

The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

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 prospector's wife. 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 multimillionaire 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 married party comfortable in a confidential talk with Gormly. Miss Haldane entreats her settlement work, and longs that he shall benefit mankind with his wealth and business talents. He determines to do so and announces that he will be mayor of New York and re-deem the city from corruption.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I know little about the social obligations of the world to which you refer. It has not been my privilege to have an entrance therein."

"Merely a matter of choice on your part, I am sure," murmured Haldane deprecatingly.

"Possibly," was the cool reply. "I have not hitherto been greatly interested in effecting an entrance within the charmed circle, nor am I especially now, saving your presence of course and meaning not the slightest offense in the world."

"None whatever is taken, and I pray you to proceed. You interest me exceedingly."

"In my business, Mr. Haldane, and I have no doubt that the experience is your own, I have found that what I supervise myself is well done, and what I delegate to others is frequently ill done, and sometimes not done at all."

"The remark is as old as Ben Franklin," laughed Haldane, "and the principle is older still." But surely," he went on, "in a great business such as yours is, you can't attend personally to every detail yourself."

"By no means," returned the other. "I have succeeded in surrounding myself with a very capable corps of subordinates—perhaps I had better call them assistants—who have been tried and tested, and upon whom I have devolved responsibilities commensurate with their capacities, and from whom I expect results. But I supervise every department of the business myself. I am in possession of frequent reports concerning it even in its details. I make regular and rigid inspections. In short, so far as one man can do so, I have it all in my own hands, certainly in my own mind."

"My own practise, Mr. Gormly, with my affairs, which are somewhat large and extensive, is similar to yours."

"I take it, sir," was the answer, "that we are in line with all successful men in that."

It irked Haldane a little to be so calmly included in the same category with Gormly; for he had never been in trade and had acquired much of the old world prejudice against the keeping of a store. However, it was not worth quarrelling about. Not that Haldane had the slightest objections to quarrelling with Gormly; on the contrary, he would have enjoyed it immensely, and indeed intended in one way or another to do that very thing before he got through with him; but it would be bad policy to do it without more preparation for victory, and it would be in execrable taste to precipitate antagonism in the enjoyment of his hospitality. Therefore he swallowed his dislike and proceeded as follows:

"Even the best of subordinates make mistakes once in a while."

"They are no more immune from that," was the swift rejoinder, "than the ablest of employers."

Haldane laughed. It was exceedingly well done. For the moment it even deceived his acute companion. He spoke with an air of the utmost frankness.

"I have no personal concern, of course, in the matter, but I have been greatly interested in the remarkable series of articles that have appeared under your name. I suppose you were betrayed into this unfortunate position through some error on the part of one of your subordinates."

"No," said Gormly, "that was a mistake of my own, one of those employer's errors to which we alluded a moment since."

"It is like to cost you dear, I fancy, before you get through. The Gotham Freight Traction company, which I hear is an immensely strong financial organization and is naturally relentless and inexorable in matters of business, is apt to exact compliance with its demands, or leave your warehouses, as it were, in the air."

"I have never credited them with any other intent."

"Then I suppose in the end you will take your medicine, as the young men

say, and content yourself with your—ah—proclamations?"

"My experience has been that publicity, if coupled with surrender, is never very efficacious. If I should accede to the demands of the Gotham Freight Traction company, the fact that I had exposed them would be of little moment."

"Oh, then, you propose to do your own freighting by wagon and give up the battle?" asked Haldane, his eagerness a little more apparent than he imagined possible.

"I have not said so," he answered.

"What do you propose?"

It was a blunt, direct question, and one unwarranted by the situation.

"Well—" began the merchant slowly.

"I ask simply as a citizen interested in the welfare of the community. Some of the backers of the Gotham Freight Traction company are friends of mine, and from tonight I shall hope to count you also among that number," explained the financier gracefully.

"Thank you," returned Gormly. "I have learned that it is not wise to say what you are going to do until you are ready to do it; that it is much better, in fact, to substitute doing for saying."

"An excellent maxim!" returned the other with well simulated indifference. "All of your fellow citizens, however, will be deeply interested in the outcome of the affair. I am an older man than you are, Mr. Gormly, and may therefore take the liberty, not of advising you as to the conduct of your



Gormly Deliberately Laid All His Cards on the Table.

business, but of saying in a friendly way one or two things that occur to me. The first is that as a business man I know that this publicity is more or less distasteful to you. I assume that it will be to the Gotham Freight Traction company, which, I believe, is a very worthy concern, desirous of minding its own business and exploiting its own properties. I think myself, viewing the situation impartially, that you have been hardly dealt with. I don't want to see the affair advance any farther, for the credit of the community. Suppose we say five hundred thousand dollars for the connections and nothing more to appear about it in the public press?"

