

The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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 maudlin husband who is shot by the wife, and 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 the 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. Gormly 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 waxes warm. 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 learns of 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 from the contest. In an interview with Gormly Miss Haldane learns of her father's business though Gormly vainly tries to hide it. Members of the Kings find the woman for whose sake Gormly declared himself a murderer and decide to force him to withdraw under threat of prosecution. The chief of police visits Gormly, who makes a full confession of the truth. Young Haldane runs the gauntlet of the police and carries the confession to the newspapers for publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

Colonel Bill Hamilton Plays His Lone Hand.

Young Haldane's first duty was to distribute manifestos to the newspapers as far as his copies permitted. Having discharged his errand, with the one copy which he had reserved for himself, he headed for home, hitting up a tremendous pace as he raced along the almost deserted streets.

Before he had left to warn Gormly, he had in a few hasty words given his sister an inkling of what was about to happen. He knew that she would be awaiting the result of his interview with an anxiety not to be measured. In a short time, therefore, he placed the confession in her hands. With straining eyes and throbbing heart the girl devoured the typewritten pages.

Her feelings were a singular compound of varying emotions. For one thing, there was relief that it was no worse; for another, there was admiration at the boldness and courage with which the man had grappled with a desperate situation, the dexterity and resource with which in perfect honor and dignity he had extricated himself from the dilemma in which the opposition had sought to plunge him, the magnificent audacity with which he had faced the crisis and dominated the interview; lastly, there was a keen, terrible pang of jealousy and bitterness toward that other woman. It was this last emotion that was self-revealing.

Eleanor Haldane knew now that she loved this man. She realized in this unveiling of her heart that probably she had loved him all the time; that the other feelings and emotions which he had stirred in her heart and she had sought to characterize by different words were now blended into passion as great as his own.

She sat quite silently, staring at the paper, reading the lines over and over again, thinking her thoughts, until her brother, who had absented himself for a brief space, came back into the room.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do?"

"Will you take a note to him tonight?" she asked.

"Not now," was the answer. "It's too late. I begged him to go to bed and try to get some rest. He will need all his strength tomorrow."

"But this night—"

"I don't care what it is, you can't get it to him tonight. Besides that isn't the best way."

The girl sat down at her desk, picked up a pen and drew a sheet of paper toward her. She divined what was in her brother's mind. She knew what would be the best way after all as well as he. Well, she would do it: "What will father say?" she asked half curiously.

"He will have enough to do explaining his part in this transaction to say anything about anything else."

"You don't think that he—"

"I am sorry to say it," answered young Haldane gravely; "but it was father who gave me the clue, you know, and I am dead certain that the whole ring have put the chief of police up to his dirty work."

It seemed that no further humiliation could be brought upon her.

"Maybe," she said at last, forcing herself to speak with trembling lips and sinking heart, "he won't care after—"

"Don't be a fool, sis!" said her brother roughly, yet not unkindly. "He cares more for you now than anything on earth except his election, and I don't know but that he would even let that slide—"

"He wouldn't!" was the answer. "That day at Louise Stewart's, father offered me to him if he would not publish that matter about the Traction company, and—"

"And he refused?"

"Yes."

"Great God! I didn't think the old man could sink so low."

"That isn't all either," she went on dreamily; "for I repeated the offer."

"What?" cried her brother.

"Yes. I asked him if I said I would marry him, whether he would stop the publication."

"And he refused you?"

"He did."

"God! that's a man if ever there was one!"

"Yes," was the answer, "and that is why I am taking this step now. If he had accepted me, I should have despised him. He would have sunk," she said bitterly, "to our family level."

"Never your mind about our level, sis," said the man gently. "There are few people on earth that are as high as your level; and if Gormly ever does get you, he'll be mighty lucky."

"Thank you," said the girl simply.

"Now, I want you to help me with what I have to write."

Haldane seated himself by her side,

He sat down at his desk, took the paper up again, scanned it carefully "Look here," he said. "There is something concealed about this."

"What is it?" asked the subordinate.

"Well, in the first place it doesn't say who shot the man."

"Why, he says he wrote a confession."

"Yes, I know. I believe the woman fired the shot, and that he's trying to save her! If we could only settle that question, it would be something to soften the revelation."

"By jove!" cried the night editor, "that reminds me!" He picked up the letter. "Camp Kill Devil, Wyo. One of the cub reporters got a story the other day about some western adventures from a certain Bill Hamilton, an old Montana mine owner, and if I'm not mistaken Camp Kill Devil was mentioned."

"Where is the story?"

"I killed it."

"Where is the reporter? I hope you didn't kill him."

"No," was the answer. He tapped a bell on his desk. "Send Mr. Abbott to me if he's outside," he said to the messenger.

Fortune was in a complacent mood. Abbott had just come in from an assignment. He was preparing to go home when the summons reached him. Instantly he presented himself, nervous and trembling, and wondering what was up, before the two demi-gods who decided upon the destinies of the paper, and incidentally upon the fate of the reporters, cub and otherwise.

