

The Ring and the Man

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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CHAPTER XI.

Miss Haldane Listens to a Declaration.

For some distance the automobile sped onward. Before one of the big wholesale buildings on lower Broadway, now entirely dark, it suddenly stopped in obedience to a signal from the tonneau. A hand was laid on Gormly's shoulder, and a voice he knew and to which he thrilled spoke to him.

"Mr. Gormly," said Miss Haldane, "that was the most magnificent, splendid, dramatic scene I ever witnessed or participated in."

Gormly rose to his feet instantly and faced about.

"You were there, Miss Haldane!" he exclaimed.

"Didn't you see me?" asked the girl, a note of disappointment in her voice.

"And didn't you see me?" put in Miss Stewart opportunely.

"Well, girls," said Livingstone Haldane, "how long are you going to keep up stopping here?"

"I was about to suggest," said Miss Stewart, "that Mr. Gormly and I change places. I don't want to talk to you particularly; but I know that Eleanor wants to speak to Mr. Gormly, and—"

The words were not out of her mouth before Gormly had leaped to the street and opened the door. He assisted Miss Stewart to the place he had vacated, and took her place in the big roomy tonneau. As soon as the exchange had been effected, Haldane started up the street again.

"I am sure now that I was aware of your presence, Miss Haldane," said Gormly quietly. "And because of that I know that I never spoke better."

"It was a great occasion," was the reply, "and great occasions make great speeches."

"That and the consciousness—unconscious, if you will, if I may use such a contradiction—that you were listening—dare I not say sympathetically?—carried me through."

"It was glorious. You played upon those people as I might play upon—"

"Me," said Gormly softly.

"Upon an instrument of music," continued the girl. "I think your election is sure."

"I think so too," was the answer; "but I am not indulging in any overconfidence, and there is to be no weakening of effort until the last minute."

They had by this time reached Fourteenth street. Although it was long after the ordinary time for the issuance of the latest editions of the newspapers, newsboys were already crying accounts of the episode on the streets, and papers were being bought eagerly on every hand.

"Mr. Gormly," she turned suddenly full upon him, "why have you said to my brother that I must not come to the store any more to consult you on business matters?"

"My dear Miss Haldane," said Gormly, "I did that for your sake."

"But why?"

"I have ascertained that I am being shadowed by practically all the detectives of the city hall force; that I am watched constantly; that all my visitors are noted; and I did not wish to involve you in any notorious what-soever. Therefore, although I had no knowledge that you would come or that you wanted to come, I thought it proper to advise you through your brother not to do so."

"Of course I wanted to come," said the young woman, earnestly. "I have read every scrap pertaining to the campaign. I have done what I could among such friends as I was able to influence to get them to aid you. It was through me that Livingstone proffered his services. I even tried my father, but I have been unable to make any impression upon him; and I wanted to hear from you directly how things were going."

"I realize all that you have done, and you can't imagine, Miss Haldane, how great a deprivation it was to me to send such a message, and how hard a course it was to decide upon."

"I made Livingstone bring us both down here tonight. But I never dreamed that I was going to be the spectator of such a scene as that which has just happened. I don't believe there was ever anything more dramatic or splendid in the history of American politics. Why, it was like a new Declaration of Independence! When that multitude surged back and forth, crying, yelling, threatening, and muttering, I followed every emotion in my own heart. I never was so thrilled in my life. I am glad to have lived through this, to have seen it, to have been a small part of it."

"You can't imagine," said Gormly, "how great a part of it you have been. I will not say that I am doing it all for you now; that would not be true or fair. But you were my inspiration in the beginning, your words, your presence, Miss Haldane, I have something to say to you."

"First of all," he began, "where are

you taking me?"

"Anywhere you want to go. You said you had no engagement, you know," Miss Haldane leaned forward and touched her brother. He stopped the car again and turned about. "Yes, Gormly wants to know where we are going."

"I thought we'd swing over past the park and go out Riverside Drive. We can get a decent bite to eat in some quiet place along the river road, and a spin will do us all good. Is that agreeable to you?"

"I am in your hands," answered Gormly gratefully. "And indeed I think I should like it very much. I had no idea how tired I was and you don't know how few opportunities I get like this for an hour's quiet enjoyment."

"Leave it to me," said young Haldane. "I'll turn you up at your apartment in proper time and in good shape. Tonight you are going to enjoy yourself and drop the campaign for a little while."

Gormly sank back in the luxurious seat as the machine started once more, with an expression of great relief. He had said he was tired. No wonder! The strain of three or four months' campaigning had been enough to test his nerve and vitality to the very limit. He had enjoyed no opportunity for relaxation. The pace had been too swift, the going too hard, for that. He had not dared to let up for a single moment. He would not have dared it then; but being caught up, abducted as it were, he gave himself up unreservedly to the joy of the moment. To find himself flying through the city by the side of the woman he loved, so near that he could reach his hand out and touch her, if he possessed the right, was happiness enough.