"Is this—" burst out Gormly quickly. "Is this a compromise you are offering?"

"I am offering nothing," returned Haldane lightly, almost indifferently. "I am not in position to offer anything. As I stated to you, I am simply a citizen who wants to see this unpleasant matter removed from the papers, where such things are discussed by intemperate writers without any real comprehension of the issues involved and I offer as the friend of my friends, and, if I may so call myself, as your friend, to bring you two together."

"You are not empowered to make such a proposition?"

"Certainly not," was the specious answer. "I simply take advantage of the fortunate chance that gives me the privilege of your acquaintance to do what I conceive to be a most important public service."

"And you have no personal interest in the matter?"

"I have already assured you as to that."

"I will not accept any such offer, if it should be made me by authority. I will not pay a single cent over and above the actual cost of building the switches and a proper and reasonable amount for the privilege of the connection."

"Of course, you must make your own decision. In that case, however, I fear you will never get the switches."

"I am quite sure that before I get through I shall have not only the switches, but—"

Gormly paused, and looked his companion hard and directly in the face.

"But what?" said Haldane, flicking the ashes from his cigar faintly, and speculatively watching the blue curl of smoke that rose languidly from its end in the air.

Gormly thought quickly. He was not now deceived by the well assumed indifference of Haldane. He was convinced that there was something back of it; that the relation of Haldane to the whole affair was more than a mere casual one; that Haldane had not told him the plain, unvarnished truth.

"Well, Mr. Haldane, I will be frank with you. I not only intend to have my track connection, but I intend to have the Gotham Freight Traction company as well."

"My dear sir!" said Haldane gently, not turning a hair before this astounding declaration. "Are you aware that the bonds of the Gotham Freight Traction company are two hundred and fifty million dollars; that stock for twice as much more has been issued and sold and is already at a premium; that it is in the enjoyment of a ninety-nine-year franchise with the privilege of renewal; that its promoters include some of the ablest financiers in the city?"

"Much of what you say is a matter of public notoriety. You have given me, however, some information that I did not possess and which is of value," said Gormly quietly.

Haldane did not acknowledge the touch, though he winced inwardly at it.

"And yet you speak," he went on,

"of controlling the company?"

"I do."

"This is most interesting. I am curious to know how you propose to do it?"

"The business that you have built up is evidence of your capacity in that line; but you have, I take it, never mingled in Wall street, never dealt on the exchange?"

"Never. I didn't mean to, either."

"How then do you expect to obtain control of such a corporation as this, especially when it has back of it the city government as well as the Sachem society?"

The question was one Gormly could have declined to answer without a moment's hesitation without giving any offense, for it was one that Haldane had no right to ask. He thought deeply, if swiftly, and before he spoke, Haldane continued:

"You are, I take it, a wealthy man; but no single man could command the resources of this corporation; that is, no single man outside of those few who are in it," he went on, "and it would be sheer madness for you to attempt it."

"Mr. Haldane," said Gormly, coming to another conclusion, "there is a power in this country greater than the money power."

"And what may that be, sir?"

"The power of the people."

"In this instance, the people are already on the side of the Gotham Freight Traction company."

"Are they so?"

"Certainly. Through their representatives they have voted them a fran-

chise under which the line has been constructed and by which it is operated, through the provisions of which it will be held."

"Have the people surrendered their rights absolutely to the Gotham Freight Traction company?"

"I should say that they had."

"Are they delivered, bound hand and foot, to this corporation?"

"Well, you put it rather poetically; but in substance your remark is true."

"And have they no redress or recourse?"

"Certainly."

"And what is that?"

"I haven't the slightest objection to telling you. They can revoke the franchise—at the expiration of the ninety-nine-year term."

"Is that all they can do?"

"Absolutely all. You see, therefore, it would be quite hopeless for you to attempt to fight this corporation, even with the alliance and support of the people, which it is by no means certain you could gain."

"And that is your unprejudiced opinion?"

"It is. Therefore I urge upon you the acceptance of my offer to mediate between you and them."

"And you say your interest is purely impersonal?"

"Entirely."

"I am glad, as I said before, to know that," returned Gormly, "because I should not like to find myself in opposition to one who has manifested such friendliness to me as you have."

Haldane looked up suspiciously; but Gormly's appearance was absolutely guileless.

