

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—John 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.

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 Haig. 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 retires nominally from politics. Sherrod gets drunk, and a messenger is sent to Murchell for aid.

Sherrod has embezzled \$500,000 of state money. Murchell resumes control after aiding his foe to conceal the crime and make restitution.

Through Sheehan's plea for mercy John learns that Hampden and Blake have been carrying worthless political notes as part of the Farmers' bank "assets."

The bank is in peril. John loses in the primaries. Hampden loses his fortune in stock speculation and fears exposure of the bank deals.

John and Haig, investigating the bank, are there with Murchell and Hampden when Blake shoots himself. Only John's silence can save Hampden. Murchell will save the bank.

Katherine appeals to Dunmeade for clemency for her father. Haig suggests to Murchell the political expediency of nominating John for governor to save the state for the party.

Before the convention Murchell comes out for John. He is opposed by Sherrod and his followers, and Murchell threatens to tell the convention about Sherrod's embezzlement.

Sherrod weakens, and the nomination goes to John. Haig advises his friend to adopt practical measures if he wishes to realize his ideals.

John meets Katherine on a hill where he met her long before. She will stand by his side in his fight for righteousness.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Price.

THE next day John's office was besieged by a stream of neighbors, calling with a new born diffidence to say in person what they had said in mass the evening before. No one doubted that he would receive an enormous majority. It was not until the middle of the afternoon that Haig found him alone.

"Well, Cato," he grinned, "they tell me they're a little exercised down Carthage way."

John smiled faintly. "Not much, I suspect. I've been thinking of Cato. I'm not even a relative. Poor Jerry Brent!"

"Great guns! You can think of him? Guess you haven't read his interview."

"Yes, I have."

They alluded to Brent's comment on the convention, in which he made numerous sarcastic references to the "lofty souled uplifter who had sold out to the gang for an office."

"It's the cry of a bitterly disappointed man. Brent's chance of a lifetime is gone. He knows he can't beat you, and he's sore. I wouldn't mind it."

"I don't. I'm sorry for him. He could have beaten Sherrod, I really believe."

"Look here, old man! I think I understand how you're feeling over this. You're not very happy because you think it isn't your victory—that you have it only by blackmailing a man you dislike?"

"I don't dislike Murchell—personally."

"At least you don't approve of him politically. Down at the bottom of your heart, you're a little peevish, because a

bit of trickery has got what your theory of fighting wouldn't win. And you feel that in sacrificing, for merely personal considerations, what you conceive to be a duty to the general scheme of things you have been weak. Well, you're right. You have been weak. And I'm glad of it. It will help you to understand that no cold, abstract ideal of duty that ignores the primitive selfish instincts in men can attract, much less impel, them. The truly good inspires no sympathy. The point of this matter is, out of your weakness has come nothing but good. The bank will eventually become a sound institution, and you—I suppose you'll admit that you'll make a better governor than Sherrod or Brent?"

"I hope so. But that has come about only through an accident over which I have had no control."

"Remember another thing," Haig continued. "Three weeks ago this county cast you aside. Now it is yelling its fool head off for you. The American people worship the great god Success. Keep successful. You've been promoted from a lofty souled uplifter to a practical politician for the glory of God. Accept the promotion."

He was relieved to note that John could laugh. "And here," he grinned, "endeth the reading of my last lesson. It's one thing to share my vast store of wisdom with John Dunmeade, the visionary reformer, and quite another to lecture the next governor. Funny thing what a difference a prospective office makes in one's attitude toward a man."

John smiled absently. He was thinking.

"Haig," he said abruptly, "I suppose I'm an obstinate prig. But, honestly, I'd give all I hope to possess to be able to answer you. If only they'd renominated me as district attorney! I'd earned that. Or if I could believe that the present hullabaloo were not artificially manufactured!"

Even while he spoke footsteps sounded in the outer office, and there was a knock. John opened the door to admit—Murchell.

"Good afternoon!" was the latter's unsmiling greeting.

"Won't you come in and sit down?" Murchell accepted the invitation. There was a moment of uncertainty. Then Haig reached for his hat.

"You needn't go on my account," Murchell answered the move. "In fact, I'd like you to stay."

Haig resumed his seat. He and John kept the silence of surprise.

But the senator recognized no occasion for constraint.

"I see," he said, glancing around, "you keep the old office just the same. I remember when your grandfather built it. He was a man who accomplished things."

"And I am not. Is that your point?" "Have you the right to be bitter?" Murchell asked quietly. "When a man still young has in six years so impressed himself and his ideals on 7,000,000 people that they demand him for governor, and demand with an enthusiasm I have rarely seen?"

"Manufactured by you?" "Stimulated," Murchell corrected briefly and continued. "And through him are beginning to realize, even vaguely, their political responsibility, he has something to his credit, I think. A good many men who think well of themselves reach old age without accomplishing so much. There are two ways of serving a reform. One is as the preacher, the dreamer. He is useful because he points out the way we shall go. The other is as the constructive leader, the man who takes the forces he finds ready to hand and uses their power to change conditions as the people are prepared for change."

"You," he turned to John, "have got to decide now which you will be. You are going to hold a great office. Public office—I think you've found this out already—isn't as simple as it seems to those who haven't held it. The man who would fill it with unflinching wisdom and justice, with exact honesty—and still be useful—must be as stern and unyielding as the forces of nature, and as strong."

"And I am not that." But the bitterness was lacking now.

"No man is," Murchell said gently. "I've got you the nomination through methods you won't consider clean. I've made promises you won't like, but that you must keep, or we'll both be destroyed politically."

Without excusing or concealing a single maneuver he narrated the story of the campaign and the convention.

The shuffling of feet in the outer room gave John the excuse to leave. He was heard dismissing the visitor. But many minutes flew by before he returned.

It was little enough time for what he had to decide.

A marvel had been wrought. To Murchell had been given a new purpose. But Murchell, the workman, could never change; he was too old. His lack of respect for the people and popular impulse, the habit of judging men by the end, fixed through a lifetime, would persist. And he was the stronger man, his the greater genius. The instinct for mastery must be served. Who joined him did so as a follower, to be dominated by the leader's ideal and philosophy.

"If only I could answer him!" John cried within himself.

But his experience, silencing inspiration, had not taught him that answer.

There was but one way for him to decide. The trap of circumstance, sprung by his own weakness, held him fast. Having accepted advancement at the hands of that which he believed to be wrong, he might no longer openly fight against it. As an enemy to the machine, whose beneficiary he had become, he would be discredited, unconvincing. His only hope for usefulness lay in the proffered alliance. In

Murchell's new purpose. For a little Haig sat in the unwonted silence of embarrassment. Then he said abruptly: "Senator Murchell, I'd like to apologize if you will let me." "For telling the truth? It isn't necessary."

"No, for believing my impertinent, theoretic intervention responsible for your action."

"You don't believe that now?" "I do not. And"—Haig hesitated in the masculine awkwardness before sentiment. "And I know Dunmeade can trust your offer."

Soon John returned. He held out his hand to William Murchell. "I haven't the right to refuse."

He was no longer a voice. He had passed from the wilderness to the haunts of men, where action, not preachments—achievements, not prophecy—are the currency of life.

Was he weak, the theory of life and growth he accepted wrong? To this day John Dunmeade often asks the question. Sometimes he doubts. But then, looking back over what has been done and foreseeing a fuller triumph, he puts away the question. For the compact, that day struck, held. Under Murchell's tutelage he learned to compromise, to substitute craft and intrigue for the honorable, open methods he loved. But he has never lost sight of his purpose and, though there have been halts and detours and even retreats, the general direction has been forward. When his time came William Murchell died, not greatly honored by a cynical world that looked for no good thing from Nazareth, but content in the belief that the forces by him set in motion would in the end undo his evil. As for Dunmeade, he is still a compromiser, but still fighting, an able lieutenant in a new movement whose end is not yet. He is glad to believe that upon his foundation other men shall be able to build with clean hands.

And he found one source of happiness over which no cloud has hovered.

When Murchell and Haig left him that afternoon, to escape kindly intruders he went into the country. He walked for two miles or more and then, turning, went swiftly homeward.

But as he skirted the foot of the knob he was brought to an abrupt halt. For there, tethered to a bush, stood a horse that he recognized—Crusader, less fiery than of yore, but sleek as ever and with many a fast gallop left in his sturdy muscles.

For a moment John looked, hesitant, at the path up which she doubtless had climbed. Then in sudden resolution he went up.

She was standing by the big bowlder looking away at the hills that rose, rank upon rank, until the last, become mountains, were lost in the blue haze. But he saw not the hills, only her, the strong, supple figure lined against the sky, her hair red gold under the slanting sunshine. He caught his breath at sight of her, sense of all else obliterated.

She seemed to feel his nearness and turned. For an instant, without greeting, they looked at each other, these two whose romance was almost as old as life itself. But to them it was unique, all their own. To him the love had been one ardor that had not burned out in the years of failure. To her it had been a growing thing that could not be killed, reaching out its tendrils until it possessed her wholly, casting out vanity and fear, making

THE END.

Thought In Giving.

Do not spend more than you can afford on Christmas tokens. Nothing justifies it. Friends who know your circumstances will worry if they do not criticize you for false pride or love of display. If you put thought into your giving it will save you pennies.

THE CHILD'S LIFE.

The children begin their education when they begin to play, for play not only affords an outlet for their energy and so supplies one great means of growth and training, but places them in social relation with their mates and in conscious contact with the world about them. The old games that have been played by generations of children not only precede the training of the school and supplement it, but accomplish some results in the nature of the child which are beyond the reach of the school—Hamilton Wright Mable.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of GEORGE HAYNES, Late of Preston, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against said estate are notified to present them, duly attested, for settlement.

MARGARET HAYNES, W. H. DAVIS, Executors.

Lakewood, Pa., Jan. 14, 1913. 12w6.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION, ESTATE OF THOMAS GEMZA, Late of Salem, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against said estate are notified to present them, duly attested, for settlement.

ANNA GEMZA, Admrx.

Ariel, Pa., March 6, 1913. 19w6 Searle & Salmon, Attys. Honesdale, Pa.

SEELYVILLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The Polley house, consisting of seven rooms, spring water in house with one acre of land, located on Bethany road is for sale. Chicken house 12x48 feet and store house 10x12 feet and fruit of all kinds is on the premises. Price, \$1,300. See Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co., Jadwin Building.

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He Saw Not the Hills, Only Her.

her his through weakness and strength, in victory and defeat. Shaken, they looked away quickly; on the face of each had been written what the other most desired to see.

She waited for him to speak, but the tongue that had held thousands silent under its spell stubbornly refused to be eloquent at this supreme moment.

"I saw Crusader," he said lamely, "and I came up."

"Obviously!" She laughed nervously. "I came up here because it is the highest point in the county; but, of course, you know that, and you can see so far. It gives one a faint idea of the immensity of things and of one's own insignificance. It is very good for the soul, I assure you. I needed it, feeling so important because I had been working!"

"Working?"

"Does the notion seem so absurd?" She tossed her head girlishly. "I think it fine. I didn't know time could pass so quickly and happily. Only my task

was very simple and unimportant, I fear, helping father straighten out some of his papers. This morning, you know, he turned the bank over to the new cashier, and tomorrow he becomes manager of the coal company. Our affairs are all settled. The ridge house is sold and next week we move into the old one. We are to live here always. It seems like coming home.

"See!" she went on breathlessly, as though to hold back the flood of words that she knew was gathering on his lips. She held up a hand, two pink fingertips of which were sadly ink stained. "My badge of honor! It isn't very tidy, is it? But then I had to hurry into my riding things. We workers haven't time to make elaborate toilets—you aren't listening!"

"Katherine!"

And she who, unasked, had twice dared to avow her love now trembled violently before that of which she was not afraid. While she was looking at the hills before he came she had been doubting—a last faint doubt raised by words of his own. But his coming had banished that. She held her eyes bravely to his.

"That Sunday I said you couldn't love a man who had been weak, even for your sake. It isn't true, is it?" His voice was hoarse with anxiety.

"Are you sure you want me in spite?"

"In spite of everything I want you above all things else."

"Ah! no. It can't—it mustn't—be that. You are not your own. And I can be content with much less than first place!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she held him off, even while quivering with the longing to be caught, as once before he had held her, in a rough, close embrace.

"Are you sure I'd not be a drag, a continual reminder of something you'd rather forget? And that I could help you? I—I'd have to help!"

"Once I wanted you—now I need you. I have just been asking, have I gone down hill? I do not know. But if I have, I need you who can understand!"

Then she knew for a certainty that the doubt was gone forever. With love's keen perception she saw that already from him had gone a little of that fine beauty and courage of manhood which had been before her during the years of separation, but which the dreamer must lose to become a "practical man." But her love rose strongest when the need of it was greatest. In quick desire to shield his loss from him she stretched forth her hands to meet his.

"Ah! I will always understand. I do not believe you have gone down. But—if you have—let us go back up hill—together!"

Consult Buy-U-A-Home Realty Co., Box 52, Jadwin Building, Honesdale, Pa.

For Sale

Large Dairy and Hay Farm

GOOD SUMMER RESORT.

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.

There are four dwellings and cottages upon the premises. Dwelling No. 1 will accommodate from 40 to 50 guests. Near this house is a never-failing spring for domestic use. The second cottage contains nine rooms. Good water. Small barn near house. Home No. 3 is a very good seven-room cottage furnished with water by one of the best springs in Wayne county. Cottage No. 4 is near beautiful natural spring lake, which consists of about 15 acres. The above mentioned places are located in an ideal summer boarding district visited every year by boarders from Philadelphia, New York, Scranton and other cities. Other cottages could be built on the border of this lake.

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The barns are as follows: Horse barn 26x56 feet, with running water; hay barn 26x38, with two cow sheds attached 20x50 feet. One building with scales and wagon house with underground stable for cows. One good blacksmith and carriage shop, with second story for storage. Chicken houses, capacity for 200. Barn No. 4 situated near House No. 3, size 30x40 feet, two sheds for cattle, with good spring water. Two other hay barns, size 26x36 feet, and 18x20 feet.

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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