

# 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. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy plans to 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 leaves the woman's way. Twenty-five years later, this man, George Gormly, is a multi-millionaire in New York. He meets Eleanor Haldane, a beautiful and wealthy gentleman's worker, and co-operates with her in her work. Gormly becomes owner of a steamship line and finds himself frustrated in pleasure and track and plans by grafting algorithms, 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 love 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 offended. An interview between Gormly and Haldane the latter practically offers his daughter's hand as a bribe for Gormly to withdraw. Gormly refuses, and in an interview with Gormly Miss Haldane learns of her father's business though Gormly vainly tries to hide it. Members of the Ring find the witness 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. By accident the newspapers find Bill Hamilton, one of the men who were at "Camp Hill Devil" and knew the truth about Gormly.

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Good!" exclaimed the editor. "That ain't all," said Colonel Bill triumphantly. "I got here a signed paper witnessed before Justice of the Peace Jennings, the only one we had, and signed by me and several other men, which swears they heard Bredon say his wife killed him and that they seen this thirty-two bullet took out of his breast, the autopsy being public like the funeral. And it's made out in due form."

"It's quite satisfactory," said the editor, glancing at it and passing it over to Shaw.

"So you see we fellers kind o' thought Fordyce done a man's part in takin' the blame on hisself, and I always kept those things. I thought they might turn up handy sometime."

"You did well."

"And that ain't all either," said Col. Bill Hamilton.

"What more have you?"

"Well, I've seen the woman. She's alive yet."

"Naturally she must have been or they couldn't have got this story from her," was the answer.

"Course. Well, the end of the story's this: Them people plunged south in that blizzard. We looked for 'em in the spring; but never expected to find their remains, 'cause it was more'n human flesh could stand, such a storm as that, and we naturally s'posed they'd both died and got 't up by the wolves when they was partly thawed out. But the other night I was takin' a trip through the tenderloin—for observation purposes," said Colonel Bill as the ghost of a smile flickered on the face of the night editor—"and I seen this woman and had an interview with her. She's plumb scared to death. The chief of police who got this stuff from her 's frightened her out of her boots. But I, being an old friend of her, managed to calm her down, and I got her to give me her story. She's always been sorry that she served Fordyce the way she done."

"I don't know how it is, but somehow I got at the good side of her. You see these women are going straight to hell perhaps—although I ain't got no inside information as to that—but however low they git and however bad they are, there's always a soft spot in 'em somewhere. They're women still. And I guess I must've touched the soft spot in her somehow or other; for she told me the truth. At any rate she confessed the whole thing to me, and she said furthermore than when them two was goin' south in the storm, her horse fell down and died, and that Fordyce got off his horse and she mounted it, and he walked hisself hangin' to the saddle strap, and she said that seem' that the remainin' bronco was givin' out too, she shoved Fordyce down and galloped away and left him. And I got her signature to a paper confessin' it."

Again Colonel Bill had recourse to the tin box.

"Here it is. Now if them don't make a complete case for my old friend, I don't know what else to do."

"Where's the woman?" asked the editor, after he had examined the last paper that Colonel Bill had submitted.

"Well, you won't find her," said the old miner slowly. "She's pulled up

stakes and hit the trail. I helped her, and I don't mind sayin' that I said I'd see her through this thing. I don't believe she could be caught where she's gone. I don't b'lieve there'll be any pursuit made after her; but if she is, she's got to be let go. Pete Bredon was a dog if ever there was one, and he deserved all he got. That's all, I guess. Gosh! I'm dry!"

"Mr. Abbott," said the editor, "will you procure such refreshments as Colonel Hamilton is accustomed to take under such circumstances?"

"You know the dope, boy. I want it straight too. Same's we had the other night."

"Yes, sir," answered the reporter. "I'll have it here in a minute."

"New, Colonel Hamilton," said the editor, "you have rendered the people of New York, Mr. George Gormly, and incidentally The New York Planet about as great a service as we could expect to receive from a human being. What you have said throws an entirely new light upon Mr. Gormly's letter. He is in a much more admirable position through you. Why, he appears in this like a hero. Mr. Shaw, will you put this matter in shape to accompany Gormly's letter, while I comment editorially upon it?"

At this moment the cub reporter entered with bottle and glasses.



"It's All Right," He Shouted.

