

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By IRVING BACHELLER

Copyright, Irving Bacheller

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

They saddled their horses and mounted and rode up to the door. After their acknowledgments and farewells Brimstead came close to Samson and said in confidence: "I enjoy being a millionaire for a few minutes now and then. It's as good as going to a circus and cheaper."

"The feelings of a millionaire are almost as good as the money while they last," said Abe Lincoln with a laugh.

At early candlelight they reached the sycamore woods very hungry. It was a beautiful grovelike forest on the shore of a stream. The crossing was a rough bridge of corduroy. A crude log tavern and a cruder store stood on the farther shore of the creek. The tavern was a dirty place with a drunken proprietor. Three ragged, shiftless farmers and a half-breed Indian sat in its main room in varying stages of inebriety. A well-dressed, handsome young man with a diamond in his shirt-front was leading a horse back and forth in the stable yard. The diamond led Samson to suspect that he was the man Davis of whom Mrs. Brimstead had spoken. Our travelers, not liking the look of the place, got some oats and rode on, camping near the farther edge of the woods, where they built a fire, fed and tethered their horses and sat down and ate from the store in their saddlebags.

Then with their knives Abe and Samson cut big armfuls of grass from the near prairie for the horses and a bed upon which the three men lay down for the night.

Samson had that gift of "sleeping with one eye open" which the perils of the wilderness had conferred upon the pioneer. He had lain down on the side of their bed near the horses, which were tethered to trees only a few feet away. He had gone to sleep with his pistol under his right hand. Late in the night he was awakened by an unusual movement among the horses. In the dim light of the fire he could see a man in the act of bridling Abe's horse.

"Hold up your hands," Samson shouted as he covered the man with his pistol. "If ye stir a foot I'll bore a hole in ye."

The man threw up his hands and stood still.

In half a moment Abe Lincoln and Harry got up and captured the man and the loosed horse.

This is part of the entry which Samson made in his diary a week or so later:

"Harry put some wood on the fire while Abe and I led him up into the light. He was one of the dirty white



"Hold Up Your Hands," Samson Shouted.

men we had seen at the tavern.

"I'll give you four hundred dollars for a horse in good Michigan money," he said.

"If ye can't steal a horse you're willin' to buy one," I says.

"No, sir. I only come to buy," says he.

"I fopped him sudden and asked him why he was putting on the bridle.

"He owned up then. Said a man had hired him to steal the horse.

"That man has got to have a horse," he said. "He'll give ye any price ye want to ask. If ye'll give me a few dollars I'll take ye to him."

"Ye go and bring him here and I'll talk to him," I said.

"I let the feller go. I didn't suppose he'd come back, but he did. Came a little before sunrise with that well-dressed feller we saw at the tavern.

"What's your name? I says.

"He handed me a card on which I read the words Lionel Davis, Real Es-

tate, Loans and Insurance, 14 South Water Street, Chicago, Ill."

"There's one branch o' your business that isn't mentioned on the card," I says.

"What's that? says he.

"Horse-thief," says I. "Ye sent that feller here to steal a horse and he got caught."

"Well I told him if he'd get me a good horse I'd give him five hundred dollars and that I didn't care how he got him. The fact is I'm desperate. I'll give you a thousand dollars for one of your horses."

"Ye couldn't buy one of 'em at any price," I said. "There's two reasons. I wouldn't do business with a horse-thief and no money would tempt me to sell an animal to be ridden to death."

"The two thieves had had enough of us and they got out."

"That night our party camped on the shore of the Kankakee and next day they met the contractors. Lincoln joined the latter party and Harry and Samson went on alone. Late that afternoon they crossed the nine-mile prairie, beyond which they could see the shimmer of the lake and the sunlit structures of the new city.

"There it is," said Samson. "Four thousand, one hundred and eighty people live there. It looks like a sturdy two-year-old."

The houses were small and cheaply built and of many colors. Some were unpainted. Near the prairie they stood like people on the outer edge of a crowd, looking over one another's shoulders and pushing in a disordered mass toward the center of interest. Some seemed to have straggled away as if they had given up trying to see or hear. So to one nearing it the town had a helter-skelter look.

