

The Denison Review

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DENISON, IOWA.

HARVEST TIME AT HOME.

Somehow, when business has a lull about this time of year,

My thoughts take their vacation back among the scenes once dear.

I stray about the harvest fields where long and long ago

I watched the cereal ocean in its golden ripples flow.

While now and then, upon some blade, a tired reaper bore,

The sublimity flashed and then went out like thoughts recalled no more.

How pleasant then the journey home along the country road,

Where larkspur blooms beside the fence like knots of lovers gloved—

Now listening to the whippoorwill beyond a darkling field,

Or tarrying where the berries tempt—a shower of wine congealed;

And long before we reached the gate to hear the watch dog's bark,

And see the distant windows gleam like blossoms of the dark.

It seems so long since those old years—so long, indeed, that I

Now wonder that a time could be without a sob or sigh.

And yet, enough do I recall to vow that in the end—

When the no more and ever more in death's twilight shall blend—

It would suffice to know that life beyond the gathering gloam

Would really prove as care free as—the harvest time at home.

—Will T. Hale, in N. Y. Times.

SPANISH PEGGY
A STORY OF YOUNG ILLINOIS
By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Was Peggy lame from the start?"

inquired Ann.

Shickshack looked at her steadily without replying. Then he shook his head.

"Me love white men. Me marry white woman," he answered, and dropped his face.

"Does he mean that Sally lamed her?" whispered Ann to Lincoln.

"Sally is a mighty energetic woman," admitted Lincoln, smiling from the hearth corner. A huge mole showed in the crease made under his cheek by a smile.

"Will the young chief be here to-morrow?" Shickshack asked Dick Yates.

"No. We must go back to Jacksonville to-morrow."

Slick Green added that it was not vacation time. The two had begged a day off on account of his extreme homesickness and would have to ride early next morning.

"Me like to talk," said the Sac, fixing his gaze on Dick. "Me have something for the young chief's ear."

"We can take a walk together now," suggested Dick.

Shickshack rose up at once. The sheath of a long hunting-knife hung down his side by a leather strap. He had kept Peggy's crutch in his hand. He stood it against the wall beside the chimney, and Dick stepped over the bench to follow him.

"Hello!" shouted a cheerful voice. Two horses were brought up abreast, facing the door, their hoofs at the very step. Light shone out over them and their riders, revealing the weekly mail-carrier with the post-bag from Springfield bulging on each side of his saddle, and his leggings splashed with mud, and a stranger having black eyes and hair and mustache, whose entire equipment was foreign.

Shickshack stood while he drew one breath and looked at the stranger. For the first time a Sac war-whoop was heard in New Salem, and as he yelled he snatched his hunting-knife from its sheath.

CHAPTER II.

The whole village knew before bedtime how Shickshack had threatened the stranger. A community of interest as swift as the telephone carried news the length of the winding street.

"Shickshack screeched loud enough to be heard at Wolf," gasped Mahala Cameron, telling the tale to her folks, "and drew his knife and jumped at the man like a wildcat!"

"And Abe Lincoln and the other boys caught him," put in Martha Bell Clary, assisting her. "The man's horse and the mail-carrier's horse both reared up—they were scared nearly to death like the rest of us! But just as soon as the boys caught hold of Shickshack he dropped his head and stood like he was ashamed."

"He's a live Indian yet," said Mahala Cameron's father. "He'll stir himself and take a scalp one of these days. I wonder what he had against the stranger?"

Rutledge's tavern entertained rare travelers who stayed over night in New Salem. The candles were all put out early, yet before folks covered their fires they had in some way absorbed the facts about the new arrival. He was a well-spoken man, with a foreign twist to his tongue, inclined to laugh at the rage of Shickshack, whom he knew very well. He told openly that he was Don Pedro Lorimer, a sugar planter from the island of Cuba, and that his errand through the states was political in the main; though he intended when other matters pressed him less, to remove his half wild young cousin, Consuelo Lorimer, from the care of the Indian, who had taken advantage of her father's death on the plains to adopt her.

A tropical sun had given him the darkest skin ever carried by a white man around New Salem. He walked abroad in the early morning, and hav-

ing had Shickshack's closed house pointed out to him, stood and looked at it smiling, without attempting to enter.

