

# The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN  
By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY  
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**SYNOPSIS.**

A foolish young tenderfoot becomes fascinated with the bold, artful wife of a drunken prospector in a western mining town. They prepare to elope in a blinding blizzard but are confronted by the maudlin husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy slips a note to the body taking the crime upon himself. In their flight to the railroad station the woman's horse falls exhausted. The young man puts her on his own and follows hanging to the stirrup strap. Seeing he is an impediment the woman trusts her into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen she stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away. Twenty years later, in New York, George Gormly, a multi-millionaire in real estate, beautiful and wealthy, works for a beautiful and wealthy settlement worker, and co-operates with her in her work. Gormly becomes owner of a steamship line and finds himself frustrated in plan and track extension plans by grafting aldermen, backed by the Gotham Traction company. An automobile accident brings the Haldane to his country home. Gormly announces that he will be mayor of New York and redeem the city from corruption. The political declaration of Gormly's merchant prince produced a tremendous sensation. The whole machinery of the city's detective force is to be used to dig up something damaging to Gormly. The press heretofore unanimously favorable to the merchant candidate, under pressure, divides and the campaign takes a warm. A resolution is introduced granting a gratuitous renewal of the traction franchises. Gormly offers ten million dollars for the franchise. Miss Haldane congratulates Gormly on what she terms a new Declaration of Independence, and he makes an unexpected declaration of love. He is shocked by the confirmation of his suspicions that her father is the head and backbone of the notorious traction company which he is attempting to overthrow. Young Haldane discovers his father's connection with the Gotham Traction company, and is incensed. In an interview between Gormly and Haldane the latter practically offers his daughter's hand as a bribe for Gormly to withdraw. Gormly refuses. In an interview with Gormly Miss Haldane learns of her father's business through Gormly vainly tries to hide it. Members of the Ring find the woman for whose sake Gormly declared himself a murderer and decide to force him to withdraw under threat of prosecution.

**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 Gormly who admitted the official. Gormly's establishment was a simple one, and the other servants had gone home for the night.

Somes knew very well who he was, and while he had some of the English awe of the police he had all the hatred of a zealous and devoted partisan 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 police."

"Yes, sir."

"What does he want?"

"He didn't say, sir."

"What was his message?"

"Just to tell you that a gentleman—that's what he called himself, sir—wanted to see you."

"Where is he now?"

"I left him sitting out in the hall, but I wouldn't be too sure as to where he is, sir. He seemed to want to come right in here without permission, and that's why I locked the door, sir."

"I see," answered Gormly, a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. "I wonder what the chief of police can have to 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 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!"

"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 half-after eleven.

"I've got something to say to you, Gormly," began Connell brusquely.

"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, I 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 answer.

In spite of himself Gormly started. He controlled himself instantly, however.

"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 New York."

"For reasons that seemed good to you!" sneered the big officer. "I 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 you've got to do that I'm here."

"And what have I got to do?"

"I'll begin again:

"Tonight at half after eleven o'clock Ben Connell, the chief of police of the city of New York, called at my apartment. 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 Schem 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 silence as to certain episodes in my past career, 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 himself, I am dictating this statement."

"Twenty-five years ago I came to New York. Since that time my career has been thoroughly exploited. The detective force of the city, supplemented by whatever talent could be procured or suborned, has had me under investigation. To not one of them 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 drunkard, 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, waiting eagerly in fact. Her husband had recently won a small sum of money by gambling. That money she took with her."

"We had turned to the door to go out, although it was almost certain death to be abroad in such a storm, when her husband entered the room. How he knew, or whether he knew, what we were going to do, I cannot say. At any rate, he was there. He covered me with a gun; I was entirely helpless."

"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 in, Chaloner. Let it go as I have dictated it." He resumed to his stenographer:

"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."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

"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 shown you that the Gotham Freight Traction company is all right and that the Schem society is equally honorable 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 doings 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 howling blizzard. With the wife you took the man's pile, product of his hard-worked, 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 arrested 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 her, and if necessary she'll swear that you done it. We've located several people that used to live in Camp Kill Devil who remember the circumstances. One of 'em said, and the woman corroborates it, that you wrote an acknowledgment with your own hand, sayin' that you shot up the man, 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, chief?"

"No, not yet; but I can imagine how you're feelin' beneath that iron 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.

