



There Was Frank, Open Admiration in His Glance.

The RING 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 man's wife. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy puts 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 straggling strap. Seeing he is an impediment, the woman thrusts her escort into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen he stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away. Twenty-five years later, this man, George Gormly, is a multi-millionaire in New York. He meets Eleanor Haldane, 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 pier and track extension plans by grafting aldermen, backed by the Gotham Traction Company. An automobile accident near his country house, on a stormy Christmas eve, brings about a meeting with the members of Miss Haldane's family. Gormly makes the married party comfortable and referring to a worse storm he once experienced in the west, offers to notify the people at the Haldane place of the accident. An automobile accident near his country home, on a stormy Christmas Eve, brings about a meeting with the members of the Haldane family.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He had never seen her except in the quiet conventional of a street dress. He had imagined her in all sorts of guises. When she burst upon him that way however, the sight dazzled him. It was so far beyond any dream he had ever indulged that he could scarcely comprehend it. He stopped and stared at her. For once his iron control deserted him. There was that frank, open admiration in his glance of which no one could mistake the meaning.

"You must pardon my surprise," said Gormly; "I have never seen you in an evening gown, and I confess my imagination unequal to—"

"Do you like it?" said the girl nervously.

"I am scarcely conscious of it, Miss Haldane," he returned directly. "I see only you."

"How singularly unobtrusive," she said lightly, recovering her equipoise, "for a man whose business it is to buy and sell such things not to notice them."

"In your presence tonight, Miss Haldane, business is as far from me as if it was on the other side of the world. It is on the other side of the world," he continued swiftly; "for this is a different world from any in which I have ever moved, and I—"

His speech was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Haldane and Miss Stewart. The latter was a fragile, graceful, charming girl, who would have attracted instant attention and notice anywhere, except beside her regal companion and friend. Mrs. Haldane was a not unworthy complement to the other two. These two also were wearing elaborate dinner gowns.

At this moment Haldane, followed by the two other men, came in from the library.

"Mr. Gormly," began Haldane, sen-

ior, "I am unable to get anybody over the telephone."

"I am sorry to hear that. I suppose that the wires are down on account of the storm."

"Exactly. Meanwhile, I scarcely know what to do. Could you send a man on a horse over to my place?"

"I should be glad to do so, did I possess the horse."

"The pair that brought us up from the lodge?"

"Neither is broken to saddle, I believe, and—but I can send a man over on foot. I have no doubt—"

"I hardly think that would be possible," interposed Dr. Deveaux. "I should not like to be responsible for any man on foot in such a storm as this."

"I'll go myself," said Gormly quickly.

"You, Mr. Gormly!" exclaimed Mrs. Haldane. "Why, we couldn't think of such a thing. The danger!"

"Madam, I have been afoot in worse storms than this," he answered, "when I was a mere boy in the far west."

It was the first intimation anybody from New York had had as to any period of Gormly's life outside of New York, and one of the company at least pricked up his ears at this remark and listened attentively.

"We couldn't think of allowing you to do so," said Miss Haldane.

"I suppose that pair you have could hardly take us over?" questioned Livingston Haldane.

"I am afraid not," answered Gormly. "They have been driven rather hard today, and they are a light pair at best, as you notice."

"Well, we are thrust upon you, then, marooned as it were."

"I hope you won't find my house the typical desert island," answered Gormly, smiling. "Indeed, I scarcely know what the resources of the establishment are, having entered into possession only today; but whatever they are, they are at your service."

"There's no help for it, I suppose," answered Haldane somewhat gloomily. "I guess you will have to keep us until morning."

"Think how happy you make a lonely old bachelor," returned Gormly, "by being his Christmas guests. And if you will accept this situation, as I indeed I fear you must, I shall make arrangements so that you can be taken to your own place on Christmas morning. Let me consult my butler, who was Mr. Goodrich's major dome before I bought the place, and see what can be done."

A brief conversation with that functionary threw some little cheer over the situation. Gormly's own wardrobe, which had been sent down, would amply supply the men with whatever they needed, and the butler imparted the cheering news that the lodgekeeper was a married man with two grown daughters, and he had no doubt that such things as the women required might be secured from them.

"Send at once," said Gormly quickly, "and ask Mrs. Bullen to come up

to the house and be of what service she can to the ladies. How are we off for bedrooms?"

"Plenty of them, sir, and all ready for guests."

