



Then at Last He Understood.

The PING and the MAN

WITH SOME INCIDENTAL RELATION TO THE WOMAN
By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

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 maidin husband. He is shot by the wife, but the chivalrous boy pins 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 stirrup strap. Seeing he is an impediment, the woman thrusts her foot 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. He meets Eleanor Haldane, a beautiful and wealthy settlement worker, and co-operates with her in her work. Gormly becomes owner of a steamship line and finds himself frustrated in pier and track extension plans by grafting aldermen, backed by the Gotham Traction company. An automobile accident brings the Haldanes to his country home. Gormly announces that he will be mayor of New York and redeem the city from corruption. The political declaration of the merchant prince produced a tremendous sensation. The whole machinery of the city's detective force is to be used to dig up something damaging to Gormly; the press heretofore unanimously favorable to the merchant candidate, under pressure, divides and the campaign waxes warm. A roadster is introduced gratis to the candidate, and the traction franchise, Gormly offers ten million dollars for the franchise. Miss Haldane congratulates Gormly on what she terms a new Declaration of Independence, and he makes an unexpected declaration of love. He is shocked by the confirmation of his suspicions that her father is the head and backbone of the notorious traction company which he is attempting to overthrow. Young Haldane discovers his father's connection with the Gotham Traction company, and is incensed. In an interview between Gormly and Haldane the latter practically offers his daughter's hand as a bribe for Gormly to withdraw. Gormly refuses. In an interview with Gormly Miss Haldane learns of her father's baseness though Gormly vainly tries to hide it. Members of the Ring find the woman for whose sake Gormly declared himself a murderer and decide to force him to withdraw under threat of prosecution. The chief of police visits Gormly, who makes a full confession of the truth. Young Haldane runs the gauntlet of the police and carries the conviction to the newspapers and publication. By accident the newspapers find Bill Hamilton, one of the men who were at "Camp Kill Devil" and know the truth about Gormly. The Planet publishes Hamilton's story, and New York goes wild with enthusiasm for Gormly.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Don't you want to hear what they say about you?"

"I had rather hear what you have to say than anything in the world, and I want to tell you first of all what comfort, what pride, what satisfaction, I take in your presence here. I know you read the miserable story. Your brother had my permission to tell it to you last night, if you were awake."

"I was awake and waiting for him."

"Your interest does me much honor," continued the man, "and that you have come to me now this morning is, as I say, the greatest thing that could happen to me. I don't really care now what the world thinks. You have given me evidence enough that you still respect me."

"You don't know all the evidence yet," said the woman faintly. She turned herself to look at him.

If she had consulted her inclinations, she would have run away; but that could not be.

"Yes," said Gormly vaguely, scarcely noting her low voiced statement. "Now that it is all over and now that I have lost you, if indeed it is proper to say I had lost what I had never possessed and never could have possessed, you will understand that it was this incident to which I alluded when you said you respected me because I had been a perfectly straight, square man. Your words cut me to the heart; not because I wasn't straight or square now or that I had not made what amends I could for the actions of a boy and a fool since I had become a man, but because after this I could never persuade you or any one that I had not always been so, and because I could not bear to have even your respect on a false pretense. I wanted to tell you many times, and you know of course that if things had shaped themselves differently and you could have cared for me, I should have told you the whole story before I allowed you to say you would become—my wife."

"I am sure that you would have done so, Mr. Gormly," said the girl.

"And that you have come here to give me that assurance, to show me that you have not lost confidence in me in spite of the frightful tangle in our affairs, my antagonism to you—to the Gotham Freight Traction company and then—this. That I take it was your purpose in coming?"

"Yes," faltered the girl, "that, and—"

"What more?" asked the man. "Whatever it is, if it is in my power to give it, it is yours. What is it that you want?"

The woman opened her mouth to speak. She moistened her lips. Words apparently were difficult, perhaps impossible.

"What is it that you want, Miss Haldane?" asked Gormly again.

