(8)

SPANISH PEGGY

A STORY OF YOUNG ILLINOIS

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

Copyright, 1899, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

CHAPTER I.

Abraham Lincoln lay stretched on his stomach, his head supported by his hands, facing the cooper's fireplace. A blaze of shavings and blocks lighted cobwebby beams overhead, clean staves and hoop-poles standing around the wall, the cooper's work-bench and tools, the lank, aguish face of a man who sat on a keg beside the hearth, holding a book from which the young student recited. The shop had part of a log left out in the side, filled, like all New Salem windows, with oiled paper instead of glass. Outer darkness made this a blurred oblong framed by logs.

People knew that the cooper let young Lincoln turn his shop into a study every evening, and no one before this night had come picking at the latch.

"The string's pulled in Minter," said Lincoln, turning his head, as suppressed laughter and a shuffle of feet on the log step disturbed his recitation. "Never mind the boys; they'll go way pretty soon."

"Maybe the Grove fellows have come to town," said the aguish young man on the keg, listening anxiously. "They'd as lief break in the cooper's paper as not."

"I reckon we'd better hurry, anyway," urged the student, and he continued repeating as rapidly as he could the remainder of the lesson.

Presently with a click the door turned back on its wooden hinges and bumped the wall.

"I know you, Slicky," declared the interrupted scholar without looking. "Come in. Folks wouldn't give you the name of Slicky Green if you hadn't a way of getting what you want." He scooped a double handful of blocks and shavings on the blaze, and, warned by some unusual restraint at the door, hastily drew up his length before the fire. It showed him a slim giant in blue homespun trousers, which did not quite cover his ankles, and an open roundabout hanging loosely from the shoulders, and betraying the fact that his vest was buttoned crooked. Seeing a stranger on the threshold with the boy he called Slicky, Lincoln ran his hand through his dark hair, leaving it tossed in every direction.

"How did you know I was home from college, Abe? Dick and I rode in from the farm on purpose to see you. This is Dick Yates, one of our boys from the Jacksonville school. Dick, this is Abe Lincoln."

"How do you do, Dick?" said Abe, offering his hand.

"How do you do, Abe?" said Dick, seizing it.

"And here's our schoolmaster, Minter Grayham," continued Slicky, presenting the pale occupant of the keg. Minter rose with the dignity of a man who often pronounced words of five syllables. The mounting firelight found reflecting threads in Dick Yates' bright auburn hair. The schoolmaster thought him a beautiful young fellow, with modest manners. His features, perfectly modeled and rosy as a girl's, were manly, from full forehead to outstanding chin. Though of a robust, well-knit figure for a lad of 18, his head barely reached Lincoln's shoulder as the two stood looking at each other.

"I've been telling Dick so much about you, Abe, that he wanted to see you," said Slicky.

Abe blushed and Dick blushed, with eager friendliness and recognition of power.

"Are you studying Blackstone?" inquired Dick, indicating the huge book which Minter Grayham held closed.

"Yes. It's mighty interesting reading to me."

"I'm going to study law, too. But it scares me to death to begin a debate; and Slicky says you make a fine speech."

"If I ever met you as an opponent, I'd want some advantage. S'pose we make a compact to work together on our first case?"

"Done!" said Yates. "It's as good as won."

"William Green!" spoke a girl's voice from the humid spring darkness outside; "have you forgot how bad the wolves are in the timber we have to ride through?"

"Come in, girls!" exclaimed the proprietor of the rough study. His tutor echoed the invitation. "It's Abe's recess. Come in, Nancy and Ann Rutledge, and the rest of you."

Half a dozen figures emerged from the night of the village street, bearing Nancy Green company, laughing and half reluctant; and let themselves be coaxed into sharing a long bench which the boys drew up before the fire. It was like an invasion of swallows. Abe raked up all the shavings and blocks and brought them to the hearth. A festive spirit filled the place. Nearly all the girls were bareheaded, in linsey dresses. They had stepped out of their homes along the winding road for the mere pleasure of being abroad and free from the tasks at the end of the day; with the exception of Nancy Green, and Martha Bell Clary, who had come from Clary's Grove to stay all night with Mahala Cameron. A similar group of young people in a French cabin would have cleared the floor directly for dancing, all the merrier for having met unexpectedly. But these children of serious Massachusetts, Tennessee, Carolina, and Kentucky pioneers held experience meeting instead. The state was still so young, and their knowledge of the wide world so limited, that they and their elders took primitive delight in telling over their own adventures. The oftener a story was repeated the more dignity it acquired.

