

and been astride of her sooner than he. Without saddle or bridle, but with only a rope halter and a sheep-skin to serve as equipment, the old man went along that road leading southward, like a courier, with a message of life to some doomed culprit. Perhaps that was his true character that morning; for, by 10 o'clock a. m. a dozen Grand Army men were already assembled, and the other half-dozen were momentarily expected. At ten minutes after 10 o'clock, Mr. Campbell returned with the information that he and Judge Marlow had got the flag from Vaughn and replaced it on the staff, and that Vaughn had vowed to die rather than to replace it himself.

A New Occasion for Trouble.

For the next two weeks it was thought that this episode would end all difficulty, when suddenly a new flame blazed up and came very near to causing bloodshed. Two young men of the Illinois crowd, came to the store one afternoon and after some good natured chaffing between them and Mr. Kincaid, one of them all at once gave evidence of wishing to quarrel. Kincaid in a kindly manner, requested him to desist, but that seemed only to embolden him. Then drawing a dirk and brandishing it, he asserted that he had come to "bury its blade in the heart of some—before dark." Buckeye, who was at the grocery counter on the opposite side of the room, sprang to Kincaid's assistance and dealt the young man a straight right-hander that shot him headlong into the road. Then seizing the dirk he inserted its blade into a crack in the building and broke it off at the hilt. In the meantime the other chap had begun to make threats to kill Buckeye if he should break the knife, and Joe Kincaid had seized him and was hurrying him off down the road, before Buckeye could procure a gun from behind the counter. A week or so after this occurrence, and when the community had about recovered from the attempted deadly assault at the store, the Rev. Alexander Campbell Bender, who lived at Patosi in Kansas, and who was a brother-in-law to a couple of the Missouri guerillas, foolishly stirred up all the slumbering fires and resentments in the community, and inadvertently hastened the climax and end of all trouble. Rev. "Camp." Bender, as he was familiarly known, had lived there near the Kansas line during the civil war, unmolested by either side, and as a sort of hostage for the good behavior of his two brothers-in-law toward the citizens of Linn county. He had played his role well, and had succeeded in winning the usual reward of the dough-face—the contempt of both sides.

On July 28 there was a large Seymour and Blair rally at Butler, and Walnut creek sent a large delegation, including

38 young couples, mounted on horses, to represent the then 38 states in the union. Upon their return, about 10 o'clock at night, these young people were making the welkin ring with their songs, their frolic and merry laughter. They halted in front of the store and greeted their friends, Kincaid and Buckeye, with three cheers and much good natured badinage, and were about to pass on, when Rev. "Camp." Bender and his charming daughter drove up, and Bender fixed the attention of every one, with a proclamation of his intention to "address a few remarks to all whom it might concern." Kincaid and Buckeye were standing in the door. Up to that moment not a harsh or unseemly word had been uttered by anyone, and the very best and friendliest of feelings prevailed. With Bender were six or eight wagons and other vehicles, containing part of the ugly-tempered political dyspeptics. These crowded close about Bender in such a manner as to give evidence of some preconcerted program. Bender stood up in his buggy and began in a most blundering manner to rehearse phases of the recent difficulties; then turning and addressing himself to Buckeye, he said:

"I do not think it right to hoist the flag over any school-house. I would not send my child to a school over which a flag floated. I would not preach the gospel in a building that had a flag flying over it!"

At that point he was interrupted by Buckeye with the emphatic words, uttered in a drawl, "The—you wouldn't! I understand, Mr. Bender, that you are billed for a sermon in McHenry's grove next Sunday!"

"Yes, sir; I am going to preach Mother Woodfin's funeral discourse on that day!"

"Well, if you do, you will preach it under the Stars and Stripes!"

"No, I won't! If any one puts up a flag in that grove next Sunday, I will tear it down."

"I will put the flag over the altar on the stand, and if you touch it I will kill you the next second."

"Come on with your flag and I'll show you!"

"Come on with your sermon and the flag and I will be there! Good-by, Mr. Bender, and may God have mercy on your ornery, treacherous soul, next Sunday!"

An Event Forthcoming.

Far and near, spread the news of that night's event at the store, and from far and near, on the next Sabbath morning, came people to witness the event in McHenry's grove. On that morning at 9 o'clock, Buckeye unattended, left the store on foot with a beautiful, bunting flag of goodly size, flying gracefully from the staff over his head, to

walk to the grove, nearly 3 miles distant. It was a beautiful morning. A mile from the store he heard a shout, off to the westward, and saw two men hurrying on foot across the prairie to join him. They were Hiram and Ezekiel Reynolds, who brought him word that the other Grand Army boys were somewhere ahead. The three men approached the grove and, instantly they came in sight of the crowds; there was much bustle there. Hiram Reynolds was a giant, with a quick, fiery temper, and full of lion-like courage. To him, as they were entering the timber, Buckeye spoke a few words of caution. Hiram's nickname was "Crat." "Now, Crat," said Buckeye, "you must remember one thing. The first shot belongs to me. Don't you attempt to fire until I have killed 'Camp' Bender, and then, don't shoot, until I give you the word. We must keep cool and level-headed. Keep your eye on Vaughn and the Woofin boys, and keep me posted."

Near the speaker's stand stood the rear running-gears of a wagon, from that point every man in the audience was in sight. The Reynolds boys were assigned to that station. Out of view behind the stand, a dozen of the Grand Army men sat in the shade, ready to support their comrades. Bender's vehicle had just driven up to the further side of the audience where he alighted and began earnest conversation with his friends.

Buckeye having seen the Reynolds boys take their position, at once walked up the few steps, and tied the flag staff to a sapling, so that the old banner of the free hung downward over the Bible on the speaker's table. As he finished that, a loud word of command came from McHenry's yard a few rods away, and looking in that direction, the audience saw the gate swing open and 30 to 40 men come marching out and toward the grove. Then there was a woman's hysterical shriek. Buckeye quickly quieted all alarm by calling out, "There will not be a woman, a child, or an innocent man harmed here today. Please keep your seats and be calm!" The marching men came into the grove and then with a good natured laugh, broke ranks, demonstrating at once that Buckeye was right regarding the movement as "a bluff that don't need calling." Having placed the flag over the stand and in such posture that Bender would have to stoop just a little to see to the rear of the audience, Buckeye retired a few paces and braced his back against a tree, and with folded arms awaited the crisis. Every eye was upon him, as Bender stepped upon the platform, and, it needed not a trumpet to tell what what would be the result if the preacher attempted to make good his threat.

The End of Copperheadism.

Laying aside his duster and hat,

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