

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

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Synopsis.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Josiah and Betsey, travel by wagon from their home in Vermont, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the country of the Sangamon, in Illinois. At Nagarsa Falls they meet John McNeil, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. Sarah's misadventures save the life of Harry Needles and he accompanies the Traylor family to New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young Abe Lincoln. Jack Kelso and his pretty daughter Blm and others. Samson raises his cabin. Lincoln thrashes Armstrong. Harry strikes Rap McNeil. Harry is attacked by McNeil and his gang, and Blm drives off his assailants with a shot gun. McNeil is markedly attentive to Ann Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her so. Harry loves Blm. Traylor helps two slaves, who had run away from St. Louis. Eliphalet Biggs, owner of the slaves, has his arm broken by Traylor. Biggs meets Blm and makes love to her. Abe announces that he is a candidate for the legislature. The Black Hawk war makes Abe a hero, and he and Harry go to the front.

CHAPTER IX.

In Which Jim Kelso Makes History, While Abe and Harry and Other Good Citizens of New Salem Are Making an Effort to End in the Indian War.

In the midst of springtime there came cheering news from the old home in Vermont—a letter to Sarah from her brother, which contained the welcome promise that he was coming to visit them and expected to be in Beardstown about the fourth of May. Samson drove across country to meet the steamer. He was at the landing when the Star of the North arrived. He saw every passenger that came ashore, and Eliphalet Biggs, leading his big bay mare, was one of them, but the expected visitor did not arrive. There would be no other steamer bringing passengers from the East for a number of days.

Samson went to a store and bought a new dress and sundry bits of finery for Sarah. He returned to New Salem with a heavy heart. Sarah stood in the open door as he drove up.

"Didn't come," he said mournfully. Without a word, Sarah followed him to the barn, with the tin lantern in her hand. He gave her a hug as he got down from the wagon. He was little given to like displays of emotion.

"Don't feel bad," he said. "I've given them up—I don't believe we shall ever see them again," said Sarah, as they were walking toward the door. "I think I know how the dead feel who are so soon forgotten."

"Ye can't blame 'em," said Samson. "They've probably heard about the Injun scare and would expect to be massacred if they came."

Indeed the scare, now abating, had spread through the border settlements and kept the people awake at nights. Samson and other men, left in New Salem, had met to consider plans for a stockade.

"And then there's the fever an' ague," Samson added. "Sometimes I feel sorry I told 'em about it, because they'll think it worse than it is. But we've got to tell the truth if it kills us."

"Yes; we've got to tell the truth," Samson rejoined. "There'll be a railroad coming through here one of these days and then we can all get back and forth easy. If it comes it's going to make us rich. Abe says he expects it within three or four years."

Sarah had a hot supper ready for him. As he stood warming himself by the fire she put her arms around him and gave him a little hug.

"You poor tired man!" she said. "How patient and how good you are!" There was a kind of apology for this moment of weakness in her look and manner. Her face seemed to say: "It's silly but I can't help it."

"I've been happy all the time, for I knew you was waiting for me," Samson remarked. "I feel rich every time I think of you and the children. Say, look here."

He untied the bundle and put the dress and finery in her lap.

"Well, I want to know!" she exclaimed, as she held it up to the candlelight. "That must have cost a pretty penny."

"I don't care what it cost—it ain't half good enough—not half," said Samson.

As he sat down to his supper he said: "I saw that slaver, Biggs, get off the boat with his big bay mare. There was a darky following him with another horse."

"Good land!" said Sarah. "I hope he isn't coming here. Mrs. Anstot told me today that Jim Kelso has been getting letters from him."

and see what's up. Jack is away, you know."

"I will," said Sarah. It was nearly two o'clock when Samson, having fed and watered his horses, got into bed. Yet he was up before daylight, next morning, and singing a hymn of praise as he kindled the fire and filled the tea kettle and lighted his candle lantern and went out to do his chores while Sarah, partly reconciled to her new disappointment, dressed and began the work of another day. So they and Abe and Harry and others like them, each under the urge of his own ambition, spent their great strength in the building and defense of the republic and grew prematurely old. Their work began and ended in darkness and often their days were doubled by the burdens of the night. So in the reckoning of their time each year was more than one.