Our travelers passed rough boarded houses with grand-looking people in their dooryards and on their small porches—men in broadcloth and tall hats and ladies in silk dresses. It was six o'clock and the men had come home to supper. As the horsemen proceeded larger buildings surrounded them, mostly two stories high. There were some stores and houses built of red brick. Beyond the scatter of cheap, wooden structures they came to streets well laid out and crowded and busy and "very soft" to quote a phrase from the diary. Teams were struggling in the mud, drivers shouting and lashing. Agents for hotels and boarding houses began to solicit the two horsemen from the plank sidewalks. The latter were deeply impressed by a negro in scarlet clothes, riding a horse in scarlet housings. He carried a scarlet banner and was advertising in a loud voice the hour and place of a great land sale that evening.

A sound of many hammers beating upon boards could be heard above the noises of the street and behind all was the constant droning of a big steam saw and the whirl of the heavy stones in the new grist mill. It was the beginning of that amazing diapason of industry which accompanied the building of the cities of the West.

They put out in the livery stable of the City hotel and at the desk of the latter asked about the price of board. It was three dollars a day and no politeness in the offer.

"It's purty steep," said Samson. "But I'm too hungry for argument or delay and I guess we can stand it to be nabobs for a day or so."

The hotel clerk had a Register of the Residents of the City of Chicago wherein they found the name and address of John Kelso. They went out to find the house. Storekeepers tried to stop them as they passed along the street with offers of land at bargains which would make them millionaires in a week. In proceeding along the plank sidewalks they were often ascending or descending steps to another level.

On La Salle street they found the home of Jack Kelso. It was a rough boarded small house, a story and a half high. It had a little porch and dooryard enclosed by an unpainted picket fence. Bim, in a handsome, blue silk gown, came running out to meet them.

"If you don't mind I'm going to kiss you," she said to Harry.

"Td mind if you didn't," said the young man as he embraced her.

"We must be careful not to get the habit," she laughed.

"Td enjoy being careless for once," said Harry.

"Women can be extravagant with everything but carelessness," she insisted. "Do you like this gown?"

"It is lovely—like yourself."

"Then perhaps you will be willing to take me to the party tonight. My mother will chaperon us."

"With these clothes that have just been hauled out of a saddle bag?" said Harry with a look of alarm.

"Even rags could not hide the beauty of him," said Kelso as he came down from the porch to greet them. "And look at her," he went on. "Was there ever a fairer maid in spite of all her troubles? See the red in her cheeks and the diamond glow of youth and health in her eyes. You should see the young men sighing and guitar-ing around her."

"You'll hear me tuning up," Harry declared.

"That is father's way of comforting my widowhood," said Bim. "He has made a wonderful beauty mask and often he claps it on me and whistles up a band of sighing lovers. As a work of the imagination I am a great success."

"The look of you sets my heart afire again," the boy exclaimed.

"Come—take mother and me to the party at Mrs. Kinzie's," said Bim. "A very grand young man was coming to take us in a wonderful carriage, but he's half an hour late now. We won't wait for him."

So the three set out together afoot for Mrs. Kinzie's, while Samson sat down for a visit with Jack Kelso.

The Kinzie's house was of brick and larger and more pretentious than any in Chicago. Its lawn, veranda and parlor were crowded with people in a curious variety of costumes.

Nearly all the festive company wore diamonds. They scintillated on fingers, some of which were knotted with toll; they glowed on shirt bosoms and morning as well as evening gowns; on necks and ears, which should have been spared the emphasis of jewels.

Col. Zachary Taylor, who had just arrived from Florida and was presently returning with a regiment of recruits for the Seminole war, was at Mrs. Kinzie's party. He remembered Harry and took him in hand and introduced him to many of his friends as the best scout in the Black Hawk war, and, in spite of his dress, the young man became one of the lions of the evening.