"I'm glad," said Colonel Bill as he poured out a generous portion, "to be of service. After you're all filled up," he continued as at his suggestion the two editors and even the cub reporter accepted a small drink from the large bottle, "we'll drink health and success to my young friend Fordyce, which is now named Gormly, and damnation to the chief of police and his gang!"

And that was the kind of toast in which they could all heartily join.

Whitefield had thought that the incident was completely covered and that nothing more could be added to the amazing story. Before the forms were finally locked, however, and the first edition went to press, the night editor, who still remained at his post, received a communication of such amazing importance that he inserted it after the editorial in large capitals, double leaded, as the completing touch to the most extraordinary announcement that he felt had ever appeared in The Planet.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Something to Live Up To.

Gormly was usually an early riser; but on the morning before election day he slept until an unprecedentedly late hour. He was utterly worn out with the strain of the campaign, anyway, and the occurrences of this last night had almost prostrated him. There was ordinarily nothing much to be done on the next day, the Monday preceding election day. One final meeting was scheduled for Monday night, and that was all.

It was perhaps nine o'clock when he woke up. He was soon bathed and dressed. He had signaled, as was his

custom, at the proper time for the serving of his simple breakfast. It was ready for him when he entered the dining room. Sometimes there was in attendance as usual. A pile of morning papers lay on the buffet. Gormly made a step toward them; but checked himself.

"Why," he thought, "should I spoil my breakfast by reading what the newspapers have to say on the important subject of my confession? The news will keep. Let me at least eat in peace."

"Beg pardon, sir," began Someones deferentially; "but aren't you going to look over the papers, sir, before you eat?"

"No, thank you, Someones. I can guess pretty well what they will say."

But Someones was unusually persistent as well as greatly agitated. He had been up early and had read every scrap in every paper.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Gormly, sir," he began; "but I really think it'll add to your appetite if you will at least look over The Planet, sir."

Gormly shook his head and frowned a little.

"That will do, Someones!" he said somewhat shortly. "I will see the papers later."

After this somewhat peremptory remark, the man naturally subsided, though his interest and excitement were plainly visible in his nervous movements. He was usually the most delightfully cool and imperturbable of attendants.

"You mustn't take this thing so greatly to heart, Someones," said Gormly at last.

"Indeed, sir," returned the man, "we're all so set on having you elected, and other things, sir, that—"

What he was going to say remained unsaid, for with that delightful opportuneness which can easily be compassed by chroniclers of such veracious tales, I now am pleased to record that the bell of the door of the apartment cut across the further

place of honor was occupied by The New York Planet. From the head lines, Gormly saw, as he supposed he would, that his letter and the accompanying story covered the entire first page. He had scarcely glanced at it when Someones re-entered the room, if possible in greater agitation than ever.

"Beg pardon, sir," he began, his usual method of address.

"Well, what is it?"

"There's two people in the drawing room asking to see you."

"But I thought I gave you orders not to admit anybody, to tell everybody that I would see them at the auditorium in the store at half-past ten?"

"Yes, sir, you did, sir. But I couldn't very well keep these people out."

"Tell them I am busy," said Gormly. "I have no time for anonymous callers."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Someones again; "but really, Mr. Gormly, if you'll excuse me, sir, this presumption, you must see them."

"Are you mad?" asked Gormly.

"Nearly, sir," answered the valet truthfully.

Gormly looked at him curiously. There was so much excitement and nervousness in the man's manner, and yet it seemed to be a rather cheerful excitement, too, that it seemed to preface something of importance. At any rate, after a moment's reflection, the merchant decided from the strangeness of the situation that he would see the people mentioned.

As Gormly entered the sunny, cheerful drawing room, the occupants rose to greet him. One was young Haldane, the other was his sister. Haldane was intensely excited. He rushed at Gormly with the enthusiasm of a boy; grasped his hand, and wrung it frantically.

"It's all right," he shouted. "It's turned out better than anybody could have expected. It's killed the opposition dead. Everybody is for you now."

Gormly heard him as in a dream. He allowed him to shake his hand as he might have shaken a pump handle, could that ancient and useful article have been found in New York. He was looking with all his soul in his glance at Eleanor Haldane, who had not come forward, but stood by the chair in which she had sat, her hands tightly clasping the low back of it. The color that had flooded her face when she first saw him had subsided almost as quickly as it had come. She was very pale and trembling.

