



A MAN FOR THE AGES

A STORY OF THE BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY
BY IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Like many who had no experience with such phenomena they underestimated the seriousness of the panic. They thought that, in a week or so, its effect would pass and that Illinois would then resume its triumphant march toward its high destiny. Not even Samson Traylor had a correct notion of the slowness of Time.

The effect of the panic paralyzed the city. Men whose "red-dog money" was in every one's pocket closed their shops and ran away. The wild adventurers cleared out. Their character may be judged by the words of one of them reported by the editor of the Democrat:

"I failed for a hundred thousand dollars and could have failed for a million, if Jackson had kept his hands off."

Hard times hung like a cloud over the city. Its population suffered some diminishment in the next two years, in spite of its position on the main highway of trade. Dream cities, canals and railroads built without hands became part of the poetry of American commerce.

That autumn, men and women who had come to Mrs. Kinzie's party in jewels and in purple and fine linen had left or turned their hands to hard labor. The Kelsoes suffered real distress, the schools being closed and the head of the house having taken to his bed with illness. Bim went to work as a seamstress, and with the help of Mrs. Kinzie and Mrs. Hubbard was able to keep the family from want.

The nursing and the care of the baby soon broke the health of Mrs. Kelso, never a strong woman. Bim came home from her work one evening and found her mother ill.

"Cheer up, my daughter," said Jack. "An old friend of ours has returned to the city. He is a rich man—an oasis in the desert of poverty. He has loaned me a hundred dollars in good coin."

"Who has done this?" Bim asked. "Mr. Lionel Davis."

"We must not take his money," said Bim.

"I had a long talk with him," Kelso went on. "He has explained that unfortunate incident of the horse. It was a bit of offhand folly born of an anxious moment."

"But the man wants to marry me," Bim said. "He said nothing of such a purpose."

"He will be in no hurry about that," said Bim. "He is a shrewd operator. Every one hates him. They say that he knew what was coming when he sold out."

That evening Bim wrote a long letter to Samson Traylor, telling him of the evil days which had come to them. This letter, now in possession of a great grandson of Samson and Sarah Traylor, had a singular history. It reached the man to whom it was addressed in the summer of 1844. It was found with many others that summer in Tazewell county under a barn which its owner was removing. It brought to mind the robbery of the stage from Chicago, south of the sycamore woods. In the autumn of '37, by a man who had ridden with the driver from Chicago and who, it was thought, had been in collusion with him. A curious feature of the robbery had been revealed by the discovery of the mail sack. It was unopened, its contents undisturbed, its rusty padlock still in place. The perpetrator of the crime had not soiled his person with any visible evidence of guilt and so was never apprehended.

Then for a time Bim entered upon great trials. Jack Kelso weakened. Burning with fever, his mind wandered in the pleasant paths he loved and saw in its fancy the deeds of Ajax and Achilles and the topless towers of Ithaca and came not back again to the vulgar and prosaic details of life. The girl knew not what to do. A funeral was a costly thing. She had no money. The Kinzies had gone on a hunting trip in Wisconsin. Mrs. Hubbard was ill and the Kelsoes already much in her debt. Mr. Lionel Davis came.

He was a good-looking young man of twenty-nine, those days, rather stout and of middle stature, with dark hair and eyes. He was dressed in the height of fashion. He used to boast that he had only one vice—diamonds. But he had ceased to display them on his shirt-front or his fingers. He carried them in his pockets and showed them by the glittering handful to his friends. They had come to him through trading in land where they were the accepted symbol of success and money was none too plentiful. He had melted their settings and earned them into coin. The stones he put as a kind of surplus—a half hidden evidence of wealth and of superiority to the temptation of vulgar display. Mr. Davis was a calculating,

masterful, keen-minded man, with a rather heavy jaw. In his presence, Bim was afraid of her soul that night. He was gentle and sympathetic. He offered to lend her any amount she needed. She made no answer, but sat trying to think what she would best do. The Traylor had paid no attention to her letter, although a month had passed since it was written.

In a moment she rose and gave him her hand.

"It is very kind of you," said she. "If you can spare me five hundred dollars for an indefinite time I will take it."

"Let me lend you a thousand," he urged. "I can do it without a bit of inconvenience."

"I think that five hundred will be enough," she said.

