



# 54-40 OR FIGHT

BY EMERSON HOUGH  
AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETTNER  
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**HELPS ALL TO BUILD HOMES**  
Benevolent "Uncle John" a Money-lender But He's a Hero in His Town.

**SAVED FROM DANGEROUS OPERATION—NEIGHBOR ADVISED WHAT TO DO FOR BLADDER TROUBLE**

**SYNOPSIS.**

Senator John Calhoun is offered the portfolio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declines that if he accepts it means that Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He plans to learn the intentions of England with regard to Mexico, through Baroness Von Ritz, secretary and reputed mistress of the English ambassador, Pakenham. He sends his secretary, Nicholas Trist, to bring the baroness to his apartment. While searching for the baroness' home, a carriage drives up and he is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, who says she is being pursued. The pursuers are shaken off. The baroness consents to see Calhoun. Nicholas notes that she has lost a slipper. She gives Nicholas the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun all, and, as security, Nicholas gives her a trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. Nicholas is ordered to leave at once for Montreal on state business. By Calhoun, who has become secretary of state, and plans to be married that night. Tyler warns Pakenham that interference by England in the affairs of this continent will not be tolerated. The west demands that the joint occupancy of Oregon with Great Britain cease, and has raised the cry of "Fifty-Four, Forty or Fight." The baroness tells Nicholas she will do her best to prevent his marriage. She returns the trinket and he promises to return her slipper. Nicholas enlists the services of Congressman Landridge, a rejected suitor of Elizabeth's, to assist in the arrangements for the wedding and entreats him with the return of the slipper to the baroness. The congressman gets drunk and sends the slipper to Elizabeth. The wedding is declared off, and Nicholas is ordered from the house by Elizabeth's father. Nicholas is ordered to gain access to a meeting of the Hudson Bay directors in Montreal and learn England's intentions regarding Oregon. Nicholas sees the baroness leave the directors' meeting in Montreal, where he had failed to gain admission. She warns him that his life is in danger and he accepts an invitation to pass the night at her home. She quizzes him as to whether his wedding took place, and gets no satisfaction. She tells him that the slipper she gave him contained a message from the attaché of Texas to the British ambassador, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days, she would lose both Texas and Oregon. He decides to take the message to Calhoun. Nicholas meets in Montreal a naturalist, Von Rittenhofen, who tells him that England will fight for Oregon. He invites him to Washington. The baroness has left Montreal hurriedly, and a British warship disappears quietly.



"We Still Have the Dona Lucrezia and Her Little Jealousies."

still sat looking at me. "But he will get you some time, Nicholas!" he smiled. "Jim Polk will not forget!" "Let him come at me as he likes!" I fumed.

At last, seeing me so wrought up, Mr. Calhoun rose, and smiling, shook me heartily by the hand.

"Of course, this had to come one time or another," said he. "The split was in the wood of their proposed platform of bluff and insincerity. 'What do the people say?' asks Jim Polk. 'What do they think?' asks John Calhoun. And being now, in God's providence, chosen to do some thinking for them, I have thought."

He turned to the table and took up a long, folded document, which I saw was done in his cramped hand and with many interlineations. "Copy this out for me tonight, Nicholas," said he. "This is our answer to the Aberdeen note. You have already learned its tenor, the time we met Mr. Pakenham with Mr. Tyler at the White House."

I grinned. "Shall we not take it across direct to Mr. Blair for publication in his Globe?"

Mr. Calhoun smiled rather bitterly at this. "The hostility of Blair to the Tyler administration was a fact rather more than well known."

"I will all get into Mr. Polk's newspaper fast enough," commented he at last. "He gets all the news of the Mexican ministry!"

"Ah, you think he cultivates the Dona Lucrezia, rather than adores her?"

"I know it! One-third of Jim Polk may be human, but the other two-thirds is politician. He will flatter that lady into confidence. She is well nigh distracted at best, these days, what with the fickleness of her husband and the yet harder abandonment by her old admirer, Pakenham; so Polk will cajole her into disclosures, never fear. In return, when the time comes, he will send an army of occupation into her country! And all the while, on the one side and the other, he will appear to the public as a moral and lofty-minded man."

"If we temporarily lack the Baroness von Ritz to add zest to our game," I hazarded, "we still have the Dona Lucrezia and her little jealousies."

Calhoun turned quickly upon me with a sharp glance, as though seized by some sudden thought. "By the Lord Harry! boy, you give me an idea. Wait, now, for a moment. Do you go on with your copying there, and excuse me for a time."

An instant later he passed from the room, his tall figure bent, his hands clasped behind his back, and his face wrinkled in a frown, as was his wont when occupied with some problem.



"Uncle John" Mowder.

however, is not due to his cuffs but to his usefulness as a citizen—he's a benevolent moneylender.

There are many men and women here who owe to "Uncle John's" faith in them the very roof on their homes. For this farmer-capitalist is a moneylender who stands the very farthest removed from Shylock. His hobby is that every man in Sabetha should have a home, and to humor that hobby he has loaned, often on the most meager securities, to everyone in town in whom he believes.

A trip through Sabetha discovers many a comfortable home which "Uncle John's" money erected. Many of these were built by clerks and widows with small incomes—the seemingly impossible feats in other towns. Yet, so far as can be learned, "Uncle John's" trust never has been betrayed. No one recalls a case in which the farmer-moneylender ever lost a dollar. They always pay him first when here's a choice; and widows cheerfully assume their husband's debts if "Uncle John" happens to be the creditor. It is Sabetha's private, benevolent, remedial loan association.

I too wish to add my testimonial to the thousands you no doubt have, and will tell you what your great medicine did for me.

Several months ago I was taken very sick with bladder trouble, had intense pains and suffered greatly, at times I could not stand on my feet or sit in a chair and often was forced to cry out with pain.

I consulted two doctors who gave me different kinds of medicine, which did me no good. It seemed as though the more of their medicine I took, the worse I became. The doctors seemed to be greatly puzzled over my case and after holding a consultation, I was told that I had a severe case of inflammation of the bladder and an operation was very necessary.

I was being prepared to be taken to the hospital, when a neighbor came to my house and said, "Why don't you try a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root?" I was willing to try anything to get relief from my suffering. My wife bought a bottle of your medicine which I began taking and soon noticed a change for the better. I continued taking it and got better right along, my appetite returned and I was able to resume work.

I have used several bottles of Swamp-Root and know that if I had not taken it, I would have been operated on, and perhaps never recovered. I never fail to tell my friends about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root as I know it will save many people from suffering and perhaps, as in my case, a dangerous operation.

Yours gratefully,  
SAMUEL WILSON,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

State of Minnesota  
County of Hennepin  
Personally appeared before me this 24th day of Sept., 1909, Samuel Wilson, of the city of Minneapolis, of the State of Minnesota, who subscribed the above and on oath says that same is true in substance and in fact.

M. M. KERRIDGE,  
Notary Public.  
Commission expires March 26, 1914.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

**The Gentleman from Tennessee.**  
Wamen distrust men too much in general, and not enough in particular.—Philibert Cozmonson.

Now all the more was it necessary for me and my friend from Oregon to hasten on to Washington. Rumors abounded, I found as soon as I struck the first cities below the Canadian line. It was in the air now that under Calhoun there would be put before congress a distinct and definite attempt at the annexation of Texas. Stories of all sorts were on the streets; rumors of the wrath of Mr. Clay; yet other rumors of interesting possibilities at the coming Whig and Democratic conventions. Everywhere was that strange, ominous, indescribable tension of the atmosphere which exists when a great people is moved deeply.

Late as it was when I reached Washington, I did not hesitate to repair at once to the residence of Mr. Calhoun; and I took with me as my best adjutant my strange friend Von Rittenhofen, who, I fancied, might add detailed information which Mr. Calhoun would find of value. We were admitted to Mr. Calhoun, and after the first greetings he signified that he would hear my report. He sat, his long, thin hands on his chair arm, as I went on with my story, his keen eyes scanning also my old companion as I spoke. I explained what the latter knew regarding Oregon. I saw Mr. Calhoun's eyes kindle. As usual, he did not lack decision.

"Sir," said he to Von Rittenhofen presently, "we ourselves are young, yet I trust not lacking in a great nation's interest in the arts and sciences. It occurs to me now that in yourself we have opportunity to add to our store of knowledge in respect to certain biological features."

The old gentleman rose and bowed. "I thank you for the honor of your flattery, sir," he began; but Calhoun raised a gentle hand.

"If it would please you, sir, to defer your visit to your own country for a time, I can secure for you a situation in our department in biology, where your services would be of extreme worth to us. The salary would also allow you to continue your researches into the life of our native tribes."

Von Rittenhofen positively glowed at this. "Ach, what an honor!" he began again.

"Meantime," resumed Calhoun, "not to mention the value which that research would have for us, we could also find use, at proper remuneration, for your private aid in making up a set of maps of that western country which you know so well, and of which even I myself am so ignorant. I want to know the distances, the topography, the means of travel. I want to know the peculiarities of that country of Oregon."

Few could resist the persuasiveness of Mr. Calhoun's speech, certainly not Von Rittenhofen, who thus found offered him precisely what he would have desired. I was pleased to see him so happily situated and so soon. Presently we dispatched him down to make him more at home. In his elation over the prospect he now saw before him, the old man fairly babbled.

Germany seemed farthest from his mind. After his departure, Calhoun again turned to me.

"I want you to remain, Nicholas," said he, "because I have an appointment with a gentleman who will soon be present."

"Rather a late hour, sir," I ventured.

"Are you keeping faith with Dr. Ward?"

"I have no time for hobbies," he exclaimed, half petulantly. "What I must do is this work. The man we are to meet to-night is Mr. Polk. It is important."

Perhaps half an hour later, Mr. Calhoun's old negro man ushered in this awaited guest, and we three found ourselves alone in one of those midnight conclaves which went on in Washington even then as they do today. Mr. Polk was serious as usual; his indecisive features wearing the mask of solemnity, which with so many passes as wisdom.

"I have come, Mr. Calhoun," said he—when the latter had assured him that my presence would entail no risk to him—to talk over this Texas situation. How do you stand in case war should be declared against Mexico? That ought to be a popular measure. The Texans have captured the popular imagination. The Alamo rankles in our nation's memory. What would you say to a stiff demand there, with a strong show of military force behind it?"

"I should say nothing as to a strong showing in any case. I should only say that if war came legitimately—not otherwise—I should back it with all my might. I feel the same in regard to war with England."

"With England? What chance would we have with so powerful a nation as that?"

"There is a God of Battles," said John Calhoun.

The chin of James K. Polk of Tennessee sank down into his stock. His staring eyes went half shut. At last he spoke, tentatively, as was always his way until he got the drift of things.

"Well, now, perhaps in the case of England that is good politics," he began. "It is very possible that the people hate England as much as they do Mexico. Do you not think so?"

"I think they fear her more."

"But I was only thinking of the popular imagination!"

"You are always thinking of the popular imagination, Jim. You have been thinking of that for some time in Tennessee. All that outcry about the whole of Oregon is ill-timed today."

"Fifty-Four Forty or Fight; that sounds well!" exclaimed Polk; "eh?"

"Trippingly on the tongue, yes!" said John Calhoun. "But how would it sound to the tune of cannon fire? How would it look written in the smoke of musketry?"

"It might not come to that," said Polk, shifting in his seat. "I was thinking of it only as a rallying cry for the campaign. Dash me—I beg pardon—he looked round to see if there were any Methodists present—but I believe I could go into the con-

vention with that war cry behind me and sweep the boards of all opposition!"

"And afterwards?"

"But England may back down," argued Mr. Polk. "A strong showing in the southwest and northwest might do wonders for us."

"But what would be behind that strong showing, Mr. Polk?" demanded John Calhoun. "We would win the combat with Mexico, of course, if that iniquitous measure should take the form of war. But not Oregon—we might as well or better fight in Africa than Oregon. It is not yet time. In God's name, Jim Polk, be careful of what you do! Cease this cry of taking all of Oregon. You will plunge this country not into one war, but two. Wait! Only wait, and we will own all this continent to the Saskatchewan—or even farther north."

"Well," said the other, "have you not said there is a God of Battles?"

"The Lord God of Hosts, yes!" half screamed old John Calhoun; "yes, the God of Battles for nations, for principles—but not for parties! For the principle of democracy, Jim Polk, yes, yes; but for the Democratic party, or the Whig party, or for any demagogue who tries to lead either, no, no!"

The florid face of Polk went livid. "Sir," said he, reaching for his hat, "at least I have learned what I came to learn. I know how you will appear on the floor of the convention. Sir, you will divide this party hopelessly. You are a traitor to the Democratic party; I charge it to your face, here and now. I came to ask of you your support, and find you only talking of principles! Sir, tell me, what have principles to do with elections?"

John Calhoun looked at him for one long instant. He looked down then at his own thin, bloodless hands, his wasted limbs. Then he turned slowly and rested his arms on the table, his face resting in his hands. "My God!" I heard him groan.

To see my chief abused was a thing not in my nature to endure. I forgot myself. I committed an act whose results pursued me for many a year.

"Mr. Polk, sir," said I, rising and facing him, "damn you, sir, you are not fit to untie Mr. Calhoun's shoe! I will not see you offer him one word of insult. Quarrel with me if you like! You will gain no votes here now in any case, that is sure!"

Utterly horrified at this, Mr. Polk fumbled with his hat and cane, and, very red in the face, bowed himself out, still mumbling, Mr. Calhoun rising and bowing his adieu.

My chief dropped into his chair again. For a moment he looked at me directly. "Nick," said he at length slowly, "you have divided the Democratic party. You split that party, right then and there."

"Never!" I protested; "but if I did, 'twas ready enough for the division. Let it split, then, or any party like it, if that is what must hold it together! I will not stay in this work, Mr. Calhoun, and hear you vilified. Platforms!"

"Platforms!" echoed my chief. His white hand dropped on the table as he

CHAPTER XX.

**The Lady from Mexico.**  
As soon as women are ours, we are no longer theirs.—Montaigne.

After a time my chief re-entered the office room and bent over me at my table. I put before him the draft of the document which he had given me for clerical care.

"So," he said, "it's ready—our declaration. I wonder what may come of that little paper!"

So now, till far towards dawn of the next day, we sat and talked. I put before him full details of my doings across the border. He sat silent, his eye betimes wandering, as though absorbed, again fixed on me, keen and glittering.

"So! So!" he mused at length, when I had finished. "England has started a land party for Oregon! Can they get across next fall, think you?"

"Hardly possible, sir," said I. "They could not go so swiftly as the special far packers. Winter would catch them this side of the Rockies. It will be a year before they can reach Oregon."

"Time for a new president and a new policy," mused he.

"The grass is just beginning to sprout on the plains, Mr. Calhoun," I began eagerly.

"Yes," he nodded. "God! if I were only young!"

"I am young, Mr. Calhoun," said I. "Send me!"

"Would you go?" he asked suddenly.

"I was going in any case."

"Why, how do you mean?" he demanded.

I felt the blood come to my face. "Tut! tut! a child's quarrel," he went on, "a child's quarrel! 'Twill all mend in time."

"Not by act of mine, then," said I hotly.

Again abstracted, he seemed not wholly to hear me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Will Not Be a Success.**  
Patience—My brother has written a society play.

Patrice—What on earth does he know about dresses?

**THE "HAYSTACK" MONUMENT**

Shaft at Williamstown, Mass., Marks Birthplace of American Foreign Mission Society.

Williamstown, Mass.—A monument here, known as the Haystack monument, marks the birthplace of American foreign missions. It was so named because in 1806 a small band of students of Williams college met at night, secretly, around a haystack on this spot and organized the first foreign missionary movement in



The Haystack Monument.

America. Out of these students' meetings has grown the splendid world missionary movement which now sends many workers and millions of dollars each year to the mission fields in every heathen country of the world.

**Violin With Keys.**  
Paterson, N. J.—A violin which can be played with keys, as a piano is played, is the novel invention of James L. Warner, of Roselle Park. Many inventors are said to have striven for what Warner alone has achieved. It is built like an upright piano. The keys and the sounding board are the same as the familiar parlor instrument. The violin effect is produced by a series of flexible rubber bows, one for each string, and operated by a hand which is set in motion by a treadle. As each key is pressed it brings the requisite bow in contact with the key wire and produces sound until released.

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You**  
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

**Has an Old Relic of Washington.**  
One of the most interesting relics of George Washington is owned by the city of Salem. It is a medallion in wood, carved after a sketch from life. The same artist executed both sketch and carving, which gives the relic added value. He was Samuel McIntire, native genius with a gift for portraiture. He studied Washington when the father of his country visited Salem on his tour of the east, and made the medallion shortly afterward, to adorn the arch over the west entrance of Washington square, Salem. Here the effigy remained from 1807 until 1850, when the arch was taken down to give place to an iron fence, still in use.

This Washington relic is kept in the fireproof room at the Essex Institute, Salem, where it is frequently studied by artists and others as an odd and striking likeness of the great American whom no two artists picture alike.—Boston Globe.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

**Simplicity of Expression.**  
A story was told on Martin Lomasney at the Cape Cod commercial travelers' dinner by Representative Pope of Leominster: "Last season Lomasney was seen talking to someone in one of the corridors, and as I passed I heard these words: 'Shall I write him?' 'No,' said Lomasney; 'never write a thing when you can nod your head.'"—Boston Record.

**His Labor-Saving Device.**  
"I have discovered a great labor-saving device."  
"I always said you were a genius. What is it?"  
"I'm going to marry Miss Bullion, the heiress."

**Great Home Eye Remedy.**  
for all diseases of the eye, quick relief from using PEPPER'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Perhaps Mohammed went to the mountain because it was cheaper than spending his vacation at the seashore.

Ask your druggist for "Ransom's Family Receipt Book 1911," free. It contains 60 fine cooking receipts. If not obtainable, write D. Ransom, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.—Philips Brooks.

Constipation is an avoidable misery—take Garfield Tea, Nature's Herb laxative.

What can't be cured supports the doctor.

The very best advice: take Garfield Tea whenever a laxative is needed.

Social fame lasts as long as the possessor is present.

A good way to keep well is to take Garfield tea frequently. It insures good health.

All the world's a stage, and life is the greatest on earth.