The Indian and his adopted daughter were not seen abroad during that day, though both of them were accustomed to live outdoors at all seasons. Shickshack said he loved to see the deer galloping in the bottoms, or to watch them as they gathered in herds, the sun shining in their eyes.

New Salem was a single long and winding street on a high ridge, which sloped so suddenly on both sides that all the gardens ran down hill. Seen from the schoolhouse, it looked like a huge wave of earth riding against the northern horizon. The schoolhouse, standing at the base of another ridge, was divided from the village by a deep ravine, through which ran a small stream called Rock creek.

The schoolhouse was the only meeting place. Its log stack and white clay chimney represented church, town hall and theater—if so goddess a place as a theater had been allowed—in New Salem. It was headquarters on muster days, and the arena of those wordy wars which the pioneers called debates. Eager to hear any strange, new thing, the whole town flocked across Rock creek as soon as candles began to bloom like primroses at dusk in boot-shaped sconces on the schoolhouse walls. It might be that the cousin of Shickshack's girl had not as much to say as he had given out that he had. But now Salem would hear him and judge. Minter Grayham's pupils—particularly the smaller ones—were lined up on front benches, which their own long use had worn to the smoothness of glass. The stranger had advertised through their schoolmaster that he would give the prize of a book to any boy or girl who could, at the close of the lecture, stand up and spell correctly the word *Ompompanoosuck*!

Unusual war had raged on the playground at both recesses and noon concerning the spelling of this word. Camps divided to play Indian or horse-thief met to wrangle over combinations of letters. Some sly ones who thought they were going to get the prize retired to puzzle alone. Minter Grayham, who thought a modest amount of spelling, the Testament, the English Reader and the Rule of Three in arithmetic to advanced scholars, was in honor obliged to look as ignorant as he felt in this great matter.

Some women saw with consternation that the boys from Clary's grove were gathered on the back seats, a couple of dozen young villains, whose leader, Redmond Clary, was the most desperate rider in the Sangamon country. The gravest charge brought against these uncured youths was their determination to govern the community. In the life of the frontier found its wildest expression. When one of them had a colt to break he summoned the others, and they forced it into the Sangamon river. One sat on its back, another hung to its tail and the rest clung about and hampered it in every way. The untamed thing, obliged to swim for its life carrying weight, finally came out of the water a subdued beast. They were ready to deal in like manner with anything that antagonized them. Each man had brought an egg carefully bestowed on his person, and at a concerted signal he expected to throw it at the lecturer, for the mere sport of seeing an uninteresting foreigner smeared from head to foot. But he caught their fancy.

Don Pedro Lorimer, smiling on the plain men and women of New Salem, told them he was traveling through the states to urge everywhere the annexation of Cuba. He described the tropical luxuriance of Cuba, and its relative position to the continent; and some of his hearers learned for the first time that there was such a place. He told how planters were made to suffer in estate by unjust tyranny of a dominating European power. Some like himself had even been driven into exile, with only a remnant of their once large fortunes. So bad was the government that people had starved there in the midst of abundance. He begged to have Cuba admitted into the union. Such a novel plea had never been urged before upon men who were struggling to get a living out of the scarcely upturned sod of a new state.

Some older men smiled at each other, thinking the United States had all she could do at that time to take care of her own territory. But it was flattering to have a rich island, represented by an elegant man of the world dressed in the best clothes which money could buy, appealing to them for protection; and they helped their neighbors stamp vigorous applause every time he rounded one of his glowing periods with—"If Cuba may only be annexed to America!"

Still there was a hard-headed element that held out against the stranger. They would give him fair play, but they would test his arguments.

"Look at Abe Lincoln," one Carolina settler whispered to another during the stir which followed the conclusion. "I'd like to hear what he thinks. He can beat this fellow all hollow making a speech."

"Abe says the fellow looks just like gamblers he saw in New Orleans when he went down with the flatboat."

"I allow," said a third Carolinian, "and I have been watching him close, that this brown gentleman, with his shiny hair and eyes, is a runaway slave putting on a bold face and trying to get through to Canada. Some body-servant that knows how to wear his master's clothes."

"What spite would Shickshack have against a runaway slave?" objected the first man. "And his hair is as straight as that little girl's at the Indian's cabin. I'd sooner take him for a horse-thief. We've had some fine looking horse-thieves in this part of the state."

