

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 maidlin 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 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 on a stormy Christmas eve brings the Haldanes to his country home. Gormly makes the marooned party comfortable.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.
"Never!" said Gormly. "And I confess to you that of late I have had similar thoughts. I want to do something for humanity," he went on slowly. "There are certain people who stimulate us to achievement, who awaken our ambition, who quicken our hope, who—Don't you comprehend? You have put something into my life which I lacked. Now I want to do something for—you, Miss Haldane."

"For me, Mr. Gormly?"
"For you and my fellow men; for your approval and theirs. You see you have brought me in touch with a state of being of which I know little. I was not born into your society. Until I saw you, I had no desire to mingle in it. I have not taken a vacation, except business trips aboard, for twenty-five years. For instance, this is the first time in all that long period that I have stood alone in a room and talked socially, by her gracious privilege, on terms of outward equality, with a fine, high bred, capable, woman. Can't you understand how you exert a new influence, how you have brought a new force into my life, and that from my acquaintance with you results are certain to come?"

He sat down on a chair on the other side of the fireplace as he spoke, bringing himself on a level with her. She looked at him with curious intensity.
She saw his smooth shaven face seamed and lined with thought and care. She marked the strength, the intelligence, the resolution, in his countenance. It lacked completing touches of tenderness, it lacked the woman's influence; but aside from that it was altogether admirable, virile, and strong.

"I want to do something," he said, "to make me worth," his voice trembled, "the respect of," he looked at her—"of people like you," he went on, "and I am going to do something, too."
"You frighten me," said the girl, appalled as we often are by the granting of our prayers, the acceptance of our suggestions, the realization of our hopes. "I don't like to feel that what you are doing is for—"

"Say it, Miss Haldane. For you."
"I can't assume such a responsibility," she protested; "and such a motive is not the highest, the best."
"Nonsense!" said the man almost roughly. "The best things in life are done for the sake of good women, and there is not a human being in the world who possesses your powers and capabilities who does not thrill to responsibilities. In your heart of hearts you are glad—or you will be glad if through your inspiration something is accomplished, by whatever way or means it may be—even by me—for mankind."

And the woman knew that the words were true. She thrilled even then to the strength of his protestation.
"You see I know humanity. I don't know society; you observed that by my awkward reception of you all here tonight."
"Indeed," said the girl; "it was most graceful and kindly hospitality, and we deeply appreciate it."
"It is good of you to say so. These things I could learn," he hesitated, "if I had some one who knew to teach me; but other things I know myself. I am at a discount with women; but I can handle men and I know men. Every human being is glad to ally himself with success. If you and I together do something, you will be happy if we succeed."
"And miserable if we fail?" queried the girl with a nervous laugh.
"We will not fail."
"You are proposing a partnership?"
"There is a quasi-partnership existing between us now in the settlement house. Your devotion, your generous thought for those people, with my business back of you—for it is back of you, Miss Haldane, in that or anything else to the last limit—is going to produce results there that nobody dreams of."

"Are you going to devote yourself to that?"
"No," said the man quickly. "I have something higher and greater in view."

"Mr. Gormly," she said resolutely, "if you make that dream come true, you will have done more service to humanity than has ever been done by a citizen of this republic, and you will be the greatest man on this side of the world."
"And if my other dream comes true," said Gormly, "I will be the happiest."
"May they all come true!" said the girl impulsively rising and giving him her hand.
"Do you mean that?" eagerly asked the man, gratefully taking her proffered hand in his own firm, resolved clasp.

"I don't know," she faltered, "what your other dream is; but if it corresponds with the one you have told me, I repeat the prayer."
"At the proper time," said the man, "you shall know. Meanwhile, tomorrow we shall get to work."
"Tomorrow will be Christmas," said the girl, smiling.
"My Christmas present to you, Miss Haldane, will be the beginning of the campaign."
"And mine to you, Mr. Gormly," she returned laughing, "will be my good wishes and hearty encouragement in your labor."

"I could wish nothing better," he went on lightly, glad and relieved at this change from the intensity of the interview. "I shall announce myself as a candidate for the mayoralty at the next election. Representatives of the minority party have already approached me on that subject."
"And what did you say to them?"
"Nothing yet. You see this is all new work to me, and I must consider my way carefully."
"Have you ever made a public speech?"
"Never in my life."
"Well, if you can talk to the people as you have talked to me tonight, I am sure you will win."
The girl said it artlessly, carelessly;

rated the character and ability of Gormly. The Gotham Freight Traction company, for instance, had pooh-poohed him at first, and even now, though the public press was filled with accounts of him and his doings, they still greatly underestimated his qualities. Haldane himself had joined in this depreciation until he had met Gormly. He had as yet enjoyed no opportunity of conversation with him, save in a general way, as has been seen; but he was accustomed to deal with men, and he saw instantly that he was face to face with a personality at once able, courageous, determined, and strong.

Behold the two men seated on either side of the bright fire in the library, Haldane smoking one of Gormly's excellent Havanas; glasses, bottles, and ice on a little table at hand. He had disapproved of Mrs. Haldane's manner, not because he thought it unsuited to the occasion, but on account of the peculiar qualities and characteristics of Gormly and the relationship in which he stood to certain matters of importance. He had been inclined on the first entrance to follow his wife's patronizing, arrogant assumption of superiority; but now he strove to infuse all the geniality and cordiality possible into his voice and manner.

On the other hand, Gormly naturally had a deep interest in Haldane. As the father of the woman he loved, he would necessarily be a great factor in the battle he meant to wage for her hand. His consent and influence, while not absolutely essential, would naturally be of great value. If he could by any means win the support and countenance of the great financier, his dream would be by that much the more easy of realization. He had an idea, however, that this would be impossible. That did not daunt him or render him the less alert. To win Haldane's consent possibly might be no more practicable than to win Miss Haldane's consent. Yet Gormly was accustomed to attempt the impossible, and nine times out of ten to achieve it. That Haldane had any relationship, or could have any relationship, to him other than that of a prospective father-in-law never entered his head. That was sufficient to render the interview memorable to him.

