

The PING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN
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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 maiden husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy pins a note to the body taking the crime upon himself. In their flight to the railroad station the woman's horse falls exhausted; the youth puts her on his own and follows hanging to the stirrup strap. Seeing he is an impediment, the woman thrusts her foot into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen he stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

He actually gave her \$200,000 to start that great institution for young working women which was the pride of her heart, and he promised her that as the work developed, as he had no doubt it would develop on the foundations she was planning, he would follow up the first gift by others even larger. He told her that he was willing to devote a million or perhaps more to the enterprise. If it proved worth while, especially as so many of his own employees would be benefited by it.

Miss Haldane did not intend to live in the social settlement herself. She might perhaps have enjoyed such a life; but her social duties at the other end of society were of so exacting a character, and her family was so opposed to her undertaking such work, that she contented herself with furthering from afar the efforts of certain of her college mates in that direction.

One thing possibly that induced Gormly to promise this great sum of money, which he could very well spare, was the knowledge imparted to him by Miss Haldane that she herself, through her father and friends, would give a like amount.

Gormly had exacted a pledge from the young woman that she would not betray him as a benefactor in her institution. He had actually made out the check to her for the amount in question and turned it over without hesitation after an interview lasting less than half an hour, in which Miss Haldane had set forth her plans, her hopes, and her ambitions with all her charm of manner. He was not certain that he could have refused her the store if she had demanded it!

When Miss Haldane left his business office, check in hand, she felt that she had indeed accomplished much. She was quite satisfied with herself.

Gormly was equally satisfied with himself. Then and there he determined to marry Miss Haldane. It takes the cool-headed, prudent man of business to make the most extraordinary plunges into wild endeavors at times. He felt as a man with the Wall street germ in his blood might feel who was suddenly, after a quarter of a century of restraint, launched on the sea of speculation. What Gormly determined was usually brought about sooner or later. In this instance, however, there was no assurance of success. Matrimony is theoretically regarded as a contract between two equals into which neither enters upon constraint. That was Gormly's view of it. He could buy and sell merchandise. He would not buy or sell a woman.

Nor had George Gormly a particular knowledge to enable him to play the game he had entered upon with such impetuous indiscretion. He could hand out a million dollars or so on occasion without feeling it; but cynical though he had become about womankind in general, Gormly instinctively realized that such means would be entirely inadequate to do more than arrest temporary attention and excite a passing interest in such a woman as Miss Haldane. Indeed, too freely resorted to, such practice would inevitably disgust her.

Meanwhile he must keep in touch with her. At intervals, therefore, he won himself a sight of her and maintained a speaking acquaintance by further remittances toward her project; which had already started with a tremendous flourish of trumpets and great interest on the part of the public.

Miss Haldane, for all her other qualities, was human and a woman. There was something rather alluring in a secret even to her. She enjoyed being the means of disbursing for good ends millions that remained anonymous to the general public. She was quite willing to call at Gormly's business office on occasion for the purpose of relieving him of further donations. Naturally she confided more and more of her plans and sometimes her difficulties to the same astute man. She found Gormly remarkably intelligent on such matters and able to give her the very best possible advice. Sometimes she even came to him of her own motion to receive something else than signed bits of paper good at the bank, and to discuss vexing questions and problems that arose from time to time. She grew to respect him and then to like him. Fortune was usual favored him.

Miss Haldane was twenty-two. Naturally she regarded a man of forty-

four as a possible father, and she had no hesitation in approaching Gormly with much more familiarity than she would have dreamed of allowing herself had he been younger. And yet Gormly himself was a young looking man for forty-four. He was still as tall and slender, not to say spare, as he had been when a boy. He was smooth shaven, and the flecks of gray in his blond hair were scarcely noticeable. If Miss Haldane had ever given thought of his age, she would have supposed him ten years younger than he was; that is, on appearance. When she thought of his business, she would have considered him sixty. Ever since she could remember, she had dealt at the great shop, and Gormly himself unconsciously took on to her the aspect of ancient history.

