

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XII.

Which Continues the Romance of Abe and Ann Until the Former Leaves New Salem to Begin His Work in the Legislature. Also It Describes the Colonizing of Peter Lukins.

The next day after his return, Abe received a letter from Ann. She had come over to the store on the arrival of the stage and taken her letter and run home with it. That Saturday's stage brought the new suit of clothes from Springfield.

It was an Indian summer day of the first week in November. That afternoon Abe went to the tavern and asked Ann to walk out to the Traylors' with him. She seemed to be glad to go. She was not the cheerful, quick-footed, rosy-cheeked Ann of old. Her face was pale, her eyes dull and listless, her step slow. Neither spoke until they had passed the Waddell cabin and were come to the open fields.

"I hope your letter brought good news," said Abe.
"It was very short," Ann answered. "He took a fever in Ohio and was sick there four weeks and then he went home. In two months he never wrote a word to me. And this one was only a little bit of a letter with no love in it. I don't believe he cares for me now or, perhaps, he is married. I don't know. I'm not going to cry about it any more. I can't. I've no more tears to shed. I've given him up."

"Then I reckon the time has come for me to tell you what is on my heart," said Abe. "I love you, Ann. I have loved you for years. I would have told you long ago but I could not make myself believe that I was good enough for you. I love you so much that if you can only be happy with John McNamar I will pray to God that he may turn out to be a good and faithful man and come back and keep his promise."

She looked up at him with a kind of awe in her face.
"Oh, Abe!" she whispered. "I had made up my mind that men were all bad but my father. I was wrong. I did not think of you."
"Men are mostly good," said Abe. "But it's very easy to misunderstand them. In my view it's quite likely that John McNamar is better than you think him. I want you to be fair to John. If you conclude that you can not be happy with him give me a chance. I would do my best to bring back the joy of the old days. Sometimes I think that I am going to do something worth while. Sometimes I think that I can see my way far ahead and it looks very pleasant, and you, Ann, are always walking beside me in it. Before we take another step I wish you could give me some hope to live on—just a little straw of hope."

"You are a wonderful man, Abe," said Ann, touched by his appeal. "My father says that you are going to be a great man."
"I can not hold out any such hope to you," Abe answered. "I'm rather ignorant and badly in debt, but I reckon that I can make a good living and give you a comfortable home. Don't you think, taking me just as I am, you could care for me a little?"
"Yes; sometimes I think that I could love you, Abe," she answered. "I do not love you yet, but I may—some time. I really want to love you."
"That is all I can ask now," said Abe as they went on. "Do you hear from him Kelso?"
"I have not heard from her since June."

"I wish you would write to her and tell her that I am thinking of going down to St. Louis and that I would like to go and see her."
"I'll write to her tomorrow," said Ann.
They had a pleasant visit and while Ann was playing with the baby she seemed to have forgotten her troubles. They stayed to supper, after which the whole family walked to the tavern with them. When Ann began to show weariness, Abe gently lifted her in his arms and carried her.
That evening Mrs. Peter Lukins called upon Abe at Sam Hill's store where he sat alone, before the fire, reading with two candles burning on the end of a dry goods box at his elbow.

"I wanted to see you private 'bout Lukins," she began. "There's them that call him Bony Lukins, but I reckon he ain't no bonier than the everidge run o' men—not a bit—no, if he was, I don't reckon his bones ort to be throwed at him every time he's spoke to that away."

"What can I do about it?" Abe asked.
"I've been hopin' an' wishin' some kind of a decent handle' could be put on to his name," said Mrs. Lukins, with her eye upon a knot hole in the counter. "Something with a good sound to it. You said that anything you could do for the New Salem folks you was goin' to do an' I thought maybe you could fix it."
Abe smiled and asked: "Do you want a title?"
"If it ain't plum owdacious I wish

he could be made a colonel."
"I'll see what can be done, but if he gets that title he'll have to live up to it."
"I'll make him walk a chalk line—you see," the good woman promised as she left the store.

That evening Abe wrote a playful commission as colonel for Peter Lukins, which was signed in due time by all his friends and neighbors and presented to Lukins by a committee of which Abe was chairman.

Coleman Smoot—a man of some means who had a farm on the road to Springfield—was in the village that evening. Abe showed him the commission and asked him to sign it.

"I'll sign on one condition," said Smoot.
"What is that?" Abe asked.
"That you'll give me a commission. I want to be your friend."

"You are that now, aren't you?" Abe asked.
"Yes, but I haven't earned my commission. You haven't given me a chance yet. What can I do to help you along?"

Abe was much impressed by these kindly words.
"My friends do not often ask what they can do for me," he said. "I suppose they haven't thought of it. I'll think it over and let you know."

Three days later he walked out to Coleman Smoot's after supper. As they sat together by the fireside Abe said:

"I've been thinking of your friendly question. It's dangerous to talk that way to a man like me. The fact is, I need two hundred dollars to pay pressing debts and give me something in my pocket when I go to Vandalia. If you can not lend it to me I shall think none the less of you."

"I can and will," said Smoot. "I've been watching you for a long time. A man who tries as hard as you do to get along deserves to be helped. I believe in you. I'll go up to Springfield and get the money and bring it to you within a week or so."

Abe Lincoln had many friends who would have done the like for him if they could, and he knew it.
"Every one has faith in you," said Smoot. "We expect much of you and we ought to be willing to do what we can to help."

"Your faith will be my strength, if I have any," said Abe.
On his way home that night he thought of what Jack Kelso had said of democracy and friendship.

On the twenty-second of November a letter came to Ann from Blim Kelso, which announced that she was going to New Orleans for the winter with her husband. Six days later Abe took the stage for the capital, at Rutledge's door, where all the inhabitants of the village had assembled to bid him goodbye.

Ann Rutledge, with a flash of her old playfulness, kissed him when he got into the stage. Abe's long arm was waving in the air as he looked back at his cheering friends while the stage rumbled down the road toward the great task of life upon which he was presently to begin in the little village of Vandalia.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wherein the Route of the Underground Railroad is Surveyed and Samson and Harry Spend a Night in the Home of Henry Brimstead and Hear Surprising Revelations, Confidentially Disclosed.

Early in the autumn of that year the Reverend Elijah Lovejoy of Alton had spent a night with the Traylors on his way to the North. Sitting by the fireside he had told many a vivid tale of the cruelties of slavery.

"I would not have you think that all slaveholders are wicked and heart-

less," he said. "They are like other men the world over. Some are kind and indulgent. If all men were like them slavery could be tolerated. But they are not. Some men are brutal in the North as well as in the South. If not made so by nature they are made so by drink. To give them the power of life and death over human beings, which they seem to have in parts of the South, is a crime against God and civilization."

"I agree with you," said Samson.
"I knew that you would," the minister went on. "We have already had some help from you but we need more. I take it as a duty which God has laid upon me to help every fugitive that reaches my door. You can help the good work of mercy and grace. If you hear three taps upon your window after dark or the hoot of an owl in your doorway you will know what it means. Fix some place on your farm where these poor people who are seeking the freedom which God wills for all His children, may find rest and refreshment and security until they have strength to go on."

Within a week after the visit of Mr. Lovejoy, Samson and Harry built a hollow haystack about half-way from the house to the barn. The stack had a comfortable room inside of it about eight feet by seven and some six feet in height. Its entrance was an opening near the bottom of the stack well screened by the pendant hay. But no fugitive came to occupy it that winter.

Soon after the new year of 1835 Samson and Harry moved the Kelsos to Tazewell county. Mr. Kelso had received an appointment as land agent and was to be stationed at the little settlement of Hopedale near the home of John Peasley.

Late in the afternoon Harry and Samson left the Kelsos and their effects at a small frame house in the little village of Hopedale. The men had no sooner begun to unload than its inhabitants came to welcome the newcomers and help them in the work of getting settled. When the goods were deposited in the dooryard Samson and Harry drove to John Peasley's farm. Mr. Peasley recognized the big, broad-shouldered Vermont at the first look.

"Do I remember you?" he said.
"Well, I guess I do. So does my barn door. Let me take hold of that right hand of yours again. Yes, sir. It's the same old iron hand. Marry Ann!" he called as his wife came out of the door. "Here's the big man from Vergennes who tossed the purty slaver."

"I see it is," she answered. "Ain't ye comin' in?"
"If you try to pass this place I'll have ye took up," said Peasley. "There's plenty of food in the house an' stable."

"Look here—that's downright selfish," said his wife. "If we tried to keep you here Henry Brimstead would never forgive us. He talks about you morning, noon and night. Any one would think that you was the Samson that slew the Philistines."

"How is Henry?" Samson asked.
"He married my sister and they're about as happy as they can be this side the river Jordan," she went on. "They've got one o' the best farms in Tazewell county and they're goin' to be rich."
"Yes, sir; I didn't think o' that," said Peasley. "Henry and his wife would holler if we didn't take ye over there. It's only a quarter of a mile. I'll show ye the way and we'll all come over this evening and have a talkin' bee."

Samson was pleased and astonished by the look of Brimstead and his home and his family and the account of his success. The man from the sand flats was cleanly shaved, save upon a black mustache, and neatly dressed and his face glowed with health and high spirits. A handsome brown-eyed miss of seventeen came galloping up the road on her pony and stopped near them.

"Annabel, do you remember this man?" Brimstead asked.
The girl looked at Samson.
"He is the man who helped us out of Flea valley," said the girl. "Would you mind if I kissed you?"
"I would be sorry if you didn't," said Samson. "Here's my boy, Harry Needles. You wouldn't dare kiss him, I guess."
"I would be sorry, too, if you didn't," Harry laughed as he took her hand. "I'm afraid you'll have to stay sorry," said Annabel turning red with embarrassment. "I never saw you before."

"Better late than never," Samson assured her. "You don't often see a better fellow."

The girl laughed with a subtle look of agreement in her eyes. Then came up from the barn the ragged little lad of No Santa Claus Land—now a sturdy, bright-eyed, handsome boy of twelve.

The horses were put out and all went in to supper.

After supper Brimstead showed models of a mowing machine with a cut bar six feet long, and a plow which would turn two furrows.

"That's what we need on these prairies," said Samson. "Something

that'll turn 'em over and cut the crop quicker."
"Say, I'll tell ye," said Brimstead as if about to disclose a secret. "These great stretches of smooth, rich land just everlastingly ram the spurs into you and keep your brain galloping. Mine is goin' night and day. The prairies are a new thing and you've got to tackle 'em in a new way. I tell you the seeding and planting and mowing and reaping and threshing is all going to be done by machinery and horses. The wheel will be the foundation of the new era."

"You're right," said Samson.
"How are you gettin' along?"
"Rather slow," Samson answered. "It's hard to get our stuff to market down in the Sangamon country. Our river isn't navigable yet. We hope that Abe Lincoln, who has just been elected to the legislature, will be able to get it widened and straightened and cleaned up so it will be of some use to us down there."

"I've heard of him. They call him Honest Abe, don't they?"
"Yes; and he is honest if a man ever was."

"Is he going to marry the Rutledge girl?" was the query of Mrs. Brimstead.
"I don't think so," Samson answered, a little surprised at her knowledge of the attachment. "He's as hum-

ble as Sam Hill and dresses rough and ain't real handy with the gals. Some fellers are kind o' fenced in with humbleness and awkwardness."
"The boys around here are all fenced in," said Annabel. "There's nobody here of my age but Lanky Peters, who looks like a fish, and a red-headed Irish boy with a wooden leg."

"The Peasleys arrived and the men and women spent a delightful hour traveling without weariness over the long trail to beloved scenes and the days of their youth. Every day's end thousands were going east on that trail, each to find his pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow of memory."

Before they went to bed that night Brimstead paid his debt to Samson, with interest, and very confidentially. It was a long, wearisome ride back to the land of plenty, over frozen ground, with barely an inch of snow upon it, under a dark sky, with a chilly wind blowing.

"After all, it's home," said Samson, when late in the evening they saw the lighted windows of the cabin ahead. When they had put out their horses and come in by the glowing fire, Samson lifted Sarah in his arms again and kissed her.
"I'm kind o' silly, mother, but I can't help it—you look so temptin'," said Samson.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Used Nature's Gifts.

There are no indications that in remote time either oil or gas was put to much practical use as modern people understand that term, but there is little doubt that priests of the fire-worshipping cult which flourished in old Persia made "good things" out of the phenomena. Not far from Beku are the ruins of a temple of the cult which is believed to have been in existence for more than 2,500 years. Tower beacons and altars are provided with channels concealed in the masonry, which demonstrate that gasfitting is not a craft of modern birth. These channels led from fissures in the earth which once furnished natural gas. To this temple came pilgrims from all parts of the East as late as the eighties of the last century. Besides the walls of the temple today stands a modern refinery, furnishing an emphatic contrast in the old and new uses of Nature's gift of oil and gas.

LIKE OLDEN DAYS

Shanghaied Sailor Has Vivid Tale of Kidnaping.

Story Brings to Memory the Yellow-Sacked Books We Used to Read Behind the Barn.

A court martial at Governors Island, New York harbor, has unanimously accepted as true a story just like the old fiction stories of sailing ships and their methods of "shanghaing" men for their crews, and cleared of desertion charges a soldier who said he had been kidnaped at the Canal zone and carried across the Atlantic against his will. He was absolved of all blame and ordered restored to duty.

The soldier was Earl Clark, who enlisted in the army in the West Virginia mountain section and was sent to the contingent at the Panama Canal zone, where he was assigned to Company A of the military police. One night while off duty he ran across sailors from the Kronprinzessin Margareta, a Swedish steamship, who asked him if he couldn't show them the "bright lights" of Colon. This was in November, 1920.

It was a great night for Private Clark and for the Swedish sailors, but the endurance of the Stockholm lads was greater than that of Clark, who finally passed into complete oblivion. Far be it from strong Swedish sailors to desert a comrade whose engines had stopped, so they loaded him on their shoulders and carried him to their ship, which was to sail from Colon for Stockholm at dawn.

When Clark awoke he was in one of the bunks of the Swedish ship, which was already out of sight of land and rolling in heavy seas without regard for the state of health of any "dough-boy" who had been out the night before. One of the party told Clark that he was on his way to Stockholm, where the lights were just as bright as any in the Canal zone.

Indignant, Clark demanded that he be taken before the captain, who assured him that it was impossible to turn the steamer back and that he would receive pay for any work done on the voyage. He demanded that he be permitted to communicate with the army authorities if the boat touched England, after he had learned that the ship might go through the inland canal to Manchester.

Before the ship started inland to Manchester, however, the Swedish sailors put Clark under guard to prevent his escape, but he managed to elude this watch and get ashore. He told his story to a policeman and was taken to a police station, where he asked for assistance in notifying his officers at the Canal zone that he had been "shanghaied."

Clark told the officers of the court-martial that he was held for several weeks in prison at Manchester incommunicado, pending receipt of word from the American government. He said that the food was insufficient and the jailers were abusive.

After he had failed to get word to the American consul and his detention was lengthened into weeks, he said a Presbyterian clergyman in Manchester communicated with the American embassy in London and a few days later a guard put the soldier aboard the Celtic on alien deportation orders. He was arrested when the ship reached port at New York and taken to the military prison at Fort Jay on charges of desertion.

Telling of this unusual case, officers at Governors Island recalled a similar one during the war. A soldier was kidnaped at St. Nazaire by Spanish soldiers and landed in Spain, where he was kept in prison for about two years before his status was finally established. He also was tried for desertion and acquitted.

Causes of Yellow Fever.

That yellow fever has two different causes instead of one is the theory of Dr. G. Sampietro, whose experiments have led him to regard the germ discovered by Noguchi as insufficient. It is not easy to assign all results to mosquito carriers. He believes that one agent is bacterial, producing the typical symptoms of the disease, but that some other agent—such as a filterable virus—may give varying effects. The character of the contagion and the diffusion of the infection seem to suggest a filterable virus. The feverish weakness in animals and the first stage of the disease in man are attributed to the virus and the bacillus is assumed to be the cause of the disturbances of the bodily organs and other symptoms. It is thought the virus may give rise to light forms of yellow fever, one of which attenuated forms may be dengue.

Nightly Time Gun Too Costly.

Firing a time gun every night at Calgary would cost \$25 a day. It occurred to some one in the city hall that the sounding of a cannon at bedtime would be just the proper thing for Calgary. The military authorities said they would be willing to put over the nightly barrage. They have only 18-pound guns, and to shoot them, even for the sake of warning the children to go to bed, would burn up money very fast. It would mean about \$7,500 a year. The city is considering something cheaper.

Looking Forward.

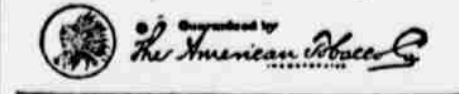
Husband—And once for all, don't talk to me about your first husband. Wife—Very well, dear; we'll discuss what sort of man your successor is likely to be.—Boston Transcript.



It's toasted

To seal in the delicious Burley flavor

Once you've enjoyed the toasted flavor you will always want it



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Dept. K, 1217 O St. Lincoln, Neb.

So Considerate. Two golfers sliced their drives into the rough and went in search of the balls. They searched for a long time without success, a dear old lady watching them with kindly and sympathetic eyes.

At last, after the search had proceeded for half an hour, she spoke to them.
"I hope I'm not interrupting you gentlemen," she said sweetly, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"

The Reason. Discontented Wife—Several of the men I refused before I married you are richer than you are now. Husband—Yes, and that's why. —Boston Transcript.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers, 5c.—Advertisement.

Burglary as a profession is apt to prove rather confining. We all have wealth that we can dispense to others: Kindness.

Why That Bad Back?

Is backache keeping you miserable? Are you "all played out," without strength or vigor for your work? Then find what is causing the trouble and correct it. Likely, it's your kidneys! You have probably been working too hard and neglecting rest and exercise. Your kidneys have slowed up and poisons have accumulated. That, then, is the cause of the backache, headaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

C. W. Follen, retd. farmer, G. on N. E. 1/4, Neb., says: "My back bothered me a great deal, especially when I bent over or lifted anything. My kidneys were so weak at times the secretions passed too freely. They were dark in color and then again as clear as spring water. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I found relief in a short time."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
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Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.



The Village Had Assembled to Bid Him Goodby.



"After All, it's Home," said Samson.