

causes of friction, the Drake constitution, of unsavory memory, was then in force in Missouri, and its attempted enforcement begot many enmities and resentments which boded no good to a peaceable settlement of some of the local state issues, growing out of the war. Fortunate indeed would it have been for Missouri, had her statesmen been gifted with the spirit which led Kentucky at the close of the civil war to forgive, and to bid her citizens of all classes forgive and forget the bickerings and differences of the past. On the pages of American political history the Drake constitution is a blotch.

#### Kincaid's Store and "Buckeye."

At the edge of the timber where the old stage road coming from Butler turns southward toward Fort Scott and Nevada, was the farm house of William Campbell, and in a corner of his yard stood the store owned and conducted by Joseph Kincaid, now of Pleasanton, Kansas. That store was the only trading-point in 1868 in all that region, including the western half of Bates county. Its business was brisk and rapidly growing, and Kincaid looked about for a man to assist him. All his goods were hauled by team and wagon from Kansas City and Pleasant Hill; and it would take nearly all of one man's time to attend to that work. And, so, in looking about for an assistant he chose and employed—well, to prevent criticism, we will call that assistant "Buckeye."

Buckeye had been clerking for a mercantile firm at Mound City. He and Mr. Kincaid were both old Union soldiers, and had served in the same brigade, and their regiments (7th and 44th Ohio) having been chummy, they were personal friends. He had not been long in his new field before there were distinct mutterings of displeasure because, forsooth, another "Abolition soldier, and from Kansas at that," had been added to the population of the community. No other cause of complaint was ever heard except that the employment was not given to one of the young men who had recently come out from Illinois. Vaughn was consulted by the malcontents, and some of them confided to an ex-Confederate, Peter Speece, their leader's covert threat: "If Joe Kincaid's team returns some day without a driver, perhaps he'll be able, after that, to take the hint." Between Buckeye and Captain Gentry West and the latter's old comrades there was a peculiar bond of sympathy. Said the Captain one day, "Buckeye, where is your brother Murry?" and when told that Murry had been dead for a year or more, the Captain's face took on a look of sorrow and regret, and he exclaimed, "I am awful sorry to hear it. He was one of the brave men from Kansas that I have longed to become

personally acquainted with. It was he who, at the fight in '61 over on Walnut creek, put the bullet through my body! I learned that day to have very great respect for him!" The threat against "Joe Kincaid's driver" occurring soon after that conversation, and confided to one of West's men, was not long in reaching Buckeye's ears. On the following night there was a meeting of a dozen or more of the ex-Union soldiers in Kincaid's ware-room, and definite steps were then taken to organize a post of the Grand Army of the Republic. All haste was made, and the next week the post was instituted at Yankee school-house, which stood out on the prairie near the Mound City road, a mile west of the store. To the copperhead mind, this meeting of the ex-Union soldiers in the public school-house was an insult added to injury. They held a meeting in a quiet place and appointed an executive committee to notify the school director that if the Grand Army should attempt to hold another meeting in that building they would be dispersed by force. I need need not say that the regular meeting was held in the same place and promptly on time; but there was added to the usual paraphernalia, a dozen shot-guns and half-a-dozen Spencer rifles. Of course they were not dispersed, nor was any well defined attempt made to that end. When appealed to, to assist in carrying out the threat, one of the ex-Confederates had thrown consternation into the copperhead ranks by emphatically declaring, "I guess them Yanks have earned the right to meet when and where they please. At any rate there is no fight between them and us. If you men from Illinois want them dispersed, we rebel soldiers that know what that kind of a job means, are willin' you should have all the fun and the credit."

A week after the second meeting, as Buckeye with a load of groceries was approaching the river timber from the north, he discovered a horseman and several men on foot in the brush ahead of him. He knew the horse. It belonged to the chairman of that executive committee. It was not yet sundown, and if nothing should prevent, he could reach the store across the river before dark. But, there ahead of him was trouble of most serious import. He turned out of the road and went into camp. Sacks of flour were, as darkness fell, lifted from the wagon and laid in a circle under the wagon. His horses were hobbled in a shallow ravine nearby. And all night long he kept his vigil. But the cowards who expected to way-lay and shoot him from their covert, in the evening's shadows, could find no courage to attack him on the open prairie where, with Spencer and Colt he waited for them. As he was preparing his camp out there on the

Moudyville road, nearly a dozen others exposed themselves to his vigilant eyes. Waiting next morning, until the camping immigrants on the Butler road should again be enroute, he drove across to that highway, and falling in with the half-dozen, moving wagons, proceeded to the store unmolested.

But Buckeye was now in no mood to defer a fight if one was necessary. He had wronged no man—had not harmed nor attempted to harm any one. To be hunted like a wild beast was too much for his patience. Henceforth the other party might expect trouble. They had not long to wait.

#### Yankee School-House Chosen for Registration.

The supervisors of registration and election had designated the Yankee school-house as the place for registering the voters of Walnut township, and ordered that the national flag should be hoisted for 30 days over each place of registration prior to opening the books on the first Monday in August. Accordingly the township trustee, Clark Foster, raised the Stars and Stripes over the school-house on the first day of July. On the evening of the 3d the store was closed, to be re-opened again on the morning of the 5th. Kincaid and his assistant drove to Mound City to celebrate the Fourth. Buckeye returned on horseback, reaching the store at daylight on the 5th. As he passed the school-house the old flag was hanging, wet with dew, from the staff. At 8 a. m. Captain Bainbridge and Mr. Samuel Cope came excitedly to the store and reported that the flag had been taken down and carried away. It had been done since day-break. A hasty consultation was held and it was decided by the three veterans to adopt heroic measures and put them into effect at once. They called Mr. William Campbell to the gate. The old gentleman, than whom there never was one more harmless or peaceable, showed unmistakable signs of fear and dread.

"Uncle William," said Captain Bainbridge, "some traitor has taken the flag from the Yankee school-house and carried it off."

"I—I—told old Vaughn that he and them Illinois fools would get into trouble if they did it," stammered the innocent old man.

"Well, if that flag is not in its place over that school-house by half-past 10 this forenoon," snapped Sam Cope, "we will kill every d—d Illinois copperhead and old bush-whacker in this township before we go to bed!"

Had the old gentleman been endowed with wings he could not have crossed the road to the barn 150 yards away, more quickly; nor, could one trained to the movement have gotten the old mare