

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

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CHAPTER XV.
—15—

Wherein Harry and Abe Ride Up to Springdale and Visit Kelso's.

Illinois was growing. In June scores of prairie schooners, loaded with old and young, rattled over the plains from the East. There were many Yankees from Ohio, New York and New England in this long caravan. There were almost as many Irish, who had set out for this land of golden promise as soon as they had been able to save money for a team and wagon, after reaching the new world. There were some Germans and Scandinavians in the dust clouds of the National road. Steamers on the Illinois river scattered their living freight along its shores. These were largely from Kentucky, southern Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. The call of the rich and kindly lands had traveled far and streams of life were making toward them, to flow with increasing speed and volume for many years.

People in Sangamon county had begun to learn of the thriving village of Chicago in the north. Abe said that Illinois would be the Empire State of the West; that a new era of rapid development and great prosperity was near. Land was in great demand and there were many transfers of title. Abe had more surveying to do than he was able to accomplish that summer. Harry was with him for some weeks. He could earn two dollars a day with Abe, whereas Samson was able to hire a helper for half that sum. Harry made a confidant of his friend, and when they were working at the northern end of the county they borrowed a pair of horses and rode up to Kelso's house and spent a Sunday there.

Bim met them down the road a mile or so from Hopedale. She, too, was on the back of a horse. She recog-



"Where Are You Going?" She Asked.

nized them before they were in halting distance and waved her hand and hurried toward them with a happy face.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "To see you and your father and mother," said Harry.

A sad look came into her eyes. "If I had a stone I would throw it at you," she said.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Because I have to get used to being miserable, and just as I begin to be resigned to it, you come along and make me happy, and I have it all to do over again."

"The young man stopped his horse. 'I hadn't thought of that,' he said, with a sad face. 'It isn't fair to you, is it? It's rather selfish.'"

"Why don't you go to Brimstead's?" Bim suggested. "A beautiful girl over there is in love with you. Honestly, Harry, there isn't a sweeter girl in all the world."

"I ought not to go there, either," said the young man.

"Why?"

"Because I mustn't let her think that I care for her."

So it happened that Harry went on with Bim and Abe to the little house in Hopedale.

They put out the horses. The girl came and sat on her father's knee. Harry sat down by the side of Abe on the grass in the oak's shadow.

"It's a joy to have the little girl back again," said Kelso, as he touched her hair with his hand. "It is still as yellow as a corn tassel. I wonder it isn't gray."

"Her eyes look as bright as ever today," said Harry.

"No compliments, please. I want you to be downright mean," Bim protested.

Kelso looked up with a smile. "My boy, it was Leonardo da Vinci who said that a man could have neither a

greater nor a less dominion than that over himself. I hold that if our young men are to be trained to tyranny in a lot of little nigger kingdoms, our democracy will die."

Abe made no answer. He was always slow to commit himself.

"The North is partly to blame for what has come," said Samson. "I guess our Yankee captains brought over most of the niggers and sold them to the planters of the South."

"There was a demand for them, or those Yankee pirates wouldn't have brought the niggers," Harry answered. "Both seller and buyer were committing a crime."

"They established a great wrong and now the South is pushing to extend and give it the sanction of law," said Abe. "There is the point of irritation and danger."

"I hear that in the next legislature an effort will be made to endorse slavery," said Kelso.

"It is a dangerous subject," Abe answered. "Whatever happens, I shall not fail to express my opinion of slavery if I go back."

"The time is coming when you will take the bull by the horns," said Kelso. "There's no fence that will keep him at home."

"I hope that isn't true," Abe answered.

Soon Mrs. Kelso called Bim to set the table. She and Harry brought it out under the tree, where, in the cool shade, they had a merry dinner.

When the dishes were put away, Percy Brimstead arrived with his sister Annabel in their buggy. Bim went out to meet them and came into the dooryard with her arm around Annabel's waist.

"Did any one ever see a lovelier girl than this?" Bim asked, as they stood up before the dinner party.

"Her cheeks are like wild roses, her eyes like the dew on them when the sun is rising," said Kelso.

Abe rose and said, "The day is passing. I'll start on with Parsons and the pony and read my stint afoot. You come along in a few minutes. By the time you overtake me I'll be ready to get into the saddle."

Half an hour or so after Abe had gone, Harry's horse, which had been whinnying for his mate, bounded out of the stable and went galloping down the road, having slipped his halter.

