WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

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CHAPTER XVI.

The Chief of Police Visits Mr. Gormly. On the evening of the second day before the election Connell, dressed in plain clothes and entirely unaccompanied, presented himself very late at" night at Gormly's apartment and desired to see him. It was Somes who admitted the official. Gormly's establishment was a simple one, and the other servants had gone home for the

Somes knew very well who he was, and while he had some of the English we of the police he had all the hatred of a zealous and devoted partizan of his master, which he certainly was, for the enemy. Therefore he requested the functionary to take a seat while he carried the request for an interview to the library.

Somes entered the library without knocking, a most unusual course for him. He also took occasion to turn the key of the door behind him. Then he stood at attention in his respectful English way. Gormly had looked up instantly the door was opened, and had stopped his dictation. He was greatly surprised at the valet's entrance, and more surprised when he locked the door; but he realized that something unusual was up and said nothing.

"Beg pardon, sir," began Somes deprecatingly, "but there's a party out in the hall wants to see you."

"Who is it?"

"He didn't give any name, sir, but I recognized him as the chief of polica."

"Yes, sir." "What does he want?" "He didn't say, sir."

"What was his message?" "Just to tell you that a gentlemanthat's what he called himself, sirwanted to see you."

"Where is he now." but I wouldn't be too sure as to where he is, sir. He seemed to want to come

that's why I locked the door, sir." "I see," answered Gormly, a twinkle of amusement in his eye. "I wonder say to me? Well, I suppose I'd better see him. Chaloner, will you go into the dining room and wait until I call for you. Tell the chief to come in,

Somes." While Chaloner gathered up his notebooks, pencils, and letters and chief?" withdrew into the dining room across the hall. Somes unlocked the door, stepped out into the hall and presently returned. He threw the door of the library open in great style, drew himself up and announced as if it had been a reigning prince:

"The chief of police of the city of New York!"

Connell glared at him suspiciously, but said nothing. He entered the room, carefully closed the door behind him, and stood facing his host.

"To what," asked Gormly suavely, "am I indebted for the honor of this visit at this late hour?"

He glanced at the clock as he spoke and observed that it was halfafter eleven. "I've got something to say to you,

Gormly," began Connell bruskly.

"I am not aware of any intimacy between you and me, Mr. Connell, which warrants you in your familiar mode of address. Address me with decency and respect, or I'll have you put out of the house!"

"Me!" roared Connell. "You'd lay hands on me, an officer of the law, in the discharge of his-"

"Are you come here as an officer of the law in the discharge of your duty? If so, will you please tell me without further delay what you want, where is your warrant and incidentally inform me why you come in plain clothes?"

"Never mind how I come or why I come!" said Connell wrathfully. "As I said, I've got something to say to you,"-he paused for a moment-"Mr. Gormly, if that's your name. I'm going to say it, and you're going to listen!"

"Am I?" said Gormly. "You see that bell?" He pointed to one of the buttons in the big desk in the library. 'I have only to press that to have two men here instantly. The three of us are quite equal to throwing you out of the apartment, and two of us, 1 know, would be more than willing to

do it. I think I have had about enough of you, anyway." "Well, I don't leave till I've had my say, George Fordyce!" was the

In spite of himself Gormly started, He controlled himself instantly, how

"You seem," he said coolly enough, to have discovered my middle name, which I dropped for reasons that seemed good to me when I came to Naw Vork

"For reasons that seemed good to "you!" speered the big officer. "

guess they were good to you: "What do you know about them?" asked Gormly quietly.

"I know what they were." "And it is to tell me what you know that you came here tonight?"

"Not by any means. It's to tell you what fou've got to do that I'm here." "And what have I got to do?" "You've got to withdraw from this campaign now, tonight."

"And how do you propose that I should withdraw?"

"Set down there and write that for business reasons you've concluded to withdraw from the campaign; that you advise your friends to vote for Pete Warren, the best mayor New York ever had; that you're convinced that you were wrong in the charges you've made; that investigation has showed you that the Gotham Freight Traction company is all right and that the Sachem society is equally honor able and virtuous. You'll know how to put it. I give you the substance Fancy it up in your own language. You can sling words good and plenty as has been proved in this campaign That's all you got to do."

"And if I do this," asked Gormly "what do I get?"

"You'll get silence as to your do ings twenty-five years ago."

"Would you mind telling me what my doings were twenty-five years ago?"