"Well, see that they are prepared, and have Mrs. Bullen here immediately."

As the butler went off to attend to these orders, Gormly re-entered the room and found the whole party comfortably gathered about the fire. He explained that he had found a woman on the place, the lodgekeeper's wife; that he had sent the station wagon for her; and that she would be present doubtless within a half hour with such indispensable articles of attire as might serve to make the women guests at least comfortable.

"If you were only in communication with your shop, Mr. Gormly," said Mrs. Haldane—and whether she meant to be offensive or not, Gormly could not tell—"we would lack nothing."

"I am sorry for your sake, madam, that I am not. As it is, we shall have to do our best with the limited resources at hand."

Conversation ran on desultorily this way for a short time, when the butler announced the arrival of Mrs. Bullen. As he did so, the tall clock musically chimed out the hour of nine.

"Now that your woman is here, Mr. Gormly," said Mrs. Haldane, rising, "as I am somewhat fatigued from the ride and the experience, I shall retire to my room. I suppose you young people won't think of going to bed at this unearthly hour?"

"No, indeed," answered Miss Stewart. "I think I'll stay awake until Christmas."

"Will you go, Beekman?" said Mrs. Haldane, addressing her husband.

"Why—er—my dear—"

"I was about to propose a table of bridge," said Dr. Deveaux.

"An excellent idea," returned Haldane quickly; "but there are six of us here and—"

"I don't play," said Gormly quickly. "I'll stay out also," said Eleanor. "I don't care much for bridge at best."

"Good night," said Mrs. Haldane, moving away, escorted by the butler, and met outside presently by Mrs. Bullen.

"Mr. Gormly and I will watch your game," said Eleanor.

"By the way, Eleanor, may I ask where you met Mr. Gormly?" queried her father.

"He is very much interested in our social settlement work. Many of his employees live in the vicinity of the new settlement house we are building, and I have had occasion to consult him at his office a great many times."

"Ah," said the elder man reflectively, wondering how much might be behind that entirely innocent statement.

Meanwhile a footman arranged a card table, at which the quartet took their places and instantly became absorbed in the game. Miss Haldane manifested no special interest in the play, and at Gormly's suggestion she left the hall and went with him into the inviting little library through the broad open doors that gave access to it from the hall. Another fire was burning there. He drew a low chair before it in which she sat down. He himself stood with his arm resting on the mantel, looking down on her.

The two were in plain sight from the bridge table; but as they talked in low tones their conversation was inaudible in the hall. Haldane glanced curiously and uneasily at them from time to time; but finally, becoming absorbed in his game, paid them no further notice.

CHAPTER IV.

Miss Haldane is Charmed and Charming.

"Mr. Gormly," began Miss Haldane, "I have not seen you for some time."

"Not for two months and eleven days, Miss Haldane," answered Gormly quietly.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the astonished girl. "How pat you have the time! Do you keep a calendar of my visits to your office?"

"I have a marvelous memory for details which I wish to remember," said the man.

"And I am so much interested in the settlement house that—How does it progress, by the way?" he continued, gravely as if his recollection of anything connected with her was a mere matter of course.

"Oh, beautifully. You see, there is nothing to consult you about now. It is all in the architect's and builders' hands. You have been so helpful to me I really don't know what I should have done without you."

"And you have, of course, respected my confidence? No one knows anything about my connection with the enterprise?"

"No one at all."

"Not even your father?"

"Certainly not. I never discuss business with my father, nor does he discuss business with me."

"And yet," said Gormly quickly, "I should think he might discuss business with you to advantage."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"I am a business man, Miss Haldane, accustomed to deal with men and women in a business way, and much depends upon my ability to estimate the capacity of those with whom I work. I have not often seen a woman, or even a man, with a better head for business than you have."

It was the dearest thing the man could have said to her. Women, she knew, were not naturally business-like, and to have such qualities attributed to her was the subtlest kind of flattery. It came, too, from a man who was a power in the business world, and was therefore the more valuable.

"It is very good of you to say that," said the girl, smiling pleasantly in appreciation, "and I am more proud of it

because everybody says you are such a fine business man yourself."

"I should like to do something really worth while," said the girl after a little pause. "I like people who do something worth while."

"So do I," said the man, with obvious meaning.

"Mr. Gormly," she exclaimed impetuously, "why don't you do something worth while?"