It carried her through that trouble and into others, of which her woman's heart had found abundant signs in the attitude of Mr. Davis. He gave the most assiduous attention to the comfort of Bim and her mother. He had had a celebrated physician come down from Milwaukee to see Mrs. Kelso and had paid the bill in advance.

"I cannot let you be doing these things for us," Bim said one evening when he had called to see them.

"And I cannot help loving you and doing the little I can to express it," he answered. "I would like to make every dollar I have tell you in some way that I love you. That's how I feel and you might as well know it."

"But I do not love you, Mr. Davis."

"Let me try to make you love me," he pleaded. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Yes, if there were no other reason, I love a young soldier who is fighting in the Seminole war in Florida under Col. Taylor."

"Well, at least, you can let me take the place of your father and shield you from trouble when I can."

"You are a most generous and kindly man!" Bim exclaimed with tears in her eyes.

So he seemed to be, but he was one of those men who weave a spell like that of an able actor. He excited temporary convictions that began to change as soon as the curtain fell. He was no reckless villain of romance. If he instigated the robbery of the south-bound mail wagon, of which the writer of this little history has no shadow of doubt, he was so careful about it that no evidence which would satisfy a jury has been discovered to this day.

On account of the continued illness of her mother Bim was unable to resume her work in the academy. She took what sewing she could do at home and earned enough to solve the problems of each day. But the payment coming due on the house in December loomed ahead of them. It was natural, in the circumstances, that Mrs. Kelso should like Mr. Davis and favor his aims.

Mrs. Kelso's health had improved slowly so that she was able then to spend most of each day in her chair.

One evening when Davis sat alone



"Let Me Lend You a Thousand," He Urged.

with her, she told him the story of Bim and Harry Needles—a bit of knowledge he was glad to have. Their talk was interrupted by the return of Bim. She was in a cheerful mood. When Mr. Davis had gone she said to her mother:

"I think our luck has turned. Here's a letter from John T. Stuart. The divorce has been granted. I am going to write to Harry."

bury home and "bury me if he wants to. Don't say a word about the divorce to our friend Davis. I want to make him keep his distance. It is hard enough now."

Before she went to bed that night she wrote a long letter to Harry and one to Abe Lincoln, thanking him for his part in the matter and telling him of her father's death, of the payment due and of the hard times they were suffering. Two weeks passed and brought no answer from Mr. Lincoln.

The day before the payment came due in December, a historic letter from Tampa, Fla., was published in the Democrat. It was signed "Robert Deming, private, Tenth cavalry." It gave many details of the campaign in the Everglades in which the famous scout, Harry Needles, and seven of his comrades had been surrounded and slain. When Mr. Davis called at the little home in La Salle street that evening he found Bim in great distress.

"I throw up my hands," she said. "I cannot stand any more. We shall be homeless tomorrow."

"No, not that—so long as I live," he answered. "I have bought the claim. You can pay me when you get ready."

He was very tender and sympathetic.

When he had left them Bim said to her mother: "Our old friends do not seem to care what becomes of us. I have no thought now save for you and the baby. I'll do whatever you think best for you two. I don't care for myself. My heart is as dead as Harry's."

CHAPTER XX.

Which Tells of the Settling of Abe Lincoln and the Traylor in the Village of Springfield and of Samson's Second Visit to Chicago.

Bim's judgment of her old friends was ill founded. It was a slow time in which she lived. The foot of the horse, traveling and often mired in a rough muddy highway, was its swift courier. Letters carried by horses or slow steamboats were the only media of communication-between people separated by wide distances. So it is easy to understand that many who had traveled far were as the dead. In a measure, to the friends they had left behind them and that those separated by only a hundred miles had to be very enterprising to keep acquainted.

In March Abe Lincoln had got his license to practice law. On his return from the North he had ridden to Springfield to begin his work as a lawyer in the office of John T. Stuart. His plan was to hire and furnish a room and get his meals at the home of his friend, Mr. William Butler. He went to the store of Joshua Speed to buy a bed and some bedding. He found that they would cost seventeen dollars.

"The question is whether you would trust a man owing a national debt and without an asset but good intentions and a license to practice law, for so much money," said Honest Abe. "I don't know when I could pay you."

Speed had heard of the tall representative from Sangamon county.

"I have a plan which will give you a bed for nothing if you would care to share my room above the store and sleep with me," he answered.

"I'm much obliged, but for you it's quite a contract."

"You're rather long," Speed laughed. "Yes, I could lick salt off the top of your hat. I'm about a man and a half but by long practice I've learned how to keep the half out of the way of other people."

"I'm sure we shall get along well enough together," said Speed.

Mr. Lincoln hurried away for his saddle-bags and returned shortly.

"There are all my earthly possessions," he said as he threw the bags on the floor.

So his new life began in the village of Springfield. Early in the autumn Samson arrived and bought a small house and two acres of land on the edge of the village and returned to New Salem to move his family and furniture. When they drove along the top of Salem hill a number of the houses were empty and deserted, their owners having moved away. Two of the stores were closed. Only ten families remained. They stopped at Rutledge's tavern, whose entertainment was little sought those days. People from the near houses came to bid them good-by.

Pete and Colonel, invigorated by their long rest, but whitened by age and with drooping heads, drew the wagon. Sambo and the small boy rode between Sarah and Samson. Betsey and Josiah walked ahead of the wagon, the latter leading a cow. That evening they were comfortably settled in their new home. When the beds were set up and ready for the night Sarah made some tea to go with the cold victuals she had brought. Mr. Lincoln ate with them and told of his new work.

Betsey was growing tall and slim. She had the blond hair and fair skin of Samson and the dark eyes of her mother. Josiah had grown to be a bronzed, sturdy, good-looking lad, very shy and sensitive.

"There's a likely boy!" said Samson as he clapped the shoulder of his eldest son. "He's got a good heart in him."

"You'll spoil him with praise," Sarah protested and then asked as she turned to the young statesman, "Have you heard from Bim or any of the Kelsoes?"

"Not a word. I often think of them."

"There's been a letter in the candle every night for a week or so, but we haven't heard a word from Harry or from them," said Sarah. "A wonder

how they're getting along in these hard times."

"I told Jack to let me know if I could do anything to help," Samson assured them.

Late in November Mr. Lincoln went out on the circuit with the distinguished John T. Stuart, who had taken him into partnership. Bim's letter to him bears an indorsement on its envelope as follows:

"This letter was forwarded from Vandalla the week I went out on the circuit and remained unopened in our office until my return six weeks later. —A. Lincoln."

The day of his return he went to Sarah and Samson with the letter.

"I'll get a horse and start for Chicago tomorrow morning," said Samson. "They have had a double blow. Did you read that Harry had been killed?"

"Harry killed!" Mr. Lincoln exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that Harry has been killed?"

"The Chicago Democrat says so, but we don't believe it," said Samson. "Here's the article. Read it and then I'll tell you why I don't think it's so."

Abe Lincoln read the article.

"You see it was dated in Tampa, November the fifth," said Samson. "Before we had read that article we had received a letter from Harry dated November the seventh. In the letter he says he is all right and I calculate that he ought to know as much about it as anyone."

"Thank God! Then it's a mistake," said Lincoln. "We can't afford to lose Harry. I feel rather poor with Jack Kelso gone. It will comfort me to do what I can for his wife and daughter. I'll give you every dollar I can spare to take to them."

Samson hired horses for the journey and set out early next morning with his son, Josiah, bound for the



"There Are All My Earthly Possessions," He Said.

new city. The boy had begged to go and both Samson and Sarah thought it would be good for him to take a better look at Illinois than his geography afforded.

Joe and his father set out on a cold clear morning in February. They got to Brimstead's in time for dinner.

Henry put his hand on Samson's pommel and said in a confident tone: "El Dorado was one of the wickedest cities in history. It was like Tyre and Babylon. It robbed me. Look at that pile of stakes!"

Samson saw a long cord of stakes along the road in the edge of the meadow.

"They are the teeth of my city," said Brimstead in a low voice. "I've drawn 'em out. They ain't goin' to bite me no more."

"They are the towers and steeples of El Dorado," Samson laughed. "Have any of the notes been paid?"

"Not one and I can't get a word from my broker about the men who drew the notes—who they are or where they are."

"I'm going to Chicago and if you wish I'll try to find him and see what he says."

"That's just what I wish," said Brimstead. "His name is Lionel Davis. His address is 14 South Water street. I sold him all the land I had on the river shore and he gave me his note for it."

"If you'll let me take the note I'll see what can be done to get the money," Samson answered.

"Say, I'll tell ye," Brimstead went on. "It's for five thousand dollars and I don't suppose it's worth the paper it was written on. You take it and if you find it's no good you lose it just as careful as you can. I don't want to see it again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Advertisers at First Shy.

It took several years after the establishment of newspapers in America for advertising to become popular. John Campbell, the postmaster of Boston, who, in 1704, started the Boston News Letter, the first real newspaper in this country, had great difficulty in persuading his townspeople to advertise their wares or their wants. William Bradford and Peter Zenger in New York were hardly more fortunate at first, and even Benjamin Franklin, for many years after he began the publication of the Pennsylvania Gazette, found his advertising columns very meager. After 1850, however, the reluctance to advertise died away and all the leading papers showed that they were well supported.

Buy It Either Way Tablets or Liquid

PE-RU-NA

For Coughs, Colds and Catarrh

Mr. E. W. Marshall, Brampton, Michigan, suffering from Systemic Catarrh involving Head, Nose, Throat and Stomach, claims a complete cure. His letter is convincing. "For the past two years I have been troubled with systemic catarrh. I used several boxes of Pe-ru-na tablets and they have effected a complete cure. I do not hesitate to recommend Pe-ru-na for all catarrhal conditions."

Mr. Marshall is just one of many thousands who have been benefited by Dr. Hartman's famous medicine in the past fifty years.

It is by stimulating the digestion, enriching the blood and toning up the nerves that Pe-ru-na is able to exert such a soothing, healing influence upon the mucous membranes which line the body. It is a wonderfully effective remedy to restore strength after a protracted sickness, the grip or Spanish Influenza.

Keep in the House 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—Beware of Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Hermit crabs inhabit the vacant shells of mollusks.

Snowy limes are the pride of every housewife. Keep them in that condition by using Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry. 5 cents at grocers.—Advertisement.

Times for Gratitude.

There is much greatness of mind in the owing of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season than be wanting in it.—Seneca.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for *Wm. D. Hooper's* Castoria

A Sure Reminder.

Perhaps the most original suggestions for a "reminder" was that of the little boy whose grandmother had forgotten his birthday present the year before. She wished to know what she could do in order that she should not forget it again.

"You might put your teeth in upside down," said the boy.—Boston Transcript.

Which Finished It.

A clergyman was spending the afternoon at a house in the village where he had preached. After tea he was sitting in the garden with his hostess. Out rushed her little boy, holding a rat above his head.

"Don't be afraid, mother," he cried; "he's dead. We beat him and bashed him and thumped him until"—catching sight of the clergyman, he added in a lowered voice—"until God called him home."—Toronto Telegram.

From Africa.

The "Greatest Show on Earth"—one of them—was touring Georgia and having trouble with its small but select menagerie. Therefore, the management of the show advertised for an assistant animal trainer. A husky black gentleman applied, was accepted and went to work.

When the time came to feed the animals, though his nerve faltered, especially when he was obliged to open the lion's cage.

"Oh, Lawd!" he prayed, "as yo' was wid Dan'l in de lion's den, so be wid me now."

Whereupon a voice issued from the cage of beasts:

"Nebbah mind de Lord and Dan'l, big boy. Dis yere lion's yo' own countryman. Jes' hustle wid dat bow."—American Legion Weekly.

Open and Above Board.

"Johnnie, the stork has brought you a little sister."

"Aw g'wan. Stork nothin'. It was the milkman brought it. Doesn't it say on the wagon, 'Families Supplied Daily'?"—Fort Mason Marking Pot.

The really modest philanthropist lets the recording angel act as his press agent.

The Man Who Said:
"The proof of the pudding is in the eating"—
was only half through

He started a good pudding-proof, but he didn't finish it.

There's a lot of trouble in the world from puddings that taste good but don't do good.

They "eat" well, but that ends the recommendation.

Sanitariums are full of pudding-eaters who stopped the test at taste and forgot to inquire whether their food gave the body what it needed—until the body rebelled.

Grape-Nuts is a food that tastes good and does good. The proof of Grape-Nuts begins in the eating and goes on through the splendid service which Grape-Nuts renders as a real food. Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley—delicious to taste, easy to digest, and exceptionally rich in nourishment for body and brain.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts