

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 prospector's wife. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy pins a note to the door asking the wife to open the door. 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 brings the Haldanes to his country home, Georgia, and announces that he will be mayor of New York and redeem the city from corruption. The political declaration of the 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 warms. A resolution is introduced granting a gratuitous renewal of the traction franchise. 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.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I love your daughter in ways that I doubt you are able to understand; but I would not take her on such conditions as those you mean me to infer; I would not degrade her by thinking of her on such terms, even if I lost her forever. I am unworthy of her now, God knows! but I would be so far beneath her under such circumstances that I could not even look at her again. I don't understand how she could have been born of such a father."

"I will not be talked to in that manner by you, sir," cried Haldane, who did not lack courage. "I here and now definitely decline your proposal for my daughter's hand."

"I will take that declination from her, and from no one else!" said Gormly.

"She will repeat it, I am sure, if she hears with what insolence you have treated me."

"And I pray God for the sake of her love toward you and her respect toward you that she may never hear one word of what you have said. I have had enough of this interview, Mr. Haldane."

He turned to the door.

"Wait!" said Haldane.

"To hear another infamous proposition from you?"

"No, sir. But I have something more to say, and it is this: You are not so invulnerable yourself, sir, but that you might be glad for a little judicious silence."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean. You publish what you have there at your peril! I warn you that in two days thereafter, your name will ring as a scoundrel, and a blackguard throughout the United States."

"Having tried bribery and failed, you now resort to threats," said Gormly.

"But that you are her father—"

He clenched his fist, stood staring a minute, then shrugged his shoulders, shook his head and turned away.

"You won't be warned, then?" said Haldane.

"Not by you."

"And you intend to publish my connection?"

"Everywhere."

"I shall tell Eleanor that you have done it."

"I shall tell her myself," returned Gormly, tearing open the door. "Haldane," he called, as he stepped into the hall. When the young man presented himself, he thus addressed him: "Your father and I have had a rather painful interview, into the details of which it is not necessary to enter. I have only to say that the story I told you goes to the newspapers tonight. And now," he held out his hand, "goodby. I wish that we might have fought together until the end."

"But we are going to fight together until the end," cried the young man fiercely. "I love my father, and until now I have always respected him. I have been content to follow his lead; but I can do so no longer."

have the right to ask you what I had intended to ask you when the campaign was over and we had won, to be my wife."

"Are you asking me now?" cried Miss Stewart ecstatically.

"I would be if it was proper."

"It is proper," she said, blushing divinely.

"You don't mean—"

"You goose!" said the girl, "I don't love your father or your family."

Here Gormly turned and went into the drawing room again. When he came back, which he did not do until summoned by Miss Stewart herself, he confronted the blushing pair.

"You could not have chosen a truer, better man than Mr. Haldane," he said. "And as for you, Haldane, you are the luckiest man on earth."

He sighed with envy and regret as he spoke.

"I want to do something for you now," said young Haldane.

"Well, there is one thing you can do for me."

"What is that?"

"I want to see your sister, and immediately."

"I will have her here in ten minutes," answered the young man, tearing himself away from Miss Stewart without another word.

CHAPTER XIV.

Gormly Reels His Greatest Temptation.

Gormly had faced many difficult situations in his life. Even his success-



"And This is Why You Made Me That Offer of Marriage?"

ful business career had confronted him with crises of moment. But he had never contemplated anything which imposed so hard a task upon his judgment and his feelings as the approaching interview. What means young Haldane would take to induce his sister to come with him, how much of what had transpired he would tell her, Gormly had no means of knowing of course; but he felt confident that by hook or crook the young woman would be produced, and that a few minutes would find him face to face with her.

He did not in the least know how to begin or what to say, and the more he thought of it the more difficult became the situation. It was well that the time for reflection was short. It is better for a man who has to do great things to do them before the mental and spiritual enemy has time to instill doubts into the mind. And it was with a feeling of relief in his growing apprehension and misery, therefore, that he heard the front door open. He heard voices that he knew in the hall, and in another moment the library door was opened and Miss Stewart entered the room alone. He had risen on her approach and stood confronting her. She was evidently greatly surprised.

"I did not know you were here," she began. "Livingstone did not tell me. I did not expect—"

"It was to see me, or rather that I

might see you, that you were brought here, and I alone am responsible."

"It is a most extraordinary proceeding," said the girl nervously. "I can't imagine why I was brought to you."

"It was necessary for me to see you," returned the man.

"Then why didn't you come to my house?"

"I could not."

"Why not?"

"There are reasons which will probably render me forever an unwelcome visitor to your house."

"I believe," said the girl slowly, "that something very serious must have happened, or you would not have had me brought here."

"I can scarcely bear to tell you."

"You alarm me beyond measure!" cried the girl, pressing her hands to her breast as if to still its wild throbbing. "You must not keep me in suspense any longer! What is it that you have to tell me?—What is it that is likely to come between us?"