Sarah went down to the village in the afternoon of the next day. When Samson came in from the fields to his supper she said:

"Mr. Biggs is stopping at the tavern. He brought a new silk dress and some beautiful linen for Mrs. Kelso. He tells her that Jim has made a new man of him. Claims he has quit drinking and gone to work. Blm and her mother are terribly excited. He wants them to move to St. Louis and live on his big plantation in a house next to his—rent free."

Samson knew that Biggs was the type of man who weds Virtue for her dowry.

"A man's judgment is needed there," said he. "It's a pity Jack is gone. Biggs will take that girl away with him sure as shooting if we don't look out."

"Oh, I don't believe he'd do that," said Sarah. "I hope he has turned over a new leaf and become a gentleman."

"We'll see," said Samson. They saw and without much delay the background of his pretensions, for one day within the week he and Blm rode away and did not return. Soon a letter came from Blm to her mother, mailed at Beardstown. It told of their marriage in that place and said that they would be starting for St. Louis in a few hours on the Star of the North. She begged the forgiveness of her parents and declared that she was very happy.

"Too bad! Isn't it?" said Sarah when Mrs. Waddell, who had come out with her husband one evening to bring this news, had finished the story.

"Yes, it kind o' spyles the place," said Samson. "I'm afraid for Jack Kelso—'fraild it'll bust his fiddle if it don't break his heart. His wife is alone now. We must ask her to come and stay with us."

"The Allens have taken her in," said Mrs. Waddell.

"That's good," said Sarah. "I'll go down there tomorrow and offer to do anything we can."

When Mr. and Mrs. Waddell had gone Sarah said: "I can't help thinking of poor Harry. He was terribly in love with her."

"Well, he'll have to get over it—that's all," said Samson. "He's young and the wound will heal."

It was well for Harry that he was out of the way of all this, and entered upon adventures which absorbed his thought. As to what was passing with him we have conclusive evidence in two letters, one from Col. Zachary Taylor, in which he says:

"Harry Needles is also recommended for the most intrepid conduct as a scout and for securing information of great value. Compelled to abandon his wounded horse he swam a river under fire and under the observation of three of our officers, through whose help he got back to his command, bringing a bullet in his thigh."

With no knowledge of military service and a company of untrained men, Abe had no chance to win laurels in the campaign. His command did not get in touch with the enemy. He had his hands full maintaining a decent regard for discipline among the raw frontiersmen of his company.

When the dissatisfied volunteers were mustered out late in May, Kelso and McNeil, being sick with a stubborn fever, were declared unfit for service and sent back to New Salem as soon as they were able to ride. Abe and Harry joined Captain Iles' company of Independent Rangers and a month or so later Abe re-enlisted to serve with Captain Early, Harry being under a surgeon's care. The latter's wound was not serious and on July third he too joined Early's command.

This company was chiefly occupied in the moving of supplies and the burying of a few men who had been killed in small engagements with the enemy. It was a band of rough-looking fellows in the costume of the frontier farm and workshop—ragged, dirty and unshorn. The company was disbanded July tenth at Whitewater, Wisconsin, where, that night, the horses of Harry and Abe were stolen. From that point they started on their long homeward tramp with a wounded sense of desecration and justice. They felt that the Indians had been wronged that the

greed of land grabbers had brutally violated their rights. This feeling had been deepened by the massacre of the red women and children at Bad Ax.

A number of mounted men went with them and gave them a ride now and then. Some of the travelers had little to eat on the journey. Both Abe and Harry suffered from hunger and sore feet before they reached Peoria, where they bought a canoe and in the morning of a bright day started down the Illinois river.

They had a long day of comfort in its current with a good store of bread and butter and cold meat and pie. The prospect of being fifty miles nearer home before nightfall lightened their hearts and they laughed freely while Abe told of his adventures in the campaign. To him it was all a wild comedy with tragic scenes dragged into it and woefully out of place. Indeed he thought it no more like war than a pig sticking its head that was the kind of thing he hated.