"For notwithstanding what you tell me," the merchant continued, "all of which is doubtless true, I propose to enter the contest with the Gotham Freight Traction company. I have never allowed myself to be robbed; I have never been beaten by trickery and chicanery; and I don't propose to be robbed or beaten now."

"Ruin, absolute ruin, is before you," said the other earnestly. "If you engage in this contest."

"But sir, they are trying to hold me up—to use a blunt phrase—for a million dollars for a thing that should not be worth a tenth of that amount on a liberal basis. Morally—"

"Morals, my dear Mr. Gormly, somehow seem to have little to do with business. You must do what they like, or—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We shall see," said Gormly. "I believe, though I am not a student of military history, that an able general is one who takes advantage of the mistakes of the enemy, and that more battles are won by such sharp sighted endeavor than by deliberate planning."

"But suppose you did succeed, what then? How would that affect the Gotham Freight Traction company?"

"Meanwhile," said Gormly, and in this instance he deliberately laid all his cards on the table. "I propose to take advantage of the one blunder of the Gotham Freight Traction company."

"And what is that?" asked Haldane with intense eagerness. There was no longer the faintest pretense between these two. His cards were on the table as well, although he had not admitted it.

"In order to make the franchise of the Gotham Freight Traction company really of value, to complete the system, without which it begins and ends in the air, they must have the old New York Street Car company franchise which expires next spring. It covers the only available routes and the only available streets to connect the two ends of the Gotham enterprise. Somehow or other the astute minds controlling the corporation failed to secure the renewal of this franchise. It has to be voted upon and passed in the spring."

"The present administration," was the quick reply, "will be in power until the April elections. The franchise expires in March. No re-grant of it could be made until then. It will be renewed before a new administration could supplant the old, even if your wild dreams were successful."

"That is to be seen," answered Gormly coolly.

"My dear sir, it is self evident."

"By no means. Public opinion shall be aroused on the question of the renewal of the franchise of the New York Street Car company, with a clear explanation of the principles and consequences involved, to such an extent that I do not believe any administration on earth will dare to counter it."

"And who will do this arousing?"

"I will."

"How?"

"By offering myself as a candidate for mayor of New York and by fighting the battle on that issue, and that alone."

"I might," said Haldane slowly, after a deeply thoughtful moment. "I might secure the privileges you desire—conditioned—"

"I don't desire them now, Mr. Haldane," returned Gormly. "I am in the battle to stay. I ask nothing from the Gotham Freight Traction company; it can confer no favors upon me. I shall take what I am entitled to by the grace of God and the will of the people."

Haldane stared a long time at the dark, determined face of his host.

"You will make a splendid enemy, Mr. Gormly," he said at last. "The battle between you and the Traction company will be one worth going a long distance to see."

"At that instant the tall clock in the hall struck the hour of 12."

"I have the honor," said Gormly, bowing formally, "to wish you a very Merry Christmas, Mr. Haldane."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAMPS FOR MINERS

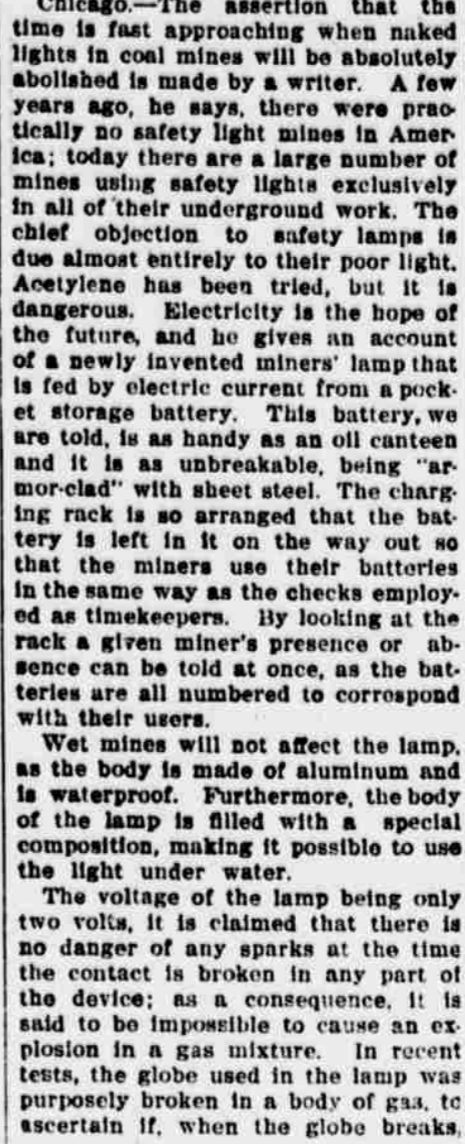
Electric Bulbs Will Prevent Explosions and Disasters.