"Talking about wolves," said young Green, when nobody had said a word about wolves since the girls' entrance, looking at his sister with sly enjoyment, "I was going afoot to the mill early one morning last summer, and met two in the path—a black one and a gray one. I stood still and looked at them, and they stood still and looked at me. I knew if I turned to run they would pull me down in a minute. Finally I whipped out my jack-knife and cut a rosin-weed, and lashed at them, yelling with all my might. They were so scarred they ran like sheep."

"Or like that wagon that you stopped before we came to Illinois," retorted his sister Nancy. "When daddy was going to move from Car'lina he bought a new wagon. We children had never seen such a thing, and we climbed the spokes, and William took hold of the chain on the tongue. The wagon started down hill, and everybody let go but William. The tongue ran into a tree and broke, and left the chain in his hand. 'I was going to hold on if it killed me, mother,' says he. 'For if that wagon had got away, how were we going to move out to Illinois?"

"Speaking about sheep," continued young Green, as if he had not heard the wagon story, "daddy told Nancy when she was herding the sheep, that she must carry a bag with her and save the wool that stuck to the bushes. Our old ewe was tame, and it was easier to pick the wool off her back than to hunt through the bushes. So Nancy picked the old ewe, and came home with a full poke two nights hand running. The first night daddy praised her; but the second night he found it out!"

"I wasn't ten years old then," remembered Nancy; "and my conscience hurt me worse the first night than daddy's punishment did the second."

"That reminds me, Nancy," said Lincoln, "of what your mother told me Slicky did when he was about ten years old. He brought in some frozen eggs

A FURIOUS WOMAN WHACKED THE WRITHING OBJECT WITH A CRUTCH AS HARD AS SHE COULD PLANT THE BLOWS.

and raked out the coals and put the eggs to thaw on her best pewter platter. She said when she found the melted pewter running all over the hearth she felt discouraged about him!"

Ann Rutledge laughed, and flung one of her thick auburn braids behind her shoulder.

"Haven't you any tale to tell of Abe, Minter Grayham?"

Minter Grayham, used to having his name prolonged by the soft southern drawl with gentle familiarity, smiled and shook his head. No one around the cooper's fire-place had a sense of the degradation of poverty or the triviality of any human experience. Life in New Salem was full of zest which they brought from Massachusetts, from Kentucky and Tennessee and Carolina mountains, and from good English ancestry; though it was merely the ordinary pioneer life of a young state.

As Abe cast on more fuel and the blaze flared higher, a scream like a rabbit's pierced the doorway, and something writhed over the step on the puncheon floor. A furious woman, the vision of a witch, with beard growing tufted on her long chin, whacked the writhing object with a crutch as hard as she could plant the blows. Ann Rutledge screamed.

"Hold on!" cried Lincoln in two or three long strides. "Don't do that!" He received on his arm the last stroke of the stick, which the woman carried with her as she ran from him.

"Oh, my dear!" said Ann, brushing shavings off a little girl whom she helped up from the floor, "are you hurt?"

"Sally got me that time!" the child answered, hopping to balance herself, and laughing while tears ran down her cheeks. "She took my crutch from me so I couldn't run. But I saw this door open, and goody! I'm in!"

"And she was born a white woman!" cried Ann indignantly. "Sally Shickshack behaves like a savage! You would think she was the Indian and Shickshack the white."

"I'm nimbler than Sally when I have my crutch," laughed the child, still weeping through her laughter, and trying to swallow her sobs. Ann and Dick Yates helped her to the cooper's bench. Piteous and courageous as the little figure was, the other girls looked at her with disfavor, and one of the younger Rutledges whispered to Mahala Cameron that "a certain person was always tagging Ann," as if resentful interference with a sister's privilege.

"Never mind, Peggy," said Lincoln, cheerfully. "Sally will make a man of you if hard knocks can do it. Where are Shickshack and the boy?"

"They haven't come in from hunting yet."

"And Sally took the opportunity to enjoy herself."

