



"Tell Them to Come Up by All Means at Once," Said Gormly.

# The RING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN

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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 maid's husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy plans a 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 scowl into a snow drift and rides on. Half-frozen he stumbles into the railroad station just as the train bears the woman away. Twenty-five years later, this man, George Gormly, is a multi-millionaire in New York.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The thing was an instant sensation. The newspapers took it up. Other merchants, freighters, and shippers were interviewed, and a case was instantly made out against the Gotham Freight Traction company which would have shaken a less ponderous, less thick-skinned, less indifferent organization to pieces. Even the authorities were interviewed, and they shed hypocritical tears over the unfortunate trickery by which the public had been bamboozled out of its legitimate rights, but they took occasion at the same time to point out that there was nothing whatever to be done about it.

The party in power was one that had long dominated the metropolis. To be sure it gave the metropolis a fairly good government; but the people paid over and over again. They were robbed shamelessly right and left, on every hand, and while something was tendered them, what they got was no quid pro quo for the frightful extravagance of the administration. Graft abounded everywhere. The party out of power, which had been out of power so long that it had become virtuous, did not hesitate to point out the dreadful state of affairs to all who would listen; but its efforts so far had been unavailing, and the party in power remained there because of its so doing.

Now the Gotham Freight Traction company had its weak point. Things that depend upon the collusion of so many unscrupulous men, not to say villains, usually have a weak point. It is a wise man, indeed a genius, who finds out these things and assails the organization thereat. The first principle of good soldiering is to oppose to your adversary's weak point your own strongest. The weak point in the enterprise of the Gotham Freight Traction company lay in a certain link vital to the continuance of the carefully devised system: the franchise of which was about to run out.

Few people knew that the franchise was to expire, and in the ordinary course nothing would have happened. An ordinance renewing it would have slipped through the board of aldermen, signed by the mayor, and that would have been all.

So sure did the company feel of its ground, so confident were its members that Gormly and his fellow victims would see the necessity of paying without delay, that they had never contemplated this publicity and never

imagined they would have to face this bitter and determined attack upon their franchise and upon their methods. They knew, of course, that they held the aldermen in their hands; that in their close alliance with the Sachem society, the organization that ran things, they could pass anything they wanted in defiance of any public sentiment whatsoever.

Gormly had made one blunder; but like a brilliant soldier he had succeeded in turning it to his advantage. One advertisement was succeeded by another. The Gotham Freight Traction company was made the subject of scathing criticism and bitter attack of which the Sachem society and the party in power came in for a large share. And men everywhere began asking what was to be done about it.

In previous campaigns the party out of power had been led by a series of forlorn hopes, men enthusiastic in their devotion to the cause of reform and not noted for much of anything else. The leaders of the out took notice of Gormly. Inquiries began to be made about him; his business methods were investigated; his resources were discussed; his character was analyzed; his career made the subject of study. From being merely a name attached to a familiar institution, he became within one month one of the great personalities of New York. The situation was intoxicating.

Incidentally, he did not lose in the estimation of Miss Haldane by this exploitation of himself, which he had so cleverly managed that no one dreamed it was due to his own motion. Even in those exclusive circles in which Miss Haldane moved, which are ordinarily indifferent to any happenings on this side of the terrestrial sphere, some account of Gormly and his doings, penetrated. That he was rich and a bachelor were the most interesting facts which appealed to this set. Men and women there began to inquire as to who he was. It was Miss Haldane's privilege and pleasure to enlighten them so far as she could, without betraying the nature of their confidential relation.

There were several papers on the side of the administration, which were owned and controlled by the party in power, that would have been glad indeed to have discredited Gormly; but the closest scrutiny revealed nothing in his life that could be used for that purpose. Where he had come from was not known; but for the last quarter of a century at least his course had been traced with considerable accuracy, and indeed there was little of it that was not discovered and disclosed to the eager public. He was quite willing to talk about the Gotham Freight Traction company or any matter of public moment, but for the rest he was unshakably silent. His early past, therefore, was a mystery; but the interest in a mystery that has no special bearing upon the present soon dies out.

