HIS RISE **POWER**

By Henry Russell Miller,

Author of "The Man Higher Up"

Copyright, 1911, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS

Senator Murchell, leader of the state machine, and Sheehan, local boss of New Chelsea, offer the nomination for district attorney to John Dunmeade. Dunmeade is independent in his political ideas.

Dunmeade will accept the nomination. His father, a partisan judge, congratu-lates him. His Aunt Roberta urges John to call on Katherine Hampden, daughter of a capitalist.

Katherine Hampden is a worshiper of success. She and John are friends. Jeremy Applegate, a political dependent, campaigns for John and the state ticket.

In New Chelsea lives Warren Blake, a model young bank cashler, connected with Hampden in "high finance." They try without success for John's aid.

The rottenness of politics in his state and party as revealed in his campaign dis-

The afternoon was spotted. Into ner face had come a look almost of hardness, like the swift shadow of a cloud over the fields on a sunny day, the absence of which had given her the sweet, frank girlishness. What had he to do with this girl to whom luxury was a matter of course? Why did her Impatience with his ideals trouble

"Let us go home," she said.

They went to the horses. From the beginning Crusader behaved badly.

"Be careful!" he cautioned her, as they turned into the public road. "That horse wants to bolt."

"I told you he lacks common sense sometimes," she laughed.

As though to illustrate this saying Crusader now began a series of short. cramped plunges, rearing and tossing violently to loosen the steel thing that cut into his mouth.

She brought her crop stingingly down on the horse's flanks. Crusader broke her grip on the reins, took the bit between his teeth and, head lowered, raced madly down the hill.

John did not stop to consider the uselessness of risking his own life too. His arm rose and fell continuously as he tried to beat more speed into his horse to close the rapidly widening gap between him and the flying Crusader.

A turn of the road took her out of his sight. Thereafter to the end of the mad chase she was always just beyond the next turn. He was not a good rider, and the wonder was that as he swung at top speed around the curves in the snaky road he was not unseated. Lightning's legs doubled and stretched with a rapidity never before and never again attained in his placid life, but to John the space between the pounding. staccato hoof beats seemed endless. The blood throbbed heavily in his tem ples, at every turn he closed his eyes. fearing to see a still, broken figure before him. Yet to him just then life meant to find-what he must find.

By a miracle the descent was accomplished without mishap. The road ran on a level for a few hundred yards. then began a long gradual climb of the next hill. Lightning's steps lagged. At a turn in the road just below the crest he came upon the panting Crusader standing with head meekly lowered. Seated on the roadside was Katherine coolly putting up her hair.

Lightning stopped of his own accord John's blood rushed to his heart, leaving his face very white.

He climbed weakly from the saddle and threw himself down beside her. "It was glorious while it lasted," she said.

"Glorious!" he stammered.

"Oh, I was frightened too!" She held out a hand. It was shaking like an autumn leaf from which the sap has begun to recede. "But you look worse scared than I felt. What did you think while it was happening?"

He stared at her in a queer, dazed fashion. "I-I am trying to think what I was thinking."

But he knew-he knew!

She looked at him curiously, and then she, too, knew. The knowledge did not displease her. She rose suddenly.

As he was leaving her at her home she said impulsively: "John, I'm sorry I was so nasty about your misunderstanding with father. Won't you tell me what it is about his business you dislike? Perhaps if I had your point of

But he shook his head.

CHAPTER VI.

The Call. HE Consolidated Coal company

was a fact, a splendid, epoch making fact.

The last stubborn holdout, surrendering to Hampden's skillful negotiations, to necessity and pressure of public opinion, had been led triumphantly into camp-and on Hamptien's terms. Among the hills west of town things began to happen under his forceful direction. A spur from the railroad was being constructed. A village of rough shantles was hastily thrown together to house the colony of miners that was to be brought

later. An atmosphere of businessfike haste pervaded New Chelsea. The price of real estate promptly advanced. Visions of expansion, of prosperity. filled the eye.

Cranshawe one day explained to John why he and his Deer township neighbors had capituinted.

"We got to take what we can git. It takes a lot o' money to develop coal lands. Hampden has lt-an' we hain't. We found he'd got all the right o' ways. If we could find any one to buy our coal, he couldn't 'a' shipped, 'ceptin' over Hampden's right o' way. I don't like to be held up, but it's my only chance to leave anything fer my children." "I hope it will all turn out for the

knew why-that it might not so turn "Seems like," said Cranshawe, "the feller with money has the whip hand over the feller with something to sell or develop. Trouble is, even when we know it's wrong, we don't want to change it, hopin' that some day it'll give us a chanct to make money the

best," said John, fearing-he hardly

"Oh, no!" John protested. "I'd hate to believe that. I can't believe it. Men aren't all of the dog-ent-dog specios.

same way."