Gormly smiled. "My dear young lady," he answered—really, he was old enough to be her father, he thought half sadly, as he noted his form of speech—"I have the largest store in the world. I have agents in every civilized country and many that are uncivilized. I own and control a fleet of steamers. I have my private wooden mills, and silk mills and factories. I suppose there are ten thousand people in my employ. I can give you a check for another million for your settlement work as often as you wish it, and—"

"These are all very well, Mr. Gormly," said the girl gravely. "They spell tremendous material success; they show your ability and acumen; in the eyes of the world they count for a great deal; indeed, I find lately that they are counting more and more; but they don't really amount to anything after all. What is money, what are power and influence? My father, for instance, was born with more than he could possibly spend, more than he knew what to do with, inherited from thrifty ancestors who had the wit to buy land when it could be bought for a song. He has influence, power. What does it amount to? I want him to do something, really to do something in the world for the good of mankind. I am preaching to you just as I preach to him."

"Do you look upon me as you would a father?" asked Gormly quickly.

"Why, no, not exactly. Certainly not," answered the girl.

"I am forty-four, you know."

"No, I didn't know; but what if you are? You are still a young man. My father is fifty-five, and I don't call him old."

"Wonderful consideration from twenty-two!" said Gormly smiling.

"Well," resumed the girl, "I was saying that you ought to do something in life. You have made yourself. You started with little or nothing, if I may believe the newspaper accounts of you."

"Have you been reading them?"

"Every word," answered the girl. "I was quite proud of being able to say to my friends that I knew you and what they said about you was true."

Never in his life had Gormly been happier than at this frank, spontaneous expression of approval.

"You ought to put these great talents of yours at the service of your fellow men; not in buying and selling, but in doing something for them," she ran on.

"Don't you think that in selling them honest goods at a fair profit, in telling them the strict and only truth about what you have to sell, in allowing them the utmost freedom of return and exchange, in providing generously for employees, in doing service to your fellow men?"

"Certainly, it is. It is doing service to the little world which you touch, a larger world perhaps than most of us can touch. But I want you to do something, I want every man and every woman who has the ability to do something, in a great, splendid way."

"But what would you have me do?"

"I don't know," answered the girl. "I don't know what I would have anybody do; but there are so many things to be done, so many wrongs to be righted, so many things to be achieved. The great man goes out and makes opportunities. Part of his greatness, I take it, consists in seeing what there is to do. Ruskin says somewhere that the greatest thing anybody can do is to see something. If I were a great woman, I could answer your question better; but I am only—"

"I think you are a great woman," said Gormly softly, "and I would be perfectly willing to take your answer and abide by it."

"I would not have it that way," answered the girl dreamily. "When my father asks me what I would have him do, I say to him, 'Go and see.' He laughs at me; most people laugh at me. You don't, Mr. Gormly."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

No More Room.

The elevator slipped rapidly by one floor after another, while many inmates of a large office building rang the bell and demanded to be carried to the street. It was the noon hour and every one at the elevator shaft was anxious to get luncheon.

The elevator seemed to be only half filled. Actually there were three girls and a man in it who had got on at the fifteenth floor.

"Filled up," shouted the operator, as he sped by the angry crowd at the door.

Finally he reached a floor where one of the officers of the company had his office, and the man was there and wanted to go down. He shouted to him, "Filled up," and the man said something positive.

Then the operator added: "Filled up with hats."

Demand for Granite.

Although Aberdeen is the home of Scotch granite, a shipment of 350 tons recently was exported to that city from South Carolina quarries to meet a demand for a variation in color from the native stone.

"Why does he let his wife venture out alone in his auto?"

"He's anxious to see what will happen when two unmanageable things come together."—Smart Set.

Manasseh's Wickedness and Penitence

Sunday School Lesson for July 16, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 33:1-20. MEMORY VERSES—12, 13. GOLDEN TEXT—"Cease to do evil; learn to do well."—Isa. 1:16-17. TIME—Manasseh reigned 55 years, from B. C. 694-649. He began in the 29th year of the kingdom of Judah. PLACE—Judah and Jerusalem its capital. Manasseh was carried captive to Babylon for a time. The Kingdom of Israel had been destroyed a quarter of a century before Manasseh began to reign.