Harry had not heard from home since he left it. Abe had had a letter from Rutledge which gave him the news of Blm's elopement. The letter said:

"I was over to Beardstown the day Kelso and McNeil got off the steamer. I brought them home with me. Kelso was bigger than his trouble. Said that the ways of youth were a part of the great plan. 'Thorns! Thorns!' he said. 'They are the teachers of wisdom and who am I that I should think myself or my daughter too good for the like, since it is written that Jesus Christ did not complain of them?'"



They Had a Long Day of Comfort in Its Current.

"Have you heard from home?" Abe asked as they paddled on.

"Not a word," said Harry. "You're not expecting to meet Blm Kelso?"

"That's the best part of getting home for me," said Harry, turning with a smile.

"Let her drift for a minute," said Abe. "I've got a letter from James Rutledge that I want to read to you. There's a big lesson in it for both of us—something to remember as long as we live."

Abe read the letter. Harry sat motionless. Slowly his head bent forward until his chin touched his breast.

Abe said with a tender note in his voice as he folded the letter: "This man is well along in life. He hasn't youth to help him as you have. See how he takes it and she's the only child he has. There are millions of pretty girls in the world for you to choose from."

"I know it, but there's only one Blm Kelso in the world," Harry answered mournfully. "She was the one I loved."

"Yes, but you'll find another. It looks serious, but it isn't—you're so young. Hold up your head and keep going. You'll be happy again soon."

"Maybe, but I don't see how," said the boy.

"There are lots of things you can't see from where you are at this present moment. There are a good many miles ahead o' you, I reckon, and one thing you'll see plainly, by and by—that it's all for the best. I've suffered a lot myself but I can see now it has been a help to me. There isn't an hour of it I'd be willing to give up."

They paddled along in silence for a time.

"It was my fault," said Harry presently. "I never could say the half I wanted to when she was with me. My tongue is too slow. She gave me a chance and I wasn't man enough to take it. That's all I've got to say on that subject."

Some time afterward in a letter to his father the boy wrote: "I often think of that ride down the river and the way he talked to me. It was so gentle. He was a big, powerful giant of a man who weighed over

two hundred pounds, all of it bone and muscle. But under his great strength was a woman's gentleness; under the dirty, ragged clothes and the rough brown skin grimy with dust and perspiration, was one of the cleanest souls that ever came to this world. I don't mean that he was like a minister. He could tell a story with pretty rough talk in it, but always for a purpose. He hated dirt on the hands or on the tongue. He loved flowers like a woman. He loved to look at the stars at night and the colors of the sunset and the morning dew on the meadows. I never saw a man so much in love with fun and beauty."

They reached Havana that evening and sold their canoe to a man who kept boats to rent on the river shore. They ate a hot supper at the tavern and got a ride with a farmer who was going ten miles in their direction. From his cabin some two hours later they set out afoot in the darkness.

"Going home is the end of all journeys," said Abe as they tramped along. "Did it ever occur to you that every live creature has its home? The fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and forest, the creepers in the grass, all go home. Most of them turn toward it when the day wanes. The call of home is the one voice heard and respected all the way down the line of life. And, ye know, the most wonderful and mysterious thing in nature is the power that fool animals have to go home through great distances, like the turtle that swam from the Bay of Biscay to his home off Van Dieman's Land. Somehow, coming over in a ship, he had blazed a trail through the pathless deep more than ten thousand miles long. It's the one miraculous gift—the one call that's irresistible. Don't you hear it now? I never lie down in the darkness without thinking of home when I am away."

"And it's hard to change your home when you're wanted to it," said Harry. "Yes, it's a little like dying when you pull up the roots and move. It's been hard on your folks."

This remark brought them up to the greatest of mysteries. They tramped in silence for a moment. Abe broke in upon it with these words:

"I reckon there must be another home somewhere to go to after we have broke the last camp here, and a kind of a bird's compass to help us find it. I reckon we'll hear the call of it as we grow older."

He stopped and took off his hat and looked up at the stars and added: "If it isn't so I don't see why the long procession of life keeps harping on this subject of home. I think I see the point of the whole thing. It isn't the place or the furniture that makes it home, but the love and peace that's in it. By and by our home isn't here any more. It has moved. Our minds begin to beat about in the undisciplined countries looking for it. Somehow we got it located—each man for himself."

For another space they hurried along without speaking.

"I tell you, Harry, whatever a large number of intelligent folks have agreed upon for some generations is so—if they have been allowed to do their own thinking," said Abe. "It's about the only wisdom there is."

He had sounded the keynote of the new Democracy.

So, under the lights of heaven speaking in the silence of the night of impenetrable mysteries, they journeyed on toward the land of plenty.

"It's as still as a graveyard," Harry whispered when they had climbed the bluff by the mill long after midnight, and were near the little village.

"They're all buried in sleep," said Abe. "We'll get Rutledge out of bed. He'll give us a shakedown somewhere."

His loud rap on the door of the tavern signalled more than a desire for beer in the weary travelers, for just then a cycle of their lives had ended.

Raiders try to burn out Traylor's "underground railroad station."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Frankenstein" is a romance by Mrs. Shelley, wife of the distinguished poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The novel, Frankenstein, contrives to make and animate by his intimate control of the mysteries of nature, a monster in human form, who becomes the constant torment of its creator's existence. The monster was created without a soul, yet not without an intense craving for human sympathy, and he found existence on these terms such a terrible curse that in the end he slew his maker. The story of "Frankenstein" is said to be consciously or unconsciously an allegorical portrayal of the character of Shelley himself who, in "Alastor," has painted himself as an idealist isolated from human sympathy. Helen Moore, in her life of Shelley, has a chapter on this subject.

UTAH NEWS REVIEW

Plans are being made by City Engineer Sylvester Q. Canon for the erection of a new \$33,000 zoo at Liberty park.

The Box Elder Commercial club is seeking by petition before the public utilities commission to have the rates of the Utah Power & Light company reduced.

A rail gripping device that is declared by its inventor and engineers to promise a revolution in railroad building and operation, so far as grades are concerned, has been patented by a Salt Laker.

Military funeral services were held Monday afternoon in the tabernacle for Lieutenant Lawrence H. Evans, whose body recently arrived from France. Bishop Thomas Bailey of the Nepher ward was in charge.

Salt Lake's tax rate will be 31.2 mills for all purposes, it was determined when the county commission adopted recommendations of M. L. Scott, county auditor, providing for a general county levy of 4.8 mills.

A. B. Fall, secretary of the interior, will be in Salt Lake in about three weeks en route to Yellowstone National park. While there it is expected that he will meet and hold a conference with William Spry, commissioner of the general land office.

Oscar Hitt, cartoonist of the New York World, made a hit with 2500 children at the Alhambra theater at Ogden when he drew reproductions of all the famous characters in the comic papers. Mr. Hitt was an Ogden visitor as the guest of the Kiwanis club.

A souvenir of the first annual farmer's encampment held at the Utah Agricultural college, written by Professor D. E. Robinson, college editor and head of the department of marketing, was presented to about twelve hundred people at the concluding meeting of the encampment Monday at Logan.

Lloyd W. Burkey, being taken from Idaho to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, prison, escaped from two agents of the department of justice at 6:10 o'clock Sunday morning, when he jumped from the Oregon Short Line passenger train at Twenty-first street and Wall avenue as the train was entering the depot.

Requisition has been honored by Governor Mabey for the return to Kentucky of J. B. Prince, wanted on a charge of deserting a child 16 years of age. Prince who is under indictment by a Kentucky grand jury is supposed to be in Sanpete county. A. J. Cordie is the officer who presented the extradition.

Fire of unknown origin practically destroyed the car barns of the Salt Lake, Garfield & Western Railroad company at Salt Lake at 1 o'clock Monday morning. About three-fifths of the rolling stock of the company was burned, but the management has announced that there will be no interruption of service to Saltair.

Lewis Homer Harding, member of the firm of Evans & Harding of Salt Lake, secretary of the Salt Lake Rotary club, leader in Masonic activities and an active member of the Commercial club, was drowned Sunday in Jackson Hole country. News of his death came to S. D. Evans in a telegram from Roderick McKenzie of Salt Lake.

Good Roads day, the idea which was advanced ten years ago by the Rotary club was observed throughout Utah Saturday. All over the state the people turned out and worked on the highways, and the results of this work now are apparent on every hand. Old roads were improved and new roads were built where previously there was nothing but wilderness.

Two more issues of the Utah Chronicle, student publication at the University of Utah, will be published this summer, according to a decision of the student body executive committee and faculty members of the school. This will be the first time the student publication has been issued during the second term of the summer school. The next issue will appear Friday.

The interstate commerce commission of Washington has authorized the Salt Lake Route and the Santa Fe to put into effect interstate rates on ore, ore concentrates, zinc middlings and lead matte in carloads from Searchlight, Nev., to Garfield, Murray, Midvale and International, Utah, dependent upon the value of the property transported, said value to be declared in writing.

At a meeting of the city council of Kayville, held this week, bids for fifty feet of sidewalk construction were awarded to Riley & Gordon. Additional inspectors necessary to supervise the work were authorized.

The Cisco bridge crossing the wash near Moab, washed away during the heavy rainstorm last week. A temporary road has been constructed through the wash, permitting the passage of cars until the main bridge is restored.

UPPER SILESIA IS BEING DISCUSSED

GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE REACH AGREEMENT ON PARTITION OF UPPER SILESIA

Compromise Boundary Line Drawn at Conference Between Premier Lloyd George and Briand

Paris.—Premier Briand of France and Mr. Lloyd George, prime minister of England, have decided at a meeting upon a compromise partition of Upper Silesia, it was declared Tuesday on good authority.

The compromise boundary line understood to have been drawn approximately as follows:

Beginning west of Pless, on the Odera river, and running west of witz, west of Tost and Gross Schenken, north to between Rosenberg and Grotz, and thence to the front of northern Upper Silesia.

This line, while by no means straight one, approximately bisects Silesian plebiscite area.

The ratified agreement must be finally ratified by the supreme council and the possibility of this action late afternoon session Tuesday forecast. At this time the international geographical experts were expected to have ready their reports.

It was upon the private session being reached, it is understood the council decided not to send the British and Italian delegations against the sending of French troops for this purpose, as France desired. Sir Harold Stuart, British Silesian commissioner, and Marini, the Italian commissioner, declared they believed both Germany and Poland would accept the boundary decision.

The conviction of General Lyautey, head of the commission, that trouble might occur, even if it were an immediate decision.

The British and Italian delegations and the council decided upon the sending of reinforcements when time being.

The new line is accepted in that as more nearly representing the meaning of the plebiscite than anything previously proposed. The vision also splits the disputed district.

At the opening of the session Lloyd George took occasion to state the position of the British delegation upon what he called the "plebiscite problem to the peace of Europe."

Down the road, he said, had belonged to a man race for 700 years—who could not period to Austria, but for 100 years to Prussia—and the British get rid would not consent to any selfish based equitably upon the basis of Poles and the Germans in the region.

A big discussion of security of the British prime minister started on the British empire, the prime minister's desire for safety, knowing that he had suffered in two wars.

He looked for a moderation in the moderation with which victors used their power in apportioning the spoils of his British empire, the prime minister declared, would never be a flash of another war caused by a terrible use of superior force of which each justice in a time of triumph prompted.

The allied supreme council today not to send reinforcements to the allied troops in Upper Silesia.

When the question of the sending of additional troops to this bus as reinforcements, the council had sanctioned against such a step.

To Discuss Tax Pake him to D Washington.—The tax the street, gle, now puzzling concern as soon ders, was taken to President Fred ent by Republican members was lying on ways and means come with wide.

Chairman Fordney, ought to be Harding's return, asked said the doct- they looked up- no!" he ex- sing the problem as a- papers—my

Hylan Summary New York.—The com- me and I'll ator Schuyler M. Meyer money for I— You see, I—

Its public hearings and or John F. Hylan as he- lived with

Manufacturers was an inv- Chicago.—Marcus M. for Little J- the founders of the called his son, Schaffner & Marx, die- living. The was born in Germany man, who the United States who could not atte- we to do?" h-

Yale Professor of Little J- New Haven.—George- erto unused I- authority on oriental East.

and professor emeritus will go to sch- sity, died at his home- Jim and his- at the Imperial un- permit it," at universities in- may help us Madras, Benares a- cannot let a- was retired from - them twi- erous works on philo- food, for Ltt- Far Eastern subject- money, and Litt-