Mahala Cameron's father, who, on account of building the mill, had claimed and obtained the privilege of naming the town, and had called it New Salem for old Salem where he

was born on the Massachusetts coast, put in his word.

"I had an uncle," he said, "that followed the sea, and made voyages to Cuba. It's about such a place as the man describes."

While private opinion thus saw-sawed, the row of Minter Grayham's pupils on the front benches, roused from drowsiness to keen interest, stood up at the stranger's bidding, and accumulated the worst kind of a case against him. For however they attempted *Ompompanoosuck*—

"O-w-m, owm; p-o-w-m, powm—"

"A-u-m, aum; p-a-u-m, paum—"

"O-m, om; p-o-m, pom; p-y, py, ompomy—" it was not right; and the audience began to laugh with appreciation of a joke. Martha Bell Clary heard her own brother Redmond shouting with such delight as she struggled hopelessly with *Ompompanoosuck*, that she turned and made what was called in New Salem "a mouth" at him. Though the lecturer endeared himself greatly to the Grove boys, it was plain he had only put up Minter Grayham's scholars to be made ridiculous before their parents and friends.

"I'd hate to have him for a relation, even if I was as bad off as Peggy Shickshack," whispered Martha Bell to Mahala Cameron.

"So would I," responded Mahala. "I don't believe he has any book to give as a prize. And I don't believe he has any plantation in Cuba, either."

Shickshack's wife came in late, and sat by the schoolhouse door, looking steadily at the speaker. It was the

first time the village had ever seen her at any meeting. The women nearest were more occupied in being repelled by her than they were with the annexation of Cuba. It surprised nobody that she should come out to hear Shickshack's enemy. But it surprised some who departed slowly after the dismissal that she had a word or two, and touched hands with the stranger as he passed by her at the door. An unlovely nature had worked so long on features striking for angularity that she carried habitually a malignant look. The boys of New Salem liked to venture on Sally Shickshack's doorstep, or climb her garden fence, and have her chase them with gourd's of hot water. Though she had been so short a time in the village, it was already known that Antywine La Chance, a former husband's son, had not inherited a sly-bit of his father's property; and as a sly-bit was smaller than the proverbial shilling with which heirs were sometimes cut off, it was plain that Antywine La Chance had been cheated by his step-mother.

Don Pedro Lorimer mounted his horse the following morning, and took the eastward-stretching road which separated north and south beside the Sangamon. He nodded to everybody he saw along the narrow street. His departure was as public as his errand had been, and a not unkindly feeling went with him and would welcome him again. For a man who traveled around at his own expense, without charging a price, to lecture on the annexation of Cuba, must be in earnest; and frontiersmen respected a person in earnest.

Lincoln usually closed his store soon after the village supper-time, in order to recite his daily lesson to Minter Grayham in the cooper-shop. Few customers were so belated as to need anything at the store when candles were lighted. Those who dropped in met to talk and whittle; and since the nightly study blaze had begun to show in the cooper-shop these gossips felt obliged to seek another rendezvous. The law student therefore found himself delayed by Shickshack, who entered with Antywine as he was about to blow out the lights.

"What shall I show you, Shickshack?" said Lincoln. The Indian looked around at a country stock; barrels of New Orleans salt and sugar, and sacks of coffee; a few scant shelves of calico; hoes, rakes and shovels; a grand leghorn bonnet or two, of mighty brim and crown; threads, needles and pins; and all the simple necessities of people on the edge of civilization. He shook his head.

"Me want to talk. Shut the door."

Lincoln closed the door and sat down on the counter, drawing up his knees and encircling them with his arms in a favorite attitude for relaxing chat; motioning his visitors to make use of the same high bench. Shickshack got up and curled his legs under him Indian fashion, but Antywine remained standing by the door. Two candles on a high shelf at the rear cast swaying shadows of the white man and the red man and the crowded objects in the little store.

"I reckon all New Salem is talking to-night about the man you were going to kill when he came to town."

Shickshack glowered at his young counselor.

"Me wrong to give the war-ry. Me ought to keep still, and stab him in the dark! But when see that man me forget me Christian Indian!"

"The whoop might pass muster better than the stab among Christians," suggested Lincoln.

Shickshack fixed his restless eyes like the eyes of a snapping-turtle on the rugged and sincere face before him.

