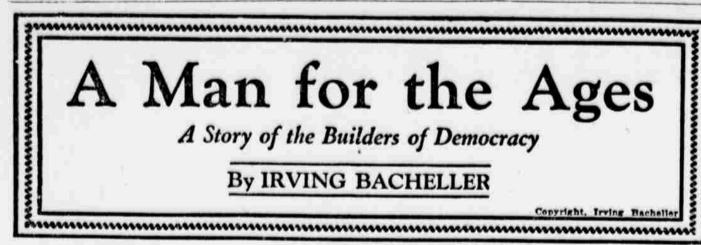
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF



CHAPTER XIV. -14-

In Which Abe Returns From Vandalia and is Engaged to Ann, and Three Interesting Slaves Arrive at the Home of Samson Traylor, Who, With Harry Needles, Has an Adventure of Much Importance on the Underground Road.

Abe came back from the legislature to resume his duties as postmaster. The evening of his arrival he went to see Ann. The girl was in poor health. She had had no news of McNamar since January. Her spirit seemed to be broken. They walked together up and down the deserted street of the little village that evening. Abe told her of his life in Vandalia and of his hopes and plans,

"My greatest hope is that you will feet that you can put up with me," he said. "I would try to learn how to make you happy. I think if you would help me a little I could do it."

"If you want me to, I will marry you, Abe," said she, "I cannot say that I love you, but my mother and father say that I would learn to love you, and sometimes I think it is true. I really want to love you."

They were on the bluff that overlooked the river and the deserted mill. They were quite alone looking down at the moonlit plains. A broken sigh came from the lips of the tall young man. He wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. He took her hand in both of his and pressed it against his breast and looked down into her face and said:

"I wish I could tell you what is in my heart. There are things this tongue of mine could say, but not that. I shall show you, but I shall not try to tell you. Words are good enough for politics and even for the religion of most men, but not for this love I feel. Only in my life shall I try to express it."

He held her hand as they walked on in silence for a moment,

"About a year from now we can be married," he said, "I shall be able

way north," said Samson. "Take them In a few minutes." Harry conducted them to their hiding place, and when they had entered it, he Brought a ladder and

opened the top of the stack. A hooped shaft in the middle of it led to a point near its top and provided ventilation. Then he crawled in at the entrance, through which Samson passed a pail of food, a jug of water and some buffalo hides. Harry sat with them for a few moments in the black darkness of the stack room to learn whence they had come and whither they wished to go.

"We are from St. Louis, suh," the mulatte answered. "We are on our way to Canada. Our next station is the house of John Peasley, in Tazewell county."

"Do you know a man of the name of Eliphalet Biggs, who lives in St. Louis?" Harry asked.

"Yes, suh; I see him often, suh," the negro answered.

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Good when he is sober, sub, but a brute when he is drunk."

"Is he cruel to his wife?" "He beats her with a whip, suh," "My G-!" Harry exclaimed. "Why

don't she leave him?" "She has left him, suh. She is stay-

ing with a friend. It has been hard for her to get away. She has been a slave, too."

Harry's volce trembled with emotion when he answered:

"I am sure that none of her friends knew how she was being treated."

"I suppose that she was hoping an' praying, sub, that he would change." "I think that one of us will take you to Peasley's tomorrow night." said Harry, "Meanwhile I hope you get a good rest."

With that he left them, filled the mouth of the cave with hay and went into the house. There he told his good friends of what he had heard. "I shall go down to St. Louis," he said. "I read in the paper that there

was a boat Monday." "The first thing to do is to go to bed," said Sarah. "There's not much left of the night."

They went to bed, but the young man could not sleep. Bim had possession of his heart again.

solves, if necessary, and set out for

Samson had a frank talk with Harry.

ing in love with Bim," he said.

have no right to love her."

the boy.

door.

ute."

into the house.

erty of Biggs?

tle to let them pass.

Biggs demanded.

shouted.

a sister to me."

platform," said Samson.

"I think you ought to get over be-

"I've told myself that a dozen

"She's another man's wife and you

"She's another man's slave, and 1

can't stand the thought of it," Harry

answered. "If a man's sister were in

right to help her; and she's more than

"I'll stand with you on the sister

At sunrise they stopped to give

distance they could see Brimstead's

house and the harrowed fields around

it. The women were lying covered by

the hay; the man was sitting up and

suddenly, as he got under the hay.

"They're coming." he exclaimed,

Samson and Harry could see horse-

men following at a gallop half a mile

or so down the road. Our friends

hurried their team and got to Brim-

stead's door ahead of the horsemen.

Henry Erimstead stood in the open

"Take these slaves into the house

and get them out of sight as quick

going to be a quarrel here in a min-

as you can," said Samson. "There's

The slaves slid off the load and ran

The team started on toward Peas

ey's farm as if nothing had happened.

with Harry and Samson standing on

the load. In a moment they saw, to

their astonishment, Biggs and a col-

ored servant coming at a slow trot.

Were the slaves they carried the prop-

"Stop that wagon," the latter

Samson kept on, turning out a lit-

"Stop or we'll shoot your horses."

"They'll have to pass close to the

load," Harry whispered. "I'll jump

The words were scarcely out of his

mouth when Harry sprang off the

load, catching Biggs' shoulders and

landing squarely on the rump of his

horse. It was a rough minute that

followed. The horse leaped and

reared and Biggs lost his seat, and

on behind Biggs as he goes by."

looking back down the road.

"These are fugitive slaves on their | and into a fence corner, while the horse ran up the road, with the pisout to the stack. I'll bring some food tols in their holsters on his back. They rose and fought until Harry, being quicker and stronger, got the best of it. The slaver was severely pun-Ished.

> Biggs swore bitterly at the two Yankees,

"I'll have you dirty suckers arrested. if there's any law in this state," he declared, as he stood leaning against the fence, with an eye badly swollen and blood streaming from his nose, "I suppose you can do it," said Samson. "But first let's see if we can find your horse, 'I think I saw him

turn in at the house above." Samson drove the team, while Biggs and Harry walked up the road in siience. The negro followed in the saddle. Peasley had caught Biggs' horse and was standing at the roadside.

"I want to find a justice of the pence," said Biggs. "There's one at the next house

above. I'll send my boy for him,' Peasley answered. The Justice arrived in a few min-

utes and Biggs lodged a complaint founded on the allegation that his slaves were concealed in the hay on Samson's wagon. The bay was removed and no slaves were discovered. "I suppose they left my miggers at the house below," said Biggs as he mounted his horse and, with his companion, started at a gallop in the direction of Brimstead's. Samson remained with Peasley and the Justice. "You had better go down and see what happens," he said to Harry. "We'll follow you in a few minutes," So Harry walked down to Brimstend's.

He found the house in a condition of panic. Biggs and his helper had discovered the mulatto and his wife hiding in the barn. The negroes and the children were crying. Mrs. Brimstead met Harry outside the door. "What are we to do?" she asked, tearfully.

"Just keep cool," said Harry. "Father Traylor and Mr. Peasley will be here soon."

Biggs and his companion came out of the door with Brimstead.

"We will take the niggers to the river and put them on a boat," Biggs was saving.

His face and shirt and bosom were Here is a Warrant for

servant. Samson reared with Jaugh-

"Now, Collar, get up on your horse and hurry 'em along, but don't ketch up with 'em if you can help it," said Pensley.

When the constable had gone, Peas ley said to Samson, "We'll drop these slaves at Nate Haskell's door. He'll take care of 'em until dark and start em on the north road. Late in the evening I'll pick 'ean up an' get 'em out o' this part o' the country." Meanwhile Brimstead and Harry had stood for a moment in the dooryard of the former, watching the pary on its way up the road. Brimstead blew out his breath and said in a low tone:

"Say, I'll tell ye, I ain't had so much excitement since Samson Traylor rode into Flea valley. The women need a chance to wash their faces and slick up a little. Le's you and me go back to the creek and go in swimmin' an' look the farm over."

"What become of the third nigger?" Harry asked.

"She went out in the field in a sunbonnet an' went to work with a hoe and they didn't discover her," suid Brimstead, They had their swim in the creek

and got back to the house at dinner time, Samson had returned and, as they sat down at the table Harry asked: "What have you done with the third slave?"

"She's been upstairs, getting washed and dressed," said Mrs. Brimstead, As she spoke, the stairway door opened and Bim entered the room-in a silk gown and slippers. Sorrow had



Garbed in a dressing gown he made is way to the buraing house and found a crowd of spectators awaiting ing the last hundred years, but unforthe fire department. Fears were expressed for the safety of occupants in the house, and as no one volunteered to enter, the Legtonnaire broke open a window and went in. He returned dragging Aaron Prultt, whom he found overcome on a bed.

of the American Legion.

LEGION HERO WITH ONE LEG

Detroit Member of Organization Dis-

plays Makeup of True Soldier

During Fire.

Once a hero, always a hero, is what

Detroit is saying of Leo Fuhrman,

World war veteran, who est a leg in

the life of a stranger in a burning

spectators stood about wringing their

Fuhrman, a member of the Charles

A. Learned post of the American Le-

A. E. F. Early one morning he was

Ghe

@LFGION@

HOLDS UNIQUE WAR RECORD

Editor of Legion Publication Left Post

and Marched to the Front

A. W. O. L.

Service Star, official publication of the

what is believed

to be the most

unique war rec-

He was ser-

A. E. F.



Portugal Offers Many Inducements to the Traveler.

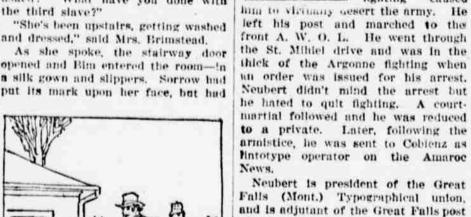
Ancient Castles and Convents, Beautiful in Ruin, Offer Never-Ending, Interesting Study.

For the graveler in Portugal not many more days are richly filled with interest than that on which he drives or rides or walks from Leiria to Batallia and Alcobaca, writes the London Morning Post's Lisbon correspondent. He sees Leiria's beautiful ruined Walter T. Neubert, editor of the castle, built by King Dinis, the splendid stretch of pine woods planted by American Legion the same king, and the wonderful of Montana, has Gothic churches of Alcohaca, the Cisterician convent founded by Portugal's first king in the Twelfth century, and of Batalha, built near the battle field ord of any man of Aljubarrota (1384) to commemowho served in the

rate the winning of Portugal's independence. At Alcohaca is a huge caldron left geant instructor by the retreating Spaniards after the in France, but battle in which English archers took his desire to get part on the side of Portugal; at Alinto the front-line cobaca, too, the beautifully carved fighting caused tomb of Ines de Castro, murdered at Coimgra in 1355 and brought to burial here along leagues of road lined with burning torches. But it is Batalha that has the most interesting memories of Englishmen, and it is thus of happy augury for the future of the ancient alliance that Portugal's two unknown soldiers are to be solemnly buried there.

The victory of 1385 was won by John I, master of Avis, and his young constable, Nuno Alvarez, whose boyish ideals had been fired with tales of Galahad and the Knights of the Round Table. John I married the daughter of John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster"; their tombs lie in the Founder's chapel of Batalha church with those of their sons. The motto of one of these half-English brothers, who were King Edward the eloquent, Prince Henry the navigator, Prince John, master of Santiago, Prince Ferdinand the constant and Don Pedro Duke of Coimbra, almost describes the noble simplicity of the interior of the church : "Le bein me plet."

Batalha was built on an English model, begun by English workmen called after Battle abbey (its full name being St. Mary of Victory). The pinnacles and finials of the roof are gray against the dark, pine-covered hills, but the entrance door and the main part of the building are of stone, originally white, and turned by time and weather to a rich golden brown, The "unfinished chapels" are a marvel of the later Manucline style, eloquent of glory and wealth achieved, whereas the Gothic church tells of austere, soaring aspiration. The whole build-





"I Am Sure I Shall Love You," She Whispered.

to take care of you then, I think. Meanwhile we will all help you to take care of yourself. You don't look well." She kissed his cheek and he kissed hers when they parted at the door of the tavern.

"I am sure I shall love you," she whispered.

"Those are the best words that ever came to my ears," he answered, and left her with a solemn sense of his commitment.

Soon after that Abe went to the north line of the county to do some surveying, and on his return, in the last week of May, came out for a talk with the Traylors.

That was the 26th of May, 1835, a date of much importance in the calendar of the Traylors. It had been a clear, warm day, followed by a cloudless, starry night, with a chilly breeze blowing. Between eleven and twelve o'clock Sarah and Samson were awakened by the hoot of an owl in the dooryard. In a moment they heard three taps on a window pane. They knew what it meant. Both got out of bed and into their clothes as quickly as possible. Samson lighted a candle and put some wood on the fire. Then he opened the door with the candle in his hand. A stalwart, goodlooking mulatto man, with a smoothshaven face, stood in the doorway.

"Is the coast clear?" he whispered. "All clear," Samson answered, in a low tone.

"I'll be back in a minute," said the negro, as he disappeared in the darkness, returning presently with two women, both very black. They sat sown in the dim light of the cabin. Harry, who had been awakened by the arrival of the strangers, came down the indder.

Fortunately, the spring's work was smeared with blood. He asked Mrs. finished and there was not much to be Brimstead for a basin of water and done next day. Samson went to "Cola towel. The good woman took him onel" Lukins' cabin and arranged to the washstand and supplied his with him and his wife to come and needs. stay with Sarah and made other prep-

In a few moments Samson and Peasarations for the journey to the north. lev arrived.

Soon after nightfall they put their "Well, you've found them, have guests on a small load of hay, so you?" Peasley asked. that they could quickly cover them-

"They were here, as I thought," said Biggs. Peasley's farm. As they rode along

"Well, the justice says we must surrender the negroes and take them to the nearest landing for you. We've in a way prepared for it. She had come to do it."

"It's better treatment than I extimes, but it don't do any good," said pected," Biggs-answered,

"You'll find that we have a good deal of respect for the law," said Peasley.

Biggs and his friend went to the barn for their horses. The others conferred a moment with the two such trouble, I think he'd have the staves and Mrs. Brimstead. Then the latter went out into the garden lot to a woman in a sunbonnet who was working with a hoe some fifteen rods from the house. Mrs. Brimstead seemed to be conveying a message to their horses a moment to rest. In the the woman by signs. Evidently the

latter was deaf and dumb. "That is the third slave." Brimstead

whispered. "I don't believe they'll discover her." Soon Peasley and Samson got into

the wagon with the negroes and drove away, followed by the two horsemen. In a little village on the river they stopped at a low frame house. A woman came to the door. "Is Freeman Collar here?" Peasley

demanded. "He is back in the garden," the

woman answered.

"Please ask him to come here." In a moment Collar came around the house with a hoe on his shoulder. "Good morning, Mr. Constable," said Peasley, "This is Eliphalet Biggs of St. Louis, and here is a warrant for his arrest."

"For my arrest !" Biggs exclaimed. "What is the charge?"

"That you hired a number of men to burn the house of Samson Henry Traylor, near the village of New Salem, in Sangamon county, and, by violence, to compet him to leave said county; that, on the 29th of August. said men-the same being eight in number-attempted to carry out your design and, being captured and overpowered, all confessed their guilt and your connection with it, their sworn confessions being now in the possession of one Stephen Nuckles, a minister of this county. I do not need to remind you that it is a grave offense and likely to lead to your confinement for a term of years."

"Well, by G-," Biggs shouled, in anger. "You suckers will have some traveling to do before you arrest me." He struck the spurs in his horse he and Harry rolled to the ground and galloned away, followed by his

not extinguished her beauty. All rose from the table. Harry walked toward her. She advanced to meet him. Face

to face, they stopped and looked into each other's eyes. The moment long desired, the moment endeared and sublimated by the dreams of both, the moment toward which their thoughts had been wout to hasten, after the cares of the day, like brooks coming down from the mountains, had arrived suddenly. She was taken thought of what she would do and say. He had not. Still it made no difference. Quickly they fell into each other's embrace, and the depth of their feeling we may guess when we read in the diary of the rugged and rather stoical Samson that no witness of the scene spoke or moved "until I turned my back upon it for

shame of my tears." Soon Bim came and kissed Samson's cheek and said:

"I am not going to make trouble, I couldn't help this. I heard what he said to you last night. It made me happy in spite of all my troubles, 1 love him, but above all I shall try to keep his heart as clean and noble as it has always been. I really meant to be very strong and upright. It is all over now. Forgive us. We are going to be as respectable as-as we can.'

Samson pressed her hand and said : "You came with the slaves and 1 guess you heard our talk in the wagon."

"Yes, I came with the slaves, and was as black as either of them. We had all suffered. I should have come alone, but they had been good and faithful to me. I could not bear to leave them to endure the violence of that man. We left together one night when he was in a drunken stupor, We took a boat to Alton and caught the Star of the North to Beardstown -they traveling as my servants, There I hired a team and wagon. It brought us to the grove near your house,"

"Why did you disguise yourself before you came in?"

"I longed to see Harry, but I did not want him to see me. I did not know that he would care to see me." she answered. "I longed to see all of you. Now I am ready to go to my father's house-like the Prodigal Son coming back after his folly."

Bim kissed Samson's cheek and embraced Annabel and her mother and hurried out of the house. Harry carried her bag to the buggy and helped her in.

She waved her hand as the buggy went up the road.

"It's the same old Bim," Harry said to himself, as he stood watching her. "But I think she's lovelier than she

ever was." TO BE CONTINUED.

"Any soldier would have done the same thing," declared the hero.

IN MIDST OF SHELL SHOWER

Husky Seattle Legion Member Was Wounded Twelve Times Within Half Minute.

The weathering of three years rough and tumble as a Walter Camp All

American tackle on the Yale foothall team conditioned Charles H. Paul, Seattle, Wash., for one of the World war's most unusual experiences.

Paul, wen a first lieutenant in the Three Hun-4red and Sixtylourth infantry.

Ninety-first division, was wounded in 12 different spots in half a minute furing the Argonne struggle. One high explosive shell burst near him, hurling him about 15 feet distant. He had just landed when a second shell exploded almost under him, tossing him back to where he started from. He thought it over for several months in army hospitals.

Also a graduate of Harvard law school, Paul is junior partner in one of Seattle's legal corporations. He is commander of Rainier-Noble post of the American Legion, Seattle.

Legion Man Sets the Pace.

Ageratum, architrave, chamfer. cleistogamous, elohim. gambit. guimpe, intagilo, metacarpal, mitosis, nada, pomology, rococo, Simony. How many of the above words can you define? Michael Nolan, 43-year-old mental wizard, who has been classed with the world's "best minds" defined all of them in less than one minute. Nolan is a charter member of Ranler-Noble post of the American Legion at Seattle. Nolan, who has been a lumberjack and a sailor, is a student in the engineering department of the federal board of vocational training at the University of Washington. He was shellshocked in France. He broke into fame when he established a new record in the army "alpha" test with a perfect score of 212 points in thirteen minutes. The best previous score in the psychology test was 207 points in seventeen minutes, made by a Yale professor.

ing has been skillifully restored durtunately little of the fine old stained glass remains.

Forced Into Circus Business.

The name of Adam Forepaugh, so well known to followers of the circus world, became the important factor it played in that sphere through accident rather than design. 'Years ago, Dan Rice and his circus were known throughout the states. Rice & Warner circus enjoyed success for some time. Then hard luck followed them, and they were plunged into a period or financial depression.

The show stranded in Philadelphia. Adam Foreback, a Philadelphia butcher, had been given the contract to furnish ment for the organization; and, when money was not forthcoming to meet his bill, sought council of an attorney. As a result an attachment was secured. Rice and Warner held a consultation. They decided that the bottom had fallen out of the circus business. So they turned over to Foreback the properties and paraphernalie of the circus in settlement of the claim.

With this material on his hands, Foreback could do but one thing. He started out as a circusman. Foreback was changed to Forepaugh, a name that became a bousehold word in America and which remains one today.

The Butler's Cue.

We were giving our senior play in high school. I was playing the part of the butler. In the third act I was supposed to pass a box of cigars to the group of men assembled for the hunt club dinner. I started to pass cigars, The lines called for a speech from the colonel. I had passed the cigars to one of the men, when the colonel gave his line. It was "James, pass the cigars to the gentlemen." He laid special emphasis on the word gentlemen,

You can imagine the hilarity of the audience at the peculiar situation and my embarrassment, caused by the fact that I had started on my rounds with the cigar box before my cue, thus giving the colonel a chance to question, in his speech, the character of the first "gentleman" to whom I had passed the cigars .-- Chicago Tribune.

"Backwardation."

This peculiar word is a term used on the London stock exchange. A man sells stocks which he does not possess, promising delivery on a certain day. If at settling time the stock has not gone down to a point where he can make a profit on the transaction, he sometimes makes an arrangement with the purchaser of the stock whereby delivery is deferred, paying for this privilege an agreed amount of interest known as backwardation.