"I want you!" she said in her low, clear voice.

Gormly lifted his hand and stared at her.

"You want—me!" he faltered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to be your wife," was the direct answer.

"My wife!"

"Yes. That is, if you—still—want me."

Gormly stared at her in amazement.

"Do I understand right?" said the man, shutting his teeth together.

"After all that is in the paper this morning, do you mean to say that you will marry me?"

"I do mean just that," was the answer.

"But," said the man, "you said you did not love me, and—"

"Must I do all the wooing?" cried the girl passionately.

"You offered yourself to me once before," went on Gormly, relentlessly.

"And you refused me. Will you do so again?"

"Why do you come to me now?"

"Can't you think of the reason?"

"I don't want to think; I want to hear."

"I love you then," said the girl resolutely. "You are the bravest, noblest, most splendid man on earth. If you will take me, I will be the happiest, proudest, thankfulest woman that the sun shines on."

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"You don't ask me what I have done?" she said.

"I neither know nor care since you are here and you are mine."

"Perhaps I should not have been here," she returned, "if we had not been already engaged and the engagement already announced."

"I am very stupid this morning," said Gormly in some bewilderment.

"You certainly are," was the answer. "For a man who aspires to be mayor of New York, you are quite the stupidest and dearest person imaginable."

"I have wit enough at least to know where I can get correct information upon all points."

"And where is that?"

"Here!" said Gormly, pressing with his own the loveliest lips in the world, which smiled at him and were not refused his touch. "What have you done and how has our engagement, which, so far as I know, was not entered into until a moment since, been announced?"

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"I did."

"But why?"

"First of all, because I found out that I loved you."

"Why did you do it last night?"

"Because I believed that such an announcement this morning, with its implication of trust, and honor, and affection, would do more to establish you in the public confidence than almost anything that could be imagined."

"You have made my election certain. But whether you have or not, I could almost believe that winning you I don't care."

"Don't say that," interrupted the woman, delighted nevertheless at this splendid declaration.

"Your father and mother, do they know?"

"Certainly. I told them at breakfast this morning."

"How did they take it?"

"You can imagine what my mother thought and said," answered the girl, smiling faintly.

"And your father?"

She sighed deeply.

"My father, I imagine, is not unwilling to have a friend at court. What are you going to do when you are elected?"

"Marry you the first thing."

"I mean after that."

"Live to make you happy."

"Do be reasonable! I mean what are you going to do with the opposition?"

"I am going to do justly and fairly by all men, whoever they are, whatever they may have done. Mine shall be no policy of ruin. Some things must be broken down; but my aim shall be to upbuild."

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"I am going to love her as no woman was ever loved before in this world."

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"Mr. Gormly," he said, "I see you have heard the news."

"I have heard the essential part of it from your sister."

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't read the paper yet? Well, sit down and read it, or I'll withdraw my influence and vote against you. I suppose all Eleanor told you was the news of her engagement?"

"Well, wasn't that enough?"

"Enough!" cried the young man. "Why, you want to read the interview with Col. Bill Hamilton. It's the finest thing that ever appeared. Everybody knows that you didn't shoot the man, but that the woman did. They know, too, that you gave her your horse in the snow and that she abandoned you. Why, man, you're a hero!"

"To be perfectly frank with you, Haldane, this is all most interesting and gratifying. How on earth Bill Hamilton turned up at the right moment and told the truth, I don't know; but as a matter of fact, I do truly care more for your sister's action and I get more satisfaction out of the fact that I am going to be married to her immediately after the election than I will in winning, if we win."

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"It is over," he said, "and we have won!"

"Yes. No one congratulates you as I."

"I have a great deal to live up to," was the slow answer.

"As mayor of New York?" she questioned softly.

"As your husband," he replied.

"And you refused me. Will you do so again?"

"Why do you come to me now?"

"Can't you think of the reason?"