Then Gormly did an unusual thing for him. He purchased a country place on Long Island. This received no mention in the public press, because the whole matter had been handled by the invaluable Chaloner, and Gormly's name had not appeared at

all. The place was desirable, in that it was not far—five or six miles—from the country place of the Haldane family. It was bought completely furnished, and the staff of servants previously employed was retained.

Gormly knew from the clipping bureau that it was the custom of the Haldanes to pass the Christmas holidays at their country place. He had seen Miss Haldane rather less frequently of late, because the work at the settlement house was now so far advanced that it was merely a matter of carrying out the plans decided upon and spending the money so generously placed in her hands by him, which did not need much consultation. So, on the vain hope that chance might throw him in touch with her, Gormly decided also to occupy for the Christmas season his lonely cottage—it was called a cottage, although it was more like a baronial mansion than anything else—on the Long Island shore.

It was snowing hard the evening of his arrival the day before Christmas, and Gormly did not like snow. He had bitter memories intermingled with a storm, and the sight of the white, ice covered, snow clad fields filled him with unpleasant reminiscences.

Since he had bought the estate through the faithful Chaloner, he had not seen it himself. Therefore, after the excellent dinner which had been provided by his new chef and served by his new butler, he determined upon a careful inspection of his residence. They had advanced as far as the library when the familiar tinkles of the telephone made them pause.

"See who it is, Beals," said the master of the house.

"It's from the keeper of the lodge gate, sir," he said, turning and looking toward his master. "He says that there's a party down there stalled in an automobile. They can't get on in the snow. They'd like to come up to the house. There are ladies in the party, and—"

"Tell them to come up by all means at once," said Gormly.

"Beg pardon, sir," returned the butler, "but you know it's half a mile by the road, and it'll be terrible walking for the ladies in such weather as this."

"Quite so," returned Gormly. "What does the stable afford?"

"There's the station wagon and the pair that brought you over, sir. Those are all that are there."

"Yes, I remember. That's all I told Chaloner to send down, not expecting— Well, have that hitched up and telephone them that a conveyance will be at the lodge in a few moments; that I should be glad to have them come to the house at once."

"By the way," he asked, "did you find out the names of the people?"

"Yes, sir," answered the butler, "it was Mr. Haldane and his party."

CHAPTER III.

Society Bursts Upon Mr. Gormly.

Enter at last, Miss Haldane, accompanied by her father, her mother, her brother, Miss Louise Van Vleck Stewart (one of her intimate friends and a possible sister-in-law), Dr. Warren Deveaux (a retired physician, an old bachelor and an old and intimate friend of the family). The newcomers were all dressed in winter automobile garments. It was young Haldane who broke the somewhat awkward pause consequent upon their entrance.

"Mr. Goodrich," he began unbuttoning his coat and slipping it off as he advanced.

"Your pardon, sir," said Gormly, "but Mr. Goodrich is no longer the owner of this place."

"Why, Mr. Gormly," burst out Miss Haldane impetuously, as she turned at his voice and recognized him, "this is a great surprise! We didn't know that you were to be one of our neighbors."

She had been in the background and had not observed their host until she heard him speak. As she spoke, she stepped forward impulsively with outstretched hand.

"Eleanor," exclaimed her father in great surprise, surveying Gormly as he spoke, with a stare as cold as the winter weather, "do you—ah—know this gentleman?"

"Certainly I do," returned the girl.

"It is Mr. George Gormly of the Gormly store, you know."

"Ah, indeed," began her father.

"I have known him for—" she paused uncertainly.

"Seven months yesterday, Miss Haldane," answered Gormly, who was nothing if not accurate.