He drew his own large bandana handkerchief out of his pocket and kindly wiped the child's face. She hiccoughed in her effort to control more tears, and smiled at him. Ann kept one arm around her, and brushed down the hair which straggled to her shoulders. Peggy had a colorless, aquiline face, and a prominent though tiny mouth, her short upper lip falling to quite conceal her teeth. Her dress was of soft tanned deerskin and showed by its lines that it had been cut out by a masculine knife instead of by feminine scissors. There was scarcely a fold to conceal her slim shape, and its scanniness displayed one moccasined foot hanging down. Her other foot was curled under the bench, while pointing straight at the fire was a wooden leg strapped to her knee. She tried with careful hands to spread the skin drapery over it.

Dick Yates could not help looking at her with curiosity. Even in that time when so many mixed elements went to the creating of a settlement, she was an unusual figure. Ann Rutledge, seeking on Peggy's head and back the welts left by the crutch, noticed the inquiry in his eye and answered it.

"She is not Sally Shickshack's child, or Shickshack's, either. They have been in New Salem only a little while. He is a Sac Indian and likes to live among white men. His white wife you saw. She has a stepson, I think, a Canadian boy. There are four in the family. Shickshack and his wife have no children of their own, though people say she was married twice before. He is a good Indian."

The good Indian that moment appeared at the door with his wife's stepson behind him. That he had almost come upon his wife in the act of using the crutch was evident, for he carried the crutch in his hand, and had not yet unslung from his back a full game-bag. His gun he rested against the wall within the door.

"Come in, everybody," cried young Green. "All New Salem is on a frolic to-night. Sally has just been here enjoying herself, Shickshack, and we expected you and Antywine would follow."

The Indian with dignity stepped upon the puncheons, and as soon as he saw Peggy a look of satisfaction relieved the tension of his face. She still within Ann Rutledge's arm, but gave the men of her family an affectionate glance. Antywine, who had probably been christened Antoine, and was known to bear the name of La Chance, kept shyly in the background, hitting himself with a graceful spring to sit by the vise on the cooper's high work-bench. But Shickshack strode forward to sit in full council, as became his age and character, Minter Grayham hastily giving him the keg.

The blaze showed his moccasins roughened by much tramping, and his leggins fringed down the outside seams. But Shickshack had compromised with the white man's dress by substituting a roundabout for a hunting-shirt. This was buttoned around the beech-cloth girding his waist, but stood open, showing his sinewy red neck at the top. He had also let his hair grow and it made a black thatch upon his head.

Dick Yates gave Shickshack the grave salutation which he knew an Indian loved. The Sac fastened his eyes on Dick as the chief man at the fire, and the one for whom perhaps it had been kindled. Though his face did not betray it, he was pleased also to hear the young pale face talking to Peggy under the chatter of other voices.

"You have as much spunk as a boy," approved Dick. "I like to see a little girl able to hush up crying."

"But I am not a little girl," said Peggy. "I am 15 years old."

"Fifteen, Peggy! You can't be 15! I thought you were about 10."

"That's because I am so little for my age. And my name isn't really Peggy."

"They called you Peggy."

"That's because I have a peg leg. My own name is Consuelo Lorimer. And I have another that the Sacs called me."

Everybody who went to Minter Grayham's school-house, knew that her name was set down as Consuelo Lorimer on his book. It meant nothing in New Salem, but Yates heard it with quick interest.

"Was old Don Luis Lorimer, who used to be a Spanish governor down the river a long while ago, any relation of yours?"

Shickshack on his leg uttered so strong a grunt that all the others stopped talking and listened.

"The young chief knows a deep," said Shickshack.

"I only know there was such a governor, on old Spanish ground—part French himself, but his wife was pure Spanish. I've been to Cape Girardeau. But I don't know whether he has any living descendants or not."

"Last Grandchild," said Shickshack, indicating Peggy. Her eyes moved apprehensively from white lad to Indian.

"Then you're a Spaniard?" said Dick.

"I'm not a Spaniard!" denied Peggy, facing down the accusation vehemently. "I'm white!"

"Spaniards are white."

"I'm like white folks in New Salem," insisted Peggy, repudiating the vague foreign taint. She saw the young Rutledges and Mahala Cameron and Martha Bell Clary looking at her suspiciously. Spanish governors cut no figure in the imagination of New Salemites.

"I suppose you are of mixed blood and really ought to be called a Creole," pursued Dick, interested in the case.

"That's a kind of a pullet," whispered Martha Bell to Mahala.

"I'm not of mixed blood!" cried Peggy, unable to bear any more.

"Why, everybody here is of mixed blood!" asserted Dick, and that was a comfort. It gave her the chance to look back at her antagonists.