Miners' Old "Naked" Light Will Be Superseded by Modern Electric Light Operated by a Pocket Storage Battery.

Chicago.—The assertion that the time is fast approaching when naked lights in coal mines will be absolutely abolished is made by a writer. A few years ago, he says, there were practically no safety light mines in America; today there are a large number of mines using safety lights exclusively in all of their underground work. The chief objection to safety lamps is due almost entirely to their poor light. Acetylene has been tried, but it is dangerous. Electricity is the hope of the future, and he gives an account of a newly invented miners' lamp that is fed by electric current from a pocket storage battery. This battery, we are told, is as handy as an oil canteen and it is as unbreakable, being "armor-clad" with sheet steel. The charging rack is so arranged that the battery is left in it on the way out so that the miners use their batteries in the same way as the checks employed as timekeepers. By looking at the rack a given miner's presence or absence can be told at once, as the batteries are all numbered to correspond with their users.

Wet mines will not affect the lamp, as the body is made of aluminum and is waterproof. Furthermore, the body of the lamp is filled with a special composition, making it possible to use the light under water.

The voltage of the lamp being only two volts, it is claimed that there is no danger of any sparks at the time the contact is broken in any part of the device; as a consequence, it is said to be impossible to cause an explosion in a gas mixture. In recent tests, the globe used in the lamp was purposely broken in a body of gas, to ascertain if, when the globe breaks,



Electric Light for Miners.

It would ignite the gas; the results showed that the gas could not be ignited in that way.

The average estimated light of the bulb used in the lamp is from 200 to 300 hours, or in other words about the same as the average commercial incandescent lamp. The life of the battery is one or two years.

As shown by the accompanying cut, there is a hook by which the lamp can be attached to the cap the same as an old lamp; when used this way, the rings shown on the cable, can be attached to the back of cap and shirt, if desired, either with an ordinary safety-pin or by stitching. However, experience has shown that the miners prefer to hook the lamp on their shirt fronts or other parts of their clothing.

The advocates of this style of light claim numerous advantages: 1. No danger of igniting gas or possibility of an accident while handling powder. 2. The light cannot be blown out by a windy shot or gust of air. 3. They save much time that is lost in picking up and filling oil and carbide lamps. 4. There is no oil or dirt to grease the hands and clothes, which is a great advantage, especially to engineers and others who have to handle papers and instruments. 5. It costs less to use the lamp than it does to use an ordinary oil or carbide light. 6. The air in the mine will be clear and pure, and there will not be smoke and gas given off by carbide or oil lamps.

The fact that the light cannot be extinguished by a windy shot or other concussion is a distinct advantage for many lives have been lost through miners being overcome by afterdamp while groping their way in a mine after their lights have been blown out. Should the battery weaken, the light will not go out suddenly and leave one in the dark.

Dentist for Six-Day-Old Babe.

York, Pa.—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Conley, though less than a week old, has already been in the hands of the dentist. Teething, the terror of babyhood, usually does not come along before the age of ten or twelve months, but the precocious youngster, when only six days old, had a tooth pulled.

Twenty Children and Two Farms.

Cumberland, Md.—Joseph Barkman, a widower of fifty-eight years, with eight living, grown up children, and Mrs. Emma Meerkle, sixty years, with 12 children, were married here by Rev. Dr. Edward Hayes. The bride and bridegroom each have large farms on Clear Ridge, in Pennsylvania.

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In usual liquid form or in chocolate coated tablets called Sarsatabs.

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W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 29-1911.

NOT FOR MRS. PILKINSON

Wife of Husband, Drafted for the War, Looked With Disfavor on Proffered Substitute.

Mr. Pilkinson, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was drafted for the services of his country during the Civil war. His wife, though she possessed but a small stock of information, was one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her doorsteps, a rough looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear drafted, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinson, "though, dear knows, there's few men that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, ma'am, I've come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinson, with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond," cried Mrs. Pilkinson, as she discharged the dirty soapuds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

Why are you loitering around here?" demanded the policeman. "You seem to have no object in view."

"I'm out walking with my wife, officer. She's about 30 yards behind in a hobble skirt."

Nature knows what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice. "How do you make that out?"

"What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"

FREE

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coat the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged, the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no opium, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

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