved. If the berries are e[illegible]roidered, outline each one with black.

Pussy willows [illegible] and butterflies are a pretty combinatio[illegible], and if care is observed when embroidering them to heavily pad them, they are as lovely as the natural ones. Use four strands of darning cotton at a time when padding the blossoms and work over this with the silk. Pad the stems lengthwise and work with crosswise stitches.

Blue, green and brown silks are used for the butterflies' wings, while the heads and antennae are embroidered with black. When making these pillows finish the ends with linen fringe three inches in width.

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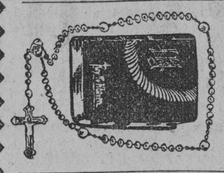

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