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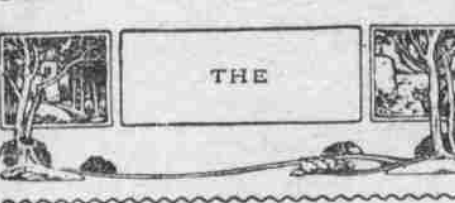
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Why Girls Excel in Study

Early Development of Their Perceptive Faculties Required by Their Weaker Physical State.

The superiority of female students, both children and adults, has been mentioned and explained hundreds of times, and yet the full pedagogic significance of the fact still seems to be ignored. The girls in many a co-educational college furnish an overwhelming percentage of the best students, and yet in later years the men take the lead in every one of the lines in which as boys they were so backward. It is all due to the well known fact that in her weaker physical state self-protection has demanded an early development of the perceptive faculties. Age for age, girls perceive understandingly what boys scarcely notice. The differences between the two sexes are so great that it is unscientific to class them together, and there is a growing suspicion that each is injured by current co-educational method, the boys unduly stimulated and the girls retarded. In spite of this self-evident conclusion pedagogues seem bent upon the impossible task of making the boys keep up with the girls—a plan sure to be followed by far-reaching bad results. The boys are liable to become discouraged, while the girls are led to embark upon careers

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"Do be reasonable! I mean what are you going to do with the opposition?"

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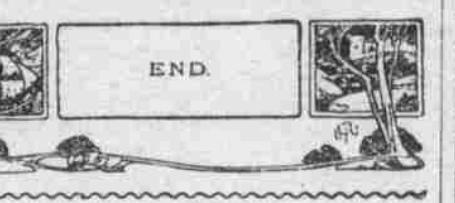
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Highest Wages for Greatest Amount of Work

It has been my experience in the wheat fields that where the highest wages are paid there also the greatest amount of work is demanded. Where the hours of labor are from 4:50 in the morning until 8:30 at night a city chap can stand the strain for only one or two days at the most. Kansas pays high wages, but the hours are long and the board is not always so extra. For there the farmer does not feed you, as the harvest hands generally work for the owners of the thrashing machine and naturally he wants to get as much work out of you as he can and pay as little for your meals as he can.

I have been out harvesting in Nebraska. There I worked only ten to eleven hours a day, with home-cooked food, the best a man ever could get. I went with a machine from one farm to another, staying on the average of two days on each place. The farms being small, it only took about two days to finish a place. You were not expected to work so hard, but the pay ran only from \$2 to \$2.50 a day, whereas in Kansas it runs as high as \$4 a day.

I had about nine full weeks of it in the vicinity of Wymore, Neb., and the beauty of it was the fact that now and then you could get a half day's rest while the machine was being moved to the next place.

City boys mustn't think that they are strong enough to get out and work day in and day out for six weeks in the hot broiling sun.



Randall Parrish

Fifty Years Ago

The titanic struggle between the North and South was being waged. The semi-centennial of this greatest of all modern wars makes everything pertaining to it of peculiar interest at the present time, and a stirring Civil War story is particularly appropriate now. It is for that reason we have arranged to print:

My Lady of the North

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Keith of the Border," etc.

This is the greatest of all the great historical stories Mr. Parrish has given to American readers. It is a swift, intense, adventurous romance, with some mystery, as much action as is possible to crowd into one story, plenty of realism of what may be termed the romantic variety, and a glow which will enlist your sympathies as well as your attention.

On as black a night as any daring soldier could ask, a cavalry captain rode out from the Army of Northern Virginia to carry certain dispatches from General Lee through the Union Lines. The officer is Captain Philip Wayne, and a gallant Virginian in every sense of the word. He is at once plunged from one dangerous adventure into another, and the dashing style in which he describes them will keep you enthusiastic and fairly breathless in your effort to keep up.

You Will Not Want to Miss a Single Line of the Story and We Strongly Advise You to Watch for the Opening Chapter

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By G. A. CROSBY
Terre Haute, Ind.

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