

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By
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BIM ELOPES.

Synopsis.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Joseph and Betsey, travel by wagon from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the Country of the Sangamon, in Illinois. At Niagara Falls they meet John McNeill, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. Sarah's ministrations save the life of Harry Needles and he accompanies the Traylor family to New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young Abe Lincoln, Jack Kelso and his pretty daughter Bin and others. Samson raises his cabin. Lincoln thrashes Armstrong. Harry strikes Ray McNeill. Harry is attached by McNeill and his gang, and Bin drives off his assailants with a shot gun. McNeill is markedly attentive to Ann Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her. Harry loves Bin. Traylor helps two slaves, who had run away from St. Louis. Elliphalet Biggs, owner of the slaves, has his arm broken by Traylor. Biggs meets Bin and makes love to her. Abe announces that he is a candidate for the legislature. The Black Hawk war makes Abe a captain and he and Harry go to the front.

CHAPTER IX.

In Which Bin Kelso Makes History, While Abe and Harry and Other Good Citizens of New Salem Are Making an Effort to That End in the Indian War.

In the midst of springtime there came cheering news from the old home in Vermont—a letter to Sarah from her brother, which contained the welcome promise that he was coming to visit them and expected to be in Beardstown about the fourth of May. Samson drove across country to meet the steamer. He was at the landing when the Star of the North arrived. He saw every passenger that came ashore, and Elliphalet Biggs, leading his big bay mare, was one of them, but the expected visitor did not arrive. There would be no other steamer bringing passengers from the East for a number of days.

Samson went to a store and bought a new dress and sundry bits of finery for Sarah. He returned to New Salem with a heavy heart. Sarah stood in the open door as he drove up.

"Didn't come," he said mournfully. "Without a word, Sarah followed him to the barn, with the tin lantern in her hand. He gave her a hug as he got down from the wagon. He was little given to like displays of emotion.

"Don't feel bad," he said. "I've given them up—I don't believe we shall ever see them again," said Sarah, as they were walking toward the door. "I think I know how the dead feel who are so soon forgotten."

"Ye can't blame 'em," said Samson. "They've probably heard about the Indian scare and would expect to be massacred if they came."

Indeed the scare, now abating, had spread through the border settlements and kept the people awake at night. Samson and other men, left in New Salem, had met to consider plans for a stockade.

"And then there's the fever an' ague," Samson added. "Sometimes I feel sorry I told 'em about it, because they'll think it worse than it is. But we've got to tell the truth if it kills us."

"Yes; we've got to tell the truth," Samson rejoined. "There'll be a rail-road coming through here one of these days and then we can all get back and forth easy. If it comes it's going to make us rich. Abe says he expects it within three or four years."

Sarah had a hot supper ready for him. As he stood warming himself by the fire she put her arms around him and gave him a little hug.

"You poor tired man!" she said. "How patient and how good you are!" There was a kind of apology for this moment of weakness in her look and manner. Her face seemed to say: "It's silly but I can't help it."

"I've been happy all the time, for I knew you was waiting for me," Samson remarked. "I feel rich every time I think of you and the children. Say, look here."

He untied the bundle and put the dress and finery in her lap. "Well, I want to know!" she exclaimed, as she held it up to the candlelight. "That must have cost a pretty penny."

"I don't care what it cost—it ain't half good enough—not half," said Samson.

As he sat down to his supper he said: "I saw that slave, Biggs, get off the boat with his big bay mare. There was a ducky following him with another horse."

"Good land!" said Sarah. "I hope he isn't coming here. Mrs. Onstot told me today that Bin Kelso has been getting letters from him."

"She's such an odd little critter and she's got a mind of her own—anybody could see that," Samson reflected. "She ought to be looked after pretty careful. Her parents are so taken up with shooting and fishing and books they kind o' forget the girl. I wish you'd go down there tomorrow

and see what's up. Jack is away, you know."

"I will," said Sarah. It was nearly two o'clock when Samson, having fed and watered his horses, got into bed. Yet he was up before daylight, next morning, and singing a hymn of praise as he kindled the fire and filled the tea kettle and lighted his candle lantern and went out to do his chores while Sarah, partly reconciled to her new disappointment, dressed and began the work of another day. So they and Abe and Harry and others like them, each under the urge of his own ambition, spent their great strength in the building and defense of the republic and grew prematurely old. Their work began and ended in darkness and often their days were doubled by the burdens of the night. So in the reckoning of their time each year was more than one.

Sarah went down to the village in the afternoon of the next day. When Samson came in from the fields to his supper she said: "Mr. Biggs is stopping at the tavern. He brought a new silk dress and some beautiful linen for Mrs. Kelso. He tells her that Bin has made a new man of him. Claims he has quit drinking and gone to work. Bin and her mother are terribly excited. He wants them to move to St. Louis and live on his big plantation in a house next to his—rent free."

Samson knew that Biggs was the type of man who weds Virtue for her dowry. "A man's judgment is needed there," said he. "It's a pity Jack is gone. Biggs will take that girl away with him sure as shooting if we don't look out."

"Oh, I don't believe he'd do that," said Sarah. "I hope he has turned over a new leaf and become a gentleman."

"We'll see," said Samson. They saw and without much delay the background of his pretensions, for one day within the week he and Bin rode away and did not return. Soon a letter came from Bin to her mother, mailed at Beardstown. It told of their marriage in that place and said that they would be starting for St. Louis in a few hours on the Star of the North. She begged the forgiveness of her parents and declared that she was very happy.

"Too bad! Isn't it?" said Sarah when Mrs. Waddell, who had come out with her husband one evening to bring this news, had finished the story. "Yes, it kind o' spies the place," said Samson. "I'm afraid for Jack Kelso—fraid it'll hurt his fiddle if it don't break his heart. His wife is alone now. We must ask her to come and stay with us."

"The Allens have taken her in," said Mrs. Waddell. "That's good," said Sarah. "I'll go down there tomorrow and offer to do anything we can."

When Mr. and Mrs. Waddell had gone Sarah said: "I can't help thinking of poor Harry. He was terribly in love with her."

"Well, he'll have to get over it—that's all," said Samson. "He's young and the wound will heal."

It was well for Harry that he was out of the way of all this, and entered upon adventures which absorbed his thought. As to what was passing with him we have conclusive evidence in two letters, one from Col. Zachary Taylor, in which he says:

"Harry Needles is also recommended for the most intrepid conduct as a scout and for securing information of great value. Compelled to abandon his wounded horse he swam a river under fire and under the observation of three of our officers, through whose help he got back to his command, bringing a bullet in his thigh."

With no knowledge of military service and a company of untrained men, Abe had no chance to win laurels in the campaign. His command did not get in touch with the enemy. He had his hands full maintaining a decent regard for discipline among the raw frontiersmen of his company.

When the dissatisfied volunteers were mustered out late in May, Kelso and McNeill, being sick with a stubborn fever, were declared unfit for service and sent back to New Salem as soon as they were able to ride. Abe and Harry joined Captain Iles' company of Independent Rangers and a month or so later Abe re-enlisted to serve with Captain Early, Harry being under a surgeon's care. The latter's wound was not serious and on July third he too joined Early's command.

This company was chiefly occupied in the moving of supplies and the burying of a few men who had been killed in small engagements with the enemy. It was a band of rough-looking fellows in the costume of the frontier farm and workshop—ragged, dirty and unshorn. The company was disbanded July tenth at Whitewater, Wisconsin, where, that night, the horses of Harry and Abe were stolen. From that point they started on their long homeward tramp with a wounded sense of decency and justice. They felt that the Indians had been wronged, that the

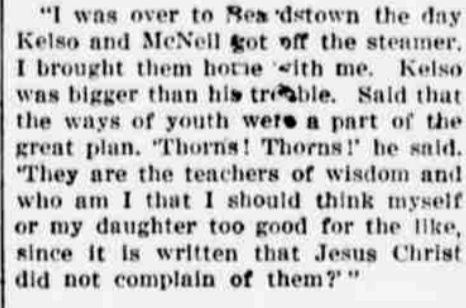
greed of land grabbers had brutally violated their rights. This feeling had been deepened by the massacre of the red women and children at Bad Ax.

A number of mounted men went with their aids gave them a ride now and then. Some of the travelers had little to eat on the journey. Both Abe and Harry suffered from hunger and sore feet where they reached Peoria, where they bought a canoe and in the morning of a bright day started down the Illinois river.

They had a long day of comfort in its current with a good store of bread and butter and odd meat and pie. The prospect of being fifty miles nearer home before nightfall lightened their hearts and they laughed freely while Abe told of his adventures in the campaign. To him it was all a wild comedy with tragic scenes dragged into it and woefully out of place. Indeed he thought it no more like war than a pig sticking and that was the kind of thing he hated.

Harry had not feared from home since he left it. Abe had had a letter from Rutledge which gave him the news of Bin's elopement. The letter said:

"I was over to Beardstown the day Kelso and McNeill got off the steamer. I brought them home with me. Kelso was bigger than his trouble. Said that the ways of youth were a part of the great plan. 'Thorns! Thorns!' he said. 'They are the teachers of wisdom and who am I that I should think myself or my daughter too good for the like, since it is written that Jesus Christ did not complain of them?'"



They Had a Long Day of Comfort in Its Current.

"Have you heard from home?" Abe asked as they paddled on. "Not a word," said Harry. "You're not expecting to meet Bin Kelso?" "That's the best part of getting home for me," said Harry, turning with a smile. "Let her drift for a minute," said Abe. "I've got a letter from James Rutledge that I want to read to you. There's a big lesson in it for both of us—something to remember as long as we live."

Abe read the letter. Harry sat motionless. Slowly his head bent forward until his chin touched his breast. Abe said with a tender note in his voice as he folded the letter: "This man is well along in life. He hasn't youth to help him as you have. See how he takes it and she's the only child he has. There are millions of pretty girls in the world for you to choose from."

"I know it, but there's only one Bin Kelso in the world," Harry answered mournfully. "She was the one I loved."

"Yes, but you'll find another. It looks serious, but it isn't—you're so young. Hold up your head and keep going. You'll be happy again soon."

"Maybe, but I don't see how," said the boy. "There are lots of things you can't see from where you are at this present moment. There are a good many miles ahead of you, I reckon, and one thing you'll see plainly, by and by—that it's all for the best. I've suffered a lot myself but I can see now it has been a help to me. There isn't an hour of it I'd be willing to give up."

They paddled along in silence for a time. "It was my fault," said Harry presently. "I never could say the half I wanted to when she was with me. My tongue is too slow. She gave me a chance and I wasn't man enough to take it. That's all I've got to say on that subject."

Some time afterward in a letter to his father the boy wrote: "I often think of that ride down the river and the way he talked to me. It was so gentle. He was a big, powerful giant of a man who weighed over

two hundred pounds, all of it bone and muscle. But under his great strength was a woman's gentleness; under the dirty, ragged clothes and the rough, brown skin grimy with dust and perspiration, was one of the cleanest souls that ever came to this world. I don't mean that he was like a minister. He could tell a story with pretty rough talk in it, but always for a purpose. He hated dirt on the hands or on the tongue. He loved flowers like a woman. He loved to look at the stars at night and the colors of the sunset and the morning dew on the meadows. I never saw a man so much in love with fun and beauty."

They reached Havana that evening and sold their canoe to a man who kept boats to rent on the river shore. They ate a hot supper at the tavern and got a ride with a farmer who was going ten miles in their direction. From his cabin some two hours later they set out afoot in the darkness.

"Going home is the end of all journeys," said Abe as they tramped along. "Did it ever occur to you that every live creature has its home? The fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and forest, the creepers in the grass, all go home. Most of them turn toward it when the day wanes. The call of home is the one voice heard and respected all the way down the line of life. And, ye know, the most wonderful and mysterious thing in nature is the power that fool animals have to go home through great distances, like the turtle that swam from the Bay of Biscay to his home off Van Dieman's Land. Somehow, coming over in a ship, he had blazed a trail through the pathless deep more than ten thousand miles long. It's the one miraculous gift—the one call that's irresistible. Don't you hear it now? I never lie down in the darkness without thinking of home when I am away."

"And it's hard to change your home when you're wanted to it," said Harry. "Yes, it's a little like dying when you pull up the roots and move. It's been hard on your folks."

"This remark brought them up to the greatest of mysteries. They tramped in silence for a moment. Abe broke in upon it with these words: "I reckon there must be another home somewhere to go to after we have broke the last camp here, and a kind of a bird's compass to help us find it. I reckon we'll hear the call of it as we grow older."

He stopped and took off his hat and looked up at the stars and added: "If it isn't so I don't see why the long procession of life keeps harping on this subject of home. I think I see the point of the whole thing. It isn't the place or the furniture that makes it home, but the love and peace that's in it. By and by our home isn't here any more. It has moved. Our minds begin to beat about in the undiscovered countries looking for it. Somehow we got it located—each man for himself."

For another space they hurried along without speaking. "I tell you, Harry, whatever a large number of intelligent folks have agreed upon for some generations is so—if they have been allowed to do their own thinking," said Abe. "It's about the only wisdom there is."

He had sounded the keynote of the new Democracy. So, under the lights of heaven, speaking in the silence of the night of impenetrable mysteries, they journeyed on toward the land of plenty.

"It's as still as a graveyard," Harry whispered when they had climbed the bluff by the mill long after midnight and were near the little village.

"They're all buried in sleep," said Abe. "We'll get Rutledge out of bed. He'll give us a shakedown somewhere."

His loud rap on the door of the tavern signalled more than a desire for rest in the weary travelers, for just then a cycle of their lives had ended.

Raiders try to burn out Traylor's "underground railroad station."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Frankenstein."

"Frankenstein" is a romance by Mrs. Shelley, wife of the distinguished poet, Percy Byssche Shelley. The hero, Frankenstein, contrives to make and animate by his intimate control of the mysteries of nature, a monster in human form, who becomes the constant torment of its creator's existence. The monster was created without a soul, yet not without an intense craving for human sympathy, and he found existence on these terms such a terrible curse that in the end he slew his maker. The story of "Frankenstein" is said to be consciously or unconsciously an allegorical portrayal of the character of Shelley himself, who, in "Alastor," has painted himself as an idealist isolated from human sympathy. Helen Moore, in her life of Shelley, has a chapter on this subject.

MAKES NEW BED River Indus Changes Its Course With Regularity.

Inhabitants of Waziristan Face Perpetual Peril, as Water Constantly Moves in a New Direction.

The frequently heard news that an eastern river has changed its course with danger to property and life seems incredible until one has actually seen an active river "getting busy" on a new course, writes a correspondent from Waziristan, India.

Thus the Indus is a perpetual problem, and for this reason: All provisions must cross its broad waters, as Waziristan is on the west bank and in desert country.

Every October the river hibernates, and a bridge of boats temporarily solves the problem.

But each May it wakes up, shakes itself out of its sleep and probably out of its original course.

The bridge is hurriedly dismantled, and there ensues anxious speculation among the engineers.

Which way is the water coming? After observations and soundings the new position of the port, quaintly called "Steamer Point," is fixed. There follows a procession of railway men, provision experts, coolies (laborers) and camels. Lines are laid, "dumps" arise and within a week the erstwhile lonely river bank is populated and becomes a "going concern."

Even then a wary eye has to be kept on the encroaching waters. Both the railway and the supply "dumps" have to be moved further and further back. Sometimes even in a single night the river will flow away into a new and unexpected channel; or, maybe, it will forsake a portion of its bed, leaving a yellow sandbank in its place.

The bank itself becomes jagged like a piece of bread into which a child has made large bites.

The water swirls ever inward and cracks appear ten feet within the bank; the cracks deepen, and without warning another large lump of shore crumbles away. A motor car that stopped on such a piece disappeared into the river and has not been seen since.

And some of these effects are curious. A cluster of three palm trees, which were well away from the water last week, were little islands yesterday. This morning they had disappeared!

Probably they are miles down the stream for the current is swift and gives no quarter.

You may imagine these quiet trees, torn from their native soil, turning feverishly round and round at the mercy of the sweeping current.

The flotsam and jetsam of life and death go eddying past on the bosom of the stream. Here a dead camel, there a hevy of jam tins catches the eye and fades away downstream.

Yet with all the turmoil and trouble the Indus has a charm of its own, and it is most fascinating to watch the work of elemental nature.

This evening, as I saw the bank collapsing bit by bit, I could not help thinking of the story of the engineer who built his bungalow a comfortable mile from the river. The next year the water was lapping at his garden gate, and I wondered if in a year or two the river would threaten our own little homesteads away back in the distance.

Is President of Assyria.

Just as George Washington in America became known to posterity as the "Father of His Country," the first woman president of a nation may be known as the "Mother of Assyria."

Lady Surma, first executive of the new Assyrian republic, practically created the nation when she obtained from England the grant of 80,000 square miles of land in the Kurdistan mountains, and this, it is said in London, may win her the unique title.

Lady Surma was ambassador to England from the Assyrians—and incidentally the first woman ambassador in the world—when she obtained the grant of the new territory from Britain. Her brother, Mar Chinnon, had been patriarch of the Assyrians, and following his murder a new form of government was outlined. When the new assembly of the Assyrians was organized, the ambassador who won for the country its new territory was at once urged for its ruler.

Lady Surma was educated by British tutors and is an accomplished linguist.

Arabic Literature Recovering.

"Arabic literature," writes a correspondent to the London Morning Post, is recovering from a period of depression induced by the war. Of the books published during the last month or so one of the most interesting is "Nawadir al-Harb," containing rare and interesting comments on the war—rare in the sense that every fact is narrated from the standpoint of the Oriental philosopher. The little volume closes with appropriate comments on the powers and their post-war conditions culled from the works of the classical Arabic poets. Perhaps the most amusing passage is that which is selected for Montenegro: "I have sold my house and my donkey; I have, therefore, nothing above or beneath me."

Really Clever.

"Madge is an awfully clever girl." "Why, she's a regular dummy with the men."

"That's where her cleverness comes in. She leads a man to believe that she thinks he is worth listening to."

Many Ills Due To Catarrh

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TIME NOT WHOLLY WASTED

Youth Missed Acquiring Academic Knowledge, but Probably Learned Something Worth While.

The pursuit of learning is not always an easy matter, as a young student found who set forth from Brisbane to study at Edinburgh, for when he reached the port of Falmouth he found that, owing to having taken 200 days on the journey by sea, the term was over. Contrary winds and other contretemps accounted for the delay, during which the crew had to set about finding means of turning some of the corn they were carrying as cargo into bread. They found an old berry-mill—but the story is too long to tell. It is one of the sea's many yarns, and leaves the conviction that that student, if he is worth his salt, will not object to having lost some of the academic year learning of the ways of a barque on the ocean.—Christian Science Monitor.

The use of soft coal will make laundry work heavier this winter. Red Cross Ball Blue will help to remove that grimy look. At all grocers, 5c.—Advertisement.

Between Two Fires.

The young couple were dining out. In the middle of their meal a tall and beautiful woman passing near their table gave the young man a look of recognition and a smile.

So dangerous was the smile that the girl said, "John, who was that woman?"

John held up his hand. "Now, for goodness sake," he said, "don't get bothering me about who she is. I shall have trouble enough explaining to her who you are."

Obvious.

"Is dat dah Sassafras Simpson took a wife yit, Rastus?" "Reckon he hain't, Brer Higgins. He's workin'."

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