

# The Ring and the Man

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Dearborn Melvill

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## 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 type-written 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 to-night?" 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 has put the chief of police up to his dirty work."

He turned away as he spoke and hung his head in shame. Eleanor Haldane had already gone through the fire, and to her overwrought soul 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!"

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

While all this was happening in 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," he 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."

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 demigods 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 curtly. "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."

"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."

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 bad room.



"It's All Right," He Shouted.

"Get us down to the office in double quick time," said the cub reporter to the chauffeur. "Never mind about fines. Bust up the machine, if necessary; 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.

They went down the avenue at a terrific pace, despite the protests of the officers by whom they flashed in the night and the efforts that were made to report them and stop them.

"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 inconsiderable 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.

"I s'pose I'm partly responsible for it," said old Hamilton; "for I was down at the city hall the other night when they had that big meeting, and I happened to mention that Gormly reminded me of a young fellow I used to know out at the camp named Fordyce, George Fordyce, a fellow there. He was slick, smooth and agreeable enough and we had a couple of drinks together and I let out more'n I'd ought to. Since then, however, I've been doin' a little quiet investigatin' on my own hook, and I've here in this tin box, which I brought down with me and which I keep locked all the time, some documents you might like to see."

The night editor groaned over the long windiness 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."

"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 believe there'll be any pursuit made after her; but if she is, she's got to be let go. Pete Breeden 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."

"Now, 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.

"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.

To be Continued.

## SHAKE IT OFF

### Rid Yourself of Unnecessary Burdens. A Plattsmouth Citizen Shows You How.

Don't bear unnecessary burdens. Burdens of a bad back are unnecessary.

Get rid of them.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure bad backs, Cure lame and aching backs, Cure every form of kidney ills.

Lots of local endorsement to prove this.

P. M. Lindsay, Marble St., Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "Off and on for about two years I suffered from pains in my back and while at work, a dull, steady ache through my loins greatly disturbed me. I had reason to believe that my trouble was caused by disordered kidneys, but I was unable to find relief from the remedies I tried. Finally Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and I procured a box at Gering & Co's drug store. The results that followed their use showed that I had at last found the right remedy for my trouble. In return for the great improvement Doan's Kidney Pills brought, I highly recommend them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Big Game and Dance.

Arrangements have been completed for a red-hot basket ball game Friday evening, Dec. 30th, between the Plattsmouth high school team and the German Turners. The event promises to be one of the best ever held in this city and as both are local teams a large crowd is expected to be on hand to cheer their favorites. The high school team has improved much since their last game and the Turners will be there with the goods. A dance will be the closing feature of the evening, starting right after the game. Music will be furnished by the M. W. A. orchestra. Remember, Friday evening, December 30, at Coates' hall, at 8 o'clock.

Banks on Sure Thing Now.

How an appalling calamity in his family was prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8: "My sister had consumption," he writes, "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her, that she has not been troubled with a cough since. It's the best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhage, all bronchial troubles, it has no equal, 50c., \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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.

Mr. Paul Ottoens, of Elmwood, arrived in the city last evening to look after business matters in the county seat, and was a guest of the Plattsmouth hotel during his stay in the city.

## 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

## MacVeagh Gets Fine House as Christmas Gift

SANTA CLAUS was good to Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury. The man in charge of Uncle Sam's finances received as a Christmas gift a fine residence in Washington, completely furnished. Mrs. MacVeagh acted as agent for Santa in making the gift.

The house is on Sixteenth street, near Columbia road. It was built according to Mrs. MacVeagh's own ideas of what a hospitable home should be, so it is admirably adapted for the entertainments which she delights to give.

Mr. and Mrs. MacVeagh have a residence in Chicago and a summer home at Dublin, N. H. By an agreeable fiction the Washington house is a "surprise" gift to the secretary. It would



SECRETARY MACVEAGH, HIS WIFE AND HOUSE SHE GAVE HIM.

be to most husbands, for his wife paid for it. Mrs. MacVeagh is wealthy in her own right. She was Emily Eames, daughter of Henry F. Eames of Chicago, founder and president of the Commercial National bank there. Mr. MacVeagh was a director of the bank until President Taft put him at the head of the treasury department; then he resigned from the bank's directorate.

Mrs. MacVeagh is not only interested in society, but in philanthropic enterprises and women's club work. She has traveled much and has been presented at several European courts. She has a fine collection of Chinese and Japanese curios which she bought discriminatingly while traveling in the east.

## ON ONE JOB SEVENTEEN YEARS

New York Speedway Commission Has Nearly Finished Work.

New York's famous speedway, a stretch of road two miles long and which cost more than \$5,000,000, has been completed for a dozen years, but the Harlem river speedway commission, the official title of the men who condemned and appraised the land used in constructing the speedway, has not yet completed its work.

