

The Ring and the Man

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

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Illustrations by Dearborn Mebill

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CHAPTER XIII.

The Desperate Position of Haldane. At this crucial moment there was a knock on the door. Blidden to enter, Eleanor came in, followed by her mother.

"Father," she said, proffering him an open letter, "the emergency which we discussed has come upon us sooner than we anticipated."

The girl was very nervous and excited, her hands trembled as she held out the paper.

"What! What do you mean?" gasped Haldane, his own agitation not less evident.

Could it be possible that his daughter had already heard of this revelation?

"Here is the letter from Mr. Gormly, which Livingstone just brought me, in which he formally asks me to be his wife."

"What answer shall you give him, sis?" asked her brother, intensely interested.

"I haven't made any yet," was the reply. "But I can only repeat what I said the other night: that while I respect and admire Mr. Gormly exceedingly, I do not love him."

"At least," questioned the older Haldane, "you don't dislike him, do you?"

"Dislike him, father? Not at all. I have just said—"

"Well, give me the letter then, and—"

At this moment the footman, bowing before the open door, entered. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but a party by the name of Liffey is waiting outside to see you."

"Charley Liffey!" exclaimed the son of the house. "What is he doing here now?"

"Why," said Eleanor in great surprise, "that is the grand chief of the Schem society and the most notorious—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interposed Haldane quickly. "You will kindly leave me for a few moments, all of you. Where is Mr. Liffey?"

"I've got him waiting in the hall, sir."

"Tell him I will see him here. Livingstone, do you carry out my in-



"Go Back to Gormly and Find Out!" He Thundered.

junctions at once. Eleanor, say nothing to Mr. Gormly about this proposition until I have seen him. Now leave me."

"But, Beekman—" began Mrs. Haldane.

"Father!" protested his daughter. "Eliza," said her husband, "not another word! Eleanor, I am tried now beyond endurance. Please go!"

When Liffey entered the library, now empty of all its former occupants save the elder Haldane, he confronted a very agitated and very angry man.

"Do you know what's up now, Liffey?" was the question that was hurled at him.

"Do I know what's up? Well about the best news that we could hear is up."

"You regard it that way, do you? Well, I don't."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Gormly has discovered my connection with the Gotham Freight Traction company and the close alliance that exists between the Schem society and the corporation, and all the rest of it."

"The devil you say!" cried Liffey. "It's so, and he has it all ready to publish tomorrow morning."

"Well, that's bad," returned the boss; "but it might be worse. The quieter these things are managed, the better; but still it ain't so bad as it might be. You see it was bound to come out sooner or later, and—"

"My dear man, you don't understand the importance of this matter. For the Gotham Freight Traction com-

pany to be found to be in close alliance with the Schem society and with the administration will lose us the election, and then the New York Traction company franchise goes, and—"

"Well, just wait a bit, Mr. Haldane. Things ain't so black as they seem. I've got a little piece of news that'll discount yours all hollow."

"It's this," said Liffey, coming closer and sinking his voice to a whisper lest he should be overheard by any one.

A look of relief spread over Haldane's face as he listened to Liffey's communication. "Are you sure of it?"

"All but sure of it. We'll know definitely in two days. Men are verifin' the tale, and Connell and I are expectin' a telegram any time. There's no doubt about it, though. It's a sure thing. All you've got to do now is to keep this revelation you're tellin' me about out of the papers for two days, and then they can talk their mouths off. It won't affect us a bit. Can you do it?"

"I'll do it," answered Haldane resolutely. "If it kills me. I have an appointment, or at least I expect to have one, to see Gormly inside of an hour, and I must go now. You will excuse me?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Mr. Haldane. We're goin' to win the biggest victory against the biggest enemy that New York has ever seen, you mark me. Goodby."

In half an hour Haldane, in answer to a telephone message from his son, was bowling along upper Fifth avenue in his own electric toward the Stewart home. Miss Stewart herself admitted him. She had been warned of his arrival and had been watching for him.

"Yes," she said in answer to his eager question, "Mr. Gormly is here. Livingstone brought him. I was just coming into the house, so I let them in myself."

"Is Livingstone here also?"

"Yes. He is in the small drawing room with Mr. Gormly."

"I want you to amuse him while I talk with Mr. Gormly. Don't let any one disturb us."

"Not for the world," said the girl, throwing open the door of the little reception room as she spoke. "Here is Mr. Haldane, Mr. Gormly. Livingstone, you are to come with me."

"I intend to be present," answered Livingstone firmly, "at this interview."

"You will pardon me," said his father with equal resolution, "but I intend to see Mr. Gormly alone."

"Go, Haldane," said Gormly. "If there is anything that you ought to know, I will tell you what it is later."

"But I would—"

"Livingstone," said Miss Stewart, "this is very unkind and unkind toward me."