"Pedro Lorimer is a bad white man. He not one of Don Luis' sons."

"He says he wants Cuba annexed to the United States. Is he a Cuban planter?"

The Sac uttered a contemptuous grunt.

"No! No planter. No Cuba. He is New Orleans man; gambler."

"I reckoned so," said Lincoln.

"Me live in my tribe's country, where the chief Black Hawk has his village. Pedro Lorimer come there and trouble me. If my tribe take my part, all the people who want their land will say, 'These Sacs are dangerous. Drive them out.' So Black Hawk say to me, 'You love white men: go to Belleville. Me go to Belleville. Think me marry a white woman; she help. An Indian cannot get a very good white woman. But me see the Widow La Chance, and Antywine, her husband's son. Me getting old; and Antywine is young. He can take care of the child when me die. So year ago me marry the Widow La Chance. The first thing she hurt the child. And Antywine—' Shickshack uttered the words deliberately, turning his head toward the figure at the door—"he is nothing but a squaw!"

Antywine opened the door and went out, closing it behind him, and sitting down on the step.

"Pedro Lorimer follow to Belleville, and trouble me there. Me come to New Salem. The moon has not changed four times since me come to New Salem; and he is here to trouble me again!"

"What does he want?" inquired Lincoln.

"He want the child's money."

"Has Peggy money? How much has she?"

The Indian held his hands less than a yard apart; the length of a full-grown rattlesnake.

"A snakeskin full of gold."

"What have you done with it?"

"Me hide it from my white woman and Pedro Lorimer. Sometimes me think she divide it with him. If he could help her get it. All day, all year, she want that money herself. But she take what is Antywine's, and was his father's, and give him nothing."

"You have fed and clothed Peggy by your own labor."

"She is my adopted child. Me send her to white man's school, too. Me give the schoolmaster four dollars."

"You are a mighty good fellow!" said Lincoln. "But Pedro Lorimer is gone; so what troubles you now?"

"He come back. He would steal the child to make me give up her money as ransom. He would take her as far as New Orleans."

"Does he know what she has?"

(To Be Continued.)

WHEN PRINCE IMPERIAL DIED

Remarkable Co-Incidence That Happened at the Time He Was Put to Death.

A strange story is told in imperial circles in Paris regarding the death of the late prince imperial, says Vanity Fair. On the first of June, 1879, a woman who was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Napoleonic regime gave a grand fete in honor of her birthday, and at the same time of the prince imperial, who had gone out to the Cape. After the dinner there was a display of fireworks in the park, the principal set pieces being the Napoleonic emblems surmounted by imperial crowns. The fireworks went off with the greatest success until it came to the lighting of the imperial crowns when, to the general horror, not one of them would take light in spite of every effort.

All of them remained unlighted, while all the other designs went off perfectly. The failure was looked upon as an evil omen and with reason, for two days later came the news of the death of the prince in Zululand. A calculation of the time was then made according to the difference of longitude and it was discovered that at the very moment when the imperial crowns refused to light the prince fell dead under the spears of the Zulus.

There would, perhaps, have been less skepticism about this remarkable coincidence if the story had been published immediately after the event and had not been kept secret for nearly a quarter of a century.

A Small Loophole.

The visitor had gone over the farm with the owner, and had seen the fine condition of the crops. There has been neither too much nor too little rain that season, and everything had prospered.

"Well," he said, "they say farmers are hard to please, but I'm sure you have no fault to find this year, now have you?"

The farmer rubbed his thin, brown face up and down and across with his hand hand before he answered.

"M-m, no, I dunno's I have," he said, slowly. "But I tell ye such crops as these are pesky hard on the soil."—Youth's Companion.

Gaining a Little.

The discouraged artist stood off from his latest work and viewed it with a gloomy face.

"There's no use talking about it," he said, morosely. "I can't paint as well as I did ten years ago."

"Oh, yes, you can," said the tried and bonnet friend to whom he made the confession. "It's only that your taste is improving."—Youth's Companion.

The Duty of Governments

By DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE,
Chaplain United States Senate.



People refer to the various plans for international arbitration as experiments. One hundred and twenty years ago there was a similar experience, when 13 states united to try an experiment, and from then to the present time the country which they formed has been growing stronger and stronger until the 45 states which to-day compose the union are emblematic of what an experiment can be molded into when the right sort of timber is back of the enterprise. Some one has said that this republic will not last more than 100 years longer. That may be, though I have my doubts, but if it proves true I want to say that if we can arrange the next century I leave the year 2001 to take care of itself and paddle its own canoe.

