

# HIS RISE TO POWER

By Henry Russell Miller,  
Author of "The Man Higher Up"

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## 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, congratulates 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 cashier, 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 discourse. He calls upon Katherine.

Katherine's peril in a runaway reveals to her and John their unspoken love. John publicly "turns down" the machine of his party.

John will not compromise with his conscience even for the sake of winning Katherine, and the two part.

The election was a week away. A week is a short time, but in it, if you are a young man not unwilling to lose an occasional night's sleep, a great deal can be accomplished. John's journeys took him into Plumville and into every ward thereof and into the townships. In these latter districts he had less need of the diplomat's tongue to win recruits—"workers" they were called and well called. He found volunteers aplenty. Farmers Cranshawe and Sykes and Criswell and others, sober, unemotional men who were yet willing to follow in a forlorn hope. On the day before election, faith in his fellows quickened, he moved on New Chelsea. When election day dawned, a beautiful, cloudless day—happy omen—he knew that at every polling place in the county was one man at least working in the interest of John Dunmeade and that most of them would be loyal.

The state ticket had a narrow escape from defeat that autumn. Only the two great cities with their machines, their fraud and their sumpiness saved it. Benton county went for the opposition, not entirely, however. One brand was saved from the burning, although a certain faction of the party was not greatly elated over Dunmeade's victory.

A young man, pale, stirred to the depths by a victory he had not believed possible, could not understand, was at his window gazing wistfully up into the sky.

"I have found my place. My people! I am willing to pay." It was a vow of consecration.

The courtroom in the dingy old courthouse of New Chelsea was crowded on a certain day in May, past the point of mere discomfort.

The voice of the defendant's counsel rose and fell. He was something of an actor, and he put a deal of convincing passion into his words. In New Chelsea oratory is still loved. The audience hung intent, almost breathless, on the scene enacted before them. They had the feeling of being not spectators, but participants in the little drama. Perhaps they were, for it was the trial of Jim Sheehan.

Senator Murchell was not listening to the speech. He was intently regarding the set profile across the counsel table and measuring the man he saw there against the boyish, eager and very likeable young man whom, almost a year before, a little boss and a big had sought to press into their service. John Dunmeade had grown. One saw that in the already grave, almost sad, lines of his face. Work and thought and responsibility and purpose—and something else of which the senator had no inkling—had set their stamp upon him.

There had been no lack of accomplishment during the five months of office holding. To this truth eloquent witnesses might have been called—Butch Miley and Red Bricker, already serving terms in the penitentiary; Slayton, a fugitive, ball forfeited; Brown and Parsons, free only pending appeal; and now Sheehan, his fate hanging in the balance. The machine, Senator Murchell knew, would be rebuilt better and stronger than ever, but for the present it was sadly, sadly out of gear.

He let his glance stray from John to the defendant. Sheehan sat slouched in his chair in an attitude that he vainly sought to render jaunty, confident. His cheeks had fallen in slightly, his eyelids were puffy and red rimmed. His mouth hung flabbily. His hands played nervously with a piece of paper.

Whittredge, the famous lawyer brought from Steel City to defend Sheehan, brought his brilliant peroration to a close. The audience relaxed into an expectant silence, all eyes fixed on the district attorney. For a moment

remained as he had sat throughout the plea for the defense, motionless, leaning a little forward and staring fixedly at the wall behind the judge, as though he saw a vision.

The moment ended. He rose and stood before the jury box, first addressing the court. He smiled gravely at the jurors. It had taken a whole day's session to select them, but he knew them and that they were well chosen. Then the smile faded from his lips and eyes, replaced by a look to which his neighbors were growing accustomed. He began to speak.

"Gentlemen of the jury, what I have to do is not pleasant. But there is a thing called duty."

As the first words fell Murchell's interest leaped. He knew that he was seeing a man mount to a climax in his life. From the beginning the audience was caught in the man's spell by something that breathed through his voice and that had been absent from Whittredge's perfervid periods. He had a clear, flexible voice and knew how to use it.