The teacher of boys or girls may begin by asking what a lighthouse is for, or a foghorn, or bell buoy in the harbor. Is it to tell the sailors where to go? No, it is to tell them where not to go. Why are stories of bad men told in the Bible, such as the one in this lesson? They are a warning. They are pictures of a character that repels us, that urges us not to enter any path that leads to that end.

During the long reign of Manasseh Jerusalem was at peace while the neighboring lands were harried by Assyrian armies, so that Jerusalem had a large share of the trade of Palestine. The king and his subjects benefited in many ways from the immense increase of traffic caused by the inclusion of Egypt and western Asia under one empire. The political rank of Jerusalem secured to her the chief markets of the internal commerce of Judah, as well as the gifts which it was customary for foreign traders to leave with the lords of the territories they visited; and thus in spite of the disadvantages of its site, the city must have become a considerable emporium.

Manasseh was the son and heir of Hezekiah, a great, and, on the whole, good king. His mother's name was Hepzibah, the delight of her husband. He was only twelve years old when he began to reign in form. But in Judah a king was not supposed to be of age until he was eighteen. For six years Manasseh must have been to a great extent under the influence of his regents and counselors. He was the sixteenth king of Judah. He reigned fifty and five years. The longest reign in the history of Judah and Israel. And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord. Manasseh was king of the Lord's people, and his business was to carry out God's plan of a peculiar people who should teach the nations righteousness, and the true way of living.

He was a mere boy, unable at first to assert himself as a ruler. He doubtless was waited on, petted, flattered, courted, treated as a superior being, whose will should never be checked, nor fancy thwarted; with no regular business, no hard tasks. What Manasseh did was popular and fashionable; following the ways of the greatest, most cultured, most influential nation in the world, then the master of Judah. The people were doing business with the Assyrians. Trade demanded conformity. Society was dominated by Assyrian influences. Moreover, many doubtless used the same argument Rabshakeh used to Hezekiah that the prosperity under heathen gods, and their conquering power proved that these gods were mightier than Jehovah the God of the little Province of Judah.

Manasseh degraded true religion that was meant for the comfort and elevation of man, by leading his people away from the one true God, the only source of help, into all manner of useless, irrational, degrading enchantments by which the people sought for guidance and help. Thus these practices were treason and disloyalty.

The Lord spake to Manasseh, by means of the prophets, of whom Nahum may have been one; by means of his conscience, by the example of his father, by means of his conscience, by the written word, by providence. It is not known just when Manasseh was made to pay the penalty of his sins, but it must have been after many years of idolatry.

Wherefore the Lord brought upon them the captains of the host of the king of Assyria and Manasseh was made captive. The records of Assurbanipal record a review of the 22 kings of whom Manasseh was one apparently at Nineveh. Which took Manasseh among the thorns, "in chains," margin, "with hooks." Assyrian kings sometimes thrust a hook into the nostrils of their captives, and so led them about.

He had been sailing down the Niagara rapids carelessly, and now he feels the tossing of the waves, the current swiftly flowing by the rocks, he sees spray over the cataract, and hears its roar. Why? In order that he may stop ere it is too late. The bitter fruits of his wrong doing wrought the desired effect. The prodigal came to himself. He besought the Lord, Jehovah, not the heathen gods he had been worshiping, who failed him in his trouble.

God showed Manasseh clearly that he forgave him, by the fact that he brought him again to Jerusalem.

God forgave him. God loves to forgive. He does not love to punish. As he tells us through Ezekiel: "Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways, and live? Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die?"

Young man, young woman, look at the picture of this king's life; listen to the bell that tolls from the rocks on which he was wrecked, and take warning.

Thackeray's Kindness of Heart. Thackeray was the gentlest satirist that ever lived. As editor of the Cornhill he could hardly bring himself to reject a MS. for fear of hurting his would-be contributors. The story of his actually paying for contributions that he never printed, in order to conceal the fact that he had rejected them, may be true or false. We do not remember exactly how the evidence points. But even if it be a story, such stories are not told of men made of the stern stuff of the Thackeray commonly mistaken.

Lead in Salt Industry.

The six leading states in the salt industry are Michigan, New York, Ohio, Kansas, Louisiana and California, and in 1909 these six states produced salt valued at \$7,714,557. The salt from these states is obtained from rock salt, sea water and natural brine—in other words, from all the known sources of salt.

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SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to Mrs. 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

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All mankind loves a lover.—Emerson.

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Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."

—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

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