After refreshments the men went outside to smoke and talk—some with pipes—of canals, railroads and corner

older people sat waiting for them. Harry gave the papers to Bim to be signed and attested and forwarded to Mr. Stuart in Springfield.

On their way to the hotel Samson said to Harry:

"I don't believe Bim is going to be carried away by any of these high-flyers. She's a very sensible person. Jack has caught the plague. He has invested in land. Thinks it will make him rich. He's in poor health, too—kidney trouble—and Bim has a baby with all the rest—a beautiful boy. I went upstairs and saw him asleep in his cradle. Looks like her. Hair as yellow as gold, light complexion, blue eyes, handsome as a picture."

That night, in the office of the City hotel, they found Mr. Lionel Davis in the midst of a group of excited speculators. In some way he had got across the prairies and was selling his land and accepting every offer on the plea that he was going into the grain business in St. Louis and had to leave Chicago next day. He choked the market with bargains. The buyers began to back off. Mr. Davis closed his carpet bag and left.

"It was a kind of horse stealin'," said Samson as they were going to bed. "He got news down there on the main road by pony express on its way to St. Louis. I'll bet there's been a panic in the East. He's awake and the others are still dreamin'."

CHAPTER XIX.

Wherein is One of the Many Private Panics Which Followed the Bursting of the Bubble of Speculation.

Samson and Harry saw the bursting of the great bubble of '37. Late that night, Disaster, loathsome and thousand-legged, crept into the little city. It came on a steamer from the East and hastened from home to home, from tavern to tavern. Great banks had suffered a panic; many large business enterprises in the East had failed; certain agents for the bonds of Illinois had absconded with the state's money; in the big cities there had been an ominous closing of doors and turning of locks; a great army of men were out of employment. The little city was in a frenzy of excitement. The streets were filled with a shouting, half-crazed throng. New fortunes had shrunk to nothing and less than nothing in a night. Lots in the city were offered for a title of what their market value had been. Davis had known that the storm would arrive with the first steamer and in the slang of business had put on a life-preserver. Samson knew that the time to buy was when every one wanted to sell. He bought two corner lots in the city and two acres on the prairie half a mile from town. They got their deeds and went to the Kelso's to bid them good-by.

After hearty farewells Samson and Harry set out for their home. They were not again to see the gentle face and hear the pleasant talk of Jack Kelso. He had once said, in the presence of Samson, that it is well to remember, always, that things can not go on with us as they are. Changes come—slowly and quite according to our calculations, or so swiftly and unexpectedly that they fill us with confusion. Learned and wise in the weighty problems of humanity he had the prudence in regulating the affairs of his own family.

Kelso had put every dollar he had and some that he hoped to have into land. Bim, who had been teaching in one of the schools, had invested all her savings in a dream city on the shore of an unconstructed canal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Rapid Transit" in the Old Days.

An illustration of the more or less rapid transit facilities between the "villages" of Brooklyn and Flushing as late as 1819 is seen in the announcement of the stage driver who begs "to inform his friends in the city of New York and the village of Brooklyn, Newtown and Flushing that, notwithstanding the opposition which has lately been set up against him, he still continues to run his stage between the villages of Brooklyn and Flushing in an equal if not superior manner to that which he has been in the habit for many years past. He has improved his team with an additional span of very fine horses which enable him to perform his route in a space of 90 minutes, being a distance of 12 miles. Those who wish seats in the above-mentioned stage will please apply at W. & E. W. Nichol's store, No. 8 Fulton Slip, New York; John Bedell's, Brooklyn, and Samuel Lowery's, Flushing. Fare from Brooklyn to Newtown, 37½ cents, to Flushing, 50 cents."

Laboring Under Difficulties.

"There must be something wrong with the clarinet player in this orchestra. Every now and then he blows a sour note."

"He's married to the ingenue. Every time she kisses anybody on the stage he forgets his music."

Harry Looked into Bim's Eyes.

lots, while the younger people were dancing and being proudly surveyed by their mothers.

As Harry and the ladies were leaving Col. Taylor came to them and said:

"Young man, I am the voice of your country. I call you to Florida. Will you go with us next week?"