The conversation began with a remark from the older man about the weather. He had long wondered why the weather is the staple inaugural topic.
"I have rarely experienced so severe a snowstorm," said Haldane blandly. "I have been coming down to Long Island in winter off and on ever since I was a boy, and this surpasses anything within my knowledge."
"It is bad enough for New York," responded Gormly. "Here when the temperature gets down to the zero mark and the wind blows thirty or forty miles an hour, and it snows hard all day, we call it a blizzard."
At that last remark, though Haldane had no ostensible connection with the street department, or any other department of the municipal administration in fact, the man slightly lifted his head and glanced for a moment with deeper interest at his companion.

"I take it from your allusion that you have experienced worse storms than this."
"I have been in real blizzards, Mr. Haldane," answered Gormly quietly; "more than once where the wind's velocity was scarcely to be measured, where the temperature was from twenty to thirty below, where the sleet needles cut like whips, and the storm had full sweep unchecked and unbroken by anything. However, I am glad of the storm in this instance, since it has enabled me to extend to you and your party the shelter of my roof. I have been acquainted—I have had the privilege of knowing, that is—your daughter for some time, and I am honored in the acquaintance of her father and mother and your friends."
"You say you have known my daughter for some time?"
"I have had that pleasure."
"If I mistake not, she said that you had been interested in her settlement work. Quixotic imaginations of an enthusiastic girl, my dear sir; but I humor her."
"You do well," returned the other. "And if you will give me leave to differ with you, I hardly call it Quixotic. I have examined into the plan thoroughly, and I must say it strikes me as being altogether admirable as well as entirely feasible. I hope and believe it will succeed."
"Quite so," returned Haldane. He was not in the least interested in the matter.

"I have assisted Miss Haldane in every way possible," returned Gormly, who did not propose to be questioned as to the details of his relation to the scheme. "Of course," he went on, "your own reputation as a financier is known to me as it is to all of New York, and if I may be permitted to say so I am of the opinion that a large part of your executive ability, not to say genius, has descended to your daughter."
"Thank you," was the answer. "Eleanor is certainly a most capable young woman."
"And it must be a source of gratification to you that she chooses to exercise her capability in this direction rather than in the vain and aimless social avocations of a large and influential section of our so-called best people in the city?"
"Certainly, very true. But frankly, I could wish that there was a more equitable division of time between the—er—high and the low, so to speak; that Eleanor could give more of her attention to those—duties, which after all, my dear Mr. Gormly, however we men of the world may depreciate them, go to make up so large a part of life, and leave more of the detail work of this institution to others."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I want to do something for you, Miss Haldane,"
free, and I am going to tell it the truth and make it so!"
He stopped and, not trusting himself to look at her, stared into the fire again. There was a long pause.
"Well," said he, flashing a direct look at her, "what do you think of it, Miss Haldane?"
"It is the greatest dream that ever entered a human brain," said the girl quietly.
"It is my business, it has been my business all my life, Miss Haldane, to make dreams come true, and I am dreaming now a greater dream, dearer to me than that I have outlined before you."
What could he mean? She strove to meet his glance fairly; but her own eyes fell before his own direct gaze.
"Do you think I can do it, make my dream come true?" he asked.
"Which dream, Mr. Gormly?"
"Both of them."
"That you can be mayor of New York; that you can redeem the city; that you can restore to the people their liberties—I don't know. Other men have tried it and have failed."
"And I may fail, too," answered Gormly very quietly. "Such achievements are not the results merely of one man's efforts. The people themselves must respond. Whether I can make them do that or not will determine the issue."
"I think you can, Mr. Gormly. You have made me respond."
"And will you help me?"
"I! What can I do?"
"Do what you have done tonight; listen to me, believe in me, inspire me, be my silent partner in my endeavor as I have been yours in your endeavor."
"And after you have succeeded?"
"That's the other dream, and—"

CHAPTER V.
Mr. Haldane is Greatly Surprised.
Mr. Haldane was in something of a quandary. For certain reasons and for some time he had been contemplating an interview with Gormly. Not only did he greatly desire the interview which was indeed necessary, almost vital in fact, to the furtherance of certain matters in which he was deeply concerned, but he did not desire that his interest, personal interest, that is, in the affair should appear.
The opposition had greatly under-

CHURCH LIGHTED BY WIND

Novel Method Employed to Illuminate Sacred Edifice Near Birmingham, England.
Probably one of the most novel methods of providing lighting for a church is that employed at the old Cosely church, situated a few miles out from Birmingham, England.
About 600 feet from the church is the mouth of a disused coal mine, around which are huge piles of tailings. Upon one of these a steel tower 60 feet high is erected and a windmill 18 feet in diameter installed. At the base of the tower in a small house is an electric generator which is run by the wind. The current thus generated feeds 27 lamps in the church, two in the chapel, two in the vestry; operates a motor for pumping the pipe organ, and also lights 30 lamps in the rectory. A storage battery in the rectory is a part of this unique lighting plant.

PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.
"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby.
"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they seemed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.
Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 29 K, Boston.

Exactly.
Noting that another piece of valuable china had been broken. Senator Allen asked his housekeeper how the breakage occurred, and she hastily replied:
"It fell down and just broke itself."
"Merely an automatic brake," quietly commented the senator.

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Bella—I don't care if hers is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers.—Puck.
Should Walk Upright.
A man should be upright, not have to be kept straight.—Marcus Aurelius

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He—Fatal mistake. He won't get a woman in his store.
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