"Certainly not," said the chief. "No reason for concealment between you and me, that I can see. You ran away with a miner's wife out at Camp Kill Devil, Wyo., in the midst of a howlin' blizzard. With the wife you took the man's pile, product of his hard-workin', tollsome life for a worthless woman and you. And before you left, you put a bullet into the man's breast There's three counts against you; theft, 'dultery, murder. You'll make a hell of a reform mayor, won't you! How'd the people enjoy that?"

"Why are you offering me anything, if you possess this power and are confident as to your information? Why don't you publish this stuff and knock me out without giving me any chance to withdraw?"

"See here, Gormly, it ain't for you to question! It's for you to do what you're told. We've decided that this is the way this scheme is goin' to be worked, that's all there is to it. If we have our reasons for not publishin' the stuff, why they're ours; they're not yours.

"Why, man, all I've got to do is to go down to the district attorney and swear out a warrant to have you ar

rested for murder. We've got our fingers on the woman you run away with-and a pretty lookin' old hag she is now, too. She don't want to be mixed up in it; but we've got hold of himself, I am dictating this stateher, and if necessary she'll swear that "I left him sitting out in the hall, you done it. We've located several people that used to live in Camp Kill Devil who remember the circumright in here without permission, and stances. One of 'em said, and the woman corroborates it, that you wrote plemented by whatever talent could an acknowledgment with your own hand, sayin' that you shot up the man, what the chief of police can have to and you left it in the cabin. Maybe we can turn that up, too. It's all as clear as day. I don't really know why I stay here talkin' about it any longer, except I rather enjoy seein' you squirm."

"Have you seen me squirm any yet,

"No not yet: but I can imagine how you're feelin' beneath that fron composure of yours. I've had to deal with too many blackguards and criminals not to know that. Well," the man threw up his hands, laid down his cigar and yawned prodigiously, "it's gittin' late. I'll take that withdrawal and go."

"Wouldn't it be better for me to have my secretary here?" said Gormly, "and dictate what I have to say? Let him make a number of carbon copies of it, so that we could send it to all the papers."

"Well, if you want to let your secretary in on this game, I don't see that I've got any objections," said the

chief. Gormly stepped to the door.

"Mr. Chaloner," he said, "will you bring your notebook and pencils here? Mr. Chaloner, this is the chief of police, Mr. Connell," he continued, as the young man entered the room. "Pleased to know you," said Con-

nell grimly. Chaloner bowed without saying any

thing. "Will you be seated, Mr. Chaloner, and take a statement from my dicta-

tion? By the way," he pushed a button on the desk, and the door into the hall opened instantly, with suspiclous promptness, it might have been thought, had any of the party given it any attention, "Somes," said Gormly, "I want you." The servant stepped



Late."

"Ah, Chief, Unfortunately You

please, so that I may be sure we are not interrupted."

"Now," said Gormly, "this gentleman, as you know, is the chief of po-

"Yes, sir," sald Somes.

"He has asked me to dictate a certain statement to the people of the city of New York, and I'd like to have you hear what I have to say and witness all that occurs."

"Yes, sir." "Are you ready, Mr. Chaloner?"

"Quite ready, sir." "Tonight at half after eleven o'clock," began Gormly, "the chief of police of the city of New York-" "You needn't bring me into it!"

roared Connell, slitting up. "Will you have the goodness to be silent, sir?" cried Gormly. "I am die

tating this statement, not you!" "Well, you're going to dictate what his big hand down on the desk, "or I'll-'

"Keep back there, Somes," said Gormly sharply as the man stepped forward, his face aflame. "I can deal with the man. Connell," he continued, "you are going to sit right there until I've finished with you. Now, Somes," he said, "you stand right behind him, and if he attempts to get out of his chair keep him down."

"You're assaulting an officer of the law!" roared the chief, snapping his fingers.

"You ought to be man enough to know that the game's against you so far," said Gormly, "and keep quiet until I get through. Then I'll give you a chance to talk. Are you ready now, Mr. Chaloner?"

"Quite ready, sir," was the imperturbable answer of that most excellent young man.

"I'll begin again: "Tonight at half after eleven o'cloc. Ben Connell, the chief of police of the city of New York, called at my apart ment. He came unaccompanied and wearing plain clothes. The object of his visit was to demand of me that I should withdraw as a candidate for the mayor of New York; that I should request the people who had honored me with their support to vote for Warren; that I should declare my belief in the integrity of the Gotham Freight Traction company and the purity of the Sachem society, of which he is an honored member. The means by which he sought to induce me to take this course were a promise of cilence as to certain episodes in my past coreer, and a threat of instant publicity, including a possible arrest

if I refused. In the presence of my private secretary, Philip Chaloner, of my friend and servant, William Somes, and of the chief of police, Connell ment.