Thoughts, strange, bewildering, rushed through Gormly's mind. What could Miss Haldane be doing there? What did she want? Why had she come? She had heard of the incident. He remembered that her brother had taken her one copy of his letter last night. What did her presence mean?

"I just came down here," continued young Haldane, "to tell you these things to relieve your anxiety, and to bring Eleanor. She wanted to see you about—well, you know about what, of course, and—"

Gormly did not know at all; but he nodded vaguely.

"Of course, by this time you've read all about it in The Planet. That old miner came in like a scene in a play. It was perfectly splendid, and I suppose," he looked meaningfully at his sister, his glance calling the color once more to her cheek, "that you have read the other communication, which is scarcely less important."

Gormly stared at him in utter amazement.

"I must say," he continued mischievously, "that for a man who is getting everything he wants as you are, you are singularly undemonstrative about it."

"Mr. Gormly," interposed the woman, "I don't believe that you have read the morning papers."

"Not yet, Miss Haldane."

"Oh!" cried the girl in great dismay.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man, "to think of it! I should have had the first copy from the press brought to me if I had been in your place. Well, then, I'll tell you the whole story. Or you've got it in The Planet and you can read it yourself. We'll excuse you while you glance over it; won't we sir?"

"I don't understand," said Gormly, lifting the paper slowly. He had not yet taken his eyes off Miss Haldane.

"On second thoughts," said the young man, "I guess Eleanor had better tell you herself. If you'll excuse me, you two, for a few moments, I'll go into the library."

"Livingstone!" cried the girl impudently; but her brother only laughed as he left the room, carefully closing the door behind him.

"What is it that I am to be told, Miss Haldane?" asked Gormly, stepping toward her, paper still in hand.

Miss Haldane was in a dilemma. She had been surprised when he had entered the room that Gormly had not greeted her differently. Her position was a tremendously difficult one at best, and his failure to read the paper had rendered it almost insupportable.

"I think," she faltered at last, "that I had better go. You can see me later in the day, and—"

"No," said Gormly resolutely, "you must not go yet. You came down here for some purpose. That fact that I have not read the papers seems to have affected you strangely. If you will give me five minutes, I can look them over and perhaps obtain some clue to your conduct; but I would rather you would tell me what it is, do what you were going to do, say what you were going to say when you came in, than try to find out from the newspapers."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The man who believes ignorance is bliss, isn't "wise" to his own folly.

## Esther Pleading For Her People

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 5, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Esther 4:1-5.  
MEMORY VERSE—4:12, 14.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"The Lord preserveth all them that love him."—Psa. 145:20.  
TIME—Accession of Xerxes, B. C. 485. Xerxes conquers Egypt, 1st and 2d years, B. C. 484, 483. He prepares to invade Greece, 2d to 5th years, B. C. 484-481. Vashti deposed in his 1st year, B. C. 483. Invades Greece, B. C. 481. Defeated at Thermopylae and Salamis, B. C. 480. Esther becomes Queen, B. C. 479. Haman's plot and defeat by Esther (occupying nearly the whole year), B. C. 476.  
PLACE—Shusan (Susa), the winter capital of the Persian Empire, about 200 miles southeast from Babylon and 125 miles north of the Persian Gulf.

There are two principal theories concerning the historical nature of the Book of Esther: one, that it is a veritable history; the other, that it is a historical romance founded on fact, like Shakespeare's Julius Caesar and Henry VIII., or like Scott's novels, or Homer's great epics. While there are a number of serious difficulties, yet there are few if any unanswerable arguments against its being a true history. Xerxes is the Greek shortened form of the Ahasuerus of Esther, as York, for instance, is a shortened form of the Latin Eboracum. He began to reign B. C. 485 and ruled for 20 years. We can best understand Esther by means of those parts of his history which reveal his character. Xerxes at the very beginning of his reign completed the conquest of Egypt which his father Darius had begun. On his return he immediately began to prepare for the invasion of Europe, and especially of Greece.

Xerxes sought a queen in place of the deposed Vashti. The one selected from the most beautiful women of the empire was Esther, a charming Jewess, a descendant of one of the exiles, her great-grandfather being among those carried captive to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar in 598. Her Hebrew name was Hadassah, the myrtle, a beautiful and favorite shrub in the east. "Esther" means "a star," and many think it the same as Ishtar the Babylonian equivalent of Venus. She must have been quite young at the time of her marriage, not over 15 years. Four or five years pass, and then begins the tragic story of Haman, his rise as a king's favorite, his pride increased by the conduct of Esther's cousin Mordecai, his attempt to bring vengeance upon the whole Jewish race on Mordecai's account, his success in obtaining a decree from the king, throughout his empire, "to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children, and women, in one day."