The speech had been skillfully planned. At first he confined his argument to the jury and the case at bar. Logically he marshaled the evidence against the defendant and analyzed the defense. Then when he felt that he had brought intellectual conviction to all he began to direct his words at the audience not for the telepathic effect on the jury, but because he believed a verdict of guilty would be worthless unless it aroused a common horror for the crime.

Never afterward in a speech did John reach quite the same heights as on the afternoon when the bright blade of his young indignation cut into the consciences of his hearers. The matter became deeply personal with them. Each man suddenly felt himself aggrieved, felt that a shameful attempt had been made to take advantage of his good faith and trust. And then, even while they were condemning Sheehan, John seemed to arraign them. He set them to asking the question, What part have I in this crime? Such offenses are possible only among a people asleep. They were both aggrieved and aggressors.

Senator Murchell sat to all outward seeming impassive. He listened, as astonished as the rest, but with understanding and—he was himself amazed to mark it—sadly. For he read in the ardent face and words a passion for a hopeless ideal. So much power, he thought, going to waste! For he knew, better than did those who possessed it, the power of moral passion controlled—but always properly controlled! Was there not some way to bind this force to his interest?

Bribery at the polls and falsification of election returns, familiar weapons of machine politics, so long used that they had ceased to arouse horror and revolt in the careless, calloused hearts of the people, were John's text. They explained the continuance of the machine in power. They shed a bright light, too, on the so called genius of certain political leaders at which men marveled as at some miraculous manifestation of godlike mind—it was not genius, merely crude, primitive dishonesty requiring the direction of no commanding intellect, needing nothing but the will to debauch others' honor. "It is the case of government by individual craft and greed against government by the law that is the expression of the moral sense of the people," he said, and sat down. The audience stirred incessantly. Murchell smiled grimly.

The voice of the judge was cold and even, devoid of emotion, as he began to instruct the jury. Critical listeners observed that his charge favored the defendant rather more strongly than the evidence seemed to require. They attributed it to his anxiety not to be biased by the fact that the district attorney was his son. Judge Dunmeade was said to possess an admirably judicial temperament. The jury, importantly led by the fat bailiff, filed out of the courtroom. There were no other cases on the day's list, and the judge stalked down from the bench to await the verdict in his chambers. John went to his office. Senator Murchell and Whittredge conducted the drooping Sheehan to the witness room away from the curious eyes of the crowd. Most of the spectators waited to see the end of the drama.

A half hour later the buzz of conversation suddenly ceased. The judge was on the bench. Sheehan, with and Murchell, took his place at the table. They were followed by John. Then the jury filed back into the box.

"Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict as the court hath recorded it. You find the defendant guilty as indicted. And so say you all?" said the clerk.

The jurors nodded. Sheehan fell back in his chair with an audible groan. Two big tears coursed judiciously down his fat cheeks. But nobody laughed. He plucked anxiously at Murchell's sleeve.

"Have I got to go to jail?" he whimpered.

Murchell drew away from the touch. "Not unless our friend Whittredge has forgotten how to delay justice."

The jury was discharged. Whittredge informed the court that the defense would move for a new trial, bail was renewed, and the court was adjourned. The audience slowly made its way out into the square, where little knots of noisy, excited men gathered.

John saw Sheehan standing forlornly by the table. The big, ponderous figure with the misery shining out of his eyes seemed very pathetic. And, after all, Sheehan was the worst victim of the system. Impulsively John went over to him. Sheehan suddenly seized one of John's hands in both his own. "John, can't you get me out of this-

let me off? I'll get out of here—never go into politics again, so help me!"

John's heart gave him a wrench as he shook his head. "I wish I could, Sheehan," he replied honestly. "But you're out of my hands now."

He turned away sadly, no sense of triumph in his victory.

When he appeared at the door of the courthouse some one raised a cheer. It passed along from group to group, until all in the square had joined in a short, sharp salute. It was not an hysterical demonstration, but unusual for calm, self-contained New Chelsea. It lasted only a few seconds.

"Young man," said Senator Murchell, "enjoy this moment. It won't last long. You are at your apex—you are a hero among your neighbors. But they are cheering you, not what you said."

"Not me, but what I said. They see a principle."

"You're not the first man who has held that delusion—to his sorrow."

## CHAPTER IX. Criticisms and Wiles.

PEOPLE said that Senator Murchell maintained his legal residence in New Chelsea only because an unwritten law required each end of the state to be represented in the senate, and the vacancy which he had been elected to fill had been from the western district. This was only half a truth. He really liked these men and women among whom his youth had been spent, who looked upon him half familiarly, half in awe, and who, until the late uprising and the advent of John Dunmeade, had followed unquestioningly his political gospel. Most of the time he spent, from the exigencies of his position, in Washington or in the big house in Adelphi; but as he grew older he came to look forward more and more eagerly to the summer months that supported his "legal residence."

He looked, hesitating, toward the old colonial house across the street. Then he started toward it. Must the habit of a lifetime be broken merely because a son of that house had leveled a lance against him? And, besides, there was a small matter of business to transact. He perceived the figure of an old woman on a bench under the trees, darning industriously, and he smiled at first in amusement. Then the smile became gentler.

She looked up as he approached. He held out his hand. "Good afternoon, Miss Roberta."

"Good afternoon, Will Murchell," she continued her darning. "I'll not shake hands," she answered his gesture calmly. "I don't think I'll ever shake hands with you again. John says you're a dangerous man. John is right."

"I inferred from his speech," he answered with a twinkle, "that he held some such opinion. Were you at the trial?"

"I was not! You may sit down," she commanded, making room for him, "because I want to ask you a question." He obeyed. "What have you been doing to Hugh and our John? This house has been like a funeral ever since these trials began. Hugh has been as grumpy as—as a dog with a ball. And John—he doesn't say much, but he feels it. It's this politics! I wish," she concluded venomously, "a plague'd carry off all you politicians."

"But, Roberta, who'd run the country?"

Miss Roberta sniffed. "I guess the country could run itself better than you politicians do."

"So there's coolness between the judge and John, eh? I suppose they've fallen out over the trials. Naturally! John is just a hot-headed idealist, while the judge is—a practical man."

"A practical man?" she sniffed tartly. "If you'd been doing for the judge for nearly thirty years you wouldn't call him that. I guess. Why, he even believes that you're going to put him in the supreme court!"

"And you don't?"

"Of course not! I tell him so, but he won't believe me. He's so puffed up with his own importance and selfishness he won't listen to sense and tries to make his son's life miserable."

"Roberta," he said abruptly, "try to keep John out of politics."

"Because he is fighting you?"

"That," he said sentimentally, "might be a sufficient reason. But I'm not thinking of that. It isn't the game for a man of his sort."

"You didn't think of that when you believed you could use him. I wish I could keep him out. But we Dunmeades are set in our opinions. He'll go on fighting, now he's started, until he breaks himself against your hardness or becomes—like you."

He got up abruptly and went into the house. In the library he found Judge Dunmeade before his desk, scratching away at an opinion. With that heavy dignity which he imparted even to the smallest actions of life the judge waved Murchell to a seat.

"That son of yours gave us something of a surprise to-day. Looks as though Sheehan would have to go over the road. Unless," Murchell added inquiringly, "there's a chance to win on appeal?"

"No. John tried his case carefully. There were no errors."

"Er—about what ought to be the sentence, do you think?"

It would not be correct to say that the judge assumed a judicial air; that, consciously, he always wore. It merely became heavier. "What should you suggest?"

Murchell made a slight motion with his hand to indicate that any suggestion from him was a negligible matter, and answered, "Would four months be

"H-m-m! One must remember, of course, that four months for Sheehan would be a heavier sentence than a year for another." The judge cleared his throat. "I'll take it under consideration."

A queer smile softening the lines of his mouth the senator sat staring at the portrait of Thomas Dunmeade. "John," he said at last, "made a good speech, eh, judge?"

"The elocution was good," was the carefully considered answer. "But to think a Dunmeade should voice such rabid radicalism, such wild sentimentality! John's course will not affect the matter we discussed last winter, will it?"

"You mean the justiceship? My influence in the organization is a little uncertain just at present. These trials haven't helped either."

"I have that also against my son," the judge said angrily. "He has made it more difficult for his father to realize a lifelong ambition. Besides," he added, "attacking my best friend. He is too selfish and set in his opinions to consider his father's interest. He doesn't get it from me. He is," the judge concluded, "his mother's son."

The senator did not smile. "His mother's son!"

He was not a sentimental man. He did not "love the memory" of Anne Dunmeade nor indulge in sweetly sad retrospection. He thought of her now merely as marking one stage of his development. He remembered her as a gentle yet high spirited thing full of ardent enthusiasms and with an unshakable belief—it struck him now as almost pathetic—in the goodness of her fellows and the ultimate triumph of "the right." There must have been, he thought, unsuspected possibilities—possibilities that had not been realized—in him since he could love this woman. He was far from ready to admit that their realization would have been profitable.

"His mother's son. I guess that explains him." He rose. "About that justiceship—I'll see what can be done. But I promise nothing definitely so far ahead. You understand that?"

"Certainly," the judge assented. "But I expect you to do your best. I feel," he added with dignity, "that my services to my country and to my party warrant my expectation. And I ought to draw the old soldier vote to the ticket."

"And, judge," Murchell concluded. "think over the Sheehan sentence—think it over." He went out of the room.

On the next Saturday morning James Sheehan, found guilty of conspiracy to falsify election returns, was summoned to bar and sentenced to four months' "hard labor" in the county workhouse. But before the appeal which he took had been refused by the higher court he had left Benton county for parts unknown.

John sought refuge in the cubbyhole that Benton county provides for its district attorneys. With a sense of relief he fled away his notes on the Sheehan case in a cabinet marked "Finished Business." Then he threw himself into a chair and began to take stock.

Sheehan's eyes haunted him. John was a normal young man, and he was capable of knowing the joy of a task well done. But not this sort of task! He could find no elation in a triumph won at the cost of direct personal misery to others. There was Slayton, for example, a handsome, pleasant young man who looked the criminal not at all. He had not had the courage to stand trial, and he had broken ball and fled, leaving a sick wife. She and the child born since the father's flight now lay together in a grave. Slayton had not dared to return. Perhaps he did not even know of the double tragedy. In his dreams John often saw Slayton's hunted face as it must now appear.

He became conscious that his head was aching, that he was tired all over, every nerve in his body throbbing. For more than six months, ever since his election, he had been working incessantly, feverishly toward this day. The release from strain allowed his mal-treated, protesting body to be heard. He got up and left the office, as though fleeing from the problem.

He laid a roundabout course away from Main street out into the country. He tramped determinedly along the pike, filling his lungs with the tonic air. It had been a good "growing season." His way took him between fields of clean young corn and barley and oats and occasional cool, green wood lots.

A farmer, driving a pair of heavy farm horses doing duty at the tongue of a sneaky spring wagon, rattled up behind him.

"Howdy, John! Want a lift?"

"Howdy, 'R! No, thank you. Just taking a little exercise and soaking in all this."

Cranshawe reined in his team. John stopped.

"Little mite too smart for 'em today, weren't ye?"

"They had been so bold, they made it easier."

Cranshawe nodded. "Be smarter next time, I reckon—if we give 'em a chance. 'F we give 'em a chance, 'e repeated reflectively. "Us farmers, we're feelin' purty good about these trials. Feel like we didn't make any mistake last fall."

"Murchell says you forget," John smiled back.

"Be'n at ye a'ready, has he?" Cranshawe asked shrewdly. "He'll be at ye harder, before ye're through. Ye got 'em scared. Mebby we'll ferget an' then mebbe we won't. But I guess that's our lookout, not yours. So fur's ye're concerned, all ye got to do is go ahead an' try to finish up the job ye've started. 'F we don't do our part, I guess we won't have nobody to blame but ourselves."

(Continued in Next Friday's Issue.)