"Twenty-five years ago I came to New York. Since that time my career has been thoroughly exploited. The detective force of the city, supbe procured or suborned, has had me under investigation. To not one act have they been able to point of which I am ashamed, or upon which they could fix an attack.

"When I came to New York I was nineteen years of age. I was born in Vermont. I received a common school education, graduating from the high school when I was sixteen. My father died before I was born, my mother at my birth. Some small property accruing to me was turned over to me by my guardian on my graduation from the high school. I spent two years at sea as a cabin boy, and then drifted west, finally bringing up at Kill Devil Camp in Wyoming.

"There I came under the influence of a woman older than I, who thought it not unbecoming to her to beguile and entrap the young eastern tenderfoot who was just entering upon his nineteenth year. I was young, inexperienced, impressionable; I fell completely under her influence. There is something to be said for her, poor woman. She was married to a drunken brute of a husband, a miner, a gambler, who was not only unfaithful to her, but who abused her frightfully. I think my sympathies more than my affections were engaged. I had a chivalric desire to help her, a boy's reverence for womankind abused and suffering, a quixotic spirit of knight errantry, of which even now

I am not ashamed. "I had still some little money left and resolved to take her away from her intolerable life. I do not wish to shelter myself behind a woman; but I have always told the people of New York the exact truth, and I am doing it now. We had planned to leave the camp on a certain night and ride south to the Union Pacific. That night was the night of the great blizzard of 1882, which is still remembered in the west. It was very late when I reached her cabin with the horses. The woman was ready for me, walting eagerly in fact. Her husband had recently won a small sum of money by gambling. That money she took with her.

"I worked in a desperate hurry, and at last got my hand on the butt of my pistol. I saw from the look of his eye that I would have little time to draw it. I realized that unless I could I was a doomed man. At that instant there was a flash and a report in the room. Immediately after the man pulled the trigger of his own pistol, but the bullet went wild. He sank down on his knees, and fell back dying. I dropped my own weapon and bent over him. There was a hole in his breast through which the blood was oozing."

"Who shot him?" growled the chief, who had been listening with the greatest absorption to the narrative.

"The woman shot him," answered Gormly. "But you need not put that Chalenes Let it so as I have

into the room, "Lock the door, dictated it." He resumed to his ste-

There was nothing that I could do for the man. It was more than ever necessary that we get away. In pity for the woman, I tore a blank leaf from a book and wrote upon it that I had shot this man. We left that note on the body and plunged into the storm. Words cannot convey the frightful nature of the tempest. We became separated in the storm through no fault of mine."

"Why the woman told me she threw you down herself after you gave her your horse," said the chief of police. "Don't put that down, Chaloner. That's not necessary. Now," said Gormly quietly, "just add this:

"After a frightful experience I succeeded in reaching the station. I came to Chicago, drifted about there for awhile, and thereafter came to New York determined to retrieve the I say," thundered the chief, slamming past. Whether I have done so or not it is for you, my fellow citizens, to judge. Whether this story which I relate to you now, because I am compelled to do so-naturally not from choice-destroys your confidence in me and makes you believe that I am unworthy of your suffrages and thereby unfit to fill the office to which I aspire for your service, it is for you to decide. At any rate, I declare to you, what is now quite evident, that so far as I am concerned-conscious that however you may regard this solitary episode in my life, which I confess to my sorrow-I am now as confident of my competence and my integrity to do what I said I would do if you elect me as I was before the disclosure was made.

"I have informed the chief of police in closing that this statement is to be sent to every paper in the city. He and those associated with him who authorized this blackmailing proposition-and I point out that the fact that they made it is evidence of their quality-may do whatever they please in the premises. It only remains to add that in the west for some boyish whim I went under the name of George Fordyce. The last is my middle name, and I sign this statement therefore

"GEORGE FORDYCE GORMLY." "Why, you infernal fool!" roared the chief, "you're not going to give the whole thing away like that?"

"Mr. Connell, that statement goes out, and by the hands of Somes, to every paper in New York as quickly as it can be typewritten. Mr. Chaloner, will you please make the very best speed possible to you?"