There was only one cloud on his horizon, and that lay in some information confirmatory of a suspicion he had entertained ever since Christmas eve, which had come to him that afternoon. It was now about to be settled beyond doubt that the controlling spirit of the Gotham Freight Traction company, against which he was making his great battle, whose downfall was after all the object of his campaign, not for any other rea-



"You See What Our Masters the People Think!"

son, however, than that it stood for all that was bad in municipal administration, was her father.

Whether or not Gormly would have engaged in the battle if he had had foreknowledge of this alliance between the father of the woman he loved and the powers he was trying to overthrow, is a question. As to his present attitude, he had begun his campaign with mingled feelings. It had been at first in a certain sense and for a short time a campaign for the winning of Eleanor Haldane; but larger issues had speedily relegated that as a motive into the background, and now the campaign made every possible appeal to his honor as a man, to his sense of duty as a citizen. And while Eleanor Haldane bulked large before him, he knew that no matter what might be the result of the campaign so far as she was concerned, he must of absolute necessity press on to the end of it. He wanted to win for her; but if it became necessary, he would win without her, and for the people's sake.

It would make his election probably certain to reveal to the public the vast corruptive influences behind the traction company and the Schem society. His agents had been thorough in their work, and they had discovered what nobody suspected; that the syndicate of which Haldane was the head practically controlled all the public utilities and afforded all the financial backing for the Schem society and its immense corruption fund.

Gormly had meant to carry on his campaign to the end, and then tell her that he loved her and ask her to be his wife. He saw swiftly that with all the complications before him this would be an entirely fruitless proceeding. Indeed, if under more favorable circumstances he could have won her affections, it was probable that now such an endeavor would be unavailing. He had been wondering since the knowledge had come to him how he could get speech with her without too great publicity, and behold fortune had given him the chance. At whatever hazards he intended to avail himself of it.

"Miss Haldane," he began, after they had been running along for some time in silence, "I said that I had something to say to you. I don't suppose either the time or the circumstances are propitious, but necessity compels me to say it now."

"I shall be very glad indeed to listen to anything that you have to say to me," was the answer.

"Thank you. I meant—it was my

purpose—I intended—when I had won the first step to ask you if you would not help me with the rest of the battle."

"Help you, Mr. Gormly?"

"Yes, Miss Haldane, I purposed to ask you to be my wife."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the girl. "It surprises you doubtless. Possibly it dismays you."

"It surprises me, certainly."

"And yet you must have known, you must have seen—you are woman enough for that—that I cared a great deal for your opinion."

"I will not deny it, Mr. Gormly," returned the girl. "Things you have said, not so much that perhaps as the way you have said them, have led me to think so. But I really never imagined—You see there is so much difference—"

"I know that I am almost old enough to be your father," returned the man gravely. "I am no boy. Therefore, I am the more sure and convinced of what I say, and you can be the more sure also that I—love you."

"It is a great honor that you pay me," began the woman.

"Wait!" said the man. "I am not through. I did not intend to tell you tonight. As I say, I was going to wait until I had something worth while to offer; but things that I have learned have made it necessary in my judgment to inform you of this fact at once."

"What things, Mr. Gormly? Is some one making charges against you or discovering things about you?"

"Not one. It is not of myself I am thinking."

"Of whom? Of what then?"

"As I said before," returned the man, "I can say no more. It seems to me that now my honor demands that I put you in possession of the state of my feelings. I am not asking you if you care anything for me. I realize that you could not. It is easy for me to have fallen in love with you, indeed I don't see how I could have helped it; but the case with you is different. And I want you to know, whatever happens in these closing days of the campaign, that I do truly and devotedly love you. Great God! Miss Haldane, I haven't used these words to a soul since I was a boy. You can't know what they mean to me, what I would like to have them mean to you. Some day, it may be soon, I shall ask you to be my wife; but now all that I want to impress upon you is that whatever happens to me or anyone, I am pledged to you in my heart forever. Nothing can make any difference in my feelings. You understand that?"

"I understand entirely," she said.

"And you—you will—do you think—"

He stopped. "No," he said, "I shall stop there, with this moment, with this statement. I ask nothing, I expect nothing, and so far as a man can crush down his own feelings, I hope for nothing. I just want you to know the fact."

"I know it," was the answer. "Now, you must let me say something. I am, at least I believe myself to be, absolutely heart free. Sometimes I have thought that what you have said might be true, with regard to your feelings I mean; but I have tried to put it out of my mind. Your declaration, therefore, comes to me with a certain measure of surprise. You have not asked me anything, and it is just as well that you have not. I think I can say honestly and truthfully that I do not care for you now in the way you seem to care for me."