Harry looked into Bim's eyes.

"The campaign will be over in a year, and I need you badly," the Colonel urged.

"I can not say no to the call of my country," Harry answered. "I will join your regiment at Beardstown on its way down the river."

That night Harry and Bim stood by the gate talking, after Mrs. Kelso had gone into the house.

"Bim, I love you more than ever," said the boy. "Abe says you can get a divorce. I have brought the papers for you to sign. They will make you free. I have done it for your sake. You will be under no obligation. I want you to be free to marry whom you will. I would be the happiest man in the world if you were to choose me. I haven't the wealth of some of the city men. I can only offer you my love."

"Be careful and, please, let go of my hand," she said. "I'm not going to say a word of love to you. I am not free yet. We couldn't marry if we wanted to. I wish you to be under no sense of obligation to me. Many things may happen in a year. I am glad you are going to see more of the world before you settle down. It will help you to be sure to know yourself a little better and to be sure of what you want to do."

"I think that I know myself fairly well," he answered. "There are so many better men who want to marry you! I shall go away with a great fear in me."

"There are no better men," she answered. "When you get back we shall see what comes of our little romance. Meanwhile I'm going to pray for you."

"And I for you," he said as he followed her into the house, where the

HOW WOMEN AVOID SURGICAL OPERATIONS

Some Are Extremely Necessary, Others May Not Be

Every Woman Should Give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a Trial First



Chicago, Ill.—"I was in bed with a female trouble and inflammation and had four doctors but none of them did me any good. They all said I would have to have an operation. A druggist's wife told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took 22 bottles, never missing a dose and at the end of that time I was perfectly well. I have never had occasion to take it again as I have been so well. I have a six room flat and do all my work. My two sisters are taking the Compound upon my recommendation and you may publish my letter. It is the gospel truth and I will write to any one who wants a personal letter."—Mrs. E. H. HARDOCK, 6824 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill. e

A Vermont woman adds her testimony to the long line of those fortunate women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after it had been decided an operation was necessary!

Burlington, Vt.—"I suffered with female trouble, and had a number of doctors who said that I would never be any better until I had an operation. I was so bad I could hardly walk across the floor and could not do a thing. My sister-in-law induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it certainly has helped me wonderfully. I keep house and do my work and have a small child. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to a number of my friends and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. H. E. SHARON, Apple Tree Point Farm, Burlington, Vt.

In hospitals are many women who are there for surgical operations, and there is nothing a woman dreads more than the thought of an operation, and the long weary months of recovery and restoration to strength if it is successful. It is very true that female troubles may through neglect reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones; they are not caused by serious displacements, tumors or growths, although the symptoms may appear the same. When disturbing ailments first appear take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present distress and prevent more serious troubles. In fact, many letters have been received from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after operations have been advised by attending physicians.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

Western Canada Offers Health and Wealth

and has brought contentment and happiness to thousands of home seekers and their families who have settled on her FREE homesteads or bought land at attractive prices. They have established their own homes and secured prosperity and independence. In the great grain-growing sections of the prairie provinces there is still to be had on easy terms Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—oats, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. Healthful climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, excellent markets and shipping facilities. The climate and soil offer inducements for almost every branch of agriculture. The advantages for Dairying, Mixed Farming and Stock Raising make a tremendous appeal to industrious settlers wishing to improve their circumstances. For illustrated literature, maps, description of farms, opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, reduced railway rates, etc., write W. V. BENNETT Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb. Authorized Agent, Dept. of Immigration and Colonization, Dominion of Canada

Good Jobs at Big Money Our graduates salaries. Tuition fee refunded if we can't make you a demand at good. We can show largest percent of successful graduates of any school. Write today for free catalog and 30-day Special Offer.

Lincoln Auto & Tractor School 24TH & O STS. LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Where He Does His Practicing. "He's a wonderful cornet player." "That so?" "Yes, even the neighbors where he lives admit it." Doing Well. "How's your book of poems coming on?" "Fine. Selling more copies than I can autograph."

ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolitain of Salzig, Germany.