

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 is revealed in his campaign diary. 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 course of his son is disapproved by Judge Dunmeade. John is elected and puts Sheehan on trial for political corruption.

Sheehan is convicted and flees. John meets Haig, a novelist, who is introduced to him by Warren Blake.

Haig and John visit the Hampdens. Blake proposes to Katherine and is rejected. He praises John to her. Murchell has a visitor.

CHAPTER XI. With a Great Price.

JOHN was standing at the window of his courthouse office. The sense of loneliness was upon him again. It may be that the sight of Katherine Hampden sauntering down Main street in company with a bearded summer gentleman had something to do with his mood.

Then another vision was accorded him—a fat white horse lazily drawing an ancient top buggy in which sat Senator Murchell, for all the world a prosperous farmer passing into age amid peace and plenty.

A minute later came a knock at his door. "Come!" he said.

The senator entered. "Afternoon, John."

"What can I do for you?"

"Humph! Don't seem very glad to see me. You might ask me to sit down."

John pointed to a chair. "Why hesitate? It's your courthouse, isn't it?"

"Understood you'd taken a mortgage on it yourself lately." Murchell sat down, looking genially at John.

"So you think I'm a bad man and a disgrace to the state?" the senator inquired at last.

"Well, just about that," John said quickly.

"Told Miss Roberta I'm a bad man, didn't you?"

"I could have said that you are a shameful force in politics; that you have exploited a great party and the ignorance of the people; that you have built up a machine for the sole purpose of looting the state; that you have got and held power by compelling public servants to use the influence of their office to perpetuate your machine and by buying the votes of the corruptible. There's probably a lot more, if I only knew it. I've never heard that you used your power for any good thing. Without profession or business you are a rich man. How?"

"Humph! Don't seem very glad to see me. You might ask me to sit down."

"Doesn't mean much. You'd have hard work proving any of it."

They relaxed into silence. John looked out of the window, awaiting in cold silence the senator's next words. Murchell preserved his usual impassive front. It was not the first time he had encountered the intolerance of youth. But never before, save during the Sheehan trial, had the intolerance pierced the crust of the man.

He broke the silence. "What do you want to do?"

"A good many things you wouldn't understand—principally, I suppose, to smash you and your organization. That probably sounds funny to you."

Murchell did not laugh. He merely felt pity for an unpractical young dreamer.

"You can't smash the organization."

"It must be smashed, because it exists to deprive the people of the right of self government."

"A pretty phrase. It's common sense politics. The people don't want to govern themselves—they can't. They need some one to take the burden from them. How are you going to smash us?"

"It may be simpler than you think, Senator Murchell. When the people understand what you are they'll smash you."

The other smiled pityingly. "You think because you've sent a few poor devils to jail you're a man of destiny, don't you? You think I'm merely a wicked old fellow who's got power and is using it for his own selfish ends."

If I were just that you could smash me. But I'm more than that. I am an institution—a part of a necessary institution, one that society, that property, that business, can't get along without. You can smash William Murchell—that is, put some one in his place. But you can't smash the institution. And you can't judge a system by its incidental errors."

John smiled, not very happily. "I've heard that before. The weakness of your argument is that the errors seem to be essential. Government isn't, or shouldn't be, merely a matter of force, nor exist only as the servant of property, even if all you say is true. And I've got to go on."

"And where'll you come out?"

"I? You will try to break me. You may succeed. But you will observe



"You've gone out of your way to attack me. You're a fool!"

that I have little to lose. If I had much—you won't understand this—I hope I'd lose it gladly."

"Did I say I was going to break you?" Murchell demanded testily. "I came here today to suggest that you come out for Wash Jenkins' seat in congress."

John's reply was almost bitter. "So I have impressed you as a hypocrite trying to get kicked up out of the way. I repeat, I'm not for sale."

Murchell suddenly rose and put a heavy hand on John's shoulder. "You said you have little to lose. You have much—a future. You've gone out of your way to attack me. You're a fool. But I—I like you, man. And I'd like to save that future for you."

For a moment John stared at him, incredulous. He went to the window, staring out wonderingly. He saw a strange thing—Jeremy Applegate stumping across the square and pausing under the flag, looking up. The veteran's hand rose, as though in salute; then, arrested midway, it fell limply, and Jeremy marched on.