"We have—er—bought things at your shop for a longer time than that, I fancy," here interposed Mrs. Haldane vaguely with an air of great condescension.

"You have been on my books, madam, as one of my most valued customers ever since I moved to Broadway twenty-one years ago," returned Gormly, who was by no means ashamed of his business, else he would not have continued in it.

"Yes," said Haldane at this juncture, "I have been making out checks with monotonous regularity to your firm ever since."

"My good man—" began Mrs. Haldane still somewhat vaguely, and evidently rather at a loss how to place this irreproachably clad and fine appearing gentleman who had soiled his hands with trade and yet did not seem to be at all embarrassed or ashamed of it.

"Mother!" exclaimed the daughter, blushing with vexation. "Mr. Gormly, forgive me, I forgot that you did not know my family."

"I have seen them often in the store, Miss Haldane, and have even waited upon some of them in other days myself," replied Gormly, quite as cold and formal in his manner as any one in the room.

"Nevertheless I want the pleasure

of presenting you to my mother. Mr. George Gormly, mother, my very good friend."

Mrs. Haldane drew herself up. Gormly bowed himself down in a bow most carefully calculated to express a proper degree of appreciation of the honor and nothing more.

"My friend, Miss Stewart; my father, and my brother, Mr. Livingston Haldane; Dr. Deveaux."

The persons mentioned bowed coolly, except that Livingston Haldane infused a little more cordiality in his recognition than the others did, while Dr. Deveaux actually stepped forward and extended his hand.

"My dear sir," he said genially, his old face beaming with good nature and genuine admiration. "I am delighted to have the privilege of shaking you by the hand. Anybody who has the courage to attack the Gotham Freight Traction company as you have done in the papers may be regarded as a public benefactor whom it is an honor to know."

"Thank you," said Gormly, grateful for this recognition.

"Sir," began Haldane, "an unfortunate accident to our machine has thrown us upon your hospitality. I did not know that my friend Goodrich had sold this place or—"

"Let that give you no concern, sir," answered Gormly. "I pray that you will consider the place and all in it as your own. I beg you will take off your wraps and make yourselves entirely at home."

"That's very handsome of you, I am sure," continued the elder Haldane, slowly removing his coat; "but my own place lies but six miles beyond here, and if you will permit us to telephone my stables, I think we shall have to trouble you but little."

"The telephone is in the library yonder, Mr. Haldane, and is at your service as is everything in the house. I regret that my own stables are not yet furnished. The small station wagon and pair which brought you up are the only horses I have on the place just now."

"And jolly well crowded we were!" said young Haldane.

"Meanwhile," continued Gormly, "may I ask have you had dinner? Can I offer you anything to eat, or—"

"We thank you," answered Mrs. Haldane, "but we dined at the Braddons—a place five or six miles back—before we started."

"A cup of tea or a glass of wine after your cold ride, then?" said Gormly.

"That would be very nice indeed," said Miss Haldane. "Louise, aren't you simply dying for a cup of tea?"

"Perishing for lack of it," answered Louise promptly.

Gormly summoned the butler, gave the necessary directions, showed Haldane where the telephone was, invited the other men into the library also, where there was a well stocked buffet and excellent cigars; after which he showed the women into a small reception room on the other side of the hall, and left them to divest themselves of their wraps.

The men refreshed themselves according to their fancy at the buffet, lighted their cigars, which, as Chaloner had been careful to send a supply of Gormly's favorite and private brand, they found excellent, while Haldane vainly endeavored to get in communication with his own house. Such was the severity of the storm for a country ill prepared for it, however, that the wires were broken in every direction. Even that to the lodge was found to be out of order at last.

Gormly had not waited in the library to hear the result of the telephoning. As soon as he had the men comfortably provided for, he had gone back to the great hall, which was more of a living room than anything else. The first of the women of the party to present herself was Miss Haldane. She was in full evening dress. Her noble head rose grandly from her exquisite shoulders. In her dark hair she wore a diamond coronet. Her dress, soft, shimmering stuff of white, trailed behind her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Setting the Pace.

