

HIS RISE TO POWER

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER,
Author of
"The Man Higher Up"

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"Lord, no! I'm here for my health. Doctor told me I'd been working too hard or not hard enough. I forget which, and that I needed fresh air for my liver. So I trilled up here after the Hampdens, where, by the way, Brother Blake and I are dining this evening."

"Yes, and we'd better start," Warren suggested patiently.

"Ah, these fiery lovers! Come around and see me, Mr. Dunmeade."

John promised, and they parted.

He reached home to be soundly scolded by Miss Roberta for his tardiness at supper. After supper he strolled into the library. The judge was reading by the desk, the light from the lamp throwing his cold, heavy features into sharp relief. He looked up inhospitably as John entered.

"Busy, judge?" John generally called him Judge, feeling not without reason that his father took more pride in his office than in his paternity. Of late he had had especial reason for this belief.

"Not too busy if you have anything of importance to discuss. I suppose you expect me to put you on the back because you've sent another man on the road to prison?"

"I have felt that you weren't in full sympathy with it."

"I am not." The judge laid his book on the desk and sat stiffly erect. John was immediately enabled to sympathize with those unfortunates who were arraigned before his father.

"Now that the case is ended, I may speak frankly. As a judge I, of course, approve of the punishment of crime. But I don't approve your going out of your way to attack your party and Senator Murchell, a fine, clean living gentleman, who has always showed the warmest friendship for your family." Judge Dunmeade spoke with restrained emphasis.

"And has created a pernicious machine," John added incautiously.

"Which elected you to the office you now hold."

"Your memory isn't good, judge. The machine nominated me. The people of Benton county elected me, you may remember."

"You couldn't have been nominated without Murchell's indorsement."

"That, I'm sorry to say, is probably true," John said, wishing that he had not ventured into the room. "I'm sorry you feel so about it. Good night, father."

Judge Dunmeade resumed his book. Now, the judicial temperament is not given to impulse. But as John went slowly out of the room Judge Dunmeade experienced a novel sensation which in the brief moment allowed for reflection he was at loss to define. Later he decided that it was his generous nature asserting itself to give his son another chance. He may have been mistaken.

He that as it may, before John had passed quite out of the room he was recalled by an unexpected "Wait!"

He returned. "Yes, father?"

"I suppose," said the judge gruffly, "your father's interest can have no weight with you. It ought to be clear to you without suggestion from me that if you persist in attacking Senator Murchell you make my lifelong ambition impossible."

"Are you still taking that seriously? The senator has been teasing you along with the promise of a justiceship for ten years. Don't you know by this time that he has no intention of giving it to you?"

"He gave you a nomination."

"Yes, he happened to believe he could make use of me. It seems to be solely a question of the senator's political necessities. I—I doubt that he needs you, father."

"That means, I presume," the judge said bitterly, "that I count for nothing against your notions? But I might have known it. Good night!" he repeated.

Out in the clear night John walked slowly about. More than ever he realized the price which they must pay who would be voices.

CHAPTER X. Apples of Eden.

IF the summer before had been gay, what shall we say of that which now opened? The center of gaiety was East ridge. The Italian villa was the scene of one continuous house party.

It was inevitable that John and Katherine should meet. It happened one morning a few days after the Sheehan trial when John was leaving the postoffice with his daily mail. A trap drew up in which sat Katherine and a young man. John remembered a saying of hers concerning one whom

"people were apt to sneer at as a speculator," but whom she thought "splendid" because he had had the brains and courage to make his own fight and win."

He had no difficulty in identifying that man with Gregg, of whom he had heard more than once. Gregg was an attractive fellow, a few years older than John, of athletic build and pleasant manner. He joined Katherine

in congratulating John on his recently acquired fame.

"We expect to see you often on the ridge. There will be tennis, we will make you play," she said to Gregg, who responded pleasantly.

"I'd like to have the chance, Mr. Dunmeade. I've been hearing about your game."

But, although Gregg spent nearly every week end on the ridge, John did not keep his promise. Indeed, he had little time for recreation, and that little was put in with Haig, with whom he was cultivating a friendship.

The June primaries were at hand. John felt less pride than responsibility when he found that he was expected to lead the campaign to capture the county nominations from the machine and that, by tacit consent of friends and enemies alike, upon him devolved the task of choosing the reform ticket.

He gave much thought to this task. It was not simple. There were many unworthy gentlemen, he discovered, willing to be swept into office by the wave of popular protest. And he could have learned here, had he been so minded, that even a reformer must employ the wisdom of the serpent. He achieved results at which a politician might have sneered, but which were on the whole very promising in the light of his inexperience.

In Haig John found an unexpected but invaluable aid. The novelist had once been a political reporter. The reform ticket was nominated. Murchell, cynically willing to let the reform wave run its brief course, withheld his hand. Bereft of its familiar weapon, fraud, the machine was easily conquered by a people thoroughly angered. Even Plumville gave the reformers a small majority. Haig hailed John as a "little boss."

John indignantly rejected the title. "My work is done, or, at least, will be when they're elected. I can't interfere with them then."

"Say, aren't you afraid the cows will take you for a bunch of nice, green, succulent clover? Just wait!" Haig grinned, "until they're in office. Make no mistake, sonny; you'll need to keep a tight rein on them. About a year from now I expect to see some pretty little, homemade illusions badly busted."

The promised journey to the ridge had not yet been made.

One afternoon Haig found him busy in his office. "How's the bosslet? Had a shave today? Feeling conversational? You and I are going out for a little drive this afternoon."

"We're not. I hope you are. I've got things to do."

"This American habit of industry is becoming a positive mania. Are you coming peaceably or will you go anywhere?"

"I'll do neither," John continued his writing.

"All right," Haig seated himself, deposited his feet on the desk beside John and commenced an apparently interminable monologue on the apocryphal cleverness of a dog he once had owned.

John threw down his pen in disgust. "I surrender," he groaned. "I'll go to get rid of you."

"Thought I could persuade you. Come right along. I've got a buggy outside."

John put his papers away and meekly followed to the waiting vehicle. Haig drove, chattering volubly of whatever came into his mind. But when Haig turned into the ridge road John stirred uneasily.

"Going anywhere in particular?"

"Anywhere you'd like to go?"

"No-o, I guess not."

"Then we'll go to the Hampdens. There's always somebody there."

"Oh, no, we won't! Let's go back the other direction. I like the south road better."

"Oh, you do! Why not Hampdens?"

"Well, you see," John began to explain lamely, "Hampdens and I aren't on very good terms and—"

"Lord! Don't I know that? He spends most of his time enumerating

the different kinds of fool you are. I sometimes think his list is incomplete. But what difference does that make? We aren't going to see him. There's a fellow up there—Gregg—that I want you to play tennis with."

"I haven't had a racket in my hand all summer," John protested.

"Macht nichts aus! I've never seen you play, but you can beat him. You've

got to. He's got my scalp so often I have to take revenge by proxy. Besides, you need a little frivolity. You're beginning to take yourself seriously, and that's a bad sign."

"But I'm not fixed up for it." John looked at his shoes, upon which a thin coating of dust had settled.

Haig surveyed him and then stretched out over the dashboard a lean shank, the trouser of which had not felt an iron for many a day. "You're a regular dude beside me."

"Oh, have it your own way," John agreed with as good grace as possible. He could not well explain that he and Katherine had been in love, that he was still in the same case though she had probably recovered, that he had persistently stayed away from her for the sake of his peace of mind, and—

Almost any excuse for yielding will serve when one is resisting a weakness to which one both wishes and does not wish to succumb.

On the shaded eastern terrace they found a small group of young people of both sexes. Haig saluted them with a triumphant yell. "I've brought him! Now, you broker man, I'll bet you \$10 he can beat you, best two out of three sets."

Katherine rose and came forward to meet them. Gregg accompanied her, almost with the air of a host, it seemed to John. They greeted the newcomers cordially, Katherine with such a notable absence of constraint that John, who had nerved himself for an ordeal, was rather heavily let down. He could almost have believed that she had forgotten the ride home under the October moon.

It was undeniably pleasant to lol luxuriously in the comfortable wicker chair, watching the play of animated young faces, from whose freshness neither work nor worry had subtracted against the background of green-sward and flowering shrubbery. Occasionally he tossed a light word on the eddy of conversation. He noticed that when he spoke all, especially the men, showed interest. That, too, was pleasant.

Later Gregg reminded him of the promised match, and when they had donned flannels it was played. John lost, although after the first set he gave his opponent a hard game. Gregg proved a generous conqueror, finding more excuses for his lucky victory than John could have devised. The latter enjoyed every point, especially when Haig, grumbling something about a "thrown match," paid his bet. Afterward, in the physical contentment consequent upon hard exercise and a good tubbing, he stayed to dinner, a very gay, informal affair served on the terrace by candlelight. John was almost regretful when the time came to leave.

Late that night, going over the day, he found that he had talked a great deal with Katherine, but never alone. He was leaving.

"I am very glad you came," she said brightly. "You will come again?"

"And I am glad. I certainly shall."

Then it was he thought he caught a question flickering momentarily in her eyes. But the question, if there at all, save in his imagination, was gone before he could make sure.

He was silent during the drive home, and Haig, busily humming the pilgrims' chorus motif, did not try to interrupt his thoughts.

Haig's parting shot as they separated was, "Now I've shown you the way go up there often. You'll be a brighter and nobler man for it."

John went, not often and always in Haig's company, it is true, but often enough to keep burning brightly the fires within him.

If John's love affairs remained in statu quo those of another advanced at least to a climax. Amid the cares of banking and trusteeships Warren Blake found time to contribute to the gaiety of the ridge—that is to say, he was frequently to be found on the Hampden terrace, an inconspicuous, often half forgotten listener to the nimble gossip and badinage. Had he been more obtrusive it is probable that he would have been snubbed into staying away. But one does not greatly resent the attentions of a shadow, and one day he proposed to Katherine and was rejected.

"Why don't you marry John Dunmeade?" he asked abruptly.

She turned on him angrily. "Warren! That is an—"

"An impertinence," he interrupted again evenly. "You will allow me this time. I'm not likely to bother you much again. You were in love with him last summer. And you aren't the sort that forgets. Nor is he, I think. He will go further than any of us—he'll go better. He is what you need. With me—with Gregg—you would be merely a pleasant incident. You know that yourself. I think you're fighting against that knowledge. Don't do it." It was the longest speech she had ever heard from his lips.

When they were nearing home she turned to him again. "I didn't know you and he were friends."

"We are not," he replied simply. "He doesn't care for me."

"You are mistaken about him and me," she said steadily. "But that you could plead for him when you— Oh, I call that fine, Warren!" she ended impulsively.

"I'm thinking of you," he said. "Since I can't have what I want I want you to have what you need."

When he left for more than an hour she sat, chin cupped in one hand, gazing out over the green hills. Once "It's just a jumble," she sighed. "What I want, I wish I weren't so I wish he"— She did not indicate what she wished, and she was not referring to Warren Blake.

(To be Continued)

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HILLSBORO, OHIO

LYNCHBURG.

Jan. 27, 1913.

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will hold an Easter market in Attorney Troth's office, Saturday, March 22.

Mrs. Joe Townsend and son and Mrs. T. H. Moorhead spent two days of last week with Mrs. Townsend's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Norwood.

Rev. McAdow attended church in Blanchester Sunday and was entertained at the home of Rev. Gray.

Mrs. R. E. Andrews and Mrs. R. B. Haines, of Blanchester, were the guests of Mrs. A. Garner, Tuesday.

Mrs. Dora Ratcliff, Nelle DeLaney and Hattie Wiggins shopped in Cincinnati Tuesday.

W. A. Saylor and wife, entertained Misses Isabel and Inez Troth Sunday.

Elton Townsend, of Boulder, Col., came last week for a visit with his mother and other relatives.

A. C. Shaffer and wife, A. A. Kirkhart and family and Chas. Warrick and wife were guests of Eli Roush and family recently.

O. W. Roush is at Kramer, Ind., for treatment for rheumatism.

Mrs. C. Dunlap, of Highland, spent the latter part of last week visiting with Dr. McAdow and wife.

Miss Hattie Wiggins left this morning for a three months visit in New Orleans.

Mrs. Jake Duckwall and Mrs. John Upp, of Hoaglands, were guests of Mrs. Lydia Peale Friday.

Mrs. Nettie Cashatt left Sunday for an extended visit in Columbus.

Mrs. Lizzie Archer spent two days of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Lena Puckett, at Prospect.

Warren Morrow and family were entertained at the home of Chas. Terrell and family Sunday.

Mrs. David Simpson and Mrs. Ethel Reams returned home Sunday, after spending several days with Mrs. Allie Ingersol, at Madisonville.

Miss Agnes Barr spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks at Webertown.

J. B. Garner, of Farmers Station, attended the Farmer's Institute and was the guest of Warren Connell and wife.

Mrs. Lawrence Pennington spent last week with her parents at Oak Hill. Hanford Pennington, of Cuba, was with his son Thursday and Friday.

Miss Lulu DeLaney, of Cincinnati, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Ed DeLaney and wife.

Mrs. Amanda Henderson is with her daughter, Mrs. Dixon, of New Vienna, for a fortnight.

F. C. Haller and wife, of Danville, were with M. E. Sonner and family, Thursday and Friday.

J. B. Hunter and wife entertained Grant Faris and wife, of Cuba, Sunday.

Mrs. Nicely, of Blanchester, spent a part of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Harris Garner.

Rev. A. D. McMurray, of Olive Hill, Ky., has been called and accepted the pastorate of the Christian church here and at Fairview. Rev. McMurray and family will move here as soon as a house can be found.

Miss Ruth Dumenil has purchased the millinery store of the Reeves Sisters and will take possession next week.

Clarence Dean and wife have moved

into their property on Park Ave. Ja Ellis, of Clarksville, was their guest two days of last week.

Isma Troth and family entertained with a dinner last Thursday in honor of Mr. Troth's birthday anniversary, J. E. Stabler and wife, of Hillsboro, W. T. Nolder and family, Misses Isabel Troth and Clara Stautner.

Chas. Bateman and wife are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, north of town.

The Farmers' Institute, which was held in the Lutheran church Monday and Tuesday, was a decided success. Large attendance at each session. The State speakers were above the average and their work here will bear fruit. We must also praise the music furnished by the Hillsboro Ladies and also the local talent. It was unanimously voted to hold the Institute again next year.

Under the auspices of the high school a play "The Professor" will be given at the Lyric Theatre on Friday night, Jan. 31. The proceeds will be used toward the public school library.

Luther Barnes and family returned home Saturday, after spending a week with his mother at Wilmington.

DUNN'S CHAPEL.

Jan. 27, 1913.

Mrs. Wm. Gibson spent several days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Vance, of Hillsboro.

Steward Burton and family, Ray Frost and family, Homer Groves and wife spent Sunday with Art. Hixson and family.

Amos Wiley and wife, of Columbus, spent from Friday until Monday with the latter's mother, Mrs. Mary Wiley.

Clarence Kier and family visited Fred Pierson and family, of Mt. Olive, recently.

Miss Ruby Crocen spent Saturday with Miss Nellie Cochran, of Hillsboro.

Miss Ora Larrick is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Deck, of New Vienna.

Miss Black Runk spent several days last week with her uncle, John Naylor, in Hillsboro.

Quite a number of Miss Margaret Warson's young friends gathered at her home on last Saturday night. Those present were: Misses Emma, May and Ellen Davis, Leanna Crocen, Ola Michels, Leona Lowman, Mary Lowman and Alta Lowman and Jesse Griffith, West and Roy Davis, Earl Burton, Otis Duncan and Ernest Wisecup. The evening was spent in playing games. Dainty refreshments were served.

Frank Sharp, wife and baby spent Sunday with Lufe Calloway and family.

ALLENSBURG.

Jan. 27, 1913.

Harley Ludwig and wife, of Port Williams, are visiting his parents, Francis Ludwig and wife.

Charley Hawk and family, of Lynchburg, spent Sunday with Elmer Foster and family.

Albert Ellis and wife, of Norwood, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Willard Calley and wife.

Henry Stroop and family, of Pricetown, and Sherman Winkle and wife and daughter, Reba, of Martinsville, spent Sunday with J. W. Thornburg and family.

Miss Edith Conard, of Hillsboro, is spending a few days with her mother,

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Charles Johnson deceased. Clarence Johnson has been appointed an qualified administrator of the estate of Charles Johnson late of Highland county, deceased.

Dated this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912

T. M. WATTS
Probate Judge of said County.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Alice J. Morrow deceased. George A. Compton has been appointed and qualified as executor of the estate of Alice J. Morrow, late of Highland County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 3rd day of January, A. D. 1913.

adv T. M. WATTS
Probate Judge of said County.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Samuel Wolfe, deceased. W. W. Wolfe has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Samuel Wolfe, late of Highland County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 8th day of January, A. D. 1913.

T. M. WATTS
Probate Judge of said County.

Sealed Proposals.

Bids will be received at the office of the board of County Commissioners of Highland County, Ohio, until 12 o'clock, noon, of

Monday, February 17, 1913,

for the construction of a concrete bridge at station 148 plus 00 on the Belfast and Fairfax state highway.

Plans and specifications governing the construction of the above are now on file in the Auditor's office.

Each bid must be accompanied with a satisfactory bond in the sum of two hundred dollars (\$200.00) conditioned that if bid is accepted that a proper contract will be entered into and bidders to whom contracts may be awarded will be required to give bond for the faithful performance of their contract and for the payment of labor and material accounts upon the same. In lieu of a bond a certified check for twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) may be filed.

Bids must be addressed to the County Commissioners of Highland County and the name of the bidder endorsed on the outside of the envelope.

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of County Commissioners.
(4) adv B. O. PRATT,
County Surveyor.

Mrs. Anna Conard.

Henry Chaney and Ben Carpenter spent Sunday afternoon in Norwood.

There will be preaching at this place next Sunday night by Rev. Johnson.

Mrs. Turner Hart, of Russell, spent several days last week with relatives here.

R. P. Barnett is sick.

Orville Claiburn and wife and children took dinner with his father, Sam Claiburn, Sunday.

Joseph Fawley and wife and children, of Morrisville are visiting her parents, T. J. Screechfield and wife.

DALLAS.

Jan. 27, 1913.

Rev. Howard, of Hillsboro, preached at the M. E. church last Sunday in the absence of Rev. Shriver, who is holding meeting at Marshall.

Mrs. S. W. Wolfe spent part of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Shoemaker.

David McCall and wife spent from Friday until Sunday with friends at Marshall.

Bessie Hamilton called on Fay Grove Sunday evening.

The Ladies Aid of the Christian church met with Mrs. C. E. Deakne last Wednesday.

Mrs. Cora Cooper, of near Bainbridge, is visiting her parents, Will Hamilton and wife.

Harry Lytle and wife spent Sunday with Elsworth Warnock and family.

Miss Kensyl Meredith, of Hillsboro, and Lawrence Hamilton, of this place, were quietly married last Wednesday at the M. E. parsonage in Hillsboro.