"Mr. Abbott," said the night editor sharply, "you brought a story in here the other day from a certain Bill Hamilton in which a Wyoming mining camp called Kill Devil, or some such name, was mentioned. Do you recall it?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I killed the story," said the night editor. "It was no good. But now we want very much to get hold of the man who gave it to you. Do you know where he is to be found?"

"Yes, sir. He's staying at the Waldorf."

"Go up and get him at once!" cut in the chief curly. "My machine is down in the street. Get him up here if you have to kidnap him. Tell him we want to see him about George Gormly. We've got a story in which we think he would be interested."

Colonel Hamilton was as good as his word. He did not wait for any undue physical adornment. In an incredibly short space of time he came out sufficiently clad for decency, and grabbing the young man by the arm he fairly ran down the corridor toward the elevator. The late diners were astonished as Colonel Bill and the young cub forced their way through the crowded hall to the automobile outside. The colonel had not forgotten the munitions of war, and he carried a tin box in his hand which he had snatched from his table as he left his bed room.

"Get us down to the office in double quick time," said the cub reporter to the chauffeur. "Never mind about fines; but get us there! That's the old man's orders. We haven't got any time to spare," he yelled, as the big car started.

"This way, sir," said the cub reporter, piloting him into the elevator at once. "Here you are!" he exclaimed after a wild sweep upward.

He led him through a couple of doors and ushered him into a big brightly lighted room where two men sat.

"Col. Bill Hamilton, sir," said Abbott breathlessly. He almost felt like saluting and saying, "Come aboard, sir!"

"Thirty-two minutes," said the night editor, looking at his watch. "Very well done."

"Mr. Abbott, you may remain here, if you wish," said the editor to the cub. "It will be interesting for you to hear."

"Thank you, sir," said the delighted young reporter, making himself small and inconspicuous in a corner whence he could hear and see everything.

"You must excuse me," said the editor, "for having brought you down here so summarily at this hour of the night, but affairs of great moment—"

"You want to know about Gormly?"

"We do."

"Well, what is it?"

"Read this," said the editor.

Colonel Bill fished a pair of spectacles out of his side pocket and deliberately perched them astride of his nose. He read the letter through very slowly. The night editor was in a fever of impatience. Even the imperceptible editor-in-chief was considerably more agitated than usual.

The night editor groaned over the long windedness of the frontiersman.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked Colonel Bill solicitously. "Ain't sick are you?"

"No, no," was the answer.

"But go on, please, Colonel Hamilton," said the editor; "and will you be as explicit as possible. We are holding up the paper in the hope that you may be able to throw some light on this matter, and time is of the greatest importance."

"I see," was the reply. "Well, then, all that's written in that paper's true enough; but he ain't told all the truth."

"Would you mind telling us what has been suppressed or left out?"

"The man's wife was run away with as Gormly, or Fordyce as I knowed him, says on that night he indicates, that the woman's husband was left dyin' on the cabin floor."

"Yes."

"Nex' mornin', some of us, suspicionin' that there might've been some trouble, after the storm died out, got up a crowd and went over to the man's shack. We found him there—"

"Dead?" asked the editor.

"Not yet, but mighty nigh gone."

Colonel Bill drew from his pocket a key and unlocked the tin box. From a worn envelope he drew forth a worn piece of paper, on which was written in pencil that was very much faded, but still sufficiently legible, a brief message. Colonel Bill unfolded the paper, yellow with age, and handed it to the editor, who seized it, turned to the light, and read:

"I killed him, but it was in self defense—Fordyce."

"That's the first bit of evidence," he said.

The editor nodded. "That settles it."

"No, it don't," was the reply. "For when we got there, as I said, he war'n't dead, and we managed to revive him with a good drink of liquor, which Pete Breedren—that was his name—always would respond to," he interpolated. "And he managed to say a few words."

"What were they?"

"He said that his wife shot him and run off with Fordyce."

"Anything more?"

"Then he died."

"I see," said the editor. "Gormly took the blame upon himself to shield the woman."

"It will be Colonel Hamilton's unsupported statement against this written confession, though," interposed the night editor.

"Well, as it happens," was the reply. "the statement ain't unsupported."

"What more?" asked the editor.

"This."

Colonel Bill from the same tin box fished out another object wrapped in a piece of paper. He unrolled the paper and exhibited a flattened leaden bullet.

"This come from a thirty-two caliber revolver. Doc Johnson, who was the only medical shark we had in them days, he performed an autopsy, or somethin' like that, on the body of Breedren, and he got this from it. No man in the territory ever carried a thirty-two. Forty-five's the usual weapon for a gent out there, and this come her use it, and she could shoot most as straight as a man could, that woman."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What will a man give in exchange for a good reputation?

Rheumatic Pains quickly relieved

Sloan's Liniment is good for pain of any sort. It penetrates, without rubbing, through the muscular tissue right to the bone—relieves the congestion and gives permanent as well as temporary relief.

Here's Proof.
A. W. LAY of Lafayette, Ala., writes:—"I had rheumatism for five years. I tried doctors and several different remedies but they did not help me. I obtained a bottle of Sloan's Liniment which did me so much good that I would not do without it for anything."
THOMAS L. RICE of Easton, Pa., writes:—"I have used Sloan's Liniment and find it first-class for rheumatic pains."
Mr. G. G. JONES of Baldwin, L. I., writes:—"I have found Sloan's Liniment to be the best I have above the knee cap caused by a fall, and to my great satisfaction I was able to resume my duties in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is an excellent remedy for sprains, bruises, sore throat, asthma. No rubbing necessary—you can apply with a brush.

At all dealers. Price, 25c., 50c. & \$1.00.

Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Poultry sent free. Address
Dr. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

In every cold weather emergency you need a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Is your bedroom cold when you dress or undress? Do your water pipes freeze in the cellar? Is it chilly when the wind whistles around the exposed corners of your house?

A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater brings complete comfort. Can be carried anywhere. Always ready for use—glowing heat from the minute it is lighted.

Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

Grapefruit Greenery.

Effective greenery for the dining room table may be made by planting the seeds of grapefruit. Sow them thickly, and in two weeks, if the earth is good and has been kept moist in a warm place, the little shoots appear. Two weeks more and the leaves unfold, and very soon there is a mass of rich, glossy green, which is not affected by gas or furnace heat.—Suburban Life.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Wanted—County Representatives for Success Brand Vacuum Cleaner, Superior to any Cleaner made, either Hand or Power or Stationary Type. We give this in any contest. Largest hotels using Success Cleaners. Biggest kind of profit. BUREAU BOX 101, CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 43-1911.

Accidents, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Bumps, Cuts, Wounds, all are painful. Hamlin Wizard Oil draws out the inflammation and gives instant relief. Don't wait for the accident. Buy it now.

All suppression of selfishness makes the moment great. — Lydia Maria Child.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The shortest words sometimes carry the most weight.

Honored by Women

When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—which saves the suffering woman from pain, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and stubborn ills.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG! IT MAKES SICK WOMEN WELL!

No woman's appeal was ever misdirected or her confidence misplaced when she wrote for advice, to the **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION

Not made By a Trust.

After all, it's a question of powder. Your ammunition is effective, or ineffective in proportion to the strength of the powder—and the manner in which it is carried. "Kick" is wasted power; all of the force ought to be forward. This result is possible only in Robin Hood Ammunition because our smokeless powders are the only ones that burn progressively and create velocity all along the barrel.

Try R. H. and prove for yourself that it shoots quicker, hits harder and kills further. Buy our Shot Shells and Metallic Cartridges from your dealer.

Send for our booklet of ammunition facts.

ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION CO.
8th Street, Swanton, Vt.

Rayo Lamps and Lanterns

The strong, steady light.

Rayo lamps and lanterns give most light for the oil they burn. Do not flicker. Will not blow or jar out. Simple, reliable and durable—and sold at a price that will surprise you. Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps and lanterns, or write to any agency of

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)



"Gormly Took the Blame on Himself to Shield the Woman."

and the two heads were soon busily bent over the desk.

While all this was happening up town, matters were stirring down town. The editor-in-chief of The Planet, belated at a dinner, happened to come in for a final inspection just as the night editor finished reading the first copy of Gormly's communication.

"What do you think of that?" he said, tossing it over.

A few moments sufficed to put the editor, who was one of the coolest and most self-contained of men, in possession of the contents. He shook his head.

"It's bad business," he remarked, handing it back.

"Will it beat him?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "I think not. If ever a man did atone for criminal folly or carelessness by his life, Gormly has. He seems to have been more sinned against than sinning, anyway. People generally like a man who tries to brace up and do the square thing, and if they had a few days to think it over, I believe it would do him more good than harm; but you see, the election comes, no looked at his watch. It was after one o'clock in the morning, 'tomorrow.'"

"Of course, we will want to say something editorially about it."

"Certainly," was the answer. "I will do it myself."

"Yes, sir," returned Abbott. He did not wait for any further instructions. He darted out of the room and in a few moments was whirling up the avenue.

Col. Bill Hamilton had gone to bed. The office force made some demur about awakening him; but when Abbott disclosed who he was, what he represented, and what interests were involved, they sent him up. Naturally Colonel Bill was somewhat annoyed at being disturbed; but as soon as Abbott mentioned the name of Gormly he was instantly on the alert.

"What is it?" he asked, peering through the open door.

"It's about George Gormly. The editor-in-chief of The Planet is at the office. He wants to see you immediately. It's the biggest thing that has ever come off in New York. He thinks that maybe you know something about it and can throw some light on it. I have a big car down here waiting for you."

"I'll be down in a minute," came the prompt answer.

"Please hurry, Colonel Hamilton! We're holding the presses, waiting for you. Don't stop for anything."

"Set right down there, young man," said Colonel Bill, closing the door, "and see how quick one of the old die-with-their-boots-on crowd can get into his duds."