

The Ring and the Man

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Dearborn Melville

Copyright, 1920, by Moffat, Yard & Co.

CHAPTER XV.

The Last Council of War.

Summoned by Liffey at Haldane's urgent request, the governing members of the ring met that night at their secret rendezvous. There were present besides the two mentioned, Van Slyke and McDonald, Rutherford, Connell, Habberley, Benson representing the allies, and the mayor. When Haldane arrived, he found the others already assembled.

"Well?" asked Liffey as soon as the other entered the room.

"He's found it out and he's going to do it."

"Found out what and going to do what?" asked Rutherford.

"Gormly has got onto us, Mr. Rutherford," was Liffey's reply. "The boss realized instantly that Haldane had failed to postpone the disclosure. 'He's found out the secret history of the Gotham Freight Traction company. He's found out the whole bloom-in' history; where we get our money, how we spend it.'"

"And who was the traitor that betrayed you?" asked Benson fiercely.

"I'd like to know that same," answered Liffey, his fat jaws clamping together, his "pompador" crest bristling.

"I don't imagine anybody betrayed us," said Rutherford. "We've known all along that the thing was bound to get out sooner or later. If it had been later, it wouldn't have made much difference; but now— is he going to publish it?"

"He is," answered Haldane.

"When?" demanded Van Slyke.

"Tomorrow. It will be in every paper in the city except our own."

"Great God!" exclaimed Connell. "If we could only stave it off for just three more days. Gimme three days, and—"

"Did you bid for him?" questioned the chief of police.

Haldane nodded.

"Did you go high enough?" asked Benson.

"I went so high," said the man, "that his refusal covered me with worse shame than the publication will do."

"And it wasn't enough?" queried Rutherford, who had a clearer comprehension of what the offer might have been than the others.

"No."

"So it's coming out tomorrow, is it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't know what we can do," said Liffey, "but grin and take it."

"Gents, hear me!" burst out Connell.

"I can't throw no light on this situation; I don't see no way of keeping this rot out of the papers unless we could burn up the plants or close 'em down some way, which I'd like to have the job of doin'." But we ain't beat yet.

"This man that's positin' as an angel of virtue before the people of New York and talkin' reform and so on is an adulterer, a thief, and a self-confessed murderer."

"What!" roared the men present.

"You're dreaming! You're mad!"

"I am, am I? Well, you just wait," returned the chief, "and you'll find I'm the sanest man in the whole bunch. You know the other night when you was jammin' through the franchise at the city hall and Gormly made his great play?"

"Yes."

"Well, one of my men—I had a bunch of plain clothes men scattered through the crowd—with his eyes and ears open heard a man say, lookin' at Gormly standin' up on that automobile and givin' the crowd his infernal rot, 'Well, if that ain't a dead ringer for a boy named George Fordyce that I used to know back in Kill Devil Camp in Wyoming twenty-five years ago, I'll eat my hat!' My man sized up the speaker at once. He was a big western man free of speech as he was with his money. His name's Bill Hamilton, and he's a big Montana mine owner. They call him colonel out there. They struck up a friendship right away, had a few drinks together, and my man got enough out of him to get on the trail of the story we been lookin' for without Hamilton in the least suspectin' what he was after. I sent a dozen of the smartest men on the force out to Wyoming to rustle up old inhabitants of Kill Devil Camp, which has long since been blotted off the map. It seems that this Gormly, or Fordyce, or whatever his name is, once ran away with a miner's wife, first robbin' him of his pile and shootin' the miner."

"The little group of men listened to the chief's startling story in a fever of excitement and surprise, which Connell greatly enjoyed.

"Now, we knew that he never came to New York with no woman," he ran on. "We've got his whole history from the day he landed here, every minute of it. We reasoned that the woman must have deserted him, or he ber-

Naturally she'd make for one of the big cities, especially if she had the money. We believed that she had it; for he had practically none when he landed. He went to work as a clerk in a store at five dollars a week. A woman that'd be pretty sure to turn up on the town somewhere sooner or later. We've got a detailed history of everyone of 'em here and elsewhere. If she went down to the gutter, she'd be dead. If she went up to the parlor, she'd be alive still. It was only necessary to look among those that are runnin' the thing. We found one, who'd come from Wyoming. I went to see her myself, and I've got her confession here." He hauled a paper out of his pocket. "She didn't want to tell nothing about it. She don't come out of it especially creditable; but we had means to make her. All we got to git now is the stuff from Wyoming, a witness or two to identify Gormly with Fordyce, and that's the end of him."

Connell snapped his finger in decision.

"Has the woman seen the man?" asked Benson as soon as he could get his breath.

"Often."

"Does he still—"

"Lord, he don't know she's on the earth."

"Is she sure he is the man?"

"She says so."

"Has she never tried to blackmail him?"

"Never. She's glad enough to let him alone, I guess."

"Why isn't she witness enough then?" asked the district attorney.

"Well, she's mixed up in it in rather a nasty way. She's afraid she'll suffer if her part of it is made public."

"I can fix that," said Rutherford coolly enough. "A promise of immunity, and—"

"She won't do it," returned the chief. "You can drive these women just so far, and there you stop. Besides, it ain't never goin' to come into court."

"What do you mean?" asked Benson.

"I mean," said Connell emphatically, "that Gormly is goin' to give up the game."

"Give up the game!" repeated Haldane.

"That's what I said. It's goin' to be put up to him as to whether he wants this told or whether he withdraws from the field."

"You might back your 'put up' to him with a warrant for murder, I believe," said the district attorney. "If the evidence is what you say, I'll have charges preferred against him."

"All right," answered the chief. "Mr. Rutherford and I will fix that up. Now, gentlemen, you leave this to me. I am accustomed to deal with criminals, and I'll fix Gormly. I ought to



"He's an Adulterer, a Thief, and a Self-Confessed Murderer!"

have all the reports in my hands the day after tomorrow."

"Wouldn't it be well to spring it tonight?"

"Hardly. Besides it's too late. Not even Gormly himself could keep the stuff out of the papers now."

"I guess now, Mr. Haldane," said Rutherford, as the assembly dissolved and the two found themselves alone together, the others being gone, "that you are rather glad than otherwise that your bribe did not work."

"Yes, I suppose so. I don't know," answered Haldane brokenly. "I had heard some intimations of this, nothing definitely. Connell has been very close mouthed. I tried to bluff Gormly with that. I don't know what effect the disclosure is going to have. I don't know how true it is. It seems rather suspicious."

"Connell had better be careful what he does," returned Rutherford. "He'd better be very sure of his facts."

"Why did you leave the handling of the affair to him?"

"Well, he'd make a good scapegoat if anything went wrong," answered Rutherford with cynical indifference.

Now, as it happened, Colonel Bill Hamilton was not so guileless as he looked. After the first exclamation and the first few confidences over the drinks which he gave to the plain clothes man who had so adroitly sought to get his story on that eventful night, Colonel Bill shut up like a clam. The interest of the stranger in the story was suspicious. Colonel Bill knew a great many things that he had no trou, and did not intend to tell unless it was necessary. Therefore, he soon got rid of his new friend and went to his room to think it over.

He was morally certain that Gormly and the man whom he had known as a boy as George Fordyce were one and the same. Fortunately he had always liked Fordyce, and he was not disposed to do anything that would injure him.

Of course he had heard, as had everyone else in the United States, of the remarkable campaign of George Gormly for the mayoralty of New York. He had not had a great amount of personal interest in the matter, however. But when he identified Gormly with Fordyce, the affair at once engaged his keenest attention. Since the day he had left Kill Devil Camp, he had never heard one word of either the man or the woman. He had supposed, as everyone else had, that they had perished in the storm, and although their bodies had never been recovered there were plenty of reasons to account for that.

What was he to do? Was he to see Gormly, or Fordyce as he called him, and put him on his guard? Or was he to wait and be governed by circumstances? This was not an easy problem to decide; but Colonel Bill Hamilton finally came to the conclusion that his best game was the waiting one. Besides he liked to play a lone hand, and he felt every confidence that he could do it.

Meanwhile he determined to fortify himself with such evidence as he could secure, and at the proper time, if the story was ferreted out and an attempt was made to make use of it, he would, as he phrased it, "butt into the game!" He set the telegraph to work, therefore, and presently received from his partner in Butte by express a tin box full of very private official documents. Thereafter he amused himself by following the progress of the campaign and doing some highly profitable local investigating on his own account, the result of which filled him with joy and satisfaction.

The demonstration of the alliance between the Gotham Freight Traction company and the Schem society, the publication of the membership of Haldane and his friends in the traction company, the exhibition of its iniquitous processes, came off according to schedule. Such a storm of wrath and indignation rose in the public breast after the disclosure as had never been equaled in any political campaign in New York.

The storm was so terrific that the administration papers made no attempt to counter it. They contented themselves with stating that any discussion of the issue or any defense of the accused was inadvisable in the present heated state of public opinion, and at the proper time, under proper conditions, the matter would be explained satisfactorily to the unprejudiced. Meanwhile the party in power grimly set its teeth and under the able leadership of the Schem society, never so brilliantly displayed, massed its cohorts for the final trial of strength in the election, now three days off. With all the machinery in their hands, with all the facilities for promoting fraud at their disposal, they were nevertheless by no means assured that they could so control affairs as to win out.

The stocks of the Gotham Freight Traction company had fallen off terrifically, and every other interest furthered by the syndicate of which Haldane was the head had suffered accordingly. The city was on the verge of a tremendous panic. Unrest, excitement, uncertainty, were in the air. The people had been aroused as never before. The great multitude of them were resolute and determined to break up once and forever the ring that had dominated the city and put at the head of it the man. The members of the Schem society and the forces of the administration were equally determined that this should not be done.

To be Continued.

Death Near South Bend.

On Friday, December 16, 1910, occurred the death of Mrs. Louis Detzauer, near South Bend, this county.

She had ailed for some time with nervous prostration. Funeral services were held Monday, December 19, 1910, delivered by Rev. Hyde. Two solos were rendered by the young ladies present: "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me." Mrs. L. Detzauer was born on Feb. 2, 1858, and leaves to mourn her loss, a husband, two daughters, Mrs. Herman Schell and Miss Minnie, and four sons, Lucas, Emil, Bennie and Detrich, and a father and mother and four sisters.

Interment was made in the Mainland cemetery.

Box Social at Becker School.

The pupils of the Becker school in District No. 41 and their teacher, Miss Marie Hiber, are going to give a box social at the school house on Friday evening, December 23rd, to which they most cordially invite everybody. A fine program is being arranged, which will be given at 8 o'clock sharp. Proceeds from the sale of the boxes will be used for school supplies.

12-15-31d3w.

Do you want an AUCTIONEER?

If you do, get one who has Experience, Ability, Judgement. Telegraph or write

ROBERT WIKINSON,

Dunbar, Neb.

Dates made at this office or the Murray State Bank.

Good Service Reasonable Rates

SENATOR BANNING'S NEW ROAD BILL

Which He Will Introduce in the Senate at This Winter's Session.

Senator W. B. Banning, of Union, stopped off in this city yesterday as he was en route from Omaha and discussed with some of the citizens of Plattsmouth and vicinity and members of the county board of commissioners, and county officials, some of the details of a measure which Senator Banning proposes to introduce at the coming session of the legislature which will convene next month, amendatory of the present road law.

The law as it now stands is very unsatisfactory to the public and the officials whose duty it is to disburse the fund which the levy for road purposes brings into the county treasury each year.

Under the present conditions a supervisor in each road district is elected at the general election each fall, and it devolves upon this official to warn or notify each individual property owner who votes in his district to appear at a time and place designated each year and do a specified amount of work on the road. In addition to this the district supervisor may have the property owner work out in his district one half of his road property tax, the balance of the road tax is under the control of the county commissioners. The public has never received anything like a fair return for value of money expended by the district road overseers.

For some unaccountable reason when a taxpayer is warned to appear and work out his tax, he appears all right, but usually only about half works.

If there is any excuse to stop his team to talk to a passing neighbor for an hour, he does so, and his time goes on so far as the road boss is concerned. The result is the road is poorly worked. Mr. Banning's proposed bill if enacted into law will do away with the loitering and soldiering on the job.

His measure provides for a county engineer to be appointed by the county board, and to be responsible for all road and bridge work in the county and accountable to the board. The engineer is to appoint a deputy in each road district who will be under the direction of the county engineer, and amenable to him and his appointment can be revoked when at any time the deputy's work is unsatisfactory, and it is found that he is

not having the road under his jurisdiction properly maintained. The new measure is meeting the approval of men of experience in county road affairs and is pronounced a good method of handling this vexed question of county road work.

Receives News of Sister's Death.
J. E. Douglass received a telegram last evening informing him of the death of his sister, Mrs. Bessie Murray, at Sulphur Springs, Arkansas. Her funeral will occur Thursday at Maryville, Missouri.

Settling Estate.
E. G. Hansen, A. F. Hansen, C. N. Hansen, from near Nehawka, and Peter Hansen, from Walt Hill, Neb., and J. G. Wunderlich, from near Nehawka, were in Plattsmouth last Saturday, the latter gentleman having some business matters to look after, and the four former gentlemen coming in to attend the final hearing in the probate court of the estate of J. G. Hansen. These gentlemen are among the best farmers of south Cass county, the kind that it is always a pleasure to meet. We acknowledge a brief visit from Mr. Wunderlich, who has always been a staunch friend of the Journal.

R. H. Hyers in Town.
Our old friend "Rube" Hyers came in last evening from Lincoln to visit his old friends and neighbors, and of course called on the Journal. Mr. Hyers has a host of friends in Plattsmouth and Cass county, who are always glad to meet him. In mentioning the appointment of Mr. Hyers some time since, we were mistaken, he being appointed deputy game warden instead of deputy coal oil inspector. Anyway, the governor couldn't have found a better man for the place.

Attention.
Take a trip to a warmer climate and see the Adeline plantation lands. Fare round trip, \$32.50, sleeping car, meals, etc., furnished free. Go Dec. 20th, Jan. 3rd or 17th. Write us for full information. See our ad on another page.
Windham Investment Co.
12-15-wkly.

Men's House Coats \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7. Men's Bath Robes \$5 to \$10.
Men's Silk Umbrellas, gold and pearl mounted \$3 to \$5. Men's
Leather Traveling Cases, in walrus or goat, \$4 to \$15. Men's
Japanese Collar Bags, with button pocket, \$1 to \$3. Men's
Tie Rings, for hanging ties, several different shapes.
Just the proper thing for his room—\$1.25.

ARE YOU UP A STUMP?

about your Christmas buying. Can't think of anything for "him?" We've a hundred things he'd like—things he buys for himself—would probably think more of them if you bought them for him. Look around this ad, then come to our store and look around. It will solve your dilemma.

C. E. WESCOTT'S SONS

THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

Men's Holeproof Hose, 6 pairs in a Christmas box guaranteed till next July, plain or in colors, \$1.50. Men's Suspender and Necktie, combination boxes, \$1 to \$1.50. Men's Suspender, Garter and Arm-band, combination boxes, 75c to \$1.50. Men's Garters in single Christmas boxes 25c. Men's Laundry Lists \$1.

Men's Kid dress gloves, in silk or wool lined, 75c to \$3. Men's Auto Gloves in black or tan, lined or unlined, \$2 to \$5. Men's Knit Jackets in wool rib or Jersey, all shades, \$1 to \$7. Men's Fancy Vests, in white or colored, \$1.25 to \$5. Men's all pure Silk Hose, in black or colors, 50c. Men's Manhattan Shirts, \$1.50 to \$3.

Men's plain white Kerchiefs, hemstitched, 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25c. Men's pure linen handkerchiefs 25, 40, 50 and 75c; initials 25c. Men's white Silk Kerchiefs, with colored border and initial, 25c. Men's Silk Muffler, in refer style, 75c to \$3. Men's knitted Brandy Muffler, in boxes, 40c. Men's Oxford Mufflers 75c. Men's Neckties, all the latest styles, 25c to \$1.50.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS AND DEFENDANTS WHOSE RESIDENCES ARE UNKNOWN.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.
William H. Rainey, Plaintiff, vs. G. M. Jordan, (first name unknown), George W. Jordan, James E. Jordan, James O. Jordan, Chalista Jordan, Charles G. Jordan, Mary E. Jordan, Jasper A. Ware, Smithen H. Davis, Sarah E. Davis, George M. Robertson, and Mrs. Francis A. Parry; Defendants.

To G. M. Jordan, (first name unknown), George W. Jordan, James E. Jordan, James O. Jordan, Chalista Jordan, Charles G. Jordan, Mary E. Jordan, Jasper A. Ware, Smithen H. Davis, Sarah E. Davis, George M. Robertson, and Mrs. Francis A. Parry: You and each of you will hereby take notice that on the 23d day of November, 1910, William H. Rainey, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against you, the object, purpose and prayer of which is to remove clouds from and quiet title of record by the decree of said court to the east half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-four (24) in town eleven (11) north, in range thirteen (13) east, and the south twenty-five and one-fourth (25 1/4) acres of the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section nineteen (19) in town eleven (11) north, in range fourteen (14) east of the Sixth P. M. in Cass County, Nebraska, in plaintiff, William H. Rainey, as against you, and to exclude you and each of you from ever asserting or claiming any right, title or interest therein, or to any part or parcel thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 9th day of January, 1911, or the allegations contained in said petition will be taken as true and a decree rendered accordingly. Dated: November 25th, 1910. WILLIAM H. RAINEY, Plaintiff.

By John M. Leyda, His Attorney.

Mr. F. C. Hansen, of Macy, Nebraska, and J. N. Wunderlich, of Nehawka, were over night visitors in the city, guests of the Plattsmouth hotel. Mr. Hansen departed for his home this morning while Mr. Wunderlich returned to Nehawka after looking after business matters in the county seat.

Better Live in a Tent on your own land than pay rent for a mansion on your neighbor's land. Think it over, talk it over with your wife.

Become Independent. Others have done it, why not you? Start today. Come and see us and learn what a very little ready cash will do for you.

W. E. ROSENCRANS & SON

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.

12-15-wkly.