I once met a Russian who told me that in traveling in this country he had not seen a soldier for two days.

"Well, what of it?" I asked him. "What do you want with soldiers?"

"For protection," he answered.

"For protection?" I replied.

"Yes," he said; "to let me see that there is a government."

"To let you see that you have a government? Why, don't your government bring you your letters? Mine brings me mine. That shows me that I have a government. It brings me my letters, and that's all I want to know about it."

And that is what we want of governments, to perform necessary services for us, not to drag us into bloody wars with our fellow-men. We have a government and we need no soldiers to prove it. The constitution of 1787 created a supreme court, and before that supreme court the president of the United States has to bow; before it all of the people have to bow. It is not generally known that in the years past Rhode Island and Massachusetts were on the verge of a civil war; but the supreme court of the United States stepped in and each of those great commonwealths had to bow to the superior powers created by the constitution of the United States. That sort of thing has been going on for 120 years, and there is no reason why it should not be extended to all the earth and wars become a thing of the past before the superior power of a great supreme court of the earth, an idea that was intended when the 24 nations met at The Hague in response to the call of the czar to arrange for universal disarmament and universal peace."

The principle of arbitration is inspired by the noblest motives that prompt the human heart, is founded deep in the eternal verities of justice, and is as old as the spirit of truth and honor. Serious controversies between men are adjusted by civil tribunals, or by courts of arbitration. There is every reason why governments, which are of human creation or toleration, should be controlled by the same code of morals that governs individuals. Arbitration has a double purpose, and its results are doubly beneficial to mankind.

The Value of Arbitration

By GEN. NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A., RETIRED.

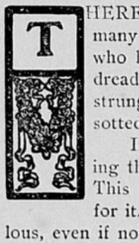


It assures impartial justice to nations and people, and suspends or avoids the horrors of war. Neither tongue nor pen can picture the terrors, the gloom, the sufferings or the sacrifices of war. In this enlightened age of progress and intelligent, refined civilization we would be glad to believe that the burdens and dangers of war have been lessened, yet, strange as it may seem, there never has been a time in the world's history when so much wealth was squandered in preparation for war, nor when so many millions of trained, skilled and disciplined men, armed with the most destructive weapons, were taken from the avenues of peaceful industry, as at the present time. Formerly military forces were kept for national defense, but if we shall have reached the time when they are to be used to overrun foreign countries and oppress and place in subjection defenseless people, then the spirit of arbitration has not appeared any too soon and cannot be too strongly advocated.

Possibly we have reached a time when the great war powers have found it more agreeable and less expensive to hunt in concert than to hunt each other. If that be true, then liberty may well veil her face, and the sovereign rights of man, independence and justice, are in imminent danger. The enormous expense of war and the burdens it imposes upon the industries of the people of many countries will be borne until discontinued by revolution, or until reason and justice shall prevail through international arbitration.

Intemperance in Business

By REV. B. L. McELROY,
of Columbus, Ohio.



HERE is an intemperance widespread and deadly that finds many of its victims among business men. Sagacious men who have watched the movement of life for a generation, dread this form of intemperance expressing itself in a high-strung life of endless excitement when men become "besotted with the cares of this life."

In both business and professional circles men are playing themselves out by the excesses in which they indulge. This intoxication arises either from success or the desire for it. Lack of moderation here often renders men ridiculous, even if not making them base. Generally it sends them on to impossible ventures, imperiling themselves and many others. Once a victim of this subtle form of intoxication, a man is about certain to launch upon a life that would suggest a delirium. Every city has its annual tragedies, bound up in the prose of honorable business life, and this want of control furnishes a larger quota than any other cause.

A new crusade in the interest of commercial sobriety is decided in order. He is a poor spectator of passing events who has not marked the downfall of many a one attempting to play the part of "a high roller." This intemperance is manifest also in the eagerness displayed for social preference, a harmful and ignoble ambition, surely, when it prompts to overreaching. Because of this mania the social world to-day is full of adventurers, adventuresses, and adventuring families, people who feel the necessity of keeping up appearances, even if "on the installment plan."