"Well," said 'Ri, a little ashamed, "I don't know as I believe it myself. Guess I'm a little peevish over bein' outbargained by Steve Hampden. I wish," he added thoughtfully, "you could be lawyer fer the company. It looks like us farmers won't have much say in the business. I'd like to have some one on the inside who could tell

us what's goin' on." "No chance of that, 'Ri. Hampden doesn't think much of me." He did not tell Cranshawe why he had lost the capitalist's favor.

The net result of his quixotism, he thought with some bitterness, was to win Hampden's hostility and to put himself out of the way of protecting his farmer friends.

And late in October occurred his party's rally.

It was necessary to marshal the badly shaken party hosts. For into Benton county had marched a young man who, in a single opposition speech, broke through the defenses so painstakingly reared by Jeremy Applegate and his fellow soldiers. None other than Jerry Brent. A big, rawboned, homely fellow, uncouth in manner and sometimes in grammar, but with a crude, passionate eloquence that always carried his audience with him. He had been a coal miner, a labor organizer, and had, after a struggle so common that description stales, been admitted to the practice of law. In all the thirty-five years of his life the charge of material dishonesty had never been raised against him; he was still poor. And he was counted a rising man in the opposition party, not with the connivance of his party bosses, however. They considered him a radical, unsafe and-cardinal crime in an honest and unmanageable young man-ambitious. Respectable people sneered at his "antics." It was said that his eyes were dixed on the next nomination for governor. Even with this suspicion rankling in their minds the bosses dared not-so popular was he among labor men-refuse him opportunity to speak during the campalgn.

John, an inconspicuous listener, heard Brent's Benton county speech. It troubled him. It seemed to him unanswerable. Brent, it was true, dealt in terms of suspicion, not of facts, but it was a suspicion that found a swift echo in the hearts of his edge. This knowledge, his rankling andlence. He frankly said as much

"We don't govern this state," said Brent. "One man, Murchell, picks out our officers and tells 'em what to do people-the sturdy, patient, hard headed her head in burlesque hauteur. "Inwhile in office. You people don't govern Benton county. One man, Jim to be fooled by the hollow mockery be-Sheehan, Murchell's tool, chooses your commissioners, your treasurers, your not believe it. And yet he—he who sheriffs, your district attorneys." John wrong?" the orator cried passionstely. for it. You haven't the right to shove The speech in his pocket burned to the your responsibility on other men's skin shoulders, and they haven't the right to take the power."

The man's hot, rough eloquence found a lodgment where least expected in John's heart, already sensitized by his own discoveries and questionings. Jerry Brent was right.

The oldest inhabitant could not remember when the old party had been so vigorously attacked. To stem the tide of revolt-John felt it strongly in his canvass-an old time rally was to be held in the square. Sheehan instructed John as to the part which the latter was to play.

"You're to speak. Hit 'er up hard. Tell 'em all about us bein' the friend of the farmer. It's your chance. Parrott and Sherrod'll be there. Parrott's no slouch of a speaker, but you can beat him. Farmers like a good speech."

"I don't know that I care to make the speech."

"Don't you want to be elected?"

Sheehan demanded. "I guess so. Yes," with sudden vigor and a short laugh that Sheehan did

not understand. "I do." "Well, then, play up your independence. Tell 'em there's no strings tied to you."

"I can tell them that-with truth." Sheehan looked long and hard at him. Then he chuckled. "Of course. And don't forget the state ticket when

you're talkin'." When he was alone John fairly writhed in his self contempt and hat-

red of the boss. He prepared a fine speech, and then came the night of the rally-the pomp and panguly of war.

elm at the northwest corner of the that's all I can say." square, where Main and North streets meet. Before us is the rough board speakers' stand, hastly knocked together and liberally bedecked with nage and lithographs of Lincoln and of Beck, the candidate for treasurer. In front are many rows of pine benches. Over all falls the white splendor of the full October moon, to be dimmed when the four kerosene torches guarding the speakers' stand are set flaring and smoking, and by many other lights.