"Seem to care for you," cried the man impulsively.

"The way you do care for me then," returned the woman.

"That's better."

"And whether I could care in that way, I don't know; but at least I care for no one else. And while I hold myself as free as the air, when you speak to me again on this subject, I shall at least be ready to hear you."

"That is all that I can ask."

"Meanwhile I want to say over and over again how I respect you, how I admire you. The fine life you have lived, the splendid stand you have taken for public right, the crowning of your long and honorable and unblemished career with the success which I think I see before you and with the great opportunity for service, fills me with pride."

"Miss Haldane," said Gormly, "what you say to me is sweeter and more precious than the acclaim, the applause, the indorsement of all the rest of the people of New York. As I said, I began this to make myself worthy of you; but I would not be worthy of you, I would not be worth considering in any light, if I did not say to you now that I am carrying it on for the work and for the possibilities that it presents, as well as for you."

"I believe you," said the woman, "and I am glad to have you say that."

"Although there is nothing in my life I so covet as you, Miss Haldane," went on the man with the blunt honesty that somehow appealed to the woman much more powerfully than more graceful and romantic wooing, "yet if I had to choose now between you and this great opportunity for service to the people—"

He paused and looked at her again, wondering how she would receive the statement he was determined to make.

"You would choose the opportunity for service," interposed the woman quickly.

"I should have to do so. And yet you still remain my inspiration," said the man. "Your approbation means more to me than anything or everything else. I don't know what fate has in store for me; but I doubt if I shall have another opportunity of the magnitude of that I have enjoyed tonight, and that you were there completes my satisfaction."

"Mine, too."

"Yet, there is another thing that I

ought to say," continued Gormly, and this was the hardest thing he had ever attempted, he thought. "You have spoken of my career, of my long and honorable record, of my unblemished reputation. I have to confess to my shame that I am not altogether worthy of your confidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Ever since I have been in New York, there is no act of my life that I could not tell you myself; but before that—"

"You were a boy then," said the woman quickly.

"But I mingled with life in an ugly way."

"That ride in the snow?" she whispered, staring at him in turn.

It did not occur to him to lay any emphasis upon or draw any inference from the fact that she had remembered his remarks of several months before.

"And that other woman, was it she for whom you rode?" she went on.

"Yes," said he.

"Did you do anything that makes you unworthy the respect of—"

"Not anything dishonorable in one sense," answered Gormly. "And whatever it was, I have repented of it long since and would have made amends if I could have done so; but—"

Well, if I ever should come to you with that question about being my wife, I will tell you all about it. As it is, I don't want even the faintest shadow of a pretense about myself where you are concerned."

"You were only a boy, as you say, Mr. Gormly," said Miss Haldane after a long pause. "I don't know what it is, nor do I wish to, now. I know what you are, the world knows what you have been since you have been here, and I—"

She extended her hand to him. "I trust you, I would trust you with anything."

The man took it in both his own. They were stretching out beyond the city. No one was near. The two in front were busy about their own concerns. He bent over and kissed it fervently.

"I thank you for that," he said simply, as he released it.

To be Continued.

GEORGE SHERWOOD SUSTAINS FRACTURE

George Sherwood, who has been traveling in South Dakota for the Noyes-Norman Shoe company of St. Joseph, Missouri, had the misfortune some weeks ago to meet with an accident resulting in the fracture of his leg. The accident occurred on the 13th of October, while Mr. Sherwood was making an overland trip by spring wagon from Stony Butte to Vivian, South Dakota. Mr. Sherwood was sitting by the side of the driver, the seat being on top of his trunks, when without warning, a motor cyclist came up behind them without extending the courtesy of the road, when signaled by the driver, shot past the frightened team so near as to terrorize the horses, which ran away throwing Mr. Sherwood to the ground and breaking his leg.

Dr. Miller, of Vivian, was summoned and took the injured man to his home and set his leg and kept him at his own home until Thanksgiving day, when the plaster Paris cast was removed showing unsatisfactory results. Last Friday Dr. Stewart Livingston went to Vivian and yesterday brought Mr. Sherwood to Emanuel hospital, at Omaha, being met at the train yesterday by Mr. Robert Sherwood, sr. Mr. Sherwood remained with his son over night and returned this afternoon on No. 24, with Dr. Livingston.

Chicken Show.

We notice in many towns that poultry shows are in great favor and are run with considerable success as well as interest to poultry growers. We believe we can show up with any community in the state when it comes to fine poultry, and why not have a two-days' show here in Plattsmouth. Everybody is interested in fine poultry, and we believe if our business men would aid the proposition to the extent of offering a few prizes it would pay them for doing so. Let some one take the matter in hand, and pass the hat, to see what can be done. It would also aid those who are engaged in raising fine poultry. It would also bring many people to town from a distance who deal in poultry. Start the ball, and let it roll till we have a poultry exhibit.

