A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By IRVING BACHELLER

Conyright, Irving Bacheller

CHAPTER XX-Continued. -19-

They had a happy half-hour at the table, Mrs. Brimstead being in better spirits since her husband had got back to his farming. Annabel, her form filling with the grace and charm of womanhood, was there and more comely than ever.

They had been speaking of Jack Kelso's death.

"I heard him say once that when he saw a beautiful young face it reminded him of noble singing and the oder of growing corn," said Samson.

"I'd rather see the face," Joe remarked, whereupon they all laughed and the boy blushed to the roots of his blond hair.

"He's become a man of good judgment," said Brimstead. Annabel's sister Jane, who had clung to the wagon in No Santa Claus

Land, was a bright-eyed, merryhearted girl of twelve. The boy Robert was a shy, good-looking lad a little older than Josiah. "Well, what's the news?" Samson

"Nothin' has happened since we saw you but the fall of El Dorado," Brimstead answered.

"There was the robbery of the mail stage last summer a few miles north of here," said Mrs. Brimstead, "Every smitch of the mail was stolen. I guess that's the reason we haven't had no letter from Vermont in a year."

"Maybe that's why we haven't heard from home," Samson echoed, "Why don't you leave Joe here while you're gone to Chicago?" Anna-

bel asked. "It would help his education to rassle around with Robert an' the girls," said Brimstead.

"Would you like to stay?" Samson asked.

"I wouldn't mind." said Josiah who, on the lonely prairie, had had few companions of his own age.

So it happened that Samson went on alone. Near the sycamore woods he came upon a gray-haired man lying by the roadside with a horse tethered near him. The stranger was sick with neer days-had come again. a fever. Samson got down from his

"What can I do for you?" he asked. and you have come. I am Peter Cartwright, the preacher. I was so sick and weak I had to get off my horse and lie down. If you had not come I think that I should have died here."

Samson gave him some of the medicine for chills and fever which he always carried in his pocket, and water from his canteen.

"Is there any house where I could find help and shelter for you?" he asked presently.

"No, but I feel better-glory to God!" said the preacher. "If you can try to ride on with you. There is to be a quarterly meeting ten miles up the road tonight. Nothing shall keep me from my duty. I may save a dozen souls from hell-who knows?"

Samson was astonished at the iron will and holy zeal of this iron-hearted, strong-armed, fighting preacher of the prairies of whom he had heard much. He lifted him and set him on the back of his horse.

"God blessed you with great strength," said the latter. "Are you a Christian?"

"I am." They rode on in silence. Presently Kelso is the person I seek." Bamson observed that the preacher was actually asleep and snoring in

As a Counter Demonstration.

the saddle. They proceeded for an hour or more in this manner. When the horses were wallowing through a swale the preacher awoke.

"Glory be to God!" he shouted. "I am better. I shall be able to preach tonight. A little farther on is the rabin of Brother Cawkins. He has

there for a cup of tea and if she raises | son's companion. a rumpus you'll see me take her by the horns."

Mrs. Cawkins vas a lean, sallow, stern-faced women of some forty years with a face like bitter herbs; her husband a mild nannered, shiftless man who, encoura ed by Mr. Cartwright, had taken to riding through the upper counties as a preacher-a course of conduct & which his wife heartily disapproved. Solicited by her husband she sullenly made tea for the travelers. When it had been drank the two preachers fuelt in a corner of the room and Mr. Cartwright began to pray in a loud vice. Mrs. Cawover the chairs and Cropped the rolling-pin as a counter demonstration. The famous circuit r der being in no way put out by this, she dashed a dipper of cold water on the head of her husband. The praying stopped. Mr. Cartwright rose from his knees and commanded her to resist. On her declaration that she would not he laid hold of the woman an? forced her out of the door and closed and bolted it

Having recorded this remarkable incident in his diary, Sarason writes:

and resumed his praying.

"Many of these ignorant people in the lonely, prairie cabins are like chila father and someticaes with the strong band. If any of them deserve a spanking they get it. He and others like him have helped to 2eep the cabin of down. They have established shaking and choked with sobs, and schools and missions and scattered good books and comforted sorrows and kindled good desire in the hearts of the humble."

As they were leaving, Mr. Cawkins told them that the plaguf had broken out in the settlement on Honey creek, where the quarterly meeting was to be held, and that the people had been rapidly "dyin' off." Samson knew from this that the smallpox-a dreaded and terrible scourge of plo-

"It's dangerous to go there," said Cawkins.

"Where is sorrow there is my "The will of God," the stranger proper place," Cartwright answered. feebly answered. "I prayed for help "Those people need comfort and the help of God."

"I got a letter from a lady there," Cawkins went on. "As nigh as I can make out they need a minister. I can read print handy but writin' bothers me. You read it, brother."

Mr. Cartwright took the letter and read as follows:

"Dear Sir: Mr. Barman gave me your name. We need a minister to comfort the sick and help bury the dead. It is a good deal to ask of you but if you feel like taking the chance of coming here I am sure you could do help me to the back of my horse I will a lot of good. We have doctors enough and it seems a pity that the church should fail these people when they need it most. If you have the courage to come you would win the gratitude of many people. For a month I have been taking care of the sick and up to now no harm has come to me,

"Yours respectfully. "BIM KELSO."

"'A man's heart deviseth his way but the Lord directeth his steps," said Cartwright. "For three days I have felt that He was leading me."

"I begin to think that He has been leading me," Samson declared, "Bim

"I would have gone but my wife took on so I couldn't get away," said Cawkins.

"I'll come back some day soon and you and I will pry the devil out of her with the crowbar of God's truth and mercy," Cartwright assured him as he and Samson took the road to the north.

On their way to the Honey creek settlement the lion-hearted minister told of swimming through flooded rivers, getting lost on the plains and suffering for food and water, of lying | fading glow in the west: down to rest at night in wet clothes with no shelter but the woods, of handto-hand fights with rowdles whe endeavored to sell drink or create a disturbance at his meetings. Such was the zeal for righteousness woven by many hands into the fabric of the West. A little before sundown they reached the settlement.

Samson asked a man in the road if he knew where they could find the nurse Bim Kelso. "Do ye mean that angel o' God in

a white dress that takes keer o' the sick?" the man asked.

"I guess that would be Bim," said Samson.

"She's over in yon' house," the other answered, pointing with his pipe to a cabin some twenty rods beyond them. "Thar's two children sick thar an' the mammy dead an' buried in the ground."

"Is the plague getting worse?" Cartwright asked.

"No, I reckon it's better. Nobody has come down since the day before yestiddy. Thar's the doctor comin'. He kin tell ye."

A bearded man of middle age was approaching them in the saddle. am Peter Cartwright-the

been terribly perked up by a stiff- preacher sent of God to comfort the necked, rebellions wife. We'll stop sick and bury the dead," said Sam-

"We welcome you, but if you stop

here you will have to stay until the epidemic is over."

"That I am prepared to do." "Then I shall take you where you

can find entertainment, such as it is." "First, this man wishes to speak to Miss Kelso, the gurse," said Cartwright. "He is a freed of hers."

"You can see her but only at a distance," the doctor abswered. "I must keep you at least twenty feet away from her. Come with me."

They proceeded to the stricken house. The doctor entered and presently Bim came out. Her eyes filled kins shoved the table about and tipped | with tears and for a moment she could not speak.

"Why didn't you let me know of your troubles?" Samsen asked. "Early last summer I wrote a long

letter to you," she a swered. "It didn't reach me. One day in June the stage was rtbbed of its mail down in Tazewell county. Your letter was probably on that stage,"

"Harry's death was the last blow, I came out here to get away from my troubles-perhaps to die. I didn't

"Harry is not dead," said Samson, Her right hand tou bed her forehead; her lips fell abart; her eyes dren. Cartwright leads them on like took on a look of trag's earnestness. "Not dead!" she whizpered.

"He is alive and wel! Bim staggered toward him and fell to her knees and lay crouched upon people clean and going op hill instead the ground, in the dusky twilight,



Shaking and Choked With Sobs.

with tears streaming from her eves but she was almost as silent as the shadow of the coming night. She looked like one searching in the dust for something very precious. The strong heart of Samson was touched by the sorrowful look of her so that he could not speak.

Soon he was able to say in a low, rembling voice: "In every letter he tells of his love

for you. That article in the paper was a cruel mistake." After a little silence Bim rose from

the ground. She stood, for a moment, wiping her eyes. Her form straightened and was presently erect. Her soul resented the injustice she had suffered. There was a wonderful and touching dignity in her voice and manner when she asked: "Why didn't he write t, me?"

"He must have written to you." Sadly, calmly, thoughtfully, she spoke as she stood looking off at the

"It is terrible how things can work together to break the heart and will of a woman. Write to Harry and tell him that he must not come to see me again. I have promised to marry another man."

"I hope it isn't Davis," said Samson. "It is Davis." "I don't like him. I don't think he's

"But be has been wonderfully kind to us. Without his help we couldn't have lived. We couldn't even have

given my father a decent burial." "Has he been out here to see you?" "No." "And he won't come. That man knows how to keep out of danger. I

don't believe you'll marry him." "Because I intend to be a father to you and pay all your debts," said

The doctor called from the door of the cabin. Bim said: "God bless you and

Harry!" as she turned away to take up her task again. That night both of them began, as they say, to put two and two together. While he rode on in the growing dusk which men and women are elected on

convincing sequence of circumstances the theft of the mail sack, the false account of Harry's death, the fallure of his letters to reach their destination, and the fact that Bim bad accepted money from Davis in time of need. A strong suspicion of foul play grew upon him and he began to consider what he could do in the matter.

Having forded a creek he caught the glow of a light in the darkness, a litle way up the road. It was the lighted window of a cabin, before whose door he stopped his horse and ballooed:

"I am a belated and hungry traveler on my way to Chicago," he said to the man who presently greeted him from the open doorway.

"Have you come through Honey Creek settlement?" the latter asked. "Left there about an hour ago."

"Sorry, mister, but I can't let you ome into the house. If you'll move off a few feet I'll lay some grub on the choppin' block an' up the road about a half-mile you'll find a barn with some bay in it, where you and your horse can spend the night under

Samson moved away and soon the man brought a package of food and laid it on the block and ran back to the door.

"I'll lay a piece of silver on the block," Samson called.

"Not a darned cent," the man answered. "I hate like p'ison to turn a feller away in the night, but we're awful skeered here with children in the house. Good-by. You can't miss the barn. It's close ag'in' the road."

Samson ate his lunckeon in the darkness, as he rode, and presently came upon the barn and unsaddled and hitched and fed his horse in one end of it-the beast having drunk his fill at the creek they had lately fordedand lay down to rest for the night, with the saddle blanket beneath him and his coat for a cover. A wind from the north began to wail and whistle through the cracks in the barn and over its roof, bringing cold weather. Samson's feet and legs had been wet in the crossing, so that he found it difficult to keep warm. He crept to the side of his horse, which had laid down, and found a degree of comfort in the heat of the animal. But it was a bad night, at best.

"I've had many a long, hard night, but this is the worst of them," Samson thought.

There's many a bad night in the history of the ploneers, its shadows falling on lonely, ill-marked roads, cut by rivers, creeks and marshes and strung through unnumbered miles of wild country. Samson was up and off at daylight in a bitter wind and six inches of snow. It was a kind of work he would not have undertaken upon any call less commanding than that of friendship.

He reached Chicago at noon, having had nothing to eat that day. There was no such eager, noisy crowd in the streets as he had seen before. The fever of speculation had passed. But there were many people on the main thoroughfares, among whom were Europeans who had arrived the autumn before. They were changing but the marks of the yoke were still upon them. In Chicago were the vitals of the West and they were very much alive in spite of the panic.

Samson bought some new clothes and had a bath and a good dinner at the City hotel. Then he went to the office of Mr. Lionel Davis. There to his surprise he met his old acquaintance, Eli Fredenberg, who greeted him with great warmth and told of having settled in Chicago.

A well-dressed young man came out of an inner office.

"I'd like to see Mr. Davis," said Samson. "Tell him that I've got some money that belongs to him and that I'm ready to deliver it." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE HOTELS ARE UNKNOWN

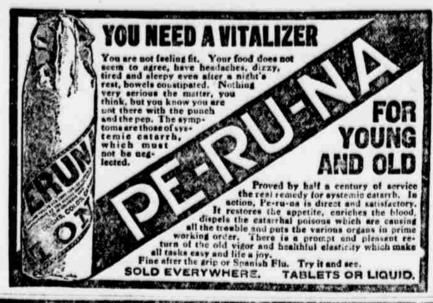
Traveler in Mongolia Made Welcome In Any Tent, Conforming to Simple Rules of Etiquette.

Travelers on the steppes of Mongolia are welcome to stay in any tent n any village they encounter. Every Mongolian is hospitality itself, providing the traveler has judgment enough to conform to the simple rules of etiquette. Of course, he will have to tie down beside the lambs and calves of the household, just as do the members of the family.

From whatever side of a tent the traveler approaches he must be sure to ride up to it from the front. When he is within a short distance he must stop and shout "nohol," which means dog. This is a safety measure, because the dogs are wolf-like and fierce. The people hurry out to call off the dogs, and if he is on foot he keeps them back, as best he can, with a stick.

Once a fraveler enters a tent he says "menelu," or greeting. As dogs do not attack inside a tent it is an insult to carry a stick inside. He sits at the left side of t. . I e-place, with his feet curied up under him. If he can't do this he sits with his feet stretched toward the door. Then he exchanges snuff boxes with the family. When he leaves, next morning, he bows and smiles, as the Mongols have no custom equivalent to hand-shaking and good-lev.

Famous Greek Letter Society. The first Greek letter society was Phi Beta Kappa, the letters standing for a Greek motto which is translated "philosophy, the guide of life." It was organized at William and Mary college December 5, 1776, as a secret social club and literary society. It has become an honorary fraternity to the keen intellect of Samson saw a la basis of scholarship.



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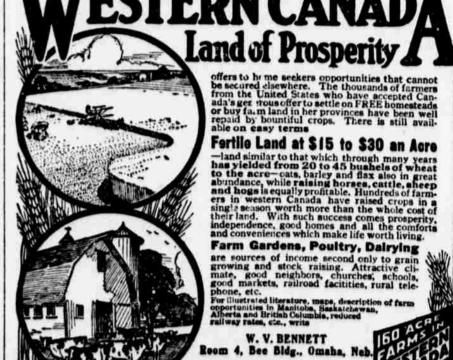
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