"Pacemaker at a banquet is what I should call the unique job," said the city salesman. "I met a man the other day who holds that title among the artistic eaters of the town."

"He doesn't make any money by it directly, but it pays for most of his meals. He got the job through his ability to chew at just the right tempo."

"He doesn't lag, he doesn't bolt. At all big dinners where persons of different habits are brought together some one with an even jaw movement who can set the pace in eating facilitates the progress of the meal."

"This man is not labeled pacemaker at those affairs, yet his air of knowing the polite tempo in mastication impresses the other diners and they try to imitate him. Laggards hurry, the swift delay. Waiters keep an eye on him, because they have been told to, and when he finishes a course they clear the table."

Why He Carried the Lantern.

A blind man in Khoota (a Caucasian village) came back from the river one night, bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in his hand a lighted lantern. Some one, meeting him, said: "You're blind; it's all the same to you whether it's day or night. Of what use to you is a lantern?" "I don't carry the lantern in order to see the road," replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool like you from running against me and breaking my pitcher."

Usually the Way.

"You made elaborate preparations."

"Yes."

"And how did your day's fishing turn out?"

"Oh, we fished for about twenty minutes."—Kansas City Journal

## Jehovah's Suffering Servant

Sunday School Lesson for July 9, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 52:13; 53:12.

MEMORY VERSES—53:4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. 53:4.

The lesson is from the second part of the Book of Isaiah.

Whenever written it belongs to the time of the exile, just before the return.

It brought hope, inspiration, instruction, life, and light in the darkest period in the history of Israel.

God's peculiar people were in exile among heathen populations. Their homeland, Palestine, had been devastated. Jerusalem lay in ashes. The temple was a heap of ruins. The nation was like the stump of a mighty tree which had been cut down. The tree had been cut down because it refused to bear the good fruit for which God had planted it. But in captivity the people had been learning their lesson, and the time had come when it was possible for a new shoot to spring up from the barren stump, and a renewed nation to take up its appointed mission. But in order to do this, the nation must be made to see clearly what they must be and do, and the deepest motives toward this end be inspired within them. All this is a parable for the world.

It throws no little light on our lesson to realize its relation to the prophecy as a whole. According to all critics the whole lesson really belongs to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, the fifty-second ending at the twelfth verse. The prophecy consists of 27 chapters, of which the fifty-third is the central one, making the whole prophecy to consist of three sections. First, the first thirteen chapters are a trumpet call to the captive Israelites who have been "hanging their harps on the willows," unable to "sing the songs of Zion," to awake to faith in God, and obedience and loyalty to him, and to be prepared for their deliverance. Second: Chapter 53 presents the means by which the redemption can be accomplished, the heroic service of his people, and the supreme self-sacrificing love of his son. Third: The succeeding thirteen chapters present the results of the redeeming nation, and the redeemed world.

The service of God was a commission to witness and prophesy for God upon earth. Israel was "elected not to salvation, but to service," or rather as in the case of any individual, the nation was elected to salvation that it might be of service. It was necessary that the "servant" who was to carry out God's purpose of saving the world should be a nation, from the condition of the ancient world. "Of all possible combinations of men the nation was the only form which in the ancient world stood a chance of surviving in the struggle for existence."

The servant of God was the nation of Israel.

Jesus Christ did God's service for the world's redemption by bearing the sorrows and sins of man. His sufferings were not because he himself had done wrong, but in order that he might save us from them. He bore them on his heart and sympathy. He bore them away by his healing power. He bore them as the martyr and the hero suffers that he may save the oppressed and the wronged and persecuted from their sufferings. He bore them away by transforming them into character. He bore them by giving his life for our sins, so that by removing sin he removed most of the griefs of man. Christianity has been the chief power in removing the griefs and sorrows of mankind.

The prophet foresees these things fulfilled in Jesus Christ. The picture in these verses is almost a photograph of what took place five hundred years later. He was oppressed, his sufferings were unjustly inflicted on him. Read the story of his trial. He opened not his mouth in protest. He submitted to the wrong.

Jesus was put to death with the wicked on the cross, and they thought to bury him in a criminal's grave. They appointed his grave with the wicked, but by a striking providence the same authority gave permission to a rich man, Joseph of Arimathea, who provided him with an honorable burial in his own rock-hewn tomb.

Yet it pleased the Lord because he saw the good to be gained. He shall see his seed, his spiritual descendants, filled with his spirit and carrying out his plans. He shall prolong his days. He rose from the dead, ascended to heaven, and is the everlasting leader and king. Of all kings he is the most glorious. Of all kingdoms his is the largest, noblest, best beyond all compare.

This far-off vision of Jesus, and of the redeemed world, is one of the strongest proofs of a revelation from God. Professor Ramsey declares that the Bible is unique among ancient religions in that "to the Hebrew prophets, and to them alone, the better age lay always in future."

"The best is yet to be. The last of life for which the first was made."

We see in this lesson the one source of power for saving man, and transforming the world. The path of unselfishness is the path to power. The business of all followers of Jesus is to be servants of Jehovah, to do as far as in them lies the same kind of service that Jesus did.

Those who discourage us the most in an undertaking are the first to tell us "I knew you would succeed," when we have attained success.

## HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE

The Great Toilet Germicide?

You don't have to pay 50c or \$1.00 a pint for listerian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine—a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.

Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors,—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle and why it purifies the breath cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every dainty woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflamed eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpaid from The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying.

## OUT FOR BUSINESS.



The Arctic Explorer—Say, can you tell me where I can find the North Pole?

The Eskimo—Nix. If I knew I'd have had it in a museum long ago.

If you are a paper hanger or dealer in Wall Paper, it will pay you to know that T. J. BEARD & BRO., Omaha, have ready for distribution, among the trade only, the finest and most complete set of wall paper sample books ever offered to the Western trade. This assertion we will verify by sending you on application a set by express all charges prepaid, and not asking you to sell the goods unless you find them O. K. in price, style and quality—superior to any you have ever handled. We have but a limited number of sets, which we desire to place at once on above conditions. With these books you will be able to meet all competition, whether your customers desire the cheapest or most expensive goods, and don't you forget, that our location assures you of quick delivery and low freight rates. Long sets for store dealers, and short sets for canvassing. Please specify which you desire. To secure a set you must send in your application at once. T. J. BEARD & BRO., Omaha, Neb. Oldest Wall Paper House in Nebraska.

Rest for Tuberculosis Patients.

Dr. Joseph H. Pratt of Boston, who was the founder of the first tuberculosis class in the United States in the Emmanuel church in Boston claims that in the treatment of tuberculosis absolute rest, often in bed, must be extended over a period of months, before the consumptive should take any exercise. He says: "Prolonged rest in bed out of doors yields better results than any other method of treating pulmonary tuberculosis. Patients will have a better appetite, and take more food without discomfort and gain weight and strength faster than patients with active disease who are allowed to exercise. Complications are much less frequent. When used in the incipient stage recovery is more rapid and surer."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

No Connection.

"I understand Skads gave you a cigar yesterday?"

"Yes."

"It should have been a treat. He pays a dollar apiece for the cigars he smokes."

"What he pays for the cigars he smokes has nothing to do with what he pays for the cigars he gives other people to smoke."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Where the Blame Rests.

Mistress—Oh, dear! I'm afraid I'm losing my looks, Nora.

Nora—Ye are not, mum, it's the mirrors; they don't make them as good as they used to.—Harper's Bazar.

All Aboard.

Modiste—Do you want a train on your gown, madam?

Customer—Yes, and I want it on time, too.