

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By IRVING BACHELLER

Copyright, Irving Bacheller

NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES—STANTON

"A Man for the Ages" is Abraham Lincoln. The book is fiction dealing with fact—history in the guise of fiction. It is an intimate study of Abraham Lincoln during his formative period at New Salem, Ill. It tells a chapter in his life that no man can read without smiles and tears and wonder.

Abraham Lincoln arrived at New Salem in 1831. "a stranger, a friendless, uneducated, penniless boy, working on a flat boat for \$10 a month," as he himself put it. In 1837 he left to take up his law practice in Springfield. In those six years he transformed himself to a man of acknowledged ability, of promise, of more than local reputation. It was at New Salem that he earned the nickname of "Honest Abe;" that he was defeated for the legislature and elected; that he won and lost by death Ann Rutledge.

Irving Bacheller is one of the very few men who could write such a book. His work is well known. This will add to his fame.

CHAPTER I.

Which Describes the Journey of Samson Traylor and His Wife and Their Two Children and Their Dog Sambo Through the Adirondack Wilderness in 1831 on Their Way to the Land of Plenty—Furthermore It Describes the Scaping of the Brimsteads.

In the early summer of 1831 Samson Traylor and his wife, Sarah, and two children left their old home near the village of Vergennes, Vermont, and began their travels toward the setting sun with four chairs, a bread board and rolling-pin, a feather bed and blankets, a small looking-glass, a skillet, an ax, a pack basket with a pad of sole leather on the same, a water pail, a box of dishes, a tub of salt pork, a rifle, a teapot, a sack of meal, sundry small provisions and a violin, in a double wagon drawn by oxen. It is a pleasure to note that they had a violin and were not disposed to part with it. The reader must not overlook its full historic significance. The stern, uncompromising spirit of the Puritan had left the house of the Yankee before a violin could enter it. Humor and the love of play had preceded and cleared a way for it. Where there was a fiddle there were cheerful hearts. A young black shepherd dog with tawny points and the name of Sambo followed the wagon.

If we had been at the Congregational church on Sunday we might have heard the minister saying to Samson, after the service, that it was hard to understand why the happiest family in the parish and the most beloved should be leaving its ancestral home to go to a far, new country of which little was known. We might also have heard Samson answer:

"It's awful easy to be happy here. We slide along in the same old groove, that our fathers traveled, from Vergennes to Paradise. We work and play and go to meetin' and put a shin plaster in the box and grow old and narrow and stingy and mean and go up to glory and are turned into saints and angels. Maybe that's the best thing that could happen to us, but Sarah and I kind o' thought we'd try a new starting place and another route to heaven."

Sarah and Samson had been raised on adjoining farms just out of the village. He had had little schooling, but his mind was active and well inclined. Sarah had prosperous relatives in Boston and had had the advantage of a year's schooling in that city. She was a comely girl of a taste and refinement unusual in the place and time of her birth. Many well-favored youths had sought her hand, but, better than others, she liked the big, masterful, good-natured, humorous Samson, crude as he was. Naturally in her hands his timber had undergone some planing and smoothing and his thoughts had been gently led into new and pleasant ways.

Let us take a look at them as they slowly leave the village of their birth. The wagon is covered with tent cloth drawn over hickory arches. They are sitting on a seat overlooking the oxen in the wagon front. Tears are streaming down the face of the woman. The man's head is bent. His elbows are resting on his knees; the hickory handle of his whip lies across his lap, the lash at his feet. He seems to be looking down at his boots, into the tops of which his trousers have been folded. He is a rugged, blond, bearded man with kindly blue eyes and a rather prominent nose. There is a striking expression of power in the head and shoulders of Samson Traylor. The breadth of his back, the size of his wrists and hands, the color of his face betoken a man of great strength. This thoughtful, sorrowful, attitude is the only evidence of emotion which he betrays. In a few minutes he begins to whistle a lively tune.

The boy Josiah—familarly called Joe—sits beside his mother. He is a slender, sweet-faced lad. He is looking up wistfully at his mother. The little girl Betsy sits between him and her father.

That evening they stopped at the house of an old friend some miles up the rusty road to the north.

"Here we are—goin' west," Samson shouted to the man at the door-

He alighted and helped his family out of the wagon.

"You go right in—I'll take care o' the oxen," said the man.

Samson started for the house with the girl under one arm and the boy under the other. A pleasant-faced woman greeted them with a hearty welcome at the door.

"You poor man! Come right in," she said.

"Poor! I'm the richest man in the world," said he. "Look at the gold on that girl's head—curly, fine gold, too—the best there is. She's Betsy—my little toy woman—half past seven years old—blue eyes—helps her mother get tired every day. Here's my toy man Josiah—yes, brown hair and brown eyes like Sarah—heart o' gold—helps his mother, too—six times one year old."

"What pretty faces!" said the woman as she stooped and kissed them.

"Yes, ma'am. Got 'em from the fairies," Samson went on. "They have all kinds o' heads for little folks, an' I guess they color 'em up with the blood o' roses an' the gold o' buttercups an' the blue o' violets. Here's this wife o' mine. She's richer'n I am. She owns all of us. We're her slaves."

"Looks as young as she did the day she was married—nine years ago," said the woman.

"Exactly!" Samson exclaimed. "Straight as an arrow and proud! I don't blame her. She's got enough to make her proud, I say. I fall in love again every time I look into her big, brown eyes."

They had a joyous evening and a restful night with these old friends and resumed their journey soon after daylight. They ferried across the lake at Burlington and fared away over the mountains and through the deep forest on the Chateaugay trail.

Since the Pilgrims landed between the measureless waters and the pathless wilderness they and their descendants had been surrounded by the lure of mystery. The love of adventure, the desire to explore the dark, infested and beautiful forest, the dream of fruitful sunny lands cut with water courses, shored with silver and strewn with gold beyond it—these were the only heritage of their sons and daughters save the strength and courage of the pioneer. How true was this dream of theirs gathering detail and allurements as it passed from sire to son. On distant plains to the west were lands more lovely and fruitful than any of their vision; in mountains far beyond was gold enough to fill the dome of the heavens, as the sun was wont to do at eventide, and silver enough to put a fairly respectable moon in it. Yet for generations their eyes were not to see, their hands were not to touch, these things. They were only to push their frontier a little farther to the west and hold the dream and pass it on to their children.

Those early years of the Nineteenth century held the first days of fulfillment. Samson and Sarah Traylor had the old dream in their hearts when they first turned their faces to the west. For years Sarah had resisted it, thinking of the hardships and perils in the way of the mover. Samson, a man of twenty-nine when he set out from his old home, was said to be "always chasing the bird in the bush." He was never content with the thing in hand. There were certain of their friends who promised to come and join them when, at last, they should have found the land of plenty. But most of the group that bade them good-bye thought it a foolish enterprise and spoke lightly of Samson when they were gone. America has undervalued the brave souls who went west in wagons, without whose sublime courage and endurance the plains would still be an unexplored wilderness. Often we hear them set down as seedy, shiftless dreamers who could not make a living at home. They were mostly the best blood of the world and the noblest of God's missionaries. Who does not honor them above the thrifty, comfort-loving men and women who preferred to stay at home, where risks were few, the supply of food sure and sufficient and the consolations of friendship and religion always at hand? Samson and Sarah preferred to enlist and take their places in the front battle line of civilization.

They had read a little book called

The Country of the Sangamon. The latter was a word of the Pottawatomies meaning land of plenty. It was the name of a river in Illinois draining "boundless, flowery meadows of unexampled beauty and fertility, belted with timber, blessed with shady groves, covered with game and mostly level, without a stick or a stone to vex the plowman." Thither they were bound, to take up a section of government land.

They stopped for a visit with Elisha Howard and his wife, old friends of theirs, who lived in the village of Malone, which was in Franklin county, New York. There they traded their oxen for a team of horses. They were large gray horses named Pete and Colonel. The latter was fat and good-natured. His chief interest in life was food. Pete was always looking for food and perils. Colonel was the near horse. Now and then Samson threw a sheepskin over his back and put the boy on it and tramped along within arm's reach of Joe's left leg. This was a great delight to the little lad.

They proceeded at a better pace to the Black River country, toward which, in the village of Canton, they tarried again for a visit with Captain Moody and Elias Wright, both of whom had taught school in the town of Vergennes.

They proceeded through DeKalb, Richville and Gouverneur and Antwerp and on to the Sand plains. They had gone far out of their way for a look at these old friends of theirs. Samson's diary tells how, at the top of the long, steep hills he used to cut a small tree by the roadside and tie its butt to the rear axle and hang on to its branches while his wife drove the team. This held their load, making an effective brake.

Traveling through the forest, as they had been doing for weeks, while the day waned, they looked for a brookside on which they could pass the night with water handy. Samson



Tramped Along Within Arm's Reach.

tethered, fed and watered their horses and while Sarah and the children built a fire and made tea and biscuits, he was getting bait and catching fish in the stream.

"In a few minutes from the time I wet my hook a mess of trout would be dressed and sizzling, with a piece of salt pork, in the pan, or it was a bad day for fishing," he writes.

After supper the wagon was partly unloaded, the feather bed laid upon the planks under the wagon roof and spread with blankets. Then Samson sang songs and told stories or played upon the violin to amuse the family.

Often if the others were weary and depressed he would dance merrily around the fire, playing a lively tune, with Sambo glad to lend a helping foot and much noise to the program. By and by the violin was put away and all knelt by the fire while Sarah prayed aloud for protection through the night. So it will be seen that they carried with them their own little theater, church and hotel.

Soon after darkness fell, Sarah and the children lay down for the night, while Samson stretched out with his blanket by the fire in good weather, the loaded musket and the dog Sambo lying beside him. Often the howling of wolves in the distant forest kept them awake, and the dog muttering and barking for hours.

Samson woke the camp at daylight and a merry song was his reveille while he led the horses to their drink.

When they set out in the morning Samson was wont to say to the little lad, who generally sat beside him: "Well, my boy, what's the good word this morning?" Whereupon Joe would say, parrot like:

"God help us all and make His face to shine upon us."

"Well said!" his father would an-

swer, and so the day's journey began. Often, near its end, they came to some lonely farmhouse. Always Samson would stop and go to the door to ask about the roads, followed by little Joe and Betsy with secret hopes. One of these hopes was related to cookies and maple sugar and buttered bread and had been cherished since an hour of good fortune early in the trip and encouraged by sundry good-hearted women along the road. Another was the hope of seeing a baby—mainly, it should be said, the hope of Betsy. Joe's interest was merely an echo of hers. He regarded babies with an open mind, as it were, for the opinions of his sister still had some weight with him, she being a year and a half older than he, but babies invariably disappointed him, their capabilities being so restricted. Still, not knowing what might happen, he always took a look at every baby.

The children were lifted out of the wagon to stretch their legs at sloughs and houses. They were sure to be close behind the legs of their father when he stood at a stranger's door. Then, the night being near, they were always invited to put their horses in the barn and tarry until next morning.

This was due in part to the wistful faces of the little children—a fact unsuspected by their parents. What motherly heart could resist the silent appeal of children's faces or fail to understand it? Those were memorable nights for Sarah and Joe and Betsy. In a letter to her brother the woman said:

"You don't know how good it seems to see a woman and talk to her, and we talked and talked until midnight, after all the rest were asleep. She let me hold the baby in my lap until it was put to bed. How good it felt to have a little warm body in my arms again and feel it breathing! In all my life I never saw a prettier baby. It felt good to be in a real house and sleep in a soft, warm bed and to eat jelly and cookies and fresh meat and potatoes and bread and butter. Samson played for them and kept them laughing with his stories until bedtime. They wouldn't take a cent and gave us a dozen eggs in a basket and a piece of venison when we went away."

On a warm, bright day in the sand country they came to a crude, half finished, frame house at the edge of a wide clearing. The sand lay in drifts on one side of the road. It had evidently moved in the last wind. A sickly vegetation covered the field. A ragged, barefooted man and three scrawny, ill-clad children stood in the dooryard. It was noontime. A mongrel dog, with a bit of the hound in him, came bounding and barking toward the wagon and pitched upon Sambo and quickly got the worst of it. Sambo, after much experience in self-defense, had learned that the best way out of such trouble was to seize a leg and hang on. This he did. The mongrel began to yelp. Samson lifted both dogs by the backs of their necks, broke the hold of Sambo and tossed aside the mongrel, who ran away whining.

"That reminded me of a bull that tackled a man over in Vermont," he said. "The man had a club in his hand. He dodged and grabbed the bull's tail and beat him all over the lot. As the bull roared, the man hollered: 'I'd like to know who began this fuss anyway.'"

The stranger laughed. "Is that your house?" Samson said.

The man stepped nearer and answered in a low, confidential tone:

"Say, mister, this is a combination poorhouse and idiot asylum. I am the idiot. These are the poor."

He pointed to the children.

"You don't talk like an idiot," said Samson.

Across New York State.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Right View of Life.

It is time to get over the idea that we have to be comfortable because we were brought up that way, while others were predestined to misery and are so hardened to their condition that we needn't bother. One effect of travel—if the traveler is impressionable, and some travelers are not—is to show us that no country has a monopoly of certain homely virtues that take root and flourish in the bleakest, as in the richest soil. Nor is any other country particularly interested in our introspective studies of how good we are and our ingrowing imagination of our greatness. Boastfulness is a posture as unlovely for the millions as it is for one. Let us give credit to others for possessing some of the qualities we admire so much in ourselves.—Exchange.

But It's the Fashion.

Wife—Aren't you positively ashamed that your wife and daughter are all out at the elbows?

Hub—Nope. But I'm ashamed that they are all out at the knees.—American Legion Weekly.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By Rev. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 26

REVIEW: THE SOCIAL TASK OF THE CHURCH.

GOLDEN TEXT—He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people.—Rev. 21:3.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Rev. 21:3-4. PRIMARY TOPIC—The Way Jesus Wants Us to Live.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Some Things Jesus Wants Us to Do. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Challenge to Boys and Girls. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Challenge to the Church.

Revelation 21:1-4 is the passage of Scripture selected for devotional reading. Instead of attempting to review the lessons of the quarter it would be of great interest and profit to enter into a detailed study of this Scripture. The following outline may be helpful. I. The New Heaven and the New Earth (vv. 1, 2); II. The New People (vv. 3-8); III. The New Jerusalem (vv. 9-14).

Another way would be to assign the Golden Texts to different members of the class asking them to give the part of the particular lesson which illustrates the teachings of the text.

Still another way would be to summarize the different Scripture passages, giving the leading lessons of each. The following is given by way of suggestion:

I. The believer's supreme obligation is to present himself as a living sacrifice to God. The grand reason for so doing is that he has received the mercies of God. The one so yielded will love his fellow believer sincerely.

II. The believer's body is God's property—the temple of the Holy Ghost; therefore we are under solemn obligation to use it for His glory.

III. Since God the Father and Jesus Christ work, it is incumbent upon all to work, and the man who will not work should not eat.

IV. God hates the greed that moves men to dishonest methods in order to get rich. His judgment shall fall upon such.

V. True education will lead one to Christ. The one only book which tells about him is the Bible. No one can call himself educated who is ignorant of the Bible.

VI. God rested when His work of creation was done. On this basis He has established the law of labor and rest. The obligation to cease from labor is that one may remember God.

VII. The church is an organism as the human body. In order that there may be real helpful co-operation there must be membership in that body.

VIII. Jesus should be welcomed as a guest into every home. He is an example of an obedient son in the home.

IX. The most important question is not "Who is my neighbor?" but "To whom can I be a neighbor?" Being a neighbor is seeing those about who need help and rendering such help in loving sympathy.

X. The Christian is a citizen as well as a church member. Intelligent Christians will show proper loyalty to the state.

XI. When Christ shall reign as King there shall be peace all over the world between animals and men. The supreme business of the believer in this dispensation is to preach the gospel to all the world as a witness.

XII. Jesus came and preached the gospel to the poor, but shall come again to judge the world and reign as King.

Since the whole of man's duty is summed up by Christ in duty to God and duty to man (Matt. 22:36-40), it would be profitable to go through the quarter's lesson and set down the teachings under

I. Duties to God; II. Duties to Man.

House Divided Against Itself.

He who sits above the waterfalls is still working out His ways, and man's extremity is, as ever, God's opportunity. But if we are to be real sharers in this task of divine reconstruction, and fulfilling of God's purposes for the human family, it behooves us to do our utmost by prayer and effort to repair the breaches which human waywardness has wrought in that instrument which He has designed, and through which He has chosen especially to work out humanity's salvation—the church of the living God, the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Body of Christ. For until these wounds are healed the church must present herself as a house divided against itself; and, because the Savior's prayer for a unity in the "one fold" remains unfulfilled, His enemies continue to triumph, and the forces which make for righteousness are thwarted.—Bishop Howden.

Blessed Mysteries of Life.

Both death and sleep are blessed mysteries of life. It is of little consequence what time the angel of life opens the door of death for us; the supreme concern for us is whether our hearts shall be pure, and our souls strong in grace to rejoice in the vision of the Everlasting Day.—Newman Smyth.

Jesus' First Preaching.

Jesus began to preach, and to say: Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matthew 4:17.

SUFFERED ALL A WOMAN COULD

Mrs. Meyer Finally Found Relief and Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Orange, Cal.—"I always feel very grateful to you, as some twenty years ago three doctors said I had to have a serious operation. I had a tumor, and ulcers which would gather and break. I had displacement so badly that I could hardly sit down at times, and it seemed as if I suffered everything that a woman could suffer. Then some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it until I was cured and saved from the operation. I have told women of your wonderful medicine times without number, and I am willing that you should use these facts and my name if you like. I also used your Compound during the Change, and I can do all my own work but the heavy part, and can walk miles every day as I help my husband in the office."

—Mrs. J. H. Meyer, 412 South Orange St., Orange, California.



It is quite true that such troubles as Mrs. Meyer had may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource. On the other hand, a great many women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Times Have Changed. Thirty years ago it took 3,000 worms to spin silk enough to make a lady's evening dress. Nowadays, of course, one small worm, working short time, can easily manage the job.—London Passing Show.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Really Quite Simple.

Betty was late for school several days in succession, and her teacher took her to task for it, saying, "Can you give me a good reason for your being late?" Betty was quiet for a moment, and then said, "We just sleeps in all I know."

Have you tried the new 10c package? Dealers now carry both; 10 for 10c, 20 for 20c. It's toasted.



The American Cigarette Co.

Rotation of Numbers. Numbers run as follows: Units, tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, nonillions, decillions.

The charm of a bathroom is its spotlessness. By the use of Red Cross Ball Blue, all cloths and towels retain their whiteness until worn out. 5c.

Good Point of Motion Pictures. Jud Tunkins says motion pictures appeal to him because the audience is not expected to applaud and call the actors out to spoil the effect of a good scene.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 25-1921.