

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 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 olive. 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 Halg, a novelist, who is introduced to him by Warren Blake.

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

The visitor is Sackett, head of the Atlantic railroad, trying to keep the Michigan out of the Steel City. He wants Murchell to retire. The latter cannot induce John to stop his attacks on the machine. John and Katherine meet.

She still thinks John a follower of impossible ideals. He loses in his fight for cleanliness in state politics and falls ill. Murchell offers financial aid to the Dunmeades.

John recovers and continues his fight, aided by Halg. In the Steel City he meets Katherine, who is courted by Gregg, a financially successful man.

Murchell loses control of the machine to Sherrod and retreats nominally from politics. Sherrod gets drunk, and a messenger is sent to Murchell for aid.

Sherrod has embezzled \$300,000 of state money. Murchell resumes control after aiding his foe to conceal the crime and make reparation.

CHAPTER XX. The Big Life.

Now that John Dunmeade stood before the people of his state a lonely figure, almost forgotten amid the tumult of discussion that raged over the respective merits of Sherrod and Jenkins. On the next few heads turned questioningly toward him, a few newspapers began darily to hint that his candidacy might be more formidable than had been supposed.

"No one suspected a prompter. The people, so insistently told that they demanded the choice of the young reformer, began to believe it. A surprising number suddenly discovered that they had always been for Dunmeade anyway; they were exceedingly proud of the fact. The thing was contagious. Gradual, but swift as the rising Chinook, it swept over the state, a flood of enthusiasm. Part of it was genuine. Far down in their hearts, beneath the enshrouded crust, the moral sluggishness that hated change, lay a germinating civic consciousness implanted by the very man who had become a hero overnight.

Two days before the convention the Hon. G. Washington Jenkins bowed to the storm. "I yield," he said, "to a spontaneous demand of the people."

"Sentiment," declared Murchell solemnly, "has crystallized. Dunmeade's the man." He explained that this decision had been reached by him in view of the evident wish of the people, and he added truthfully that he had not seen nor discussed the approaching convention with John Dunmeade. The Murchell men in the organization whooped with delight.

The day before the convention the delegates began to gather at the capital. In parlor A of the State hotel sat Murchell and in parlor B of the Loch-Invar sat Sherrod, playing against each other for votes.

In crowded streets and sweltering, smoke clouded lobbies excitement ran high. The Dunmeade rallying ground, the only quiet spot in the capital, contrasted significantly with the nervous atmosphere of the Sherrod headquarters.

And over the scene of conflict hovered a formless one, unseen, unheard, unfelt, as spirits always are, waiting but for the crucial moment to swoop down and decide the issue.

Came a lull in the battle, an hour toward morning, when the delegates had retired to allotted cots or halves of beds or, more often, to woe fortune over some table of chance, when the reeking lobbies were depopulated and the headquarters of the generals were deserted by all but their respective staffs and the yawning reporters.

"There was a knock on Murchell's door and Greene, leader in Plumville, admitted a messenger, him who once before had lured Murchell from his retreat on an errand, if not of mercy, at least of salvation. Faine went to him and whispered his message. Murchell shook his head.

"Tell him," he said aloud, "if he wants to see me he'll have to come here."

Faine whispered a protest. "Tell him," Murchell cut him short. "John Heath will meet him here."

The messenger started, looked hastily around at the others and grinned in sickly fashion. But he departed immediately, leaving the men in the room to wonder what charm lay in the unfamiliar name of John Heath.

In less than five minutes, rumor outrunning the fact, the hotel was alive. Sherrod had asked for a conference with Murchell.

Murchell men smiled triumphantly when they saw Parrott and Sherrod, wearing an air of confidence not wholly convincing, emerge from the elevator and make their way along the corridor to parlor A.

Sherrod and Parrott entered, carefully closing the door behind them to the intense disappointment of the delegates outside. Parrott went jauntily up to Murchell and shook hands.

"Well," he grinned, "we've been having a fine little shindy, eh?" This for the reporters.

"Glad," grunted Murchell, "you're enjoying it." There was a laugh, in which Parrott did not join.

The senator waved his hand, and all but Greene left the room, reluctant, but obedient.

"See here," said Sherrod. "Can't we get together? You've got to admit that we've got you beaten."

"If you think the delegates you've been buying will stick you're mistaken, Sherrod. I've sold you more than fifty myself."

"I don't believe it," snapped Sherrod. "Quit bluffing and get down to cases. You know you can't beat us in the convention. You aren't trying to. You started all this racket over Dunmeade just to work up a sentiment that will make it harder for me to beat Brent. You're so anxious to get even," he exclaimed bitterly, "that you don't see you're in danger of stirring up a revolution. What will you take to quit?"

"The revolution has started, Sherrod. And you'll never beat Brent."

"Won't? We'll attend to that when the time comes."

"Because," Murchell continued calmly, "you won't be nominated." He turned to the governor. "Parrott, how much have you paid Sherrod to support you for senator?"

"Nothing," lied Parrott, albeit with evident uneasiness.

"Then you're lucky," Murchell commented. "Dan Hasland paid him \$200,000 for the same promise."

"That's a lie," Sherrod declared hotly.

"Greene," commanded Murchell, "call Hasland in, will you? He's in the room next to mine. That is, if Parrott and Sherrod think it necessary?" He turned inquiringly toward them.

"I guess," Sherrod growled, "Parrott knows I'll not go back on him."

"Does he?" Murchell inquired dryly. "Look at him!"

And, indeed, Parrott's face just then showed anything but implicit confidence in the good faith of his leader.

"You needn't go, Greene. And," Murchell added, "I may announce right here that Hasland will succeed me as senator."

"Doesn't that depend," sneered Sherrod, "on who controls the legislature?" "We'll control it."

Greene could have hugged himself with delight as he saw Parrott visibly perturbed and Sherrod struggling to repress the rising, passionate hate and fear of the man before him. Greene had been a gambler and he felt a profound reverence for the man whose nerve in so big a game showed no tremor.

"Who is going to make me withdraw?" Sherrod sneered again.

"Didn't Faine give you my message?" John Heath!

"Who," demanded Parrott, "is John Heath?"

Murchell pointed to Sherrod's face, which had suddenly turned pale. "He is a gentleman of whom Sherrod is very much afraid. Parrott, did you ever hear why I came to the capital last March? I came because I heard Sherrod here was drunk and threatening to throw himself into the river. I found out why—he had embezzled \$300,000 of state moneys.

We fixed the matter up temporarily." He paused, straightened up in his chair, eyed Sherrod for a moment and went on quietly: "If your name goes before the convention, I will take the floor and tell all about that transaction. I don't think you will be nominated. And, if you are, I'm quite sure you won't be elected. Do you withdraw?" "I do not!"

"Very well," Murchell rose to indicate that the conference was at an end. "Come on, Parrott," Sherrod wheeled and marched toward the door. But Parrott did not follow. Instead, he dropped weakly into a chair, his glance shifting uncertainly from Murchell to the departing Sherrod and back again.

Sherrod's hand was already on the doorknob when he noticed Parrott's defection. He stopped, looking back.

"Come along," he repeated impatiently.

"I think," said Parrott slowly, "I'll stay here. I've had one gold brick too many."

"What!" Sherrod turned sharply and strode over to the vacillating governor. "You booby! Scared by a cheap bluff like that! Do you think he means it? He doesn't use it here. I'll prove it to you." He whirled to face Murchell, pointing. "There is the door, Bill Murchell, and on the other side of it a half dozen reporters. Don't wait for the convention. Call 'em in. Make good your bluff, if you dare!"

For a moment the senator looked intently at the ugly, passionate face.

"Call them in, Greene," he said quietly.

Greene went to the door, opened it and beckoned to the reporters. They filed into the parlor promptly. Murchell turned to them.

"Gentlemen, I want to dictate a statement." Notebooks were flashed forth and pencils poised. But Murchell did not continue, and the reporters did not look at him. Their eyes were riveted on Sherrod, upon whose face had fallen a look of unbelieving wonderment. The

wonderment became fear. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. He shook visibly. The defiant attitude suddenly dissolved.

"Perhaps," said Murchell grimly, "Mr. Sherrod would prefer to make this statement himself."

There was an instant of painful silence. Sherrod's mouth worked as though he were trying to speak. But no sound fell.

Parrott came to his relief. "Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "Mr. Sherrod has withdrawn his candidacy."

"In favor of Dunmeade," supplemented Greene.

The reporters looked inquiringly at Senator Murchell.

"He nodded. 'That's the statement.' Without a single backward glance he went out of the room. Greene and the reporters followed him, leaving Sherrod and Parrott alone to get what comfort they could out of their plight and to settle certain accounts, a scene upon which we considerably draw the curtain.

A man around whom a battle had been fought leaned on a rail fence, gazing off at the undulating line where the azure of sky curved down to meet the green of hills. He had been there most of the afternoon, in flight from the kindly but obtrusive interest of his neighbors.

A state was acclaiming him, and he was not uplifted. He had read the news of the morning and knew that at that very hour several hundred of his fellow citizens in convention assembled were naming him to a high honor, and he took no joy in it. For the acclamation was but the schooled chorus of a tractable stage mob. And the victory was not for him, nor for the principle he had saved, but for a man whom he had condemned, for an institution he believed to be wrong. He

was big enough—or small enough if you prefer—to resent being catapulted into power by the strength of another's arm, and he was honest enough to hate the means he knew must have been used. He could not exult. The advancement had come too late. The fiery eagerness of youth was gone.

He longed not for a sword, but for peace—the peace of the hills, of the growing things, of the commonplace from which once he had fled.

A sound, strange for that hour and place, slowly pierced his abstraction. He raised his head, startled, listening. It was the courthouse bell. Another joined in, and another, until all the bells of the town were ringing. The iron choral was for him!

He walked slowly on. As he rounded the foot of the knob, he heard another sound rising to mingle with the clamor of the bells—cheering voices. He had a strong desire to turn back and flee to some hiding place in the hills, but he forced himself to march forward.

At the northernmost edge of the town he perceived a rapidly limping figure. It was Jeremy Applegate. "Heard you came out this way," Jeremy gasped, "an I wanted to be first to tell you. Nominated by acclamation at 3:45 this afternoon! I hadn't felt so good since Appomattox!" John, beholding the tears shining in honest Jeremy's eyes, felt the moisture rise to his own. His heart leaped sharply; it was something to receive, even if one has not earned, such loyalty!

Down Main street came a team drawing a double seated spring wagon. From the wagon descended a silent trio whose handclasp eloquently told what awkward lips could not phrase. "Drove into town to get the news of the convention," 'Ri explained. "They said you'd gone out the pike, so we drove out to fetch ye. They're waitin' for ye, consider'ble excited."

"They've found out," said Dan Criswell dryly, "all at once that ye're a great man."

"Low I damned the Amurrican people a mite too soon," confessed Sykes, which caused Cranshaw and Criswell to laugh.

"Git in," commanded 'Ri. "Come right along, Jeremy."

They all climbed into the wagon. John with lips compressed as if he faced an ordeal. And indeed he did. 'Ri was quick to perceive what Jeremy in the hysteria of his joy had overlooked. His great, hairy hand fell on John's knee in a tight grip.

"I want to say something while I got the chance. I guess there's more to this than appears to be. But I have faith in ye, John Dunmeade. I have faith that ye'll govern this state in the fear of God and the love of your fellow men."

"Whatever ye do," supplemented Sykes, "I'll believe that."

"An' so long as we got faith in ye ye needn't lose faith in yourself," Criswell concluded.

John did not answer. He was past speaking just then and later when his townsmen acclaimed him.

At home took place a wonder. Judge Dunmeade, almost forgetting the judicial dignity, slapped John on the back and exclaimed: "My son, this is a happy hour. I always knew you would make your mark."

At which Miss Roberta sniffed. But when she tried to convey her felicitations her tongue refused the unaccustomed office, and she broke away to prepare a supper that should do justice to the occasion.

That evening Benton county made holiday, with torches and bonfires and fireworks. John made a speech at his home—not much of a speech, it is true, but his audience was not hypercritical. It lasted just three minutes. Then the band began to play "America." For a little a deep hush fell. Then some one—later identified as a one legged, hysterically happy old soldier—began to sing in a cracked, quavering voice. Something that passed beyond mere jubilation stirred. With one accord the crowd lifted up its voice and sang, "My country, 'tis of thee"—

The solemn, stately measures died away. A young woman under a tree at the edge of the crowd discovered unashamed tears coursing down her cheeks. A last cheer was given, and the famous celebration passed into history.

At his window John Dunmeade looked with troubled eyes up into the silent, stary night. It was ungenereous perhaps, but he could not help thinking of the lean years of defeat and discouragement. And he wondered. Was the hymn still ringing in his ears the voice of an abiding passion—or hysteria?