After being in existence for seventeen years the commission is about

ready to make a final report, and unless there are unexpected legal difficulties the court will be asked to discharge the members of the commission early in 1911. Of the original three members of the commission only one remains. The men have been paid \$16 a day for each session held, and as meetings were held daily in the early months the commission has been expensive.

The commission was called upon to condemn land along the Harlem river which was to be graded and turned into the finest roadway in the United States. In some cases the commission and the owners of the land could not agree on terms, and in other cases they could not agree as to where the line between shore and river ended. The city owns the river, which in some places was filled in to give room for the driveway.

The courts were called on to settle the disputes; there were decisions, appeals, new trials and more appeals. It was at first estimated that the speedway would cost \$1,000,000 and that it would be completed within eighteen months. The final cost was five times the original estimate, and it required more than five years to finish the work.

## MAKES ATTACK ON PROHIBS

C. A. Windle Speaks in Favor of Saloons at Ottumwa.

Ottumwa, Ia., Dec. 27.—C. A. Windle, president of the National Merchants' and Manufacturers' association, addressed fifteen hundred citizens in answer to the Rev. Billy Sunday.

He stated that prohibition is wrong because it is contrary to human nature, because it is against personal liberty, and because it prevents the regulation of the liquor traffic and courts the illegal sale of stimulants.

He appealed to the manhood of Ottumwa's citizens not to allow their personal liberty to be bridled, and he emphasized the point that the abuse of personal liberty was what had done all the harm.

## BLAZE AT BENFORD, IA.

Drug Store Destroyed, Bank, Hardware Store and Grocery Badly Damaged.

Creston, Ia., Dec. 27.—Twenty-five thousand dollars damage was done by fire which originated in Bivin's drug store at Benford. Mr. Bivin was injured when a gasoline lamp he was carrying exploded. The Creston fire department responded to a call for aid and went down on a special train. A water famine made it difficult to check the flames. Bivin's drug store was destroyed and the Citizens' bank, Steven's hardware store and the Swearingin grocery were damaged. The loss on the drug store is \$15,000.

## WILL OPEN EXTENSION

Waverly Addition to Waterloo, Cedar Falls and Northern Completed Soon.

Waterloo, Ia., Dec. 27.—It is expected that the new Waverly extension to the Waterloo, Cedar Falls and Northern's interurban will be opened for traffic this week. The extension is from Denver Junction to Waverly, a distance of about eight miles. If present plans materialize the interurban system will be extended from Cedar Falls to Dike next season.

## IOWA HARDWARE MEN TO MEET

Des Moines, Dec. 27.—Retail hardware dealers of Iowa will meet at the Coliseum from Feb. 21 to 24 for their thirteenth annual convention.

The eighth annual meeting of the Iowa Hardware Mutual Insurance association will be held in the Coliseum assembly room in connection with the retail dealers' meetings. A big exhibit will be open to inspection on the main floor of the Coliseum.

## Many Baptisms at Waterloo

Waterloo, Ia., Dec. 27.—In nearly all the churches there were a large number of baptisms and hundreds of new members were received as a result of the Sunday meetings. About 2,000 new members were received in the twenty churches which took part in the union revival campaign.

## Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 15.—Robert, the four-year-old son of M. J. Orr, a plumber, fell into a tub of scalding water and died.

## TO ASK REPEAL OF MULCT LAW

Anti-Saloon League Will Next Urge County Option Plan.

## INCREASE CONSENT PER CENT

Saloons Operative in Cities Only When 65 Per Cent of Voters of County Sign—Supervisors in Two Counties Turn Down Anti's Petition.

Des Moines, Dec. 27.—A county unit option law will be asked of the legislature by the Iowa Anti-Saloon league. Under the provisions of the proposed law the legal sufficiency for consent petitions to insure operation of saloons under the law must be 65 per cent.

Under this enactment of law the consent of that number of voters at the last general election must be secured in the county to permit the conduct of the saloon business in the city.

Under this option plan the league believes that many cities will become dry, although the majority of the signatures of voters within the city may be secured.

The league will first urge the repeal of the mulct law, restoring Iowa statutory prohibition to Iowa.

## Turn Down Anti's Petition.

The board of supervisors of Winnebago county has turned down the list of withdrawals secured by the Iowa Anti-Saloon league to defeat the mulct saloon petition of consent in that county. The league will appeal to the district court.

The board of supervisors of Lyon county has also refused to consider the names on the withdrawal petitions and the league will ask for a hearing in the district court.

During the campaign of the past two weeks the league has been successful in defeating in Carroll, Dickinson and Palo Alto counties. In Chickasaw county the liquor men filed a petition with 340 signatures. The league is circulating a petition in an effort to secure 400 signatures or more than the number claimed on the saloon petition.

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