Debouching into Main street from other roads comes a stendy stream of steeds, gaunt and strong and slow moving as the human freight they draw, shying awkwardly at the lights flashed in their eyes by reckless, mis chievous boys. The steeds are safely hitched in various churchyards, and the drivers gather in the square in shifting, serious groups. Gradually the square fills. A hourse hum of voices rises. The air becomes charged with an unnatural excitement-the sense of an occasion-bred of the strange lights and bustle and the presence of many men. John between handshakes has time to feel it. His lagging soul, jaded by much questioning, leaps forth suddenly responsive. These men are the people. The power of it-the power and the glory! He thrills under a sense of oneness with them. Murchell and his machine, Sheehan and his control, seem far away, unreal, impossible.

The candidates, properly acclaimed. and their party of distinguished citizens are on the platform. The benches are filled. Around them stands a fringe of men, mostly farmers, who in the rush for seats have been too slow. John, sandwiched in between Sheehan and Congressman Jenkins, looks out over the audience, a strange question in his eyes. He is seeking a "reason," as though it were to be found written on the faces of the men before him.

The speaking begins. After a short preliminary speech the chairman introduces Beck, candidate for treasurer, as inconsiderable now as he will be when in office. Then comes Parrott, a famous corporation lawyer, whose features somehow suggest that he is well named. He is adept in the use of those phrases which elicit enthusiasm, but do not convince. After him Mark Sherrod, state senator, a tall, suave man with a magnetic something about him. One of his eyes has a slight cast and gives his face a sinister expression which not all his undoubted attraction can remove. He is a coming man. Already a power in the big eastern city, it is whispered that he is planning to succeed Beck in the treasurership. And after him the Hon. G. Washington Jenkins, congressman from the district, Lincolnian in figure, shrill and nasal of voice, but with the old campaigner's fund of stories and a rough and ready eloquence that catches the crowd in spite of his time worn arguments.

The front seats roar their approval. From the fringe of farmers, Jim Sheehan observes, comes only grim silence. There is an uneasy sense that Jerry Brent's suspicions have not been anwered.

Through it all John sat, hardly moving. But within him was tumult. He was contrasting the grandlloquent, virtuous phrases with the machine as he had seen it. And he knew that in the devious devices of which he could not help hearing hints in his campaigning he had caught but a glimpse of the thing-the machine. He did not believe that good employs evil to its ends; by its agencies a cause was to be judged. He sighted along the line of those who profited by it-Sheehan, Beck, Parrott, Sherrod, Murchell. The line was lost in the mist of his incomplete knowlsuspicions, Brent's questionings, rose up to confront him, demanding a "rea- still in a daze. son." He could not find it. And the men out there-were they such dolts as stend, you might offer to drive home ing macted before them? He could winced. "And it's wrong, my God! It's in the mockery, to give the lie to his inner consciousness, to befor the issue "It would be wrong, even if these in the minds of the listeners, to take urged him softly. "It's our last chance men were honest. And I blame you his place in the ranks of the machine.

> The tumult was still raging when the Hon. Wash Jenkins concluded his florid peroration and the applause died down. Vaguely, as from a distance, John heard the chairman introduce "New Chelsea's candidate" and the sudden cheers that rose. He did not realize. although Parrott and Sherrod did, that in the cheers was a quality not felt in the other greetings that night. He rose mechanically. He hardly knew when Sheehan, grasping his arm, shouted into his enr: "Don't forget the state ticket. Play it up hard!"

He stood slient before them. The well conned speech, with its smooth periods, the dramatic climaxes, to which his clear, flexible voice lent itself so beautifully, refused to be uttered. He could not speak the lie he had prepared; a "reason" he had not.

At last words came, in a dry, suppressed voice. He did not mean to be facetious, and no one laughed at his grave, protesting irony.

"We have heard tonight of the past glories of our party, and of glories that are of the nation. I shall not repeat, lest repetition dull their point. I have been asked not to forget the state ticket, in fact, to play it up hard. I need hardly speak for the gentlemen who have so eloquently spoken for themselves. I presume they do not wish to be saddled with responsibility for any of my shortcomings, nor do I wish to be judged by theirs. I am a candidate for office. If you think me the sort of man to administer that office honestly and well, without fear or favor, and as my own man, I shall be happy. If you don't think that, you

sen't hallove that one narty's history

We stand with John under the big will make me an nonest omcial. And-

He turned and walked toward the rear of the platform. The silence con tinued. Slack jaws fell slacker. The fringe of farmers stood motionless, bewildered, slow to grasp the significance of the short speech. Through the silence the voice of Jim Sheehan, first to recover presence of mind, carried over the crowd to Main street.

"For God's sake start a tune or something!" This to the band.

Some one laughed. The band began to play "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," of all tunes! People began to rise from their seats. It was not necessary for the chairman to announce the end of the meeting.

On the stage John faced a wrathful tableau-Parrott, Sherrod and Shee-



"Don't forget the state ticket. Play it up hard!"

han. "What the h-l"-began Sheehan, but the snave Sherrod, minus his sunvity, interrupted. "What do you mean? If you can't support the ticket you had no right to speak at all. You abuse courtesy, young man."

"Not yours, at any rate," John answered, and walked from the stage.

He made his way quickly behind it and out around the crowd. He was dazed at his own act. A beavy sense of trenchery was upon him, yet he could not have done otherwise. He had not eyes for the curious glances. many of them more friendly than he could then have believed, cast toward him. Walking swiftly with eyes cast down, he would have passed without noticing the fashionable trap in front of his home had not a voice from it called to him.

"John, John!"

H

CHAPTER VII.

The Wilderness Road.

E stopped and stared at her in astonishment. "Katherine! What are you doing here?"

"Listening to the speeches, of course. I wanted dad to come along. but he said no, his interest in politics was practical, not sentimental, and he take his vaudeville preferred straight. He was in quite a bad humor because I wanted to come. But -I am here."

"I wish you hadn't come," he said,

"That's kind, I'm sure." She tossed with me. Williams can stay here and

drive back when you return. He shook his head. "I'd better not." he muttered. He still wanted to get away by himself to think.

"Please!" She leaned forward and for a good chat. We go away tomorrow morning."

He tried honestly to resist, feeling instinctively she spelled danger and that every hour with her added to the danger. But he made the mistake of looking at her. Always she was re vealing some new charm for him and. despite his inner warning, now bred in him a sort of recklessness. He called himself a weakling, a fool that played with fire. And, so styling himself, he assented. Soon they had left the town behind them and were bowling along the moonlit road.

John, letting the rally and the prob lem it presented drift into the background, gave himself up to a reckless enjoyment of the hour. The white splendor of the moon, undimmed by smoky torches, the silent majesty of the hills with their shadows and silvery sheen, alone were real. The crowd of faces peering intently at him through the half gloom, the struggle within him as he stood before them, his ironic rejection of the part assigned him. seemed unreal, creatures of a fantastic dream. And the girl beside him, like him smitten into silence, was real, very

"It seems," she said, "that I must always take the aggressive. But then you never hunt me out-so what can I do? I suppose most people would call me unwomanly. Do you think me that?"

"I do not," he answered unsteadily. "You can't expect the beneficiary to be critical."

"Do you mean that, I wonder? Or is it only your nice way of letting me down easily? But I am not conferring, I am seeking. A-a friendship-such as ours means a great deal to me."

Her voice dwindled away into stlence. He was hard put to it to keep a tight grip on himself, to fight down the longing surging within him. Insistently he tried to think of her as she was, an unformed woman of essential selfishness, of generous caprices. He had not yet found the solution to the problem presented to him by his campaign, but he felt blindly that it was leading him into paths whither she would not fol low, into which he, if he yielded to his longing, would not-could not-go alone. He had sometimes thought be felt in her that which would carry her to great heights; yet he knew she was now of the earth, earthy. She was a creature of luxury. He thought of his

"Why this sudden hilarity?" she de

last year's income and laughed un-

pleasantly.

"It's a joke I've just thought of-you wouldn't appreciate it."

"Was it," she pressed him-"was i about your speech tonight?"

"Indirectly, I suppose," he replied. "Will you tell me about that? It was the reason-one reason-why I wanted you to come home with me. I'm of two minds about it. Of course, I didn't understand what it was all about, ex cept that you were expected to say far more and something different. Any one could see that the men on the platform were engry. But one had the feeling that somehow you were finding and asserting yourself-doing some thing rather splendid. I know it made Aunt Roberta begin to snuffle-she said it was a cold in her head. I heard one man near us-a big, hulking farmersay, 'By Joshua! I always thought there was consider'ble of a man under that white skin of Johnny Dunmeade's.' He didn't mean to be funny. I think. Another, a different sort of man, laughed and said, 'Now that's the eleverest move yet. It's a grandstand play, but it'll make him if he's big enough to follow it up. It'll get him a following."

She looked up at him inquiringly. He saw again the eager interest in her eves.

"It was neither splendid nor crafty," he said grimly. "I was expected to rant and lie about the virtues of candidates I've no faith in, cover up a lot of things that, it seems, can't be answered. I had that speech ready. But when It came to the point I couldn't say it. That's all. Sheehan and the organization will probably knife me under cover and beat me if only as a horrible example to the next young man who happens along with a work ing conscience."

"Why," she exclaimed incredulously. "that would elect your opponent wouldn't it? Senator Murchell won't allow it, surely."

"Senator Murchell will be the first to recommend the knifing," he laughed shortly. "I begin to suspect that the senator is a false god." "What have you against the candi-

dates?"

"It's rather against the forces behind them. Bad methods and general suspicion, I guess. I probably couldn't

make it clear." "Just that? I do not think," she said slowly, "that I like it, after all. I'm

disappointed in-for you.' "Would you have me lie? For that's

what it would amount to." "Oh," she cried, "that's not a fair way to put it. I'm so ambitious for you! That's unwomanly, too, I suppose, but I don't care. I am ambitious for you. And I do so admire the men who get along! And in politics you You ha could go so far. Murchell's friendship. You don't know how much he admires you. And you have brains and popularity. Do you know what I would do if I were a man like you? I would go into politics seri-I would master methods and conditions and adapt them to my purpose. I would keep on until the organization was mine. And then when my power was secure I would remove, little by little, the evils I saw, and when I had finished and measured my compromises against the good I had done I know the balance would be in my fa

But he merely smiled bitterly. "And I suspect that by the time I'd got the power in the fashion you describe, I'd have become the sort of man that doesn't use his power for good."

"What are you going to do about it?" "About the election?" He shrugged his shoulders in indifference. "Let 'em beat me, I suppose. I haven't thought ahead as far as tomorrow." (Continued in Next Friday's Issue.)

ASK ANY HORSE



XECUTOR'S NOTICE,

Estate of JULIETTE ARNOLD, Late of South Canaan, Pa. All persons indebted to said es-

tate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement. J. G. BRONSON, Executor.

So. Canaan, Nov. 20, 1912.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Attorneys-at-Law.

H WILSON H. ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office adjacent to Post Office in Dimmick
office, Honesdale, Pa.

WM. H. LEE,

Office over post office. All legal business promptly attended to. Honesdale, Pa. E. C. MUMFORD,

Post Office Honesdale, Pa.

HOMER GREENE. ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office: Relf Building, Honesdale.

CHARLES A. McCARTY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR- AT-LAW. Special and prompt attention given to the ollection of claims. Office: Reif Building, Honesdale.

M. E. SIMONS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.

Office in the Court House, Honesdale Pa.

SEARLE & SALMON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW, Offices lately occupied by Judge Searl CHESTER A. GARRATT.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW. Office adjacent to Post Office, Honesdale, Pa.

Dentists.

DR. E. T. BROWN, DENTIST.

Office—First floor, old Savings Bank build-ing, Honesdale, Pa. DR. C. R. BRADY, DENTIST, HONESDALE, PA. 1011 MAIN ST.

> Citizens' Phone Physicians.

P. B. PETERSON, M. D.
1126 MAIN STREET, HONESDALE, PA.
Eye and Ear a specialty. The fitting of glasses given careful attention.

IVERY F. G. RICKARD Prop

FIRST-CLASS WAGONS, RELIABLE HORSES.

Especial Attention Given to Transit Business. STONE BARN CHURCH STREET.

W. C. SPRY

BEACHLAKE.

AUCTIONEER HOLDS SALES ANYWHERE IN STATE.

H. F. Weaver Architect and Builder

Furnished

Residence, 1302 East St.

Plans & Estimates

OVER 65 YEARS TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may lickly ascertain our opinion free whether an vention is probably parentable. Communica-tion strictly coundertial. HANDBOOK on Patenta Scientific American.

MUNN & CO. 361Broadway. New York

J. E. HALEY AUCTIONEER Have me and save money. Wi attend sales anywhere in State.

Address WAYMART, PA. (R. D. 3)

JOSEPH N. WELCH Fire Insurance

The OLDEST Fire Insurance Agency in Wayne County.

Office: Second floor Masonic Building, over C. C. Jadwin's drug store, Honesdale.

(I We wish to secure a good correspondent in every town The Citizen wants a good, live- in Wayne county. Don't be ly correspondent in every village in Wayne county. Will you be one? afraid to write this office for Wayne county. Will you be one? paper and stamped envelops