"Yes, sir." "It won't serve your purpose," blustered the officer. "In the first place I can deny my part of it-I do deny it! You hear me, you short-hand man, before you go, and you, you English whelp! I say it's a damned lie! I never made any such proposition to him. It's just one of his grandstand

"I beg your pardon, sir," said manner you may desire." Somes, addressing his master, "but I The chief of police open can testify that he did make such a proposition."

"How can you testify?" asked Gormly.

"I listened, sir, at the door; my ear to the keyhole." "You hound!" cried the officer.

"I don't generally resort to that practise, Mr. Gormly, as you know, sir," pleaded Somes. "I believe you, Somes."

"But in this instance I did it be cause I knew the man was up to mischief, and I thought you might want a witness, sir. You know I am sufficiently devoted to your interests to have kept silent, if you had wished me, sir."

"Your statement is of the utmost value," said Gormly, smiling. "It will be entirely useless in the face of this proof for the chief of police to deny that he came here and for what purpose. You see there is my word, the word of Somes yonder, the corroborative evidence of Mr. Chaloner that you were here."

"And what about my word?" "Well, & you say you weren't here," said Gormly, coolly, "that'll be about the strongest evidence that could be

presented that you were." "I'll swear that it's a damned conspiracy; that you inveigled me here, knowing that this was going to be made public, and turned it to your advantage in this way."

"You can swear anything you like." "I'll take oath to what I said, sir," interposed Somes,

"Good," said Gormly. "Mr. Chaloner, I believe you are a notary pub-"Yes," said Mr. Chaloner, looking

up from the typewriter, which he was elicking busily. "Will you kindly administer an oath

to Mr. Somes here." It was the first time that Gormly had ever dignified his valet with such

a title, and the man's face gleamed with pleasure. Chaloner picked up his pencil.

"What is the oath?" "Allow me to dictate it," said Gorm-

"I, William Somes, do solemnly swear that at half after eleven o'clock tonight I admitted to the apartments of Mr. George Gormly, in whose employ I am, one Ben Connell, to me known to be the chief of police of the ctty of New York; that on receiving permission, I ushered said Cennell into the library, where he had an interview with the said George Gormly; that from my position outside in the nam I neard every word of said interview; that it took place exactly as it is described in the statement of said George Gormly; that the chief of police did offer to suppress the story if said Gormly would withdraw from the campaign."

"That covers it, I think." "Yes, sir. Exactly, sir," was

"Subscribed and sworn to before me, Philip Chaloner, notary public,

'Now, Mr. Connell, have you any other move to make?" 'You'll find yourself arrested for

murder by your own confession in the

morning," said the chief. "That may be," answered Gormly, "although I hardly think so. There are probably cooler heads and wiser than yours in the ring which I am fighting, and I scarcely think they will desire to proceed to that extremity." "I will see the district attorney at

"Do so, and ask him at the same time his opinion of your own coursewhether as an officer of the law you have been criminally culpable in your action-and tell him that as soon as it is daylight, information, official and formal, shall be laid before him, and that you will be impeached, indicted, dismissed, imprisoned. And this whether I am elected or not."

At this moment there was a ring chance was gone. at the door of the apartment. The electric bell had been ringing before; but no one had noticed it.

"See who it is, Somes," said Gorm "And as for you, keep silent." In a moment the Englishman came back, followed by Livingstone Haldane in a great state of excitement.

"Mr. Gormly," he cried as he burst into the room, not seeing the chief, who sat on the other side of the open door and somewhat sheltered by it they are going to do you up! They have unearthed some cock-and-bull story and are going to force you out of the campaign. My father gave it away to me tonight. He said you would be out of it in the morning, and-"

"This," said Gormly coolly to the chief, "is confirmation of your plan, if we needed it."

"What!" exclaimed Livingstone Haldane, observing for the first time the other man. "Are you here?" "I'm goin' now," answered the chief,

rising. "Before you go, remember that here another witness that you were here," said Gormly, pointing to young

Haldane. "So he's been here with his dirty story, has he?" growled the young man.

"He has." "And what have you done?" "Chaloner is preparing a statement

that I have issued for the press." "Be warned by me, Mr. Gormly," said the chief, his voice a singular mixture of entreaty and bullying, "don't send that fool stuff to the papers. Perhaps we can deal on some other basis. If we let you get the election and keep quiet about this thing, maybe we can get together and-"

"Somes," said Gormly, "show this man the door, and if he opens his mouth or says another word, I give you leave to accelerate his exit in any

"Remember," said Gormly, "if he

says a single word, he is in your hands." "At my feet, sir, beg pardon, sir,"

returned Somes. Without making a sound, the chief turned, and, followed closely by the valet who hung on his flanks like a bulldog, his fingers itching to grasp his collar, the officer strode from the room

"Now, what is it all about?" asked Haldane, when the door had closed behind them

By this time Chaloner had finished one batch of the statements. Without a word Gormly took one and handed it to the young man. He read it through with staring eyes.