Mixes Base Ball With Politics.

County Clerk D. C. Morgan is in receipt of a written request from Mr. P. A. Barrows, secretary of the Lincoln base ball association, for a copy of the official record and averages of the players who participated in the game of November 8th. The report was mailed to Mr. Barrows, though since he has severed his relations with the Burkett bureau, it is a mystery how Mr. B. can use the knowledge to be gleaned from the report.

Mrs. J. W. Gamble departed for Springfield this afternoon, where she will meet with a branch of the Eastern Star lodge at that city.

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CLARENCE CASE CONTINUES TO DRAW LARGE CROWDS

Carter Albin the Most Important Witness So Far for the State—Number of Other Witnesses Examined.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The second trial of John Clarence for the murder of John P. Thacker is exciting almost as much public interest as the first. The court room is daily filled with men and quite a number of women who listen with the utmost attention, to catch every word of the testimony as it is detailed by the witnesses. At the close of the statements of the attorneys as to what evidence would disclose, the state began the introduction of testimony. Carter Albin, a brother-in-law of the murdered man, and a relative of the defendant, proved the most important witness for the state.

G. R. Olson, the photographer, was the first witness called for the state, who testified to going to the Darrow farm where the trouble occurred, at the request of the county attorney on or about the 15th of February, 1909, for the purpose of taking pictures of the premises and identified four or five large photographs as having been made from negatives taken with his camera at that time.

George and Charles Hill and John Hobschledt were then called and each of them testified to having been present on the day of the tragedy at the Darrow farm. They saw the defendant there that day hauling corn from the machine, but did not see him have a revolver on his person that day. William Marks was called to testify that he had seen defendant carry a revolver while plowing corn for the witness in 1904, the gun was worn in a belt under his coat. Tom McQuinn testified to having seen the defendant wear a revolver at the time the former witness testified to and he had also seen him wear a gun three years ago this summer.

In getting the testimony of George Hill before the jury there was considerable wrangling between the attorneys as to the manner of propounding the questions to the witness, Mr. Watson objecting that the questions were leading, the witness appeared to be anything but willing, and the court finally permitted the state to ask leading questions of this witness.

Carter Albin was sworn and gave a recital of the occurrences leading up to the shooting. He was first interrogated as to the photographs identified by Mr. Olson, and stated that the wagon and team shown in the picture were his own, that he stood in the wagon when the photograph was taken, and that the team and wagon

were in the same position as nearly as could be and were the identical team and wagon which were there when the trouble occurred. The photographs were then offered in evidence over the objections of the defendant's counsel, who gave as a reason that the pictures were taken at a time subsequent to the tragedy, as being incompetent and immaterial evidence, which objection was overruled by the court.

Mr. Albin then testified to the occurrences at the time of the shooting, which occurred while witness was standing in his wagon by the side of the corn crib, the wagon was being loaded with shelled corn. The witness was engaged in a controversy with Earl Albin, his nephew, who had become angry at witness and was calling him names and daring him out of his wagon and threatening to "lick" witness. At this time John Clarence was watering his mules at the tank, some thirty-six feet away, and while thus engaged in watching his nephew, witness saw John Thacker come around in front of witness' team and heard Thacker say "hit him," when Clarence called from the tank, "keep your mouth out of that, John Thacker," and within a very short time witness heard the three shots in quick succession. Earl Albin then left his threatening position and witness turned his gaze toward Clarence and Thacker, who were struggling on the ground. Witness then, with W. C. Ramsey, illustrated to the jury the position of the men as they struggled on the ground.

Mr. Watson entered a vigorous objection. Mr. Ramsey then lay on the floor with his head to the southwest, lying on his right side with his right arm extended and witness on him grasping Mr. Ramsey's right wrist with witness' left. Witness then stated that Clarence held in his right hand a revolver, that no shot was fired after witness observed the men on the ground.

The men were separated. Mr. Thacker said he was shot, and asked some one to call a doctor. Witness went to the house and "phoned to Dr. Brendel at Murray. Witness did not observe what was done with the revolver and did not recall what had become of it.

At the close of the direct examination of Mr. Albin, the court adjourned until 9 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Owls Cease Nesting Soon.

A fine meeting of the O. O. O's was had at the Coates' hall last evening and ten new members were passed on and initiated. Mr. Hellig says that the charter will positively close next Tuesday evening, and that after that there will be no members admitted on the low charter adm-

mission fee. The entrance fee after the charter closes will be three times what it is now. The Owlets have been coming in flocks and beves, but the time is short now for being made a charter member.

Let's have a poultry show in Plattsmouth. What say you?