

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Sam on and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Josiah and Daisy, travel by wagon from their home in Vermilion, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the Country of the Sangamon, in Illinois.

CHAPTER II.—Among the Traylor's first acquaintances are Lincoln's friends, Jack Kelso and his pretty daughter Bim, 18 years of age.

CHAPTER III.—At Niagara Falls they meet a party of immigrants, among them a youth named John McNell, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. All of the party suffer from fever and ague. Sarah's ministrations save the life of a youth, Harry Needles, in the last stages of fever, and he accompanies the Traylor's. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young "Abe" Lincoln.

CHAPTER IV.—Samson decides to locate at New Salem, and begins building his house. Led by Jack Armstrong, rowdies attempt to break up the proceedings. Lincoln thrashes Armstrong. Young Harry Needles strikes Bim McNell, of the Armstrong crowd, and McNell threatens vengeance.

CHAPTER V.—A few days later Harry, alone, is attacked by McNell and his gang, and would have been roughly used had not Bim driven off his assailants with a shotgun. John McNell, the Traylor's Niagara Falls acquaintance, is markedly attentive to Ann Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her so.

CHAPTER VI.—Traylor helps two slaves, who had run away from St. Louis, to escape. Eliphaz Biggs, owner of the slaves, following them, attempts to beat up Traylor and in a fight has his arm broken.

CHAPTER VII.—Waiting for his arm to heal, Biggs meets Bim Kelso, with whom Harry Needles has fallen in love. Biggs asks for Bim's hand, but her father refuses his consent. Biggs returns to St. Louis.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bim confesses to Harry that she loves Biggs, and the youth is disconsolate. Lincoln decides to seek a seat in the legislature. He and Harry volunteer for the Black Hawk war, and leave New Salem.

CHAPTER IX.—Biggs comes back to the village and he and Bim elope. Harry learns of it on his way home from the "war." Lincoln's advice and philosophy sustain him in his grief.

CHAPTER X.—Lincoln, defeated in his candidacy for the legislature, forms a partnership with "Bill" Berry in the grocery business. Biggs sends a gang to burn Traylor's house, but the New Salem men are warned and the raiders worsted.

CHAPTER XI.—Lincoln, now postmaster, decides to run again for the legislature. Ann Rutledge is openly in love with John McNell. He leaves for his home in Vermont, promising to return soon and marry Ann. Lincoln accepts his defeat manfully. No word coming from McNell, Ann confesses to Abe that his real name is McNamar, and he fears that he will not return. Lincoln in his deep love endeavors to reassure her, though he does not yet love her himself. Lincoln wins his seat in the legislature.

CHAPTER XII.—Ann hears from McNamar, but he does not love her. She tells Abe of her doubt, and he confesses his love and asks her to marry him. Ann declares she does not yet love him, but will try to. With that promise Lincoln sets out for Vandalia and his legislative duties.

That evening Abe wrote a playful commission as colonel for Peter Lukins, which was signed in due time by all his friends and neighbors and presented to Lukins by a committee of which Abe was chairman.

Coleman Smoot—a man of some means who had a farm on the road to Springfield—was in the village that evening. Abe showed him the commission and asked him to sign it.

"I'll sign on one condition," said Smoot.

"What is that?" Abe asked.

"That you'll give me a commission. I want to be your friend."

"You are that now, aren't you?" Abe asked.

"Yes, but I haven't earned my commission. You haven't given me a chance yet. What can I do to help you along?"

Abe was much impressed by these kindly words.

"My friends do not often ask what they can do for me," he said. "I suppose they haven't thought of it. I'll think it over and let you know."

Three days later he walked out to Coleman Smoot's after supper. As they sat together by the fireside Abe said:

"I've been thinking of your friendly question. It's dangerous to talk that way to a man like me. The fact is, I need two hundred dollars to pay pressing debts and give me something in my pocket when I go to Vandalia. If you can not lend it to me I shall think none the less of you."

"I can and will," said Smoot. "I've been watching you for a long time. A man who tries as hard as you do to get along deserves to be helped. I believe in you. I'll go up to Springfield and get the money and bring it to you within a week or so."

Abe Lincoln had many friends who would have done the like for him if they could, and he knew it.

"Every one has faith in you," said Smoot. "We expect much of you and we ought to be willing to do what we can to help."

"Your faith will be my strength, if I have any," said Abe.

On his way home that night he thought of what Jack Kelso had said of democracy and friendship.

On the twenty-second of November a letter came to Ann from Bim Kelso,

which announced that she was going to New Orleans for the winter with her husband. Six days later Abe took the stage for the capital, at Rutledge's door, where all the inhabitants of the village had assembled to bid him good-



The Village Had Assembled to Bid Him Goodby.

by Ann Rutledge, with a flash of her old playfulness, kissed him when he got into the stage. Abe's long arm was waving in the air as he looked back at his cheering friends while the stage rumbled down the road toward the great task of life upon which he was presently to begin in the little village of Vandalia.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wherein the Route of the Underground Railroad is Surveyed and Samson and Harry Spend a Night in the Home of Henry Brimstead and Hear Surprising Revelations, Confidentially Disclosed.

Early in the autumn of that year the Reverend Elijah Lovejoy of Alton had spent a night with the Traylor's on his way to the North. Sitting by the fireside he had told many a vivid tale of the cruelties of slavery.

"I would not have you think that all slaveholders are wicked and heartless," he said. "They are like other men the world over. Some are kind and indulgent. If all men were like them slavery could be tolerated. But they are not. Some men are brutal in the North as well as in the South. If not made so by nature they are made so by drink. To give them the power of life and death over human beings, which they seem to have in parts of the South, is a crime against God and civilization."

"I agree with you," said Samson.

"I knew that you would," the minister went on. "We have already had some help from you but we need more. I take it as a duty which God has laid upon me to help every fugitive that reaches my door. You can help the good work of mercy and grace. If you hear three taps upon your window after dark or the hoot of an owl in your dooryard you will know what it means. Fix some place on your farm where these poor people who are seeking the freedom which God wills for all His children, may find rest and refreshment and security until they have strength to go on."

Within a week after the visit of Mr. Lovejoy, Samson and Harry built a hollow haystack about half-way from the house to the barn. The stack had a comfortable room inside of it about eight feet by seven and some six feet in height. Its entrance was an opening near the bottom of the stack well screened by the pendant hay. But no fugitive came to occupy it that winter.

Soon after the new year of 1835 Samson and Harry moved the Kelsos to Tazewell county. Mr. Kelso had received an appointment as land agent and was to be stationed at the little settlement of Hopedale near the home of John Peasley.

Late in the afternoon Harry and Samson left the Kelsos and their effects at a small frame house in the little village of Hopedale. The men had no sooner begun to unload than its inhabitants came to welcome the newcomers and help them in the work of getting settled. When the goods were deposited in the dooryard Samson and Harry drove to John Peasley's farm. Mr. Peasley recognized the big, broad-shouldered Vermonters at the first look.

"Do I remember you?" he said. "Well, I guess I do. So does my barn door. Let me take hold of that right hand of yours again. Yes, sir. It's the same old iron hand. Harry Ann!" he called as his wife came out of the door. "Here's the big man from Vermilion who tossed the party slaver."

"I see it is," she answered. "Ain't ye comin' in?"

"If you try to pass this place I'll have ye took up," said Peasley. "There's plenty of food in the house an' stable."

"Look here—that's downright selfish," said his wife. "If we tried to keep you here Henry Brimstead would never forgive us. He talks about you morning, noon and night. Any one would think that you was the Samson that slew the Philistines."

"How is Henry?" Samson asked. "He married my sister and they're about as happy as they can be this side the river Jordan," she went on. "They've got one o' the best farms in Tazewell county and they're gain-

to be rich!"

"Yes, sir; I didn't think o' that," said Peasley. "Henry and his wife would holler if we didn't take ye over there. It's only a quarter of a mile. I'll show ye the way and we'll all come over this evening and have a talkin' bee."

Samson was pleased and astonished by the look of Brimstead and his home and his family and the account of his success. The man from the sand flats was cleanly shaved, save for a black mustache, and neatly dressed and his face glowed with health and high spirits. A handsome brown-eyed miss of seventeen came galloping up the road on her pony and stopped near them.

"Annabel, do you remember this man?" Brimstead asked.

The girl looked at Samson.

"He is the man who helped us out of Flea valley," said the girl. "Would you mind if I kissed you?"

"I would be sorry if you didn't," said Samson. "Here's my boy, Harry Needles. You wouldn't dare kiss him, I guess."

"I would be sorry, too, if you didn't," Harry laughed as he took her hand.

"I'm afraid you'll have to stay sorry," said Annabel turning red with embarrassment. "I never saw you before."

"Better late than never," Samson assured her. "You don't often see a better fellow."

The girl laughed with a subtle look of agreement in her eyes. Then came up from the barn the ragged little lad of No Santa Claus Land—now a sturdy, bright-eyed, handsome boy of twelve.

The horses were put out and all went in to supper.

After supper Brimstead showed models of a mowing machine with a cut bar six feet long, and a plow which would turn two furrows.

"That's what we need on these prairies," said Samson. "Something that'll turn 'em over and cut the crop quicker."

"Say, I'll tell ye," said Brimstead as if about to disclose a secret. "These great stretches of smooth, rich land just everlastingly run the spurs into you and keep your brain galloping. Mine is goin' night and day. The prairies are a new thing and you've got to tackle 'em in a new way. I tell you the seeding and planting and mowing and reaping and threshing is all going to be done by machinery and horses. The wheel will be the foundation of the new era."

"You're right," said Samson.

"How are you gettin' along?"

"Rather slow," Samson answered.

"It's hard to get our stuff to market down in the Sangamon country. Our river isn't navigable yet. We hope that Abe Lincoln, who has just been elected to the legislature, will be able to get it widened and straightened and cleaned up so it will be of some use to us down there."

"I've heard of him. They call him Honest Abe, don't they?"

"Yes; and he is honest if a man ever was."

"Is he going to marry the Rutledge girl?" he was the query of Mrs. Brimstead.

"I don't think so," Samson answered, a little surprised at her knowledge of the attachment. "He's as humbly as Sam Hill and dresses rough and ain't real handy with the guns. Some fellers are kind o' fenced in with humbleness and awkwardness."

"The boys around here are all fenced in," said Annabel. "There's nobody here of my age but Lanky Peters, who looks like a fish, and a red-headed Irish boy with a wooden leg."

The Peasleys arrived and the men and women spent a delightful hour traveling without weariness over the long trail to beloved scenes and the days of their youth. Every day's end thousands were going east on that trail, each to find his pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow of memory.

Before they went to bed that night Brimstead paid his debt to Samson, with interest, and very confidentially.

It was a long, wearisome ride back to the land of plenty, over frozen ground, with barely an inch of snow upon it, under a dark sky, with a chilly wind blowing.

"After all, it's home," said Samson, when late in the evening they saw the lighted windows of the cabin ahead. When they had put out their horses and came in by the glowing fire, Samson lifted Sarah in his arms again and kissed her.

"I'm kind o' silly, mother, but I can't help it—you look so temptin'," said Samson.

(To Be Continued)

SAVE YOUR TIRES

No matter how fine the materials that go into a tire nor how perfect the workmanship in its construction, the tire cannot give good service if it is neglected and abused, say the makers of Revere Tires.

If given a reasonable amount of attention, a tire that is carefully made of good materials will pay a motorist for every dollar he puts into it. But even the best materials and the finest workmanship amount to nothing when a tire is run under-inflated or is subjected to rough treatment.

It takes only a light turn of the steering wheel to avoid having a tire strike a big cobblestone lying on the roadway, yet many motorists won't take even that much trouble to save their tires. It is the driver who is careful who is able to boast of big tire mileage.

EXTENDED

FOR A FEW MORE DAYS

In order to clean up more of our stock
Placed at a sacrifice in our

BIG REMOVAL SALE

Our lessee has extended our lease on our present building since our new home will not be ready for us to move into until September 24th. The Big Stove which was to be given away at the close of the sale on Wednesday of this week will be held over to the final day of the sale, and will give you a better chance to win this splendid prize.