"This," responded Gormly, handing her a few typewritten sheets of paper.

"Am I to read this?" she asked, taking it from him and looking very straight at him.

He was very pale now and she was scarcely less white.

"Wait!" said the man, as she lifted the paper and bent her head. "Perhaps it would be more merciful to tell you."

"Just as you think best. I am a strong woman. I can bear anything. Is it about," there was a long pause—"my father?"

He nodded his head.

"What has he done?"

"Miss Haldane," he began, "I say to you quite simply that I would rather be dead than stand here as I do now with the burden of telling you that your father is the head and front, the backbone, the brains, the genius, the everything, of the Gotham Freight company and the Sachem society."

"My God!" exclaimed Miss Haldane, the paper dropping from her fingers to the floor.

She was paler than ever. She stared at him almost in dumb incomprehension. Her body averted slightly, Gormly stepped closer to her, seized her gently, supported her to a chair by the library table. She put her face

for the sake of honor, for the sake of duty, for the sake of humanity," he paused and raised his own hand. "So help me God!" he cried with upturned face.

"But is it necessary?"

"Absolutely."

"Why?"

"The cause of popular government is being fought out right here. The contest transcends in importance any political battle that has even been waged. If the government of and for and by the people is to be a success, we have to demonstrate it now or else go down, it may be forever. The people have a right to know what is back of the Sachem society, where it gets its enormous corruption fund. I should be a traitor, false to my duty, a betrayer. If I did not make public this knowledge that has come to me."

"It is all true," she said at last. "You say my father was here?"

"Yes."

"He was very much agitated at some news that my brother brought him a short time ago. Does Livingstone know?"

"He does. I told him."

"Why?"

"To give him an opportunity to withdraw from association with us in view of this attack."

"And what did he decide?"

"He decided to stay with me."

"And this is why you made me that offer of marriage now rather than later?"

"Yes. I wanted you to feel, after you had this news, that while I alone knew it, I paid you the highest compliment that I could think of; that my heart was irrevocably pledged to you whatever was to happen."

"That was kind of you. You have always been kind to me."

"I don't see how you can say so after this," he pointed to the paper.

"This," she replied, her eyes following his outstretched hand, "makes a great difference, doesn't it?"

"I don't know. I suppose it will. It does not make any difference in me."

"But don't you see it makes it impossible for me if you—How could I? The enemy of my father!"

"I don't suppose you could," he answered. "That is another reason why I wrote when I did, because I was fearful that you would hate me when my agency in the unearthing of this was known; that you would receive no communication from me; that our acquaintance would be broken off; and I wanted you to know before it was too late all that was in my heart."

"I am surprised," said the woman, "that you could still continue to love the daughter of—"

"Don't say that!" quickly interposed Gormly. "I don't love you because you are anybody's daughter, but because you are yourself. I can't trust myself to speak about it when I see you," he continued, turning away, "and I could curse myself for ever having become involved in such a situation. I wish there was some way out of it. Sometimes I am minded to—"

"There is no way out of it," said the girl quickly.

"No, I suppose not." He turned away from her and began to pace the room with long steady steps.

"Mr. Gormly," she said at last, "come here. Sit down there on the other side of the table. I want to see you."

Amazed, the man complied with her request.

"Now tell me the whole solemn truth. You say my father was here with you before I came?"

"Yes."

"Does he know that you know?"

"It was to see me about that that he came."

"Did he make some effort to induce you not to publish these facts?"

"Naturally."

"What was the effort?"

"He argued with me."

"Is that all?"

"He threatened retaliation."

"Is that all?"

"I think he even pleaded."

"And is that all?"

"Yes," said Gormly, telling her his first lie, telling it bravely, audaciously, even looking her straight in the eye without blenching.

"Mr. Gormly," returned the woman, "whatever he is, my father is not a fool."

"His worst enemy would not so describe him."

"He knew that you were not a man who could be moved by threats or entreaties. You have demonstrated that you can be, in this campaign at least, iron hard, inflexible, immutable. And there is no argument that any mortal man could use which could induce you to hold your hand. Isn't that true?"

"I—I am afraid so."

"What then did he propose to influence you?"

"Great heaven," cried Gormly, "I have told you all that I will tell you; all that you have a right to know! Suffice it to say that he did not move me."

"Mr. Gormly, I ask you, I implore you, I adjure you, did my father offer me to buy your silence?"

Gormly stared at her in ghastly horror.

"You don't answer," said Miss Haldane.

"No."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Du Quesne's First Fight.

A monument of the gallant Admiral Du Quesne has just been provided at Bouchet, where he was buried in 1688, and the story of his first fight is therefore apposite. He was the son of a ship builder, and at the age of 17 was placed in command of one of his father's vessels. He sailed forth, equipped a Dutch vessel, boarded it, compelled it to surrender and brought it into port. Not until he had been carried through the streets in triumph on the shoulders of his fellow towns men did it occur to the officials that France and Holland were at peace

PRICE ON HIS HEAD

Attractive Bonus for Murder of Exiled King.