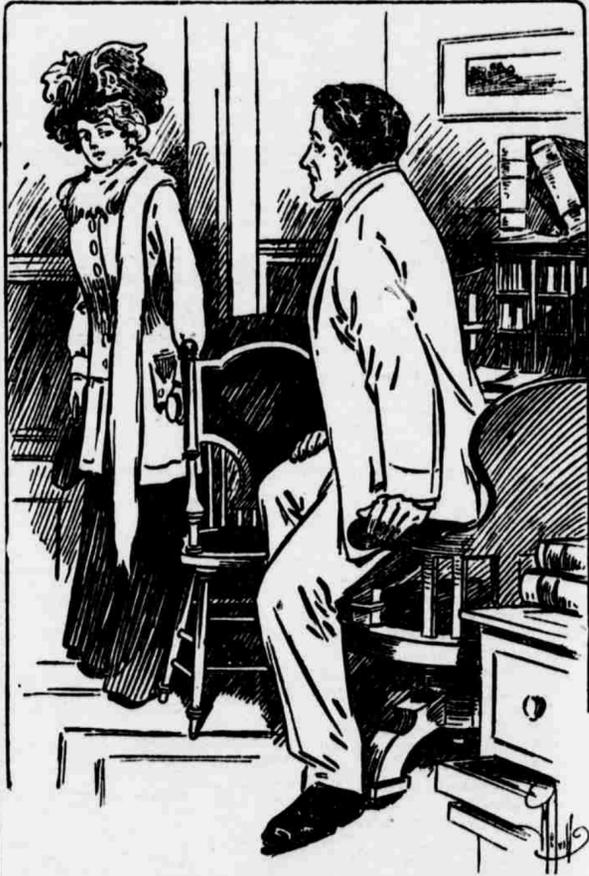
So the little affair ran on; Gormly consciously becoming more and more deeply involved, Miss Haldane unconsciously interweaving herself in the same tangled web.

CHAPTER II.

The Devotion of Mr. Gormly.

The relationship of Miss Haldane and Gormly was all very well so far as it went, but it did not go far enough for the man's purpose at least; and Gormly was shrewd enough to see that things might run on without any definite results in this way forever.

Since the beginning of the acquaintance Gormly had kept track of Miss Haldane through a clipping bureau—an instance of his practical common-sense which may amuse the romantic



Then and There He Determined to Marry Miss Haldane.

reader. He had neither the time nor the inclination to search the journals in which were chronicled the doings of social New York—in which the Haldane name was prominent; so he instructed his private secretary, Chaloner, upon whose discretion he could rely, to have sent to him at his private address all clippings relating to Miss Haldane. Gormly, therefore, knew the life of the object of his attention as well as it could be known from its outward and visible presentation before the public. Indeed, there was little that was concealable under such circumstances—the higher you rise the less privacy you have, obscurity being the prerogative, or the penalty, of the humble—so that he was entirely aware of Miss Haldane's goings and comings, who her friends were, what houses she visited, what diversions she affected, who paid her attention, and so on.

Meanwhile the man did not neglect his business—nothing would ever make him do that—but he divided his time between it and the young woman—which was a great concession to her influence. One reason why he had become such an assiduous student of the clippings was because he wanted to know whether Miss Haldane was, or was likely to be, engaged to be married. His apprehensions on that score were soon set at rest. It was Miss Haldane's second season. She had created an instant furor when she had been launched in society the year before. The usual contingent of impetuous foreigners had promptly laid their coronets at her feet; but it

was quite evident that none of them had found favor in her eyes, and that she was still free. He would enter it, he decided; but how?

First of all, something must be done to bring Gormly himself into the public eye in some other capacity, some higher capacity, some more attractive capacity, than that of a mere retailer of ribbons, so to speak; the public eye for Gormly being Miss Haldane's liquid orb. And Gormley knew that the way to private consideration is more often than not through public interest. He had to do something to justify himself, therefore, to make himself known in some enviable way; in short, he determined to make himself worthy of her. And again the question arose; but how?

He had thought vaguely of the racing game, of the most magnificent yachts, of the finest and speediest of stables, of the fastest string of automobiles, of a thousand similar things which he had dismissed as unworthy of his high position and inadequate to his end; until finally, fortune favoring him, he hit upon the field of politics. Miss Haldane in some of those now rather frequent conferences, had casually enough remarked that she liked men who did things, who really accomplished something for good in this world.

Gormly instantly resolved to do something. Now if any man really wants to accomplish good in this world, there are few opportunities of greater possibilities than those presented in the political arena. There is also no field in which it is harder to accomplish the end. Gormly as a political force was entirely unknown. He was without experience. One requisite, popularly considered vital, he had, and that was an abundance of money. Another requisite he possessed albeit unwittingly, was character. And still a third was his, and that was imagination coupled with capacity—the ideal and the real; the dreamer and the practical man in one! An irresistible combination that!

Fortune was further kind to him, however, for concurrently with his decision she presented him with an opening. Gormly's business was sufficiently great to have enabled him to extend it in several directions. He

brought Ireland, England, France, Germany, Holland, Spain, Italy, and the Orient into New York bay and unloaded them in his great institution. He had conceived, some dozen years before after paying tremendous freight charges, the propriety of establishing his own line of freight steamers. It had amused him to combine the practice of the ancient merchant prince with the customs of the modern one. He had bought the controlling interest in a freight line of half a dozen large steamers, which he found no difficulty in using as cargo carriers for other people when they were not supplying his own needs.

The purchase of the freight line had with it a lease of one of the piers in the North river. The lease had run out the year before. He had thereafter availed himself of what he conceived to be an excellent opportunity of subleasing another pier in the East river. The city had just completed an elaborate railroad, surface and subway, for the transportation of heavy freight from the water front to the great mercantile establishments inland. This system had been leased to the Gotham Freight Traction company, a vast corporation with a full set of ostensible promoters and directors, but which had back of it powerful and persons unknown to the general public, carefully concealed from it in fact.

The corporation had not been formed to promote the health of its members. Therefore when Gormly applied to the authorities for permission to construct a switch from his

pier on the one hand and his warehouse near the river front on the other to connect both with this subway, the permission was instantly granted, but coupled with an expense demand upon him for something like a million dollars.

Gormly could give Miss Haldane a million dollars to play with; he would not spend ten cents for bribery. He saw instantly that the demand upon him was a mere attempt to hold him up. To build the switch would cost perhaps forty or fifty thousand dollars; the privilege might be worth as much more; but inasmuch as no streets were crossed, no overhead traffic hindered, he was doubtful even as to that. The road had been built by private capital—ascribed by the people—on a public franchise. The interests of the public were supposed to be paramount. A reasonable return upon their investment was all that the promoters had a right to expect.

Gormly had consulted his attorneys, had appealed to the city council, and had done everything that he could to settle the matter short of publishing the whole affair. He had failed absolutely everywhere. The members of the transportation committee of the board of aldermen were very sorry, but they did not see what could be done. A gentle hint that Gormly might prefer to indemnify the aldermen for their trouble in case they should give him permission was met with pained silence or explosive wrath. It was furthermore pointed out to him that the board had no power, the rights of the people having been vested in the corporation for a ninety-nine year period. It was too bad that the innocent aldermen had allowed themselves to be placed in such an unfortunate position; but so it was—and there you were. There was no help for the matter, and Gormly's only resource was to pay the money, unless he wanted to unload his goods into track wagons and vans and cart them all over the city. Of course he could do this; but it would be much easier, more profitable and more desirable in every way if he had the right to run cars out on the pier alongside of the vessels of his fleet and transport the merchandise in bulk in that way.

He was in a very desperate situation. Here he was saddled with a twenty-five-year lease of one of the most expensive piers in New York; here he had a great warehouse six blocks or more away from the pier; here he had also a vast store several miles from the warehouse; here was a railroad that practically connected all three, provided one or two little spurs or switches could be built from pier to railroad, and from warehouse to railroad. It was perhaps the one mistake that he had made in his business career not to have arranged matters before all this came to a climax. The railroad people meant to make him pay. They were resolved that he should; he was equally determined that he would not.

He was not alone in his position, however; for it was found on all sides—he discovered it by making quiet inquiries—that other shippers and merchants seeking similar privileges were being held up in the same way. The road had proved enormously expensive to build; the stock had been watered unmercifully. Contracts which had been entered into for the construction of switches were found to be of little value; means were available to break them and evade them, and the whole water front of New York found itself practically helpless in the grasp of this octopus of a corporation.

There had been no clamor in the papers over this matter; but there was a tremendous undercurrent of resentment and dissatisfaction, and Gormly thought he saw an opportunity of turning it to his own account. To expose the iniquitous methods of procedure of the Gotham Freight Traction company, to bring about its ruin or its downfall by depriving it of the franchise it was abusing, to safeguard the people in their rights in any further grants, was certainly an object sufficiently high and sufficiently vast to attract the attention, and, should he succeed, to awaken the admiration of any being. And Gormly himself without losing sight of Miss Haldane began to look at the possibilities from a high and noble point of view, in which self-interest took a secondary position.

Therefore, late in November he came boldly out in the open, and over his own name vigorously attacked the Gotham Freight Traction company. He did it in a unique way, too. Instead of the full page advertisement of Gormly's store which appeared simultaneously in all the great dailies, there was presented one morning in clear, direct, businesslike English a statement of the whole situation exactly as it was. There were no threats, no menaces, no intimations of any future plan or purpose; just a blunt statement of facts printed in large double-headed type, and signed with the familiar facsimile of his now famous autograph.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Combustible Clive.
As long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century, a famous Georgian actress, Mrs. Kitty Clive, felt the call of the nerves commonly associated with modern women. The whole green room, according to the author of "Garrick and his Circle," feared her tantrums.

Her character stood high, but her clean, wholesome nature and honest heart scarcely offset her temper. She was the one player Garrick feared, and he did everything he could to dispense her nerve storms, or, if they broke, assuage them. It is among the legends of the English stage that he said to her:

"I have heard of tartar and brimstone, but you are the cream of one and the flower of the other!"—Youth's Companion.

Isaiah's Prophecy Concerning Sennacherib

Sunday School Lesson for July 2, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 37:34-38.
MEMORY VERSES—23:33.
GOLDEN TEXT—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Psa. 46:1.
TIME—Probably B. C. 701-697, toward the close of Hezekiah's reign.
PLACE—Jerusalem and vicinity. The destruction of the army was probably southwest of Judah toward Egypt.

The importance of the event which forms the subject of this lesson is shown by the fact that its history is given in three books of the Bible, and probably referred to in another, occupying seven or eight chapters, besides the clay cylinder on which Sennacherib made his own record.

It was a great crisis in Israel's history like the exodus, and return from captivity, a signal landmark, to teach and warn and encourage and comfort Israel in other great crises, and the nations and individuals of all times.

Hezekiah, although the son of a bad father (but a good mother), began his reign with a thorough and widespread reformation and revival of the true religion, even while the Assyrians were invading the Northern Kingdom. He cleansed and repaired the temple, restored the temple services, and provided for the support of the Levites and for popular religious instruction from the books of the law, thus bringing about a great uprising against idolatry.

The result was most happy. "Hezekiah had exceeding much riches and honor." His kingdom was tranquil, strong and wealthy. But one constant danger threatened Judah—the growing power of Assyria, whose overlord ship Ahaz had acknowledged, against the urgent protests of Isaiah.

In 701 B. C. the great invasion of Palestine was made by Sennacherib, with a double siege of Jerusalem. Sennacherib sent an army demanding the surrender of Jerusalem. He may have felt that it was a mistake to leave in his rear so powerful a fortress, while he had still to complete the overthrow of the Egyptians.

The Assyrians, coming near to the walls of the city and speaking through Rabshakeh, the chief officer of Sennacherib, made the contest one between Jehovah and the Assyrian idols, between the true religion, the one means of redeeming the world, and Hezekiah, and Isaiah, and apparently the scribes and elders, clothed in sackcloth, went into the temple and prayed from their inmost souls.

Note how afflictions lead to prayer. Hezekiah saw before him captivity, suffering, probably death, the loss of his kingdom, the extinction of his line, the exile of his people. But above all he saw the fall of true religion, the dishonor of God's name, a religious and moral loss to the world. We should pray for temporal blessings, for whatever we need; but at the same time we should never let the desire for earthly things overshadow the larger and more important spiritual interests; but rather, as in Hezekiah's case, the pressure of personal need should make more intense the desire for God's cause and kingdom.

Then came a message from God through Isaiah. Hitherto Isaiah's message had been one of warning to Judah, in order to make them so obedient to God that the relief could come to them as a blessing. Now his message concerns the Assyrians, but also shows Judah why God comes to their help.