Great mourning and terrible distress came upon the Jews all over the empire as they learned of the decree. Mordecai sent word to Esther, now about 20 years old, asking her to go to the king and request the deliverance of her people. Esther replied, "Whosoever shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death. Except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden scepter." There was, therefore, a possibility of Esther's reaching the ears of the king, but with the greatest uncertainty as to how such a capricious king would act, especially as his love for her had cooled. The mission Mordecai committed to Esther was one of great danger and difficulty. It required the utmost heroism.

Esther put on her royal apparel. She was a sensible, practical woman, and used her beauty and charm of person and of dress to accomplish her object.

She waited for the fitting time. The king held out the golden scepter. The sign that he received her, and that the most dangerous part of her mission was over. Instead of asking her favor, where she would be surrounded by spies and possible enemies, she invited the king to a banquet in the seclusion of the Harem gardens. She invited Haman her enemy to join with the king and thus ward off all suspicion, and at the same time have him where he could not escape.

Esther presented her petition in wise words and pointed out Haman as the enemy who was seeking her life and the life of her people. The king was very angry and immediately deposed Haman, and had him hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai.

The result was a counteracting decree, permitting the Jews to stand up in their own defense, and large numbers of their enemies were slain. The Jews were saved from destruction, and exalted before the people. Mordecai took Haman's place in the government. The feast of Purim was instituted with great feasting and joy, and has been celebrated annually ever since on the fourteenth of Adar, February-March, one month before Esther.

One of the most interesting studies in the story of Esther is to trace the ways of divine providence, and see how God makes all things work together for the good of his people. God's sovereign grace and man's free will are here seen in perfect harmony.

Heroism in Every Day Life is the expression and cultivation of the heroic spirit in our ordinary daily living. We cannot all be heroes in great things, but the field of heroism is everywhere, in every home, in every town. There are great enemies to overcome in our own hearts.



STRANDED.

Teacher of Dramatic Art—The very first thing is to give the scholar a graceful bearing—to teach him how to walk.

Student—Well, er—er—I don't expect to join that kind of a company.

## BABY'S TERRIBLE SUFFERING

"When my baby was six months old, his body was completely covered with large sores that seemed to itch and burn, and cause terrible suffering. The eruption began in pimples which would open and run, making large sores. His hair came out and finger nails fell off, and the sores were over the entire body, causing little or no sleep for baby or myself. Great scabs would come off when I removed his shirt.

"We tried a great many remedies, but nothing would help him, till a friend induced me to try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment but a short time before I could see that he was improving, and in six weeks' time he was entirely cured. He had suffered about six weeks before we tried the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, although we had tried several other things, and doctors, too. I think the Cuticura Remedies will do all that is claimed for them, and a great deal more."

(Signed) Mrs. Noble Tubman, Dodson, Mont., Jan. 28, 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. 18 K, Boston.

Literary Criticism.

They were discussing a certain authoress at dinner, and a well-known critic raised a laugh by remarking: "Well, her hair's red, even if her books are not."

The mild young man in the corner made a mental note of the sally for future use, and at another party shortly afterward he carefully guided the conversation into literary channels. Tit-Bits informs its readers. Fortunately, some one mentioned the desired name, and he triumphantly cried out: "Well, she's got red hair, even if her books haven't!"

Up to Date.

"I notice that young Doctor Curen uses autohypnosis in his practice."

"Of course he does. Didn't you know he specializes in motor nerves?"

It's what a woman doesn't know that worries her.

## Chest Pains and Sprains

Sloan's Liniment is an excellent remedy for chest and throat affections. It quickly relieves congestion and inflammation. A few drops in water used as a gargle is antiseptic and healing.

"I have used Sloan's Liniment for years and can testify to its wonderful efficiency. I have used it for sore throat, croup, lumbago and rheumatism, and in every case it gave instant relief."

REBECCA JANE ISAACS,  
Lucy, Kentucky.

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is excellent for sprains and bruises. It stops the pain at once and reduces swelling very quickly.

Sold by all dealers.

Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00



## TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS