



54-40 OR FIGHT BY EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KEYSER
COPYRIGHT 1909 BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

John Calhoun becomes secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet with the fixed determination to acquire both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas Trist, his secretary, is sent with a message to the Baroness von Ritz, spy and reputed mistress of the British minister, Pakenham. Trist encounters the baroness and assists her in escaping from pursuers. She agrees to see Calhoun, and as a pledge that she will tell him what he wants to know regarding the intentions of England toward Mexico, she gives Trist a slipper, the mate of which has been lost. Trist is ordered to Montreal on state business, and arranges to be married to Elizabeth Churchill before departing. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drunken congressman, who is assisting Trist in his wedding arrangements, blunderingly sends the baroness's slipper to Elizabeth instead of the owner, and the marriage is declared off. Nicholas finds the baroness in Montreal, she having succeeded, where he failed, in discovering England's intentions regarding Oregon. She tells him the slipper he had, contained a note from the Texas attaché to Pakenham, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Calhoun orders Trist to head a party bound for Oregon. Calhoun excites the jealousy of Senora Yturrio, and thereby secures the signature of the Texas attaché to a treaty of annexation. Nicholas arrives in Oregon. Later the baroness arrives on a British warship. She tells Nicholas that a note she placed in her slipper caused the breaking off of his marriage, and that she intends to return to Washington to repair the wrong. Nicholas follows her. He learns on the way that Polk has been elected and Texas annexed, and that there is to be war with Mexico. The baroness tells Trist that in return for a compromise of the Oregon boundary on the forty-ninth degree, she has sold herself to Pakenham. She tells him the story of her life. Trist breaks Pakenham's key to the baroness's apartments. Pakenham calls for his price, and the baroness refuses to pay. He insults her. She compels him to apologize, holds him up in his true light, and he declares that she is pure as a lily. The treaty is signed by Pakenham. The baroness gives the treaty to Calhoun and tells him she got it for Nicholas. Calhoun invites the baroness to a diplomatic ball at the White House. Nicholas and Elizabeth are married. Nicholas is chosen a commissioner to negotiate peace with Mexico. Owing to enmity on the part of Polk his actions are repudiated and he is dismissed from the service. The senate, however, ratifies the treaty.

Epilogue—Continued.

With the cessions from Mexico came the great domain of California. Now look how strangely history sometimes works out itself. Had there been any suspicion of the discovery of gold in California, neither Mexico nor our republic ever would have owned it! England surely would have taken it. The very year that my treaty eventually was ratified was that in which gold was discovered in California! But it was too late then for England to interfere; too late then, also, for Mexico to claim it. We got untold millions of treasure there. Most of those millions went to the northern states, into manufactures, into commerce. The north owned that gold; and it was that gold which gave the

them bravely, grandly, and consistently. Where his convictions were enlisted, he had no reservations, and he used every means, every available weapon, as I have shown. But he was never self-seeking, never cheap, never insincere. A detester of all machine politicians, he was a statesman worthy to be called the William Pitt of the United States. The consistency of his career was a marvelous thing, because, though he changed in his beliefs, he was first to recognize the changing conditions of our country. He failed, and he is execrated. He won, and he is forgot.

My chief, Mr. Calhoun, did not die until some six years after that first evening when Dr. Ward and I had our talk with him. He was said to have died of a disease of the lungs, yet here again history is curiously mistaken. Mr. Calhoun slept himself away. I sometimes think with a shudder that perhaps this was the revenge which Nemesis took of him for his mistakes. His last days were dream-like in their passing. His last speech in the senate was read by one of his friends, as Dr. Ward had advised him. Some said afterwards that his illness was that accursed "sleeping sickness" imported from Africa with these same slaves. It was a strange thing that John Calhoun indeed died of his error! At least he slept away.

It was through John Calhoun, a grave and somber figure of our history, that we got the vast land of Texas. It was through him also—and not through Clay nor Jackson, nor any of the northern statesmen, who never could see a future for the west—that we got all of our vast northwest realm. Within a few days after the Palo Alto ball, a memorandum of agreement was signed between Minister Pakenham and Mr. Buchanan, our secretary of state. This was done at the instance and by the aid of John Calhoun. It was he—he and Helena von Ritz—who brought about that treaty which, on June 15, of the same year, was signed, and gladly signed, by the minister from Great Britain. The latter had been fully enough impressed (such was the story) by the reports of the columns of our west-bound farmers, with rifles leaning at their wagon seats and plows lashed to the tail-gates. Calhoun himself never ceased to regret that we could not delay a year or two years longer. In this he was thwarted by the impetuous war with the republic on the south, although, had that never been fought, we had lost California—lost also the south, and lost the Union!

Under one form or other, one name

At last we reached Oregon. It holds the grave of one of ours; it is the home of others. We were happy; we asked favor of no man; fear of no one did we feel. Elizabeth has in her time slept on a bed of husks. She has cooked at a sooty fireplace of her own; and at her cabin door I myself have been the guard. We made our way by ourselves and for ourselves, as did those who conquered America for our flag. "The citizen standing in the doorway of his home shall save the Republic." So wrote a later pen.

It was not until long after the discovery of gold in California had set us all to thinking that I was reminded of the strange story of the old German, Von Rittenhofen, of finding some pieces of gold while on one of his hunts for butterflies. I followed out his vague directions as best I might. We found gold enough to make us rich without our land. That claim is staked legally. Half of it awaits an owner who perhaps will never come.

There are those who will accept always the solemn asseverations of politicians, who by word of mouth or pen assert that this or that party made our country, wrote its history. Such as they might smile if told that not even men, much less politicians, have written all our story as a nation; yet any who smile at woman's influence in American history do so in ignorance of the truth. Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton have credit for determining our boundary on the northeast—England called it Ashburton's capitulation to the Yankee. Did you never hear the other gossip? England laid all that to Ashburton's American wife! Look at that poor, hot-tempered devil, Yrujo, minister from Spain with us, who saw his king's holdings on this continent juggled from hand to hand between us all. His wife was daughter of Gov. McKean of Pennsylvania yonder. If she had no influence with her husband, so much the worse for her. In important times a generation ago M. Genet, of France, as all know, was the husband of the daughter of Gov. Clinton of New York. Did that hurt our chances with France? My Lord Oswald of Great Britain, who negotiated our treaty of peace in 1782—was not his worldly fortune made by virtue of his American wife? All of us should remember that Marbois, Napoleon's minister, who signed the great treaty for him with us, married his wife while he was a mere charge here in Washington; and she, too, was an American. Erskine, of England, when times were strained in 1805, and later—and our friend for the most part—was he not also husband of an American? It was as John Calhoun said—our history, like that of Rome and Troy, was made in large part by women.

Of that strange woman, Helena, Baroness von Ritz, I have never definitely heard since then. But all of us have heard of that great uplift of central Europe, that ferment of revolution, most noticeable in Germany, in 1848. Out of that revolutionary spirit there came to us thousands and thousands of our best population, the sturdiest and the most liberty-loving citizens this country ever had. They gave us scores of generals in our late war, and gave us at least one cabinet officer. But whence came that spirit of revolution in Europe? Why does it live, grow, increase, even now? Why does it sound now, close to the oldest thrones? Where originated that germ of liberty which did its work so well? I am at least one who believes that I could guess something of its source. The revolution in Hungary failed for the time. Kossuth came to see us with pleas that we might aid Hungary. But republics forget. We gave no aid to Hungary. I was far away and did not meet Kossuth. I should have been glad to question him. I did not forget Helena von Ritz, nor doubt that she worked out in full that strange destiny for which, indeed, she was born and prepared, to which she devoted herself, made clean by sacrifice. She was not one to leave her work undone. She, I know, passed on her torch of principle.

Elizabeth and I speak often of Helena von Ritz. I remember her still—brilliant, beautiful, fascinating, compelling, pathetic, tragic. If it was asked of her, I know that she still paid it gladly—all that sacrifice through which alone there can be worked out the progress of humanity, under that idea which blindly we attempted to express in our Declaration; that idea which at times we may forget, but which eventually must triumph for the good of all the world. She helped us make our map. Shall not that for which she stood help us hold it?

At least, let me say, I have thought this little story might be set down; and, though some to-day may smile at flags and principles, I should like, if I may be allowed, to close with the words of yet another man of those earlier times: "The old flag of the Union was my protector in infancy and the pride and glory of my riper years; and, by the grace of God, under its shadow I shall die!" N. T.

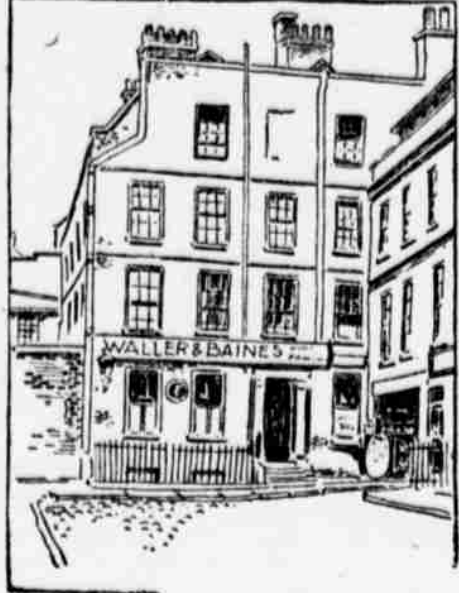
THE END.

JOHNSON HOME AS MUSEUM

Gloomy Place Where Famous Dictionary Was Compiled to Become National Property.

London.—Dr. Johnson's gloomy eighteenth century house in Gough square is to become national property as a Johnsonian museum. The building, which is now marked by a tablet placed there by the Society of Arts, is the most noteworthy of all Johnson's London residences.

The "stout old-fashioned oak balustraded house," as Carlyle found it eighty years ago, will need some restoring; for its foundations have been shaken by the printing machinery only recently taken out of the basement. It has a typical paneled door



Where Dr. Johnson Wrote His Dictionary.

of the period, with carved lintel. Its walls are of red brick, and the high pitched roof, pierced by windows, has twin gables overshadowed by a tall chimney stack. Here Johnson spent the busiest decade of his life, and here his dictionary was begun and finished.

He had an upper room fitted like a counting house, and here his copyists wrote out the illustrative passages from the various authorities, which Johnson himself had marked with lead pencil. At times, but not often, he walked in the garden, "a plot of delved ground no longer than a bed quilt."

But the house has other associations than that of the dictionary. Johnson here began both the "Tambler" and the "Idler," and here he was living when his tragedy of "Irene" was produced by Garrick. Here also his wife died. In 1755, when Johnson had been in Gough square seven years, the great dictionary was published.

SKULL WAS TRANSPARENT

Strange Conditions Free Man From Murder Charge in Philadelphia Court—Brain Was Normal.

Philadelphia.—If it hadn't been for the discovery that Joseph C. Quinn had a skull as fragile as an egg shell, Peter Fox, Jr., might have been held by Coroner Ford for inflicting the injuries which caused Quinn's death.

When the coroner learned Quinn's skull was so thin that large print could be read through it when it was held to the light, he discharged Fox on the ground that Quinn's death was traceable to the abnormality.

Quinn was muscular and athletic. He went to a poolroom at Island road and Woodlawn avenue and made a disturbance. Fox, the proprietor, tried to quiet him. As Quinn became increasingly ugly Fox struck him. It was a blow that would have done little or no harm to an ordinary man, but Quinn dropped to the floor.

Doctor Wadsworth, who performed the autopsy, testified Quinn's skull would bend under the pressure of his fingers. The man's brain, he added, was normal.

OLD CHURCH AT ANTIETAM

Most Severe Fighting in Famous Battle Occurred in Vicinity of This Edifice.

Sharpsburg, Md.—The church shown in the illustration is located one mile from this place, on the famous Antietam battlefield. It was built by the German Baptists in 1853. Some of the most severe fighting of the battle of Antietam occurred near



Where Dunkards Worship.

here and after the battle the church was used as a hospital and embalming station. During the battle the Bible was taken by a New York soldier and after an absence of 41 years was returned and is now occupying its old place on the pulpit.

Philadelphians Bashful. Philadelphia.—Mrs. Mary Taylor, national organizer of the Waitress' union, told local waitresses that Philadelphians were too bashful to tip girls.

ISRAEL'S PENITENCE

Sunday School Lesson for June 4, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Hosea 14.
MEMORY VERSES—4-6.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou Art a God, Ready to Pardon, Gracious and Merciful, Slow to Anger."—Neh. 9:17.

TIME—Hosea began to prophesy toward the close of the reign of Jeroboam II. In Israel, whose reign closed B. C. 722 (Hecker), or 725 (Hastings). His prophetic life extended into the days of Hezekiah, king of Judah, who came to the throne (Hecker), B. C. 723 (Hastings), 727.

PLACE—Hosea was a prophet of the northern kingdom.
PROPHETS—Isaiah and Micah; perhaps Amos.

What was the iniquity of Israel from which Hosea exhorted her to return unto the Lord? The degradation of religion into a sensual and revolting worship of idols, and the foolish and weakening separation from the Southern Kingdom. The period was one of frightful violence and confusion; all ties of social life were loosened; immorality, irreligion, superstition, panic and despair contributed to the common misery and ruin; it hardly needed prophetic insight to foresee the inevitable end in the total dissolution of the state.

Their reliance upon Assyria for salvation instead of upon Jehovah; their reliance upon Egypt, the land of horses; their reliance upon idols, the work of their own hands. All the inner woes of the nation sprung from its idolatry, and all its woes from without sprung from the mischievous foreign alliances against which the prophets continually protested. Note that this is more than a confession; it is a promise of amendment, a vow of total abstinence from these sins.

God promises to the repentant nation, promises for the past, forgiveness. I will heal their backsliding, that horrible disease of apostasy from the Father's love; for the present, love; I will love them freely, "without money and without price," for what price could pay for this inestimable blessing? for the future, ever-increasing progress and blessedness; God will be to his restored people an enriching, stimulating, reviving dew, causing them to throw out new branches, strike new roots deeper into the soil, blossom in beauty and fragrance, and bring forth fruit in abundance.

What is the significance of the three comparisons used of the restored people? 1. They are to be like the lily, in its purity and beauty. 2. They are to be like Lebanon, rooted deep in the earth, with its foothills stretching forth like roots; or perhaps the reference is to the firmly rooted cedars of Lebanon; at any rate the comparison signifies strength, which is to be added to beauty. 3. They are to be like the olive tree, which is not lovely as the lily but is gnarled and ugly; nor strong and imposing like the mountain and its great cedars, but feeble and insignificant to the eye; but it is green when other trees are bare, and it brings forth abundance of rich fruit.

The confident statement (whether made by Jehovah, or, as some commentators and both authorized and revised versions hold, by Ephraim himself) that Ephraim (that is, Israel, the leading tribe being put for the entire Northern Kingdom) has nothing more to do with idols; he is through with them; they are laid away with his unhappy past. This actually happened after the exile; the returned Jews had had enough of idolatry, and never again lapsed into that sin.

Hosea certainly did not mean, as he is so often misunderstood to mean, that Israel was so firmly fixed in idolatry that the nation could never be moved from that iniquity. The prophet was addressing Judah, the Southern Kingdom, and bidding her hold aloof from her idolatrous neighbor and let him alone, lest she herself contract the foul disease.

The sum of wisdom, according to Hosea, is that wisdom consists of three things: Understanding, knowing the things that Hosea had been setting forth, namely, God's dealings with his children. Understanding that God's ways are always right, straight, alike when they spread themselves out in an unbroken level for the pious, and when they oppose themselves in rocky stumbling-blocks to the ungodly.

Hosea began his warnings at the point where we feel the most pride. Our nation is proud of its wealth and power, but these two things lead to worldliness, which is our greatest peril.

What would be the substance of Hosea's message to the nation and to each one of us? "Take with you words, and return unto the Lord." Our sins must be acknowledged, humbly before God and frankly before every one who should hear the confession for any reason. Then we are simply, in Christ's strength, to obey Sam Jones' oft-repeated injunction, "Quit your meanness!" We are to "cease to do evil, learn to do well."

There is a story of an ancient king who lighted a lamp and had it hung in his palace; he then sent heralds forth to bring into his presence every criminal and rebel, that they might obtain pardon. Those that came while the lamp was burning were set free; but those that delayed till the lamp had gone out, or altogether neglected the invitation, met with a terrible death. Unlike this, God forever holds forth his offer of mercy, and his loving heart always yearns after the sinner; but with each wilful delay we harden our hearts till at last they are fixed in the ways of sin.



Evaporated Milk

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk



NATURAL EVIDENCE.



Adelaide—Why, Cornelia, your hair is all mussed up.
Cornelia—Yes, dear; you—you see, George stole up and snatched a dozen kisses before I could scream.
Adelaide—But why don't you step in front of the mirror and rearrange your hair?
Cornelia—Gracious! Why, I wouldn't do it for the world. Why, none of the girls would believe he kissed me.

By the Harem Code.
"Do you think I am really your affinity?" Solomon's nine hundred and eighty-fifth wife asked, coquettishly.
"My dear," the Wisest Guy said, "you are one in a thousand."
He got away with it too.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not allowing trifles to vex us.—Sharp.

One Cook

May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties

A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.



The Trail of Democracy, of America, of the World.

north the power to crush that uprising which was born of the Mexican war—that same uprising by which England, too late, would gladly have seen this union disrupted, so that she might have yet another chance at these lands she now had lost for ever.

Fate seemed still to be with us, after all, as I have so often had occasion to believe may be a possible thing. That war of conquest which Mr. Calhoun opposed, that same war which grew out of the slavery tenets of his otherwise splendid public life—found its own correction in the civil war. It was the gold of California which put down slavery. Thenceforth slavery has existed legally only north of the Mason and Dixon line!

We have our problems yet. Perhaps some other war may come to settle them. Fortunate for us if there could be another California, another Texas, another Oregon, to help us pay for them!

I, who was intimately connected with many of these less known matters, claim for my master a reputation wholly different from that given to him in any garbled "history" of his life. I lay claim in his name for foresight beyond that of any man of his time. He made mistakes, but he made

of government or another, the flag of democracy eventually must float over all this continent. Not a part, but all of this country must be ours, must be the people's. It may cost more blood and treasure now. Some time we shall see the wisdom of John Calhoun; but some time, too, I think, we shall see come true that prophecy of a strange and brilliant mentality, which in Calhoun's presence and in mine, said that all of these northern lands and all Mexico as well must one day be ours—which is to say, the people's—for the sake of human opportunity, of human hope and happiness. Our battles are but partly fought. But at least they are not, then, lost.

For myself, the close of the Mexican war found me somewhat worn by travel and ill equipped in financial matters. I had been discredited, I say, by my own government. My pay was withheld. Elizabeth, by that time my wife, was a girl reared in all the luxury that our country then could offer. Shall I say whether or not I prized her more when gladly she gave up all this and joined me for one more long and final journey out across that great trail which I had seen—the trail of democracy, of America, of the world?