- ### TRAVERSE JURY.
- First Week—January 20, 1913.
- Bethany—J. H. Smith.  
Berlin—W. J. Seymour.  
Buckingham—James Spratt.  
Canaan—C. E. Weed.  
Cherry Ridge—F. O. Rickard, J. Murray.  
Clinton—G. G. Wilmarth.  
Damascus—J. A. Noble, E. H. Huber, A. P. Gregg.  
Dreher—Ward Frey.  
Dyberry—J. E. Henshaw.  
Hawley—John Beemer, William Schardt, R. F. Warg, Harry J. Lobb.  
Honesdale—C. H. Rettew, Leon Katz, O. M. Spattigue, Sr., W. W. Baker, W. B. Holmes.  
Lake—Olivier Hoover, G. G. Collins.  
Lehigh—Job R. Moore.  
Lebanon—Oscar H. Day.  
Manchester—Norman Lester, B. A. Gilloy.  
Mt. Pleasant—Henry Thiefeit.  
Oregon—W. P. Weeks.  
Paupack—Lewis M. Bittner, John Schleupner.  
Palmyra—George Morgan, Jacob Collum.  
Preston—W. H. Doyle, Arthur Patton.  
Prompton—Alonso B. Wood.  
Sterling—Walter Malcom.  
Starrucca—John Glover.  
Salem—D. W. Bidwell, Henry Conklin.  
South Canaan—John Savitz.  
Scott—F. J. Conrad.  
Texas—John Mangan, Henry Ludwig, Michael Weber, P. H. Skelly, Andrew Hessler.  
Waymart—J. B. Dymond.

- ### TRAVERSE JURY.
- Second Week—January 27, 1913.
- Berlin—Amaza Keyes.  
Buckingham—Ernest Holbert.  
Canaan—James Moylan.  
Clinton—C. J. Stiles.  
Cherry Ridge—Wm. Crockenberg.  
Dyberry—Rudolph Swartout.  
Dreher—Charles A. Selg.  
Damascus—Rockwell Brigham, W. B. Guinnip, C. J. Lassley.  
Honesdale—E. B. Callaway, G. W. Decker, J. L. Roegner.  
Lake—J. W. Andrews.  
Lebanon—Walter S. Vail.  
Lehigh—Harry A. Sebring.  
Mt. Pleasant—Maurice Meager, E. E. Tainter.  
Manchester—A. F. Lawson, Earl Layton.  
Oregon—J. H. Boyce.  
Palmyra—E. A. Marshall.  
Preston—John A. Edwards.  
Paupack—Thomas Lennon.  
Sterling—George Zeigler.  
Scott—Ardie Thorne.  
Salem—John Schroeder, F. E. Carlisle.  
South Canaan—A. J. Robinson.  
Starrucca—John E. Wagner.  
Texas—Louis Schuetz, Ed. F. Short, Clarence Bond, William Kane.

- ### GRAND JURY.
- January 13, 1913.
- Buckingham—Alva S. Dicks.  
Canaan—R. S. Walsh.  
Cherry Ridge—Frank Higgins.  
Clinton—W. M. Norton.  
Damascus—John Wilcox, E. C. White.  
Dreher—John Gearhart.  
Dyberry—W. S. Tamblin.  
Hawley—James H. Stevenson.  
Honesdale—L. Fuerth.  
Lehigh—John Hawk.  
Lake—Dwight Osborne.  
Lebanon—George Atkins.  
Mt. Pleasant—E. H. Ledyard, Sr., G. E. Moase.  
Manchester—Henry Thomas.  
Oregon—William J. Schmidt.  
Palmyra—Thomas Seeman.  
Preston—Stephen Jay.  
Salem—W. H. Sterner.  
Scott—Ernest Lowe.  
South Canaan—Anson Beers.  
Texas—M. J. Decker, George Box.

### A CURE FOR ECZEMA.

Many people who have eczema and have tried repeatedly to be cured without obtaining the desired result will be interested in the following statement by Mrs. Jas. E. Blair, of Boston, Mass.

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