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Wayne Common Pleas: Trial List

- March Term, 1913. 1. Kordman vs. Denlo. 2. Selliek vs. DeBreun. 3. Wilcox vs. Mumford. 4. Hittinger vs. Erie R. R. Co. 5. Wayne Concrete Supply & Con. Co. vs. Cortright. 6. Kreitner vs. Cortright. 7. Mead vs. Starrucca Borough. 8. Leonard vs. Starrucca Boro. 9. Spangenberg vs. Wayne Coal Co. 10. Gerey vs. Columbian Protective Association. 11. Congdon vs. Columbian Protective Association. 12. Cromwell vs. Weed. 13. Jordan vs. Lake Lodore Imp. Co. 14. Gausser vs. Rohrhuber. 15. Leine vs. Home Ins. Co. 16. Leine vs. German Alliance Ins. Co. 17. Leine vs. Ins. Co. of State of Pa. 18. Leine vs. Fire Assn. of Phila. 19. Leine vs. Svea Fire & Life Ins. Co. 20. Noble vs. Gianville. 21. Redington vs. Lake Lodore Imp. Co.

W. J. BARNES, Clerk. Honesdale, Pa., Feb. 20, 1913.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

- John Randall et ux. of Buckingham, to S. H. Madigan, of Winwood, land in Buckingham; \$100. Frank Todd, of Lake Como, to Stephen Madigan, of Lake Como, land in Buckingham; \$25. Fred M. Woodmansee et ux., of Buckingham, to Stephen Madigan, Lake Como, land in Buckingham; \$1450. John W. Welch et ux. of Rock Island, Ill., to A. O. Blake, of Bethany, land in Dyberry; \$2500. A. O. Blake, Bethany, to Thomas Gallick, of Dyberry, land in same township; \$1. A. O. Blake et ux., of Bethany, to William H. Bottell, of Dyberry, land in same township; \$1. Howard C. Lord, Preston, to A. C. Smith, of same, land in Preston township; \$550. Reuben W. Ross et ux., of New York, to Wayne Development Co., land in Paupack township; \$1. Louisa C. Swingle and John G. Swingle, of Palmyra, to Kern Ward of same, land in Palmyra township; \$156. Angelina Williams, of Salem, to Eugene B. Mitchell, same, land in Salem township; \$300. Executors of Henry O. Silkman, late of Lake, to F. L. Benjamin, of Lake, land in same township; \$10. Lillie Reese Thorton and Charles Thorton to Wayne Development Co., land in Salem township; \$1. Merrilla E. Moss, of Scranton, to Wayne Development Co., land in Salem township; \$1. William H. Cottell, of Dyberry, to Honesdale Consolidated Water Co., land in Dyberry township; \$75. Heirs of Jacob Leippe of Lestreshire, to Ernestine Leippe, of Towanda, land in Texas township; \$1. Executors of James B. Fitzsimmons, late of Canaan, to John Ryan of Canaan, land in same township; \$250. John Ryan of Canaan, to Joe Bonney, of Carbondale, land in Canaan township; \$512.50. Howard A. Swingle of Lake to John E. Bigart, same, land in same township; \$570. C. Everett Lancaster and Oscar E. Lancaster, of Washington, D. C., to James M. Gilpin, of Dreher, land in Dreher township; \$200. Edward J. Payne et ux. of Preston, to Ontario, Carbondale & Scranton Railway Co., land along the right of way in Preston township; \$100.

ADMINISTRATRIX SALE—THE undersigned will sell at the farm of the late Thos. Genza in Salem township, Wednesday, March 12, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m., instead of Feb. 27, as formerly advertised, the following articles: 10 cows, eight of them fresh; bull, good farm team, heavy farm wagon, spring wagon, two pigs, three plows, 2 sets of double harness, 2 sets of single harness, 100 bushels of oats, five tons of hay, ton of straw, 50 bushels of apples, two sets of bob sleighs, cutter, and other farm implements too numerous to mention. Annie Genza, admx. 1912

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil Mica Axle Grease Sold by dealers everywhere The Atlantic Refining Company

(Continued in Next Friday's Issue.)

MARTIN CAUFIELD

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The Jeweler would like to see you if you are in the market for JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS, AND NOVELTIES "Guaranteed articles only sold."

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