The wonderful deliverance came when the angel of the Lord smote of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand. Just where this occurred we do not know. But Sennacherib was marching toward Egypt. The deliverance was a deliverance of Egypt as well as of Judah. The scene may well have been near Egypt. Whether it was by a storm, or pestilence, no one knows. It is remarkable that the histories of both his chief rivals in this campaign, Judah and Egypt, should contain independent reminiscences of so sudden and miraculous a disaster to his host.

From Egyptian sources there has come down through Herodotus a story that a king of Egypt, being deserted by the military caste, when Sennacherib, king of the Arabs and Assyrians invaded his country, entered his sanctuary and appealed with weeping to his god; that the god appeared and cheered him; that he raised an army of artisans and marched to meet Sennacherib in Pelusium; that by night a multitude of field mice ate up the quivers, bowstrings and shieldstraps of the Assyrians; and that, as these fled on the morrow, very many of them fell. A stone statue of the king, adds Herodotus, stood in the temple of Hephaestus, having a mouse in the hand. Now, since the mouse was a symbol of sudden destruction, and even of the plague, this story of Herodotus seems to be merely a picturesque form of a tradition that pestilence broke out in the Assyrian camp. The parallel with the Bible narrative is close. In both accounts it is a prayer of the king that prevails. In both the deity sends his agent—in the grotesque Egyptian an army of mice, in the sublime Jewish his angel. In both the effects are sudden, happening in a single night.

From the Assyrian side we have this corroboration: that King Sennacherib did abruptly return to Nineveh without taking Jerusalem or meeting with Tiribahak, and that, though this Egyptian ruler reigned for twenty years more, he never again made a Syrian campaign.

A MARVELOUS RECOVERY.

How a Chronic Invald Regained Perfect Health.



Mrs. Ray Truesner, 80 West Third St., New Albany, Ind., says: "Kidney disease had rendered me a chronic invalid. I lay in bed unable to move hand or foot. My right limb was swollen to twice normal size. I looked the picture of death and my case puzzled the doctors. The kidney secretions were highly colored and scalded terribly. Marked improvement followed the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. In six weeks I was a well woman. My friends and relatives marvel at my recovery."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

_SOLVING NEGRO PROBLEM

Under Conditions, the Matter Seemed Comparatively Easy of Arrangement.

The central police station was overcrowded one day last week. Officers were wondering what they would do should another arrest be made, when the door opened and a sleepy-looking, blue-eyed foreigner drifted in with a most dejected "Goot erfin, mens."

The officers nodded their greetings to the stranger, who then asked: "Can I did some sleepings here? I just come from Chicago and am start to work tomorrow."

"Well, the only space we have left is a bunk, which is already occupied by a colored man. You can share that if you want to," replied the officer.

"The man thought for a few minutes, scratched his head and said: "Well, I guess I can see him in dark, and besides I am tired and want sleep."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Shown Tact of King.
It was the order of the day at a late shoot at Sandringham that when pheasants should not be shot, and one of the guests brought down a hen which fell near King Edward's place in the line. Anxious not to hurt the offender's feelings by an over rebuke, the king pointed to the corpus delicti and said: "Ah, Gurney, what a man you are for the ladies!"—Life of Edward VII.

Tea Time in Chile.
Either tea or yerba mate is served in Chile at 4:00 p. m., not only in the homes but at clubs, restaurants and hotels, and many business houses. A cut of tea and a roll or small cake in the club or hotel cost from eight to twelve cents United States gold, while the business houses serve it free rather than have the clerks leave their work or go out for it.

Outdone.
Willis—I'm raising 500 chickens on a five-foot lot.
Gillis—That's nothing. You ought to see the relatives my wife is taking care of in our flat.—Puck.

Perhaps.
"Why did Humpty Dumpty sit on the wall?"
"He probably thought he could hold it down."

Libby's
Vienna Style Sausage
A good dish for a Luncheon or Supper.
Brown the contents of a tin of Libby's Vienna Sausages in the frying pan and serve with baked potatoes.
Easy to serve—fine to eat
Look for the Libby label which means quality.
Libby, McNeill & Libby