I say," thundered the chief, slamming 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 impercipient answer of that most excellent young man.

"I'll begin again:

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Second Temple's Foundation Laid

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 22, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

**LESSON TEXT**—Ezra 4:1-4:5.  
**MEMORY VERSES**—3:11.  
**GOLDEN TEXT**—"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."—Psa. 150:4.  
**TIME**—The arrival at Jerusalem, B. C. 537. Foundation of the Temple, B. C. 536. Delays, B. C. 536-520. Building of Temple begun, B. C. 520. Temple completed, B. C. 516. Period of the lesson, 29 years.  
**PLACE**—Jerusalem and vicinity.  
**PROPHETS**—Haggai, B. C. 520. Zechariah, B. C. 520-518. Daniel the aged (Dan. 10:1).  
**RULERS**—Cyrus king till B. C. 529. Cambyses king B. C. 529-522. Darius king B. C. 522-484. Zerubbabel governor of Judea.

The exiles found Jerusalem in ruins, together with the surrounding cities of residence and their orchards and farms, much as they had been left by Nebuchadnezzar's armies fifty years before. Trees were growing wild on the Mountain of the House, and the jackals prowled among heaps of shattered masonry. Crumbling stone-work and charred timbers marked the site of palaces and towers, and choked the streets. The city walls and gates were leveled with the ground. The first business of the returned exiles was, of course, to provide some kind of dwellings for themselves and their families. They accordingly settled in the small cities surrounding Jerusalem, perhaps repairing the houses and walls that had been ruined by the besieging armies years before, or contenting themselves with huts or tents. The territory they controlled was of course small, and hemmed in on all sides, "including only Bethlehem on the south, while on the north their territory measured no more than twenty-five miles in length by twenty in breadth," and even upon this encroached the heathen or mongrel population.

As soon as the returned exiles had become settled in their homes, and had planned for the necessities of life, within three or four months of their arrival, they wisely arranged for the religious life which was the very heart of the nation's existence, and the central motive and inspiration of the return. It would require years to build the temple. It was not wise to wait for that. It was essential that all needful helps to devotion and religion and righteousness should be provided immediately, to sustain them in the work to be done amid opposition and temptations which were to try their souls as gold is tried in the fire.

When the builders laid the foundation of the temple, there was a great celebration. The chant of praise was responded to with a great burst of chorus, vocal and instrumental, the substance of which was some well-known sacred refrain. There is a wonderful power in music and every atom of it should be used in God's service. The church has scarcely begun to use this power in its fulness. Some object to responsive singing; some have opposed putting an orchestra in the Sunday school, as if these were modern novelties, instead of 3,000 years old. These old saints used every kind of instrument, every method of singing—solos, responses, choruses, marching songs, refrains, everything that would give wings and inspiration to the service of song.

Those who had known only the exile conditions sang Hallelujahs, because it was an unspeakable joy to have a temple at all. It meant the saving of the nation; it meant the returning favor of God. It was no limit to the religious life and the blessings which could grow out of it. It made possible the greater glory, which fifteen years later the prophet Haggai foretold, when it should be fulfilled in the Messiah.

We learn from Haggai that the people were busy with building beautiful houses, and cultivating their farms. They planted vineyards and orchards, figs, pomegranates and olives. But all their efforts were failures. They "looked for much, and lo it came to little." For they cared more for their own houses and farms than for the house of God.

Then arose the wise, aged prophet-preacher Haggai, who had been watching the course of affairs, and in the name of God, urged the people to arise and build the temple, for the time had come. He made four addresses in the autumn of 520, the summaries of which are recorded in his book. He began at the religious festival of the new moon when crowds of people were assembled, probably in the temple area itself, where the altar was smoking with sacrifices, and the desolation of the city were in full view, while in the distance were the homes and fields of the leaders.

While aged Haggai was urging the people to rise up and build, a younger prophet-preacher was inspired to encourage the people, and to remove their difficulties and doubts, by a series of emblematical visions, or object lessons.

He urged all high motives for renewing the work, and enforced them by their own experiences. They had tried to gain prosperity, while religion was neglected. They had sought the fruits of obedience to God, while they neglected the tree that alone could bear the fruit. They wanted rich crops in their fields, while they stopped up the springs that alone could make them fertile. Haggai said to them, look at the results of your bad policy. Consider your ways. Change your plan. Put God, and religion first. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

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