"Your father and I both wish to be alone," said Gormly sternly, whereat the young man, with very bad grace, he admitted, retired and shut the door.

Gormly waited for the older man to begin.

"Mr. Gormly," said Haldane at last, "my son has told me that you have discovered my connection with the Gotham Freight Traction company."

"I told him so this afternoon."

"Why did you tell him?"

"To give him an opportunity to withdraw from his association with me before I published the story of the corrupt corporation, and because I have a sort of chivalrous, old-fashioned feeling that compels me to warn you of what I am going to do before I do it."

"Mr. Gormly," said Haldane, "you this day addressed my daughter and asked her to be your wife?"

"I did, sir."

"Why today?"

"Because I intended all along to do so, and I preferred to do it now rather than after the publication of the news that will be made tomorrow. I shall repeat my offer tomorrow."

"And you wish to marry her?"

"It is—it was—the dearest wish of my heart."

"Was, sir?"

"Yes, and so far as I am individually concerned it still remains so; but there are things higher than our own personal wishes, Mr. Haldane, as I have been finding out, and to be mayor of New York for the purpose of serving the people is now my chief ambition."

"But you love my daughter, I understand her to say."

"She could not possibly say how much I care for her, or how proud I should be to make her my wife."

"Mr. Gormly," said Haldane, lowering his voice and looking about him, "it is not beyond possibility that your desires in that direction might be gratified."

"Do you carry a message to me from Miss Haldane?"

"No, not exactly. She, however, placed the matter in my hands. I have your letter here." He drew it forth. "And, in short, it is possible that she might be induced to favor your suit. Of course," he added very slowly in a mere whisper, during which he kept his eyes carefully averted from the other man's face, "you will understand that if you were a party to this—revelation to which you have alluded, that would render any alliance impossible."

"You say," asked Gormly slowly, "that Miss Haldane is not privy to your decision, that you do not make this proposition by her authority?"

"Certainly not. She knows nothing about it; but I am sure that with my wish and your own determined and—most agreeable personality, the matter can be brought about," he paused, significantly—"on conditions," he added.

"What conditions?"

"I leave that to your own perspective."

"By the living God!" burst out

Gormly, furiously throwing off all restraint in his indignation and resentment. "If I treated you rightly, I would kick you out of the house. I would expose you not merely for your connection with that thieving octopus, but as a father who tried to barter his daughter to secure his own immunity."

"Sir, sir!" exclaimed Haldane furiously, but Gormly was not to be interrupted now.

"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."

"You will both of you live to regret it," cried old Haldane after a bitter look at the pair. With his head high he marched out through the door. "Do your worst!" he said ere he closed it behind him. "You will see what will happen to you in a day or two!"

"What does it mean?" asked Miss Stewart.

"It means," said Livingstone, "that my father is tangled up with a gang of scoundrels; that he is the brain and backbone of the Gotham Freight Traction company that we are fighting; and that he is in close alliance with the Schem society. It means that we—my family and I—are dishonored. It means that I 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.

To be Continued.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

BANK TROUBLE NOT SERIOUS

Greenwood Bank Is In Good Condition Says Its Officers

The bank trouble at Greenwood does not seem as serious as at first reported, as the following from yesterday's State Journal would indicate:

"Albert D. Welton, cashier, and Laurence H. Daft, assistant cashier, of the First National bank of Greenwood, Nebraska, were arraigned yesterday before Federal Commissioner C. C. Marley on a charge of violating the United States banking laws. They were charged with misapplying and embezzling funds of the bank in the amount of about \$23,000. Both men gave bond, Mr. Welton in the sum of \$10,000 and Mr. Daft in the sum of \$5,000. The bonds were signed by George W. Meeker, and Mr. Welton and Mr. Daft returned to Greenwood yesterday afternoon.

"While the charge reads embezzlement it is understood that the charges in the indictment are largely of a technical nature citing violations of the United States banking laws. There is no charge that either man ever profited financially because of the violations. No money has been lost. The bank will not suffer loss.

"One of the counts in the indictment is that in their statement to the comptroller they included several notes that they claimed were accommodation notes. One of these notes was signed by Mr. Welton's brother-in-law, and another by his uncle. The United States banking laws prohibit the signing of such notes by relatives of the banker.

"Both Mr. Welton and Mr. Daft promised the bank examiner that they would come to Lincoln yesterday morning and give bond. This they did and the warrants were not served on them until they reached the commissioner's office. They waived the right to a preliminary examination before Commissioner Marley and were bound over to await the investigation by the federal grand jury. The penalty for violation of the United States banking laws is not less than five years nor more than twenty years' imprisonment.

"L. H. Daft, assistant cashier of the bank, said when asked about the complaint:

"The charge grows out of an alleged violation of law that is altogether technical. No one has lost any money and no one will lose a cent. Any transaction either myself or Mr. Welton may have made will not in any way affect anyone financially. It is unfortunate that this matter has come up as it has, but neither I nor Mr. Welton have any fear of the outcome."