The reduced prices on every article in stock will be continued until we get possession of our new building. It's your opportunity to buy house furnishings at an unusually big discount.

If you haven't been to our store a visit will convince you that we have real bargains. Nothing reserved—everything goes regardless of cost.

The piano contest is nearing a close. Get busy and help your candidate in these last few days.

MUNCY BROTHERS

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Berea

Richmond

THE BIBLE AND EVOLUTION

The statement has been made that one cannot be an evolutionist and believe the Bible. Similar statements are not uncommon, and our young people are taught that they must not allow themselves to accept the theory of evolution if they would keep their faith in Christianity. Yet they find, or are soon to find as they continue their education, that evolution is accepted and taught by a vast majority of scholars in all branches of scientific study and is regarded by them as the most fundamental and comprehensive discovery in the realm of science during the past century. Our young people are therefore confronted with a very perplexing and dangerous question. "If I cannot believe in evolution and the Bible, which shall I reject?" Many have found the claims of evolution upon their reason and judgment so strong that they have been driven to skepticism, if not into real infidelity. It is the purpose of this article to help remove this danger by showing that there is no contradiction between the Bible and evolution when both are correctly understood and rightly interpreted.

Let us consider for a moment what the so-called laws of Nature are, and how they are discovered by scientific investigation. In the first place, the investigator observes and tabulates facts. He then, by the exercise of his reason and imagination, discovers, or invents, a hypothesis or theory which will account for those facts. He adopts this as a working hypothesis and proceeds to test it by all the related facts he can find. Thus it may have to be modified by the discovery of new facts, or it may have to be abandoned altogether and a new hypothesis adopted. When one is found that explains all the related facts that can be discovered, it is accepted as true and is regarded as a law. A law of Nature is the way things happen in the natural world, and since all phenomena of Nature are God's doings, as the falling of the apple, the growth of vegetation or the rolling of the thunder, then the law of Nature is God's method of doing things, and whenever we discover one of these laws, if we rightly appreciate it, we are getting closer to God and learning to understand Him.

The world of Nature is God's world. God has revealed Himself not in the Bible alone, but also in His other book, the Book of Nature. These revelations must agree absolutely. If they seem to us to disagree, it is certain that we are mis-

interpreted people, a large part of whom are ignorant of the true meaning of the word as used today in the scientific world, is most unfortunate for two reasons: it hinders the progress of truth thru ignorance and prejudice, and is more responsible for the skepticism of the day than the teachings of science. To many people the theory of evolution is summed up in the idea that man is descended from the monkey. It does not teach this, but it does teach that if the ancestry of man and the ape be traced thru some millions of years, they are both found to be descended from a type of animal then living. Is it any disgrace to us to have risen from such humble ancestry to our present exalted state? Which is more honorable, to be a wise man whose grandfather was a fool, or to be a fool whose grandfather was a wise man?

Let us not approach the Book of Nature with either fear or prejudice. God gave it to us as a textbook, and He is pleased at every success we attain in learning its lessons. Our faith should be strengthened, not weakened, by its study.

The writer will be glad to meet personally any who may have doubts or anxiety in reference to this subject.

Geo. H. Felton

Mail Courses.

"What's Gribble doing now?"
"Teaching people how to write motion picture scenarios by mail."
"He used to run a correspondence school of astronomy. He must be a versatile chap."
"Not at all. He knows as little about one as the other."

Nothing to It.

"I'll have to fine you for speeding."
"But, squire, we came to you to be married and we have only \$10 for your fee."
"You weren't speeding. You could have gone twice as fast and not been speeding."

BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

"A curious case came up in the court of domestic relations this morning."
"What was it all about?" asked the meek little man.
"A wife charged that her husband cut out the department store advertisements from the family newspaper before he'd let her read it. He was a brute, wasn't he?"
"Certainly," replied the meek little man. "But what I don't understand is how he managed to get hold of the paper first."