



A MAN FOR THE AGES

A STORY OF THE BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY
BY IRVING BACHELLER

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER X.

In Which Abe and Samson Wrestle and Some Raiders Come to Burn and Stay to Repent.

Within a week after their return the election came off and Abe was defeated, although in his precinct two hundred and twenty-seven out of a total of three hundred votes had been cast for him. He began to consider which way to turn. Maj. John T. Stuart, a lawyer of Springfield—who had been his comrade in the "war"—had encouraged him to study law and, further, had offered to lend him books. So he looked for an occupation which would give him leisure for study. Offut, his former employer, had failed and cleared out. The young giant regarded thoughtfully the scanty opportunities of the village. He could hurt his great strength into the axhead and make a good living, but he had learned that such a use of it gave him a better appetite for sleep than study.

John McNeil, who for a short time had shared his military adventures, had become a partner of Samuel Hill in a store larger and better stocked than any the village had known. But Hill and McNeil had no need of a clerk. Roman Herndon and William Berry had opened a general store. Mr. Herndon offered to sell his interest to Abe and take notes for his pay. It was not a proposition that promised anything but loss. The community was small and there were three other stores, and there was no other "Bill" Berry, who was given to drink and dreams, as Abe knew.

Abe Lincoln had not been trained to weigh the consequences of a business enterprise. The store would give him leisure for study and New Salem could offer him nothing else save consuming toil with the ax or the saw. He could not think of leaving the little cabin village. There were Ann Rutledge and Jack Kelson and Samson Traylor and Harry Needles. Every ladder climber in the village and on the plain around it was his friend.

Upon these people who knew and respected him Abe Lincoln based his hopes. Among them he had found his vision and failure had not diminished or dimmed it. He would try again for a place in which he could serve the state and, possibly, even the republic. With this thought and a rather poor regard for his own interest his name fell into bad company on the signboard of Berry and Lincoln. Before he took his place in the store he walked to Springfield and borrowed a law book from his friend Major Stuart.

The career of the firm began on a hot day late in August with Bill Berry smoking his pipe in a chair on the lit-



"Here Comes Steve Nuckles on His Old Mare."

tle veranda of the store and Abe Lincoln sprawled in the shade of a tree that partly overhung its roof, reading a law book. The face of Mr. Berry suddenly assumed a look of animation. A small, yellow dog which had been lying in repose beside him rose and growled, his hair rising, and with a little cry of alarm and astonishment fled under the store.

"Here comes Steve Nuckles on his old mare with a lion following him," said Berry. "If we ain't careful we'll git prayed for plenty."

"If the customers don't come faster I reckon we'll need it," said Abe. "Howdy," said the minister as he stopped at the hitching bar, dismounted and tied his mare. "Don't be skeered o' this 'ere dog. He were tied when I left home but he chawed his rope an' come 'fter me. I reckon if nobody feeds him he'll patter back tonight. Any plug tobacco?"

"A backload of it," said Berry, going into the store to wait on the minister.

When they came out the latter carved off a corner of the plug with his jack-knife, put it into his mouth and sat down on the doorstep.

"Where do Samson Traylor live?" Abe took him to the road and pointed the way.

"There he goin' to be a raid," said Nuckles. "I reckon, by all I've heard, it'll come on tonight."

"A raid! Who's going to be raided?" Abe asked.

"Them Traylor folks. Thar be a St. Louis man, name o' Biggs, done stirred up the folks from Missouri and Tennessee on the south road 'bout the Yankee who helps the niggers out o' bondage. They be goin' to do some regulatin' tonight. O' Satan'll break loose. Ef you don't watch out they'll come over an' burn his house sartin'."

"We'll watch out," said Abe. "They don't know Traylor. He's one of the best men in this county."

"I've heered he were a he man an' a right powerful, God-fearin' man," said the minister.

"He's one of the best men that ever came to this country and any one that wants to try his strength is welcome to; I don't," said Abe. "Are you going over there?"

"I were goin' to warn 'em an' help 'em o' I can."

"Well, go on, but don't stir 'em up," Abe cautioned him. "Don't say a word about the raid. I'll be over there with some other fellers soon after sundown. We'll just tell 'em it's a he party come over for a story-tellin' an' a raffle. I reckon we'll have some fun. Ride on over and take supper with 'em. They're worth knowin'."

In a few minutes the minister mounted his horse and rode away followed by his big dog.

"If I was you I wouldn't go," said Berry.

"Why not?"

"It'll hurt trade. Let the rest of Traylor's friends go over. There's enough o' 'em."

"We must all stand as one man for law and order," said Abe. "If we don't there won't be any."

As soon as Abe had had his supper he went from house to house and asked the men to come to his store for a piece of important business. When they had come he told them what was in the wind. Soon after that hour Abe and Philemon Morris, and Alexander Ferguson, and Martin Waddell and Robert Johnson and Joshua Miller and Jack Kelson and Samuel Hill and John McNeil set out for the Traylor cabin. Samson greeted the party with a look of surprise.

"Have you come out to hang me?" he asked.

"No just to hang around ye," said Abe.

"This time it's a heart warmin'," Jack Kelson averred. "We left our wives at home so that we could pay our compliments to Mrs. Traylor without reserve, knowing you to be a man above jealousy."

"It's what we call a he party, on the prairies," said Ferguson. "For one thing I wanted to see Abe and the minister have a raffle."

The Reverend Stephen Nuckles stood in front of the door with Sarah and Harry and the children. He was a famous wrestler.

"I can't raffle like I used to could, but I be willin' to give ye a try, Abe," said the minister.

"You'd better save your strength for o' Satan," said Abe.

"Go on, Abe," the others urged. "Give him a try."

Abe modestly stepped forward. In the last year he had grown less inclined to that kind of fun. The men took hold of each other, collar and elbow. They parried with their feet for an instant. Suddenly Abe's long right leg caught itself behind the left knee of the minister. It was the hip lock as they called it those days. Once secured the stronger man was almost sure to prevail and quickly. The sturdy circuit rider stood against it for a second until Abe sprang his bow. Then the heels of the former flew upward and his body came down to the grass, back first.

"That ar done popped my wind bag," said the minister as he got up.

"Call in," said John McNeil and the others echoed it.

"I call in Samson Traylor," said the minister.

At last the thing which had long

been a subject of talk and argument in the stores and houses of New Salem was about to come to pass—a trial of strength and agility between the two great lions of Sangamon county. Either of them would have given a month's work to avoid it.

"Now we shall see which is the son of Peleus and which the son of Telemachus," Kelson shouted.

"How shall we raffle?" Samson asked.

"I don't care," said Abe.

"Rough and tumble," Ferguson proposed.

Both men agreed. They bent low intently watching each other, their great hands outreaching. They stood braced for a second and suddenly both sprang forward. Their shoulders came together with a thud. It was like two big bison bulls hurling their weight in the first shock of battle. For a breath each bore with all his strength and then closed with his adversary. Each had an under hold with one arm, the other hooked around a shoulder. Samson lifted Abe from his feet but the latter with tremendous efforts loosened the hold of the Vermontor, and regained the turf. They struggled across the dooryard, the ground trembling beneath their feet. They went against the side of the house, shaking it with the force of their impact. Samson had broken the grip of one of Abe's hands and now had his feet in the air again but the young giant clung to hip and shoulder and wriggled back to his foothold. Those lesser men were thrilled and a little frightened by the mighty struggle. Knowing the strength of the wrestlers they felt a fear of broken bones. Each had torn a rent in the coat of the other. If they kept on there was danger that both would be stripped. The children had begun to cry. Sarah begged the struggling men to stop and they obeyed her.

"If any of you fellers think that's fun you can have my place," said Abe.

"He did—yes, sub—he snub did," answered the man—like a child in his ignorance and simplicity.

"I thought so," Abe rejoined. "You tackled a big job, my friend. Did you know that every one of you could be sent to prison for a term of years, and I've a good mind to see that you go there. You men have got to begin right now to behave yourselves mighty proper or you'll begin to sup sorrow."

Stephen Nuckles returned as Abe was speaking.

"You jest leave 'em to me, Mr. Lincoln," he said. "These be good men, but o' Satan done got his hooks on 'em. Mis' Traylor, ef you don't mind, I be goin' to do a job o' prayin' right now. Men, you jest git down on yo' knees right hyar along o' me."

It is recorded later in the diary that the rude Shepherd of the prairies worked with these men on their farms for weeks until he had them wanted to the fold.

CHAPTER XI.

In Which Abe, Elected to the Legislature, Gives What Comfort He Can to Ann Rutledge in the Beginning of Her Sorrows—Also He Goes to Springfield for New Clothes.

Radford's grocery had been so wrecked by the raiders that its owner was disheartened. Reinforced by John Cameron and James Rutledge he had succeeded in drawing them away before they could steal whisky enough to get drunk. But they had thrown much of his goods into the street. Radford mended his windows and offered his stock for sale. After a time Berry and Lincoln bought it, giving notes in payment and applied for a license to sell the liquors they had thus acquired.

Late that autumn a boy baby arrived in the Traylor home. Mrs. Onstott, Mrs. Waddell and Mrs. Kelson came to help and one or the other of them did the nursing and cooking while Sarah was in bed and for a little time thereafter. The coming of the baby was a comfort to this lonely mother of the prairies.

There is a letter from Sarah to her brother dated May, 10, 1833, in which she sums up some months of history in the words that follow:

"The Lord has given us a new son. I have lived through the ordeal—thanks to His goodness—and am strong again. The coming of the baby has reconciled us to the loss of our old friends as much as anything could. It has made this little home dear to us and proved the quality of our new friends. Nothing is too much for them to do. I don't wonder that Abe Lincoln has so much confidence in the people of this country. They are sound at heart, both the northerners and the southerners. Harry Needles is getting over his disappointment. He goes down to the store often to sit with Abe and Jack Kelson and hear them talk. He and Samson are getting deeply interested in politics. Abe lets Harry read the books that he borrows from Major Stuart of Springfield. The boy is bent on being a lawyer and improving his mind. Bin Kelson writes to her mother that she is very happy in her new home but there is something between the lines which seems to indicate that she is trying to put a good face on a bad matter. Abe has been appointed postmaster. Every time he leaves the store he takes the letters in his hat and delivers them as he gets a chance. We have named the new baby Samuel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Get Back on Right Track.

No matter how much you patch up a mistake, it won't change its nature! Better right it, and go back to the place where you left the right track! You'll save time, and better still, you'll save heart aches. This is an especially good plan for a class to follow.—Exchange.



Suddenly the Darkness Seemed to Fill With Moving Figures."

"Samson, I declare you elected the strongest man in this county. You've got the muscle of a grizzly bear. I'm glad to be quit o' ye."

"It ain't a fair election, Abe," Samson laughed. "If you were ruffling for the right you could flop me. This little brush was nothing. Your heart wasn't in it, and by thunder, Abe, when it comes to havin' fun I rather guess we'd both do better to let each other alone."

"Tain't exactly good amusement, not for us," Abe agreed.

It was growing dark. Ann Rutledge arrived on her pony, and called Abe aside and told him that the raiders were in the village and were breaking the windows of Radford's store because he had refused to sell them liquor.

"Don't say anything about it," Abe cautioned her. "Just go into the house with Sarah Traylor and sit down and have a good visit. We'll look after the raiders."

Then Abe told Samson what was up. The men concealed themselves in some bushes by the roadside while the minister sat close against an end of the house with his bloodhound beside him. Before they were settled in their places they heard the regulators coming. There were eight men in the party according to Abe's count as they passed. The men, in concealment, hurried to the cabin and surrounded it, crouched against the walls. In a moment they could see a big spot, blacker than the darkness, moving toward them. It was the massed raiders. They came on with the stealth of a cat nearing its prey. A honklike roar broke the silence. The preacher's bloodhound leaped forward. The waiting men sprang to their feet and charged. The raiders turned and ran, pell-mell, in a panic toward their horses. Suddenly the darkness seemed to fill with moving figures. One of the fleeing men, whose coat tails the dog had seized, was yelling for help. The minister rescued him and the dog went on roaring after the others. When the New Salemites got to the edge of the grove they could hear a number of regulators climbing into the treetops. Samson had a man in each hand; Abe had another, while Harry Needles and Alexander Ferguson were in possession of the man whom the dog had captured. The minister was out in the grove with his bloodhound that was barking and growling under a tree. Jack Kelson

arrived with a lantern. One of Samson's captives began swearing and struggling to get away. Samson gave him a little shake and bade him be quiet. The man uttered a cry of fear and pain and offered no more resistance. Stephen Nuckles came out of the grove.

"The rest o' that ar party done gone upstairs to roost," said the minister. "I reckon my dog'll keep 'em thar. We better jest tote these men inter the house an' have a prayin' bee. I've got a right smart good chanet, now, to whop o' Satan."

They moved the raiders' horses. Then the party—save Harry Needles, who stayed in the grove to keep watch—took its captives into the cabin. Three of them were boys from eighteen to twenty years of age. The other was a lanky, bearded Tennesseean some forty years old. One of the young lads had hurt his hand in the evening's frolic. Blood was dripping from it. The four sat silent and fearful and ashamed.

Sarah made tea and put it with meat and milk and doughnuts and bread and butter on the table for them. Samson washed and bandaged the boy's wound. The captives ate as if they were hungry, while the minister went out to feed his dog. When the men had finished eating Samson offered them tobacco. The oldest man filled his pipe and lighted it with a coal. Not one of the captives had said a word until this tall Tennesseean remarked after his pipe was going:

"Thankee, mister. You done been right 'good to us."

"Who told you to come here?" Samson demanded.

"Twere a man from St. Louis. He done said you hated the South an' were helpin' niggers to run away."

"And he offered to pay you to come here and burn this house and run Traylor out of the county, didn't he?" Abe asked.

"He did—yes, sub—he snub did," answered the man—like a child in his ignorance and simplicity.

"I thought so," Abe rejoined. "You tackled a big job, my friend. Did you know that every one of you could be sent to prison for a term of years, and I've a good mind to see that you go there. You men have got to begin right now to behave yourselves mighty proper or you'll begin to sup sorrow."

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 4

FROM PHILIPPI TO ATHENS.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16: 17-18.

GOLDEN TEXT—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34: 7.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—I and II Thess.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God Takes Care of Paul and Silas.

JUNIOR TOPIC—A Midnight Experience in Philippi.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Courage in the Face of Persecution.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Preaching with Persecutions.

I. Paul and Silas in Jail (vv. 19-26).

1. The occasion (vv. 19-21). When the demon was cast out of the maid her supernatural power was gone; therefore, the source of revenue was dried up. This so exasperated her owners that they had Paul and Silas arraigned before the magistrates on a false charge. Those men ought to have rejoiced that such a blessing had come to this poor girl. They cared more for their gain than for her welfare. This is true of the iniquitous crowding together of the poor in unsanitary quarters in our tenement districts and the neglect of precautions for the safety of employees in shops and stores. Without any chance to defend themselves they were stripped and beaten by the angry mob and then remanded to jail, and were made fast in stocks in the inner prison.

2. Their behavior in jail (v. 25). They were praying and singing hymns to God. It seems quite natural that they should pray under such conditions, but to sing hymns under such circumstances is astonishing to all who have not come into possession of the peace of God through Christ. Even with their backs lacerated and smarting, and feet fast in stocks compelling the most painful attitude in the dungeon darkness of the inner prison, with a morrow before them filled with extreme uncertainty, their hearts went up to God in gratitude.

3. Their deliverance (v. 26). The Lord wrought deliverance by sending a great earthquake which opened the prison doors and removed the chains from all hands.

II. The Conversion of the Jailor (vv. 27-34).

The jailer's sympathy did not go out very far for the prisoners, for after they were made secure he went to sleep. The earthquake suddenly aroused him. He was about to kill himself, whereupon Paul assured him that the prisoners were all safe. This was too much for him. What he had heard of their preaching and now what he had experienced caused him to come as a humble inquirer after salvation. Paul clearly pointed out the way to be saved—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." The word "believe" means to yield to and fully obey. The proof that the jailer was saved is threefold:

1. Transformation from brutality to tenderness.

2. Confession of Christ in baptism.

3. His whole household baptized.

III. The Magistrates Humbled (vv. 35-40).

The earthquake brought fear upon the magistrates. They gave leave for the prisoners to go, but now they refuse to go, claiming that their rights as Roman citizens have been violated, and demand a public vindication. Paul was willing to suffer for Christ's sake, but he used the occasion to show them that persecuting men who preach the gospel is an offense against the law of God and man.

IV. Preaching in Thessalonica (vv. 17-19).

At Thessalonica he found open hearts. He followed his usual custom of going first to the Jew (v. 1). After witnessing to the Jews he went to the Gentiles. Concerning the Christ he affirmed:

1. "It behooved Christ to suffer" (v. 3). No plainer teaching is to be found anywhere than the suffering of Christ (Isa. 53).

2. The resurrection of Christ from the dead (v. 3).

3. The kingship of Jesus (v. 7).

The result of this preaching was that many Greeks, some Jews believed.

V. Preaching in Berea (vv. 10-15).

His method here was the same as at Thessalonica. He entered the Jewish synagogue and preached Jesus unto them. The Bereans received the gospel with glad hearts. Two striking things were said about them:

1. They received the message gladly.

2. They searched the Scriptures daily for the truthfulness of their preaching. All noble minds have (1) an openness to receive the truth; (2) a balanced hesitancy; (3) a subjection to rightful authority.

Exhortation to Holiness.

And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men, even as we do toward you; to the end he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints.—I Thessalonians 3:12, 13.

When God Appears.

When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence.—Emerson.

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges, that dull, throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has helped thousands. Satisfied users recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case



W. G. Holman, Fullerton, Nebraska, says: "I had sharp, shooting pains through the small of my back and kidneys. I had dizzy spells and everything got black before me. My kidneys acted too freely and the secretions were highly colored. I used Doan's Kidney Pills until I had used an entire box and I haven't been troubled since."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Impulse.

He—"If I should kiss you, er, uh—"

She—"Yes, yes, go on!"

(Business of going on.)

Another Version.

The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often misconstrued by the attorney for the other side.—Southeast Missourian.

Wise is the fool who knows enough to keep it to himself.

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