THE MAN-HIGHER-UP
The Story of a True American
HENRY RUSSELL MILLER
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Book Two.

IN THE MOULD.

this was wrong, in denial of man's reward be meas- inquiring glance. value to humanity." He thing to disturb the just answered the glance. e!-some means by strength." injustice could be corrected.

HAPTER I .- (Continued.) Valley of the Shadow.

answered when im of his city's sorrow; suffering. These people- pede." whom he had used as a him to power that he a theory," he sneered. we arrogantly worship his i bout him, had stood loyhim, had bared sorrow when it seemed He was humbled to cally. "You and I always did disagree, And then, even in his hu- Katherine." as raised again by the in-

the real meaning of life. yourselves." people, they need me.

usly he spoke the last me serve!" Kathleen repeated

And his voice was hus-Kathleen, I've many things

gone out of me." she said gently, "that come into your heart- frowned irritably.

eautiful in the world.

he answered gravely, shown mercy." my boast that I thought!

piness now.

d never died out of her reat.

CHAPTER II.

The Force-Which Is Love.

ing the days of Bob's illness most of the time with Elea-Mrs. Dunmeade's heart ached cousin, but she knew not comfort her. Sanger, too, saw ange he had remarked in Eleacome daily more pronounced; puzzled him. Not until Mrs.

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CHARLOTTE, C. H. WILMOTH, Manager. home was the amazing reason disclosed to him.

It was the day when the doctors finally pronounced Bob out of danger. Mrs. Dunmeade had spent the afternoon with the Flinns and returned early in the evening to find Eleanor and of the Commonwealth, in her brother alone in the firelit libraof the natural law which ry. Eleanor turned to her with an

"He is much better," Mrs. Dunmeade "The doctors the state: to his executive say that unless a relapse occurs—and initation and equilibrium careful nursing will prevent that-it ssentials. But there was is only a matter of regaining his

Eleanor made no answer. But Sanhappiness and the reward ger saw a strange light-to him, a revmore equitably distributed elation—come into her face. He gave of then propound the rem- no hint of the light dawning upon one thing he knew-the him, but chatted impersonally for a then cound, could never be few minutes. When he came to a pe long as the machinery of riod, Eleanor quietly arose and left remained in the power of the room, followed by Sanger's incred-

inst whom the remedy was ulous eyes. "Absurd! Incredible!" he muttered to himself.

Then he turned swiftly, angrily, on Mrs. Dunmeade. "Is this some of your work?" She answered quietly. "It is the work of something which you, Henry

Sanger, or I can neither help nor im-"Ah! I remember, your husband has "John recognizes a fundamental

had ignored the shame principle of existence. you, I think, will recognize it as a force you can't resist." He shrugged his shoulders skepti-

"That's the weakness of you rich was never to forsake men. You are anachronistic. You think in terms of several centuries been a failure," thought this ago. You won't see that the princibrilliant success a nation pal of social responsibility has come ring wonderingly, "since I into its own-until too late to save

> "You would be impressive on the impassive self again. "But how am I concerned with that principle?" "In this-the people that recognize

easy to lay one's heart bare methods of philosophy. And in this -even your triumph wouldn't bring But not thinking of her, she knew: you happiness or content; selfish vic- so easily could he forget her! been when he spoken tory never does. Henry. You can ords of a woman whom he trample underfoot the happiness of a the window, started. Quietly she rose great people without a regret. You can and left the room. At the door she to many people. And I destroy the work of good men-and stopped to look back; he had taken no I have misused my that wouldn't count with you, either, account even of her departure. it all now-what I've re- But even you, Henry Sanger, have one ee all my life. Kathleen, love. And you know now that every step you take is on Eieanor's heart." the open door of Bob's room. He did not answer at once. He

at her. It seemed to last, dispassionately, "to my wealth which she had looked forward with iat his thin, ugly face, and to my class. Incidentally I have such painful uncertainty, no longer h his new inspiration, was an ambition. If between them Eleanor seemed unnatural or difficult. Fear of will be happy, Bob, as thought to spike one of the enemy's For one thrilling instant she looked never been." There was a guns, you have failed. Katherine."

"You can hardly expect ever to be aside, all her heart in her eyes. "I'm not asking mercy," he replied once. He was reclining in his big of happiness. I'm not think complacently. "I don't need it. I nev chair er shall. What you visionaries close shawl thrown loosely around his shoul himself once more in his your eyes to is that the world is ruled ders. The ravages of his illness were

mercy, because we don't intend to rested passively on a pillow. His poshow mercy.' "Poor Eleanor!" "I'm not responsible for that," he

Adoo's ambition and yours—or mine. It may take ten years or twenty, but valescents. She felt in them still anhad wandered restlessly in the end it will be mine-neither you other quality, a deep sadness bred big Sanger house in pass nor your husband nor McAdoo-nor of no mere physical weakness. se and self-hate. During Eleanor-shall stand in my way. We of his convalescence the rest. haven't taken you reformers seriously andering continued in mingled we men of wealth. But we haven't sgiving and humility. When the developed the nation's industries to point of his fever had been let a few dreamers take them from troubled gesture, as one would brush passed, the governor returned us. Now," his eyes gleamed, "we ac-But Mrs. Dunmeade cept your challenge. It means war, Katherine. And your friend McAdoo shall be the first to go under. Tell him that." He left her abruptly. And yet, that evening at dinner

Mrs. Dunmeade thought she detected in his manner an unwonted gentleness toward Eleanor.

One evening-Mrs. Dunmeade had eturned to her home and Bob's con- ness. valescence was progressing rapidly-Eleanor and her brother were alone at her to the library.

"Henry," she asked abruptly, "do you know where Paul Remington is?' "I do not," he returned calmly. "He visited my office twice the day before the election. On his second visit we had a difference of opinion as to what should be done with a certain He seemed disturbed by that fact. I haven't heard of him since." "Then he had the decency to be

ashamed, at least. his once more.

"Thre is one thing I'd like you to do. if you will.

'You have but to name it.' "Under Uncle Henry's will, I believe, he left me this house and the

"Will you give me the value of the annuity and buy the house from me?" "It shall be done tomorrow," he answered abruptly. "May I ask what

your plans are?' "They aren't settled yet, except that am going away in a few days." "When do you expect to return?"

"Never." "Ah! Then I am to understand that in the parlance of the stage, I am cast off? You doubtless class me as

the villian in the recent episode?" She sighed wearily. "I blame you no more than myself-not so much. I'm not very proud of myself, Henry." "I suppose most people would regard it a queer evidence of affection, but-I care too much for you to urge

you to stay. Eleanor. You refuse to take me seriously? "I'm not joking," he said quietly, and the Sanger manner for once was

Her astonishment was genuine and un-

absent. "You're the only person I ever cared for, Eleanor.' He was manifestly telling the truth.

concealed. "I can't believe it. You volved. Mr. McAdoo.

cared for me-and yet you could-" "Yes," he interrupted, still quietly. And would do it again. My emotions are under perfect control." w speak of the dead.

She rose impulsively and took a step toward him, her lips parted as if to speak. But his uplifted hand "Under perfect control," he repeated sharply. "I beg that you make no demonstration. I understand the situaherself to speak. tion better than I did. Your feeling generosity well, Mr. McAdoo.

over that Remington matter is quite justified-from your point of view. Therefore I am ready to assist you, as ar as you will allow me, in the casting-off process. You have gone over to the enemy; rather, you never were on my side, really. Our points of view differ radically. I think you are very wise. It will save us both someforgiven much—far more than I?"

"That Remington affair." he contin ued, rising, "was very amateurish, and, in so far as you were concerned, in

"I was concerned in it all, Henry." "For that, accept my profound apologies. 'And now-don't you think we'd better end this little scene. My secment! ashamed-" retary will bring you the necessary "Don't!" he cried sharply, as if in papers tomorrow for your signature.

has disappeared?"

alone. Her loneliness seemed to her immeasureable, complete. hers. The quality of his gaze fright-ened her. It was saying too much— The next day, as Sanger had promised, his secretary presented to her the papers necessary for the convey ance of the house and the release of the annuity; also there was placed in

her hands a certified check for a generous sum. At last-so proclaimed the daily re ports from the convalescent's room— the time came when she could fulfil her promise to Kathleen. For a week longer Eleanor postponed the dreaded visit. It was no easy task Kathleen had set for her; Eleanor could avow her love to Paul, to Kathleen, to Mrs. Dunmeade, but the fear lest she betray her heart to Bob stirred up agonies of pride. But one day she summoned her resolution and went bravely forth to abase herself before the man who, she believed, must hate her bitterly. She ordered the automobile, but on reaching the door, changed her mind and walked to Bob McAdoo's home, as she had done the night when all supposed that he must die. More than once her heart failed her, natural, disturbing sense of hostility crying out, "I can't!"-to be answered

She made no answer. He left her

discomfort.

poor taste-'

with, "You must!" Bob and Kathleen were sitting by the window of his library. It had bestump. Katherine." Sanger was his come her daily custom, when school was over, to hasten home for an hour's chat with him before dinner. But they were not talking now. He was staring it won't long tolerate your antequated methods of philosophy. And in this fixed itself upon him since his illness.

Suddenly Kathleen, looking out of

The maid, instructed by Kathleen led Eleanor upstairs and left her at And as she stood on the threshhold,

the need of her courage passed away. "I have a responsibility," he said at Strangely enough, this meeting to at him, the mask of expression drawn He did not observe her entrance at

by its necessities, by its pocket-book, plainly apparent. The big hands, white You'r on the crest of the wave now— and bony, drooped inertly from the if she could, the vain hunger but our time is coming. We don't ask chair's arms. His close-cropped head sition by the window threw the angular, uncomely profile into sharp relief. marking the hollows and pallor of his answered sharply, rising. "It's Mc- face. In his eyes was the tired, wistful expression peculiar to fever con-

He felt her gaze. His head turned slowly to face her. He looked at her wonderingly, without speaking. His hand brushed across his forehead in a aside a dream that lingers overlong. She strove to give her words a conventional tone.

"I'm glad you are recovering so rapidly, Mr. McAdoo."

"Are you-real? I was just think ing of you. And sometimes my fancies get the better of me nowadays." He got to his feet uncertainly. She saw the effort it cost him in his weak-

Slowly she crossed the room to his side. He held out his hand hesitatingly. She put her gloved hand dinner. At its end he accompanied in his; he caught it in a strong class. "You musn't stand," she said anx-"You aren't strong yet." He sank back into his chair. As he

did so, the shawl fell from his shoulders. Tremblingly he stooped to recover it. But she was swifter than he. She threw it around him again. As she drew her arm away, it brushed document. I maintained my position, against him. For the first time their eyes looked away.

She took the chair where Kathleen had been. For a few minutes there was an awkward silence. She gazed He made no answer, although she steadily out of the window, lest her fancied she saw a slight flush rise to eyes outrun her tongue in explaining his face; but it might have been the her coming. He could not know that firelight. She looked at him steadily in his weakness and new-found hua moment. Then she dropped her mility, his appeal was stronger to her eyes to the floor, thoughtfully. After than in his old superb, arrogant a short silence, she raised her eyes to strength. It was he who at last broke the silence. The words fell haltingly, uncertainly.

"I can't quite realize it. Often l have thought of you as being herethere are so many things I wanted to say to you. Now-seeing you theren that chair-"

She turned to him eagerly, her eyes pleading with him not to misunderstand. "I had to come-to acknowledge my fault." Your fault? But-"

"Yes. My shameful fault! Don't you see, I owed it to myself to come." With an effort he seemed to bring himself to the reality of her coming. In the sudden forcefulness of his reply she saw a hint of the Bob that had

"You mean-Paul Remington? But that is not your fault. I—I only—am responsible for that. I tried to shape his life after mine—a poor model, Mrs. Gilbert. I tried to cut him off from his happiness. Being what he was, he had to leave me. And there were others—who were tempting him. We were too much for him.

"Ah! But I made it easy for him to yield by making him discontened-

"It began before that. But that was your right, too. I tried to cut you off from your happiness." "But-it makes what I did the more ered the Simple Mug.

shameful-my happiness was not in He shook his head gravely. "It

might have been. He was very lovable." He used the past tense in which

Again their eyes fell apart, and there was a silence. He looked out of the window; his face was sad. Absently she stripped the glove from her right hand, her fingers twisting and untwisting it nervously. She forced "You have learned the lesson of

"I have to earn the charity that has been given me—from every one—now from you." A tinge of color came into his pale cheeks, as unce more the face of the stricken woman came before him. "I was cruel, brutal, to you-yet you could come here. Doesn't that prove that you, too, have

"No! For what you said was true." Again he shook his head gravely. You musn't say that. I have learned to see things more clearly. I was

"Ah! you are generous! And I was afraid to come—afraid of your judg-ment! You make me the more

"It hurts to see you abase yourself before me!" Again a silence, while his eyes held

breaking down her self-command. drawing her to him. She spoke hasti-"Mr. McAdoo, do you know that he

She saw then the hurt that had been put upon him. "Yes. I have tried to have him found, but they can discov er no trace of him. But I will not give up until he is found-and our fault repaired." He used the plural unconsciously.

"When you find him, will you let me know? I shall send an address to

the Dunmeades."
"You are going away?" "Yes. Tomorrow. "And you will not come back." He did not ask a question. He turned once more to look out into the street. But he saw nothing there. He was measuring the meaning of the moment. It was the first time they had met without that un-She had changed, as had he; he felt it in her every word, in her presence. Office 'phone 1073. Residence 1037 Yet her humility nurt him strangely Those who have suffered are quick to sense sorrow in others; he felt that somehow, in the collapse of his temple of self, she, too, had been borne down, crushed. He had "many things to make up to her"-and he would never have the chance; she was going away, out of his life, as suddenly as she had come. . . Both feared the next meetings of eyes. Each had a secret that must be withheld. Yet by that telepathy which informs hearts even across the distances, each guess ed the other's secret, knew that the frank intimacy of the moment sprang from more than a common regret, was more than the death of an unreason ing hostility. But they were not children. The scales had fallen from their eyes. Both knew that they, in the

game of cross-purposes, had assumed a responsibility which was not yet fulfilled. Because the lesson was but newly learned, they enjoined themselves the more sternly to abide by it. She rose. He, too, got to his feet She held out her ungloved hand. He took it again in his strong clasp. Her lips tried to fashion a conventional Dr. H. C. Henderson. Dr. L. I. Gldney.

"I hope you will soon get your strength back—and that you will be successful always—and happy." the last words her voice began to falter. Hunt bidg., 2021/2 N. Tryon St. 'Phone 216.

arewell.

"I pray that life will be kinder to you than it has been, Mrs. Gilbert. And that you will forget all this-and Unsteadiness was in his voice me."

"Can we forget?" "Nor do I want to forget!" The rimson flooded to her cheeks. But the unruly tongue ran on. "I couldn't forget if I would! That night—when we thought you were dying—it is before me always. When I saw you lying there—it seemed to me that I had struck you down-"You were her-! I don't under

stand. You came—' "Ah! can't you see? I had to come to make my acknowledgement. thought you were dying-Miss Flinn was nearest to you-I told her. She made me promise to come to you when you were able. That is why I am here

She would have withdrawn her hand, but his clasp tightened. His left 444 pm Lv Mart'ville N&W Ar 11.40 am hand fumbled at his throat, as though he were choking. "I don't understand. You cared enough to come-" "Ah! can't you see?" she cried pit-

"Why did you come into my lifeto teach me my lesson—to go away now? Why, since you must ge away, were you chosen by the Force, which

Before him flashed the interpretaion of the past few months, of the memory that had outlived the busy, crowded years. His face lighted up Folders. with a look no man or woman had

ever seen there. "It wasn't you I hated-it wasn't you I fought against, but—love! Words that spoke of themselves! He

lifted his heard sharply, as does the stag in the forest when he hears the call of his far-away mate. His eyes caught hers in the grip that would not be denied, crying out that she was his-his! His weakness was forgotten. His physical being thrilled in every fiber. . . . The crimson ebbed. Her eyes wavered, fell-returned to his. luminous with the answer. . The moment ended.

"Mr. McAdoo, there is a ruined life between us!" She was gone, leaving Bob alone. And yet not alone. For with him was the memory of a thrilling moment when he had looked into the

depths of a woman's heart. And beween them lay an impassable barrier barrier of their own building. He bowed his face in his hands and prayed-prayed for courage and pa-

ment—and to atone.
(CONTINUEL TOMORROW.) Col. Russell Seriously III. By Associated Press.

ience and faith to bear his punish-

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