Disguised as a Merchant, the Shah of Persia Returned to His Country, Hoping to Win Back the Throne.

London.—The goodly sum of \$52,500 will be paid for the head of one Mohammed Ali, late Shah of Persia, but recently a student of medicine and surgery in Odessa, on presentation of said head at the rear entrance gate where hangs the sign "Deliver all goods here." It is not absolutely essential to present the head in detached form, but for convenience in handling that method would meet with government approval.

This is the thought rather than the phrasing of a proclamation, referred to sarcastically by some as a bull, which is tacked on the outer walls of the imperial palace at Teheran as an inducement to some enterprising Kurd to solve a situation that otherwise is bound to be productive of considerable excitement in the kingdom of Persia in the near future. Private subscriptions have raised the sum to \$100,000, which shows that the high cost of heads keeps pace with the high cost of living. It is not recorded that so great a price was ever before placed on a person's head.

When Mohammed Ali, 23d in direct line from the son of the Prophet, passed out the northwestern gate of the city of Teheran on the evening of



Mohammed Ali.

July 16, 1909, no loyal Kurd kissed the earth his feet had trod, or so much as gave him a parting salutation. It was all day, likewise good night, for Ali.

He had been a shah for just 18 months and 8 days, to be exact, and was going into banishment because public opinion, which even in the near east is not without potency, had decreed that, having failed "to establish harmony among his subjects, he was no longer worthy to wear the 18-pound girdle of state or the three-story tiara of the king of kings."

Still, you can't always tell in Persia. Stable government may make for tranquility, but not for joy. It got dull in and around Teheran, and here and there was seen a tired business man. And so Mohammed Ali, finding conditions and opportunity, alike favorable, has started to come back, using the words in both a geographical and colloquial sense. Persia, alert to the trying emergency, immediately went into council on the state of the nation and issued the above proclamation.

With Mohammed Ali out of the way, a regent as a figurehead and a national assembly, Persia took a step which would have given the average Shah aneurism of the aorta. It actually proceeded sanely to straighten out its finances for the purpose of seeing, if it stood at all, where it was. The national assembly, with rare good judgment, sent to the United States for some one who knew the double sort of addition and division. It secured the services of William M. Shuster, a product of the Washington High school, who possesses this rare quality of being able to systematize monetary chaos. Persia made Shuster, who is not yet 40 years old, treasurer general and gave him complete charge of taxes, revenue, credit and accounting. Whereupon, Siphahdar Salar, the premier, knowing perhaps what it meant, resigned his office and, taking a carriage, asked to be driven to Europe—a Persian way of expressing his disgust. Having started to regulate the national finance, the assembly didn't stop. It went on regulating until it has got the people mixed up. There seemed to be too many rulers, a condition long ago discovered elsewhere on the footstool. The shah saw his opportunity in this distracted condition of the nation and secretly made his way back to Persia to regain his throne.

Stories differ as to how the ex-shah got back into Persia. One says that he wore a false beard and rode in the steerage of a sailing ship, and another that he covered his \$52,500 head with a whitened wig and sought by dress and manner to appear like a venerable Parsee merchant.

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Mrs. Roley—Poor dear, he hasn't said a word for three weeks.
Dr. Bull-Frog—Well, you don't want him to croak, do you?—Exchange.

Suburban Sobriquets.

Everybody else had lived in the summer colony long enough to name his home for whatever tree or shrub grew most abundantly in the front or back yard. Up and down the road were cottages labeled the Elms, the Wisterias, the Lilacs, and so on through the horticultural guide book. The newcomer had no name for her house, but after studying the tactics for a week she took a survey of the premises and thenceforward dated her correspondence the Rhubarbs.

Didn't Break It Around Her.

Ella—Our friend, the pitcher, has a "glass arm."
Stella—I didn't notice it when he called on me last evening.

The more a woman runs after a man the easier it is for her not to catch him.

FOOD AGAIN

A Mighty Important Subject to Every One.

A Boston lady talks entertainingly of food and the changes that can be made in health by some knowledge on that line. She says:

"An injury to my spine in early womanhood left me subject to severe sick headaches which would last three or four days at a time, and a violent course of drugging brought on constipation with all the ills that follow."

"My appetite was always light and uncertain and many kinds of food distressed me."

"I began to eat Grape-Nuts food two or three years ago, because I liked the taste of it, and I kept on because I soon found it was doing me good."

"I eat it regularly at breakfast, frequently at luncheon, and again before going to bed—and have no trouble in 'sleeping on it.' It has relieved my constipation, my headaches have practically ceased, and I am in better physical condition at the age of 63 than I was at 40."

"I give Grape-Nuts credit for restoring my health, if not saving my life, and you can make no claim for it too strong for me to endorse." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.