L. H. Daft was the republican candidate a year ago last November for register of deeds of Cass county and was defeated by the present incumbent, A. J. Snyder.

DEATH OF A FORMER PLATTSMOUTH RESIDENT

Mr. Charles Herger departed yesterday for Stewart, Nebraska, where he was called to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, Mr. Phillip Eirdmann, who passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. C. Powell.

Mr. Eirdmann was formerly a resident of this city for ten years and moved away about twenty years ago, going to Stewart, where his wife died about ten years ago. Since the death of his wife, Mr. Eirdmann has made his home with his children, and last winter was spent with his daughter, Mrs. C. L. Herger, in this city.

Mr. Eirdmann conducted a blacksmith shop when he resided in Plattsmouth, and many of the people here were quite well acquainted with him.

At the time of his death he was in the 84th year of his age. He leaves surviving him seven daughters and two sons. The daughters are: Mrs. Charles L. Herger and Mrs. Fred Oldenhausen, of this city; Mrs. E. L. Beardsley and Mrs. Primley, of Lincoln; Mrs. Kate Winny, Mrs. George Horn, of Omaha; and Mrs. A. C. Powell, of Stewart. The sons are John, of Lincoln, and William, of South Dakota. The funeral service occurred today at Stewart.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chills, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Bolls, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co's.

Good to the last puff "Acorns" made by Ptak & Bajcek.

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\$1.50 and \$2 per Box

Men's all Pure Silk Hose

50c

Garters in Handsome Christmas Boxes

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Kid or Mocha Gloves—Wool or Silk Lined

90c to \$2.50

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OPEN EVENINGS TILL CHRISTMAS

PREPARING TO CELEBRATE ITS SECOND ANNIVERSARY

On the 29th day of December, the Plattsmouth Commercial club will witness the celebration of its second anniversary. The night is the one on which officers are elected to fill annual terms. In keeping with the very useful and prosperous career of the club it is hoped to have a program for the anniversary evening.

Every member should arouse and pull himself together and come out to have a lively meeting. There has been so much good already accomplished by the club, this occasion ought to be a joyful meeting with every member present. There are many things the club can yet do to enthuse the city with life and vigor, and we believe the enterprising merchants and business men of the town will get together and see that things are done.

All other engagements for December 29th ought to be cancelled and make it a point to be present at the club on the second anniversary, and if you have an idea which will help the city in general let the club have the benefit of it.

Mrs. A. W. Smith Very Sick.

From Tuesday's Dally
Mrs. A. W. Smith took the fast mail for Omaha this afternoon, where she went to meet her mother, Mrs. Marshall, of Dennison, Iowa, at an Omaha hospital. Mrs. Smith expected to go to Dennison to see her mother and expected to leave this afternoon, but this morning she received a message that her mother was much worse, and that the physicians had advised taking her to a hospital at Omaha.

Strayed or Stolen.

From my blacksmith shop in Mynard, a small bay mare, with white spot in face, and one hind foot slightly smaller than the other; also had a blanket on her back. Finder please notify Frank Svoboda, at Mynard, or Tim Kohoutek at Plattsmouth.

Bert Pollock and wife and daughter, Alice, were Omaha passengers on the early train today.

Farmers Do Not Predominate.

Only about one-third of the members of the next legislature give their occupations as farmers, according to information on file with the secretary of state. This information is being used to compile the roster of the senate and house. In the senate lawyers predominate and with the bankers can control all legislation. In the house the lawyers are not numerous. The farmers have many more members than is accorded to any other occupation, with merchants of various kinds next in order. Among the merchants there appears to be more druggists who aspired successfully to aid in making laws than any other class.

Following is the record as far as it has been compiled, a few house members not having sent in the data:

Senate—Bankers 6, lawyers 11, merchants 5, editors 1, farmers 7, physicians 1, real estate and insurance 2.

House—Farmers 37, bankers 6, merchants 20, ministers 1, lawyers 3, book-keeper 1, contractor 2, printer 1, real estate and insurance 7, editors 6.

Has Unnatural Thirst.

Willard Powell, who was sent to the county jail a few days ago from the village of Greenwood for drunkenness, finished his term in the County Cafe yesterday and was released. But instead of going home to his friends, the man proceeded to tank up again and Chief Rainey found him in a beastly state of intoxication and placed him in his old quarters, in the city compartment of the jail, where he was given time to sober up. This morning the officers led the gentleman to the corporate limits of the city and allowed him to depart, on the condition that he remain away.

Happy Parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Snead are the proud parents of a new baby boy, which arrived at their home this afternoon. Mother and babe are reported as getting along very nicely, while John is wearing a broad smile that won't come off. We trust that the little fellow will live to be a comfort to these worthy parents.