John pointed. "There, senator, is one who entered the service of your institution. Now he is a broken spirited old man with just enough soul left to be ashamed. If I became part of your machine, in the end I'd become like that—different in size perhaps, but the same in kind. I," he said, quietly, "prefer your enmity; it's safer. You represent an institution. I stand for a principle, a fundamental principle. You can smash John Dunmeade—oh, very easily, no doubt. But, Senator Murchell, you can't smash the principle!"

The senator did not often permit himself the luxury of losing his temper, but he was exceedingly close to it just then. The friendship he had offered to a young man whom he liked strangely well had been contemptuously rejected, and the hurt was all the deeper because he had broken the rule of a lifetime to make the offer. He carefully waited until the emotion had subsided before speaking.

"It's a good deal simpler to state a principle than to follow it in practice. And you can't judge politics by one year's experience. However—"

He stopped long enough to put on his hat.

"You went out of your way to denounce me. You took a time when I'm needing friends to do it, too. In spite of that I made you an offer in good faith. If there's anything in you I'd have given you the chance to prove it."

"I," he concluded, and he spoke as of some divine edict, fixed and immutable—"I rarely offer friendship to those who fight me—never twice."

He went out.

The East ridge colony was gone, scattering its charms broadcast from Lakewood to Bar Harbor. Only the Hampdens were left, and they were soon to depart. Katherine and her mother to go abroad for the latter's health—which, to be sure, was so good as to be worth preserving. John and Haig had arranged to make together one September evening their farewell pilgrimage to the ridge.

That evening John spent a great deal of care over his toilet.

He drove to the home of Silas Hicks, where Haig, wisely avoiding the hospitality of the hotel, had his rooms. Somewhat to his dismay, he was informed that Haig had discovered some mysterious errand requiring his attention, had departed a half hour earlier and had left word that he would later meet John at their Mecca.

"That's funny," muttered John as he drove away. He strongly suspected

the vanity of Haig's errand and debated seriously the advisability of turning back and sending his farewells by note, pleading as excuse for his non-appearance some unexpected business matter. He solemnly assured himself that he was a fool, both for having dallied with unhappiness all summer and for going now on a journey that could only intensify futile longings.

He sustained the indictment by continuing his journey. When he found Katherine, they strolled, Katherine chatting unconcernedly, to a seat in a retired corner of the grounds—only the fact would not have been significant to John—where she had sat so long after her talk with Warren Blake.

She leaned back in one end of the seat. He sat at the other, as far away from her as he could, half facing her. She was not really beautiful—her features were too firm for that—yet even another than John might have been excused for thinking her so in the softening light of the rising moon. Only her eyes, softly lustrous in the pale light, marked her suppressed excitement.

"Do you realize," she said, "this is the first time we've been alone this summer? You have really managed it very awkwardly." As though she had not done all the managing!

He had nothing to say.

"Am I such an ogress, or have you been afraid that I'd propose to you again?"

"I haven't been fool enough to take that seriously," he said quickly. "And I'm old enough to know the danger of playing with fire. At least," he added, "I ought to have known it."

He could not help thinking of the months to come when, with less engrossing tasks to take his mind from the ache, he must renew the loneliness, grown more poignant, of the last winter. He wondered now at his weakness in letting himself, despite his knowledge of her and of what she meant to him, be drawn again within the circuit of her charm.

He became aware that she was speaking, with that amazing courage which was always hers.

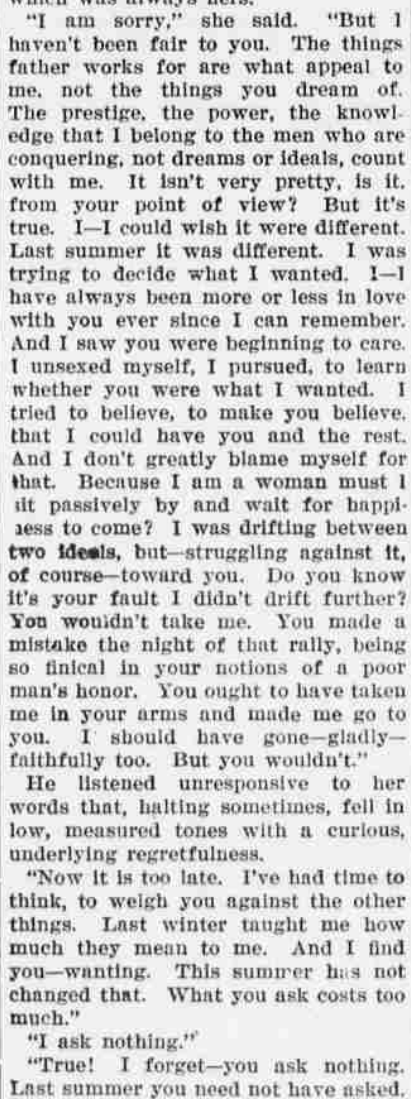
"I am sorry," she said. "But I haven't been fair to you. The things father works for are what appeal to me, not the things you dream of. The prestige, the power, the knowledge that I belong to the men who are conquering, not dreams or ideals, count with me. It isn't very pretty, is it, from your point of view? But it's true. I—I could wish it were different. Last summer it was different. I was trying to decide what I wanted. I—I have always been more or less in love with you ever since I can remember. And I saw you were beginning to care. I unsexed myself, I pursued, to learn whether you were what I wanted. I tried to believe, to make you believe, that I could have you and the rest. And I don't greatly blame myself for that. Because I am a woman must I sit passively by and wait for happiness to come? I was drifting between two ideals, but—struggling against it, of course—toward you. Do you know it's your fault I didn't drift further? You wouldn't take me. You made a mistake the night of that rally, being so finical in your notions of a poor man's honor. You ought to have taken me in your arms and made me go to you. I should have gone—gladly—faithfully too. But you wouldn't."

He listened unresponsive to her words that, halting sometimes, fell in low, measured tones with a curious, underlying regretfulness.

"Now it is too late. I've had time to think, to weigh you against the other things. Last winter taught me how much they mean to me. And I find you—wanting. This summer has not changed that. What you ask costs too much."

"I ask nothing."

"True! I forget—you ask nothing. Last summer you need not have asked.



"You can't make me want you enough."

You will do me the credit to remember that I ask you nothing that would cost more than you are willing to pay."

"That isn't true," he said in sudden roughness. "You—it is why I'm a fool for having come near you—are tempting me with every word you speak."

"Am I tempting you, I wonder?" Her voice became uncertain. "I—I beg you to believe that I haven't meant it—to remember that I shouldn't be good for you. I have no wish to—"

AN ADMONITION.

In a Western town, in every show window, one sees a printed card bearing this somewhat out of the ordinary admonition: "Whenever you hear a man knocking this town, hit him where his brains ought to be and kick him where they are."

(Continued in Next Friday's Issue.)

The tremor in her voice set him to trembling. Then, without conscious intention, he was holding her in a close, rough clasp and crying to her to go with him. She did not resist, and she did not respond. She lay inert in his arms, passively suffering his hot kisses, her eyes closed, her face white.

"My dear, my dear! Don't you see? You're fighting against the thing that means your happiness. I'm not afraid to ask now, for I know I can give you far more than you'll ever have otherwise. What I want to do isn't so terrible. It is very simple. I can't see why a few are so strongly against it. And it doesn't mean the sacrifice you think. Already it has brought victory and the consideration of men you so much desire. In the end, if we have the spirit to fight and wait"—His stammering phrases halted. He became aware of her closed eyes, her unresponsiveness. She opened her eyes and looked at him. His rough clasp relaxed. She shook her head and pushed herself away, leaning back in the seat.

"Ah," she murmured, "it is too late! You can't make me want you enough."

"It isn't too late if you care!"

"Is caring everything? You know it isn't. If it were you wouldn't make conditions. You would use your brains, your talents, to work out a career. You would have accepted Senator Murchell's offer!"

"You think that?" he cried. "Then you don't care!"

"Ah," she said resentfully, "you can say that? Do you think I could unsex myself as I have done for you for a fancy? I—But you wouldn't understand. It is a very practical matter. Life isn't all moonlight. It is all very beautiful to give one's life to an ideal. And you're very splendid now in the flush of your first victory. You would be still splendid fighting a brave, losing fight while you were young, but when you were a broken down, middle aged failure, cast aside, a career out of the question, do you think that I—I wouldn't be romantic then. I'd be always looking up at the men I once knew, the men who were conquering, doing big things, and I'd—regret. And I'd hate you then."

"It seems," he cried bitterly, "I inspire little confidence. I'm told by every one before I have tried long, while I am still winning, that I'm doomed to be a failure!"

"Now it is you who will not see." She became more gentle. "Do you think I could care for a weakling? It isn't you we distrust, but your ideal. I know more of politics than I did a year ago. Your dream will get you only disappointment. Even the big men who have done the fine, good things for this country used the forces they found at hand, compromised with evil to create good. And their good stands."

Suddenly she leaned toward him and placed a hand on his arm. "Look, John!" She pointed to the north star gleaming palely in the moonlight.

"That star is beautiful, but it is very, very high. Can't you understand? Ask me to go with you to the mountain top and I will go. I will help you climb, but to that star—and I can't."

She had shaken him, as she could always shake him, set him to questioning the real value of the purpose that through forces over which he had no control, as it seemed, had grown until it filled his life, excluding all else. Her hand still rested on his arm, yet he found strength to answer:

"You've said it yourself—caring isn't everything."

He got to his feet slowly. She, too, rose. With a sudden jealous contraction of her heart she realized how little of the grief she had thought to see was in his look. Strength was there, the strength to suffer and to withstand, and something else, almost a glow, the reflection of a spirit handed down to this man across the generations from an age of martyrs who were glad to pay for their faith. With a great price he was paying for his faith, and it became the more precious to him.

She found the need to justify herself before him.

"At least," she said unsteadily, "you will remember that I didn't pretend until it was too late for you to escape me and then worry you into going my way, as many women have done. I'm not quite so selfish as that. Am I wholly contemptible?"

He judged her generously.

"You aren't contemptible. It is only that you don't love. Love doesn't haggle or try to drag down. You have mistaken, honestly mistaken, something else for it. If you cared—but you don't. You will find that out soon."

For a little she looked at him unwaveringly. Then her strength seemed to wilt.

"You are right, I suppose, and I have missed a great deal. Goodby," and went in the house.

HERE IS A BARGAIN

Located in Berlin township about 3 1/2 miles from Honesdale is one of the best farms in that locality. It consists of 108 acres, which is all improved. The soil is sand loam and red shale. It is well watered by springs; orchard. Twelve-room house, barn 37x47 feet with shed 22x90 feet. Part cash, balance on easy terms. See

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W ayne Common Pleas: Trial List

Jan. Term, 1913.

First Week—

- 1. Knapp vs. Stinnard.
- 2. Skinner vs. Dolson.
- 3. Kordman vs. Denio et al.
- 4. Conley vs. McKenna.
- 5. Wilcox vs. Mumford.
- 6. Hittinger vs. Erie R. R.
- 7. Slivka vs. Kelsey.
- 8. Honesdale Milling Co. vs. Kuhnbach.
- 9. Vetter vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
- 10. Box vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
- 11. Bregstein Bros. vs. Ridway.
- 12. Jordan vs. Lake Lodore Imp. Co.
- 13. Dexter vs. Blake.

Second Week—

- 1. Sellick vs. DeBreun.
- 2. Kreiger et al. vs. Salem Twp.
- 3. Kreiger vs. Salem Twp.
- 4. Wayne Concrete S. & C. Co. vs. Cortright.
- 5. Cortright vs. Kreitner et al.
- 6. Kreitner vs. Cortright.
- 7. Tutthill vs. Erie R. R.
- 8. Thomas vs. Norton Exrs.
- 9. Gerety vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
- 10. Congdon vs. Columbian Protective Ass'n.
- 11. Grey et al. vs. Hudson et al.
- 12. Wilcox vs. Hanes.
- 13. Lawson vs. Weitzer.

W. J. BARNES, Clerk.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In Bankruptcy No. 2365.

In the matter of LEON G. BIDEWELL, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Leon G. Bidwell, of Maplewood, county of Wayne, and district aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the eighth day of January, 1913, the said Leon G. Bidwell was duly adjudged bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee, in the borough of Honesdale, county of Wayne, and within the said district upon the 27th day of Jan., 1913, at 10 a. m., at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a Trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

W. H. LEE,
Referee in Bankruptcy.
Honesdale, January 10, 1913.
5el2t.

For Sale

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The Buy-U-A-Home Realty Company has just listed one of the finest and best-known farms in Wayne county. It is located in the heart of the summer boarding business, in Wayne's highlands. The property consists of 325 acres and is well watered both by creeks and springs. A most beautiful natural lake, consisting of 15 acres, is one of the attractive sheets of water in Preston township. Ideal for the location of summer cottages. The farm is 2 1/2 miles from the Lakewood station on the Ontario & Western railroad, three miles from Poyntelle on the same road and two miles from Como. Of the 325 acres 275 are under good state of cultivation, consisting of meadows, plow ground and well-watered pasture fields. The balance are in maple, beech and birch timber. This farm is especially adapted to raising hay and for dairying.

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There are three apple orchards on the farm and a small fruit orchard. The property will be sold for a reasonable consideration and upon easy terms.

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