"He will not stop until he overtakes the other horse," said Harry.

"You can ride with us," Annabel suggested.

So the young man brought his saddle and bridle and put it under the seat of the buggy and got in with Annabel and her small brother.

Some two miles down the road Harry found Abe standing between the horses, holding the runaway by his forelock. The latter was saddled and bridled, while the buggy went on ahead.

"That is a wonderful girl," said Harry, as he and Abe were riding along together. "She is very modest and gentle hearted."

"And as pleasant to look at as the flowery meadows," Abe answered.

"I have promised to stop there a few minutes on our way back."

"It is possible Bim could get a divorce," said Abe, looking down thoughtfully at the mane of his horse.

"I'll ask Stuart what he thinks about it when I see him again."

"I hope you'll see him soon."

"As soon as I can get to Springfield."

Next day a letter came from Doctor Allen, telling him that Ann was far gone with a dangerous fever. Both Abe and Harry dropped their work and went home. Ann was too sick to see her lover.

The little village was very quiet those hot summer days. The sorrow of the pretty maiden had touched the hearts of the simple kindly folk who lived there. For a year or more there had been a tender note in their voices when they spoke of Ann. They had learned with great gladness of her engagement to marry Abe. The whole community were as one family with its favorite daughter about to be crowned with good fortune, greater than she knew. Now that she was stricken down, their feeling was more than sympathy. The love of justice, the desire to see a great wrong righted, in a measure, was in their hearts when they sought news of the little sufferer at the tavern.

There was no shouting in the street, no story-telling in the dooryards, no feasting in the stores and houses, no merry parties, gladdened by the notes of the violin, in the days and nights of Ann's long illness.

Samson writes in his diary that Abe went about like a man in a dream, with no heart for work or study. He spent much time at the doctor's office, feeling for some straw of hope.

One day late in August, as he stood talking with Samson Traylor in the street, Doctor Allen called him from his doorstep. Abe turned very pale as he obeyed the summons.

"I've just come from her bedside," said Doctor Allen. "She wants to see you. I've talked it over with her parents, and we've decided to let you and

her have a little visit together. You must be prepared for a great change in Ann. There's not much left of the poor girl. A breath would blow her away. But she wants to see you. It may be better than medicine. Who knows?"

The two men went across to the tavern. Mrs. Rutledge and Abe tipped up the stairway. The latter entered the room of the sick girl. The woman closed the door. Ann Rutledge was alone with her lover. There were none who knew what happened in that solemn hour save the two—one of whom was on the edge of eternity, and the other was never to speak of it. The only record of that hour is to be found in the face and spirit of a great man.

Years later Samson wrote in a letter:

"I saw Abe when he came out of the tavern that day. He was not the Abe we had all known. He was different. There were new lines in his face. It

was sorrowful. His steps were slow. He had passed out of his young manhood. When I spoke to him, he answered with that gentle dignity now so familiar to all who knew him. From that hour he was Abraham Lincoln."

Ann passed away before the month ended and became, like many of her kind, an imperishable memory. In her presence the spirit of the young man had received such a baptism that henceforward, taking thought of her, he was to love purity and all cleanness, and no Mary who came to his feet with tears and ointment was ever to be turned away.



Entered the Room of the Sick Girl.

CHAPTER XVI.
—16—

Wherein Young Mr. Lincoln Safely Passes Two Great Danger Points and Turns into the Highway of His Manhood.

For days thereafter the people of New Salem were sorely troubled. Abe Lincoln, the ready helper in time of need, the wise counselor, the friend of all—"old and young, dogs and horses," as Samson was wont to say—the pride and hope of the little cabin village, was breaking down under his grief. He seemed to care no more for work or study or friendship. He wandered out in the woods and upon the prairies alone. Many feared that he would lose his reason.

There was a wise and merry-hearted man who lived a mile or so from the village. His name was Bowlin Green. Those days when one of middle age had established himself in the affections of a community, its members had a way of adopting him. So Mr. Green had been adopted into many families from Beardstown to Springfield. He was everybody's "Uncle Bowlin." He had a most unusual circumference and the strength to carry it. His ruddy cheeks and curling locks and kindly dark eyes and large head were details of importance. Under all were a heart with the love of men, a mind of unusual understanding and a hand skilled in all the arts of the Kentucky pioneer. He could grill a venison steak and roast a grouse and broil a chicken in a way which had filled the countryside with fond recollections of his hospitality; he could kindle a fire with a bow and string, a pine stick and some shavings; he could make anything from a splint broom to a rocking horse with his jack-knife. Abe Lincoln was one of the many men who knew and loved him.

On a warm, bright afternoon early in September, Bowlin Green was going around the pasture to put his fence in repair, when he came upon young Mr. Lincoln. The latter sat in the shade of a tree on the hillside. He looked "terribly peaked," as Uncle Bowlin has said in a letter.

"Why, Abe, where have you been?"

he asked. "The whole village is scared. Samson Traylor was here last night lookin' for ye."

"I'm like a deer that's been hurt," said the young man. "I took to the woods. Wanted to be alone. You see, I had a lot of thinking to do—the kind of thinking that every man must do for himself. I've got the brush cleared away, at last, so I can see through. I had made up my mind to go down to your house for the night and was trying to decide whether I have energy enough to do it."

"Come on; it's only a short step," urged the big-hearted Bowlin.

"What I feel the need of, just now, is a week or two of sleep," said Mr. Lincoln, as he rose and started down the long hill with his friend.

Some time later Bowlin Green gave Samson this brief account of what happened in and about the cabin:

"He wouldn't eat anything. He wanted to go down to the river for a dip, and I went with him. When we got back, I induced him to take off his clothes and get into bed. He was fast asleep in ten minutes. When night came I went up the ladder to bed. He was still asleep when I came down in the morning. I went out and did my chores. Then I cut two venison steaks, each about the size of my hand, and a half moon of bacon. I pounded the venison to pulp with a little salt and bacon mixed in. I put it on the broiler and over a bed of hickory coals. I got the coffee into the pot and up next to the fire and some potatoes in the ashes. I basted a bird with bacon strips and put it into the roaster and set it back of the broiling bed. Then I made some biscuits and put 'em into the oven. I tell you, in a little while the smell of that fireplace would have 'woke the dead—honest! Abe began to stir. In a minute I heard him call:

"'Say, Uncle Bowlin, I'm 'goin' to get up an' eat you out o' house and home. I'm hungry and I feel like a new man. What time is it?'"

"'It'll be nine o'clock by the time you're washed and dressed,' I says."

"'Well, I declare,' says he, 'I've had about sixteen hours o' solid sleep. The world looks better to me this mornin.'"

"At the table I told him a story and got a little laugh out of him. He stayed with me three weeks, choring around the place and taking it easy. He read all the books I had, until you and Doc Allen came with the law books. Then he pitched into them. I think he has changed a good deal since Ann died. He talks a lot about God and the hereafter."

In October young Mr. Lincoln returned to his surveying, and in the last month of the year to Vandalia for an extra session of the legislature, where he took a stand against the convention system of nominating candidates for public office. Samson went to Vandalia for a visit with him and to see the place before the session ended. The next year, in a letter to his brother, he says:

"Vandalia is a small, crude village. It has a strong flavor of whisky, profanity and tobacco. The night after I got there I went to a banquet with Abe Lincoln. Heard a lot about the dam nigger-loving Yankees who were trying to ruin the state and country with abolition. There were some stories like those we used to hear in the lumber camp, and no end of powerful talk, in which the names of God and the Savior were roughly handled. A few of the statesmen got drunk, and after the dinner was over two of them jumped on the table and danced down the whole length of it, shattering plates and cups and saucers and glasses. Nobody seemed to be able to stop them. I hear that they had to pay several hundred dollars for the damage done. You will be apt to think that there is too much liberty here in the West, and perhaps that is so, but the fact is these men are not half so bad as they seem to be. Lincoln tells me that they are honest, almost to a man, and sincerely devoted to the public good as they see it. I asked Abe Lincoln, who all his life has associated with rough-tongued, drinking men, how he managed to hold his own course and keep his talk and habits so clean."

"Why, the fact is," said he, "I have associated with the people who lived around me only part of the time, but I have never stopped associating with myself and with Washington and Clay and Webster and Shakespeare and Burns and DeFoe and Scott and Blackstone and Parsons. On the whole, I've been in pretty good company."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Left Him Thinking.

After a sermon by an old colored preacher one of the brethren said to him: "Br'er Jenkins, how fur off, you reckon, hell is?" "How old is you, Br'er Thomas?" asked the preacher. "Well, sub, ef I don't miss my kalkulations I is sixty-fo'." "Well," said the preacher, "w'en you wuz born inter dis worl, hell wuz jes' sixty-fo' years off, an' all I got ter say is, ef you ain't in sight er it now, it ain't yo' fault."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Quite as Good.

A farmer recently paid a visit to a neighbor, and as he passed along by the side of the fields he made a mental note of the fact that no scarecrows were visible.

Meeting the neighbor almost immediately he opened conversation as follows:

"Good morning, Mr. Oates. I see you have no scarecrows in your fields. How do you manage to do without them?"

"Oh, well, plenty," was the innocent reply. "You see, I don't need them, for I'm in the fields all day myself."

Wisdom Lies in Correction.

Don't make too much of the faults and findings of those around you; even be good to yourself, and don't carry your soul over your own blunders and mistakes.—Ada C. Sweet.

Press Work.

She—"Can you give me a proof of your love?" He (kissing her)—"Well, there's an imprint of it."

Some folks are kept in the dark in order to keep them from bringing things to light.

"SHOW" HAD HER APPROVAL.

Small Girl Enjoyed It and Was Not at All Backward in Telling the World.

"Sister" is six, and her delight is Indianapolis. Last summer Ola took her when she went to see Stuart Walker's "Peg o' My Heart." Sister squirmed and giggled and whispered that "this isn't a real show" until Ola declared "never again."

But shortly afterward she and her husband had to take "Sister" along when they went to see the premiere of "Abe Martin" at English's. First, they cautioned her:

"For goodness' sake, be still. Imagine their surprise, amusement and also embarrassment when after a lively ensemble, "Sister," who had been shrieking in glee, clapped her hands, and while the whole audience turned to see, shrieked:

"Oh, Ola, this is a real show 'cause its got pretty girls and they sing and dance."—Indianapolis News.

Senator Hiram Johnson was discussing the various restrictions which it is proposed to put on immigration.

"We certainly have got to restrict immigration somehow or other," he said, "or the immigrants won't leave the native population room to breathe. 'Conditions in Europe since the war are so bad that practically everybody wants to come here. I said to an immigrant the other day:

"'You immigrants all succeed remarkably in America. I wonder why it is?'"

"'It's because,' the immigrant answered, 'we know that, if we don't succeed, we will have to go back and live in our own land again.'"

Surely.

The optimist says to remember that even if your mother-in-law has the gift of tongues it would be a lot worse if she were a mindreader.—Chicago American.

An elaborate tombstone and a contested will are about all that wealth brings to some men.

ONLY A COLD
BUT DON'T NEGLECT IT

A cold is an acute catarrh which can easily become chronic. A great many diseases may be traced to a catarrhal condition of the mucous membranes lining the organs or parts.

PE-RU-NA
AN IDEAL EMERGENCY REMEDY

Just a few doses taken in time have saved thousands from serious sickness. For fifty years Pe-ru-na has been the popular family medicine for coughs, colds, catarrh, stomach and bowel disorders and all diseases of catarrhal origin.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE
Tablets or Liquid Sold Everywhere

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels**. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—Bartlett*
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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.—Advertisement.

Do you discriminate at the dining table—or are you thoughtless?

In thousands of homes, a "line" is drawn at the breakfast table. Tea or coffee is served for "grown-ups" and Postum for children. But some parents do not discriminate. Caffeine and tannin, the injurious contents of coffee and tea, seriously retard the development of the delicate nerve tissues in children.

Consequently, instead of rich, satisfying Postum, children are over-stimulated by the drugs in tea and coffee; and so may grow up irritable and nervous. Any doctor can tell you that this is a great evil and should be corrected.

Although some parents feel a certain justification for the personal indulgence in coffee, yet the harm to them may be equally serious. It may take a little while longer for the drugs in coffee and tea to affect an older person, but in many cases the nervous system and allied bodily functions will become weakened. The surest way to avoid such possibilities is to quit coffee entirely and drink Postum instead. The change permits you to get sound, restful sleep.

Postum is the well-known, meal-time beverage. Like thousands of others you will like it because, in flavor, it is much like a high-grade coffee.

Do away with the distinction at the table. Serve delicious Postum, piping hot, to all the family. One week's trial and it is likely that you'll never return to tea and coffee.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"