"You are going to send this out?" "Instantly." "It's the bravest thing I ever saw

done." "It has to be," said Gormly, "What will be the result of it on the people?"

"If I can judge by myself, it will settle the question forever in your favor.

"Then you don't withdraw from me because-"

"I am not the withdrawing kind," said Haldane. "You're a man through and through. You gave me a new hold on life, a new interest. You have made something of me. I am going to stick by you to the very end. Let me get my signature on that thing. I want to testify that I saw the chief of police here, and that I know from what he said in my presence that what you say is true. They will see that the Haldanes are divided, and

that those on your side are not afraid or ashamed to support you." "I can never be grateful enough to

you," said Gormly. "That's all right," said the young man, walking over to where Chaloner sat and dictating a line or two to be added to the statements.

"Do you know," said Gormly, "I don't think we're out of the woods yet. I believe that blackguard is capable of surrounding the house and preventing the delivery of any of

these letters to the papers." "What good would that do him?" "It would give him time." "Give me what you have written," said Haldane. "My car's down below He won't have had time to do anything yet." He picked up the chief's

thing for him." "Good," said Gormly, taking the first batch. He marked them for the most important of the morning papers. "If you can deliver these, we'll chance the rest. I'll send the others

eletal. "Give me this, too, and if any-

body stops me, it won't be a happy

out by Somes and Chaloner." "Have you any objection," said Haldane, as he picked up the batch

my telling Eleanor?"

"I wish you would do so. You will confer a favor on me by doing it immediately."

"I will. Jove! wasn't it lucky that I heard this from my father tonight and came down here to warn you?

Goodby. We'll win yet." He wrung the other's hand and darted from the room. As he stepped into his car a number of men turned into the street and approached the bouse. There were officers amon them, but most of them wore plats clothes.

"Hey, stop that car!" roared a deep voice which Haldane recognized as that of Connell.

Gormly's suspicions were justified. The car had already fortunately started when one or two men leaped at him. One of them gained a footing on the car. With one hand Haldane threw on the high speed, with the other he shoved the pistol in the man's face. The man fell back. The car leaped suddenly forward. The

A moment after Gormly himself came out of the street door. The me were huddled in front of the apart ment house. He could hear Connell cursing terribly. "Ah, chief," said he urbanely, "ur

fortunately you were too late. The

first batch of copies has gone by the

hands of Mr. Haldane in that car. Good-night, gentlemen." He turned and walked back to the hallway and took the elevator to his

own apartment. He had put a bold face upon the whole matter. He had taken the brave, the wise, course, which after all was the only prudent course to take. He had not weakened under the tremendous pressure of the situation for a single instant. He had borne himself with amazing coolness and courage. Yet the man was absolutely stricken to the heart. What the effect of the disclosures would be upon the campaign, how the people would receive it, whether or not he would lose their confidence, whether or not the honorable reputation he had built up by years of just and generous dealing, would vanish, he could not tell; and to be truthful, at that moment, these questions were not the chief of those which filled his heart.

He asked himself how Eleanor Hab dane would receive the disclosure, and what effect it would have upon her Although she had been overwhelmed by the revelation of her father's position, Gormly had learned from young Haldane that he had not there by forfeited her regard.

Now what difference would this make to her? She had said several times that what she admired in him was his splendid record, his unblemished honor, his unspotted past. And now what would she think?

He might have made his defence stronger. He might have said that the woman had shot the man. He might have declared her abandonment of him in the snow storm, her leaving him to die. He might have pointed out that he had assumed the guilt to shelter her; but chivalry was strong in Gormly.

He thought a long time about the situation, plunging in deeper and deeper gloom and sadness as the hours dragged by. At last he abandoned all hope of ever winning the woman that he loved. Well, he would devote himself with more singleness of heart on that account to the interest of the people; if indeed, after this, they still thought him worthy of leadership and service.

To be Continued.

Mr. Adam Kaffenberger, of Eight Mile Grove precinct, drove in from the farm this morning and transacted some business with Plattsmouth mer-

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Haldane, as he picked up the batch W. E. ROSENCRANS & SOM