"Have you never told her that she was Spanish?" Dick inquired of Shickshack.

The silent Indian shook his head. His impassive face glowed in the firelight. Young Yates seemed to have cast a spell on him. From the contents of his heavy game-bag, which he had unslung as he entered and left beside his gun, to the secrets of his past, he was ready to lay everything he owned at the young chief's feet.

"How did the Sac brave come to adopt the Spanish child?" inquired Dick.

Shickshack silently admired his knowledge of how to address a Sac brave without offensively shouting out that brave's name in public.

"No father. No mother. Me hunt with her father on the Platte. Me love white men since that time. Never in my life me shed white man's blood. When he die he give his child to me."

"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 tomorrow?" Shickshack asked Dick Yates.

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

Slicky 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 leggins 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.

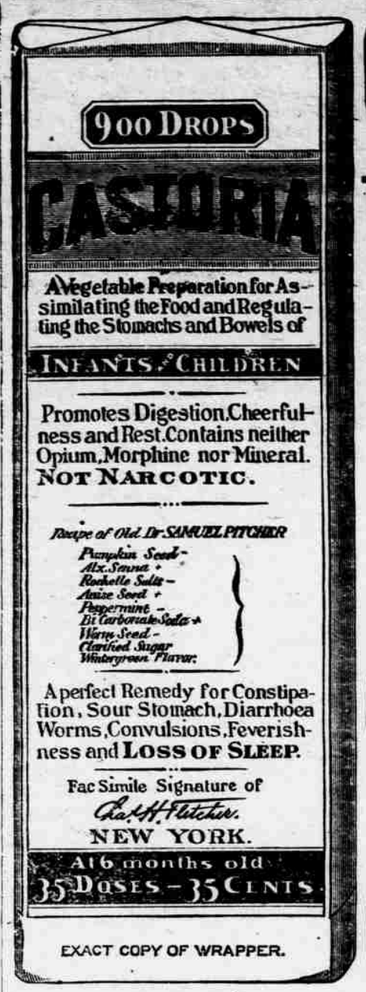
A tropical sun had given him the darkest skin ever carried by a white man around New Salem. He walked abroad early morning, and having had Shickshack's closed house pointed out to him, stood and looked at it smiling, without attempting to enter.

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 godless 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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Rates $1.00 and 2.00 per day according to the quality of rooms and class of service rendered.

Prices for regular boarders made reasonable on application. The house was freshly painted inside and papered throughout during last summer and fall, and supplied with new bath and toilets. The table is furnished at all times with the best the market affords. The beds are changed every day and all rooms aired and cleaned daily. Every effort will be made to please the traveling public of all classes.

Free sample room and the best of service for commercial travelers. Will be pleased to negotiate with all persons desiring good comfortable homelike accommodations. Free Bus to and from trains

H. M. BRUNK, PROPRIETOR

Corvallis & Eastern Railroad

TIME CARD.

No. 2—For Yaquina:
Leaves Albany.....12:45 p. m.
Leaves Corvallis.....2:00 p. m.
Arrives Yaquina.....6:20 p. m.

No. 1—Returning:
Leaves Yaquina.....6:45 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis.....11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany.....12:15 p. m.

No. 3—For Detroit:
Leaves Albany.....7:00 a. m.
Arrives Detroit.....12:20 p. m.

No. 4—From Detroit:
Leaves Detroit.....1:00 p. m.
Arrives Albany.....5:55 p. m.

Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train.

Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. trains at Corvallis and Albany giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.

Train 3 for Detroit, Breitenbush and other mountain resorts leaves Albany at 7:00 a. m., reaching Detroit about noon, giving ample time to reach the Springs same day.

For further information apply to

EDWIN STONE, Manager.

H. H. CRONISE, Agent Corvallis.

THOS. MONTAGUE, Agent Albany.

Our Clubbing List.

Subscribers to the CORVALLIS GAZETTE can obtain the following papers in combination subscriptions with the GAZETTE, at the very low prices stated below; cash in advance always to accompany the order. Those wishing two or more publications named with the GAZETTE, will please correspond with this office and we will quote you the combination price. We can save you money on nearly all publications you desire.

The abbreviations below are explained as follows: W. for weekly; S W for semi-weekly; T W, for tri-weekly; M, for monthly; S M, for semi-monthly.

The first price represents the subscription rate of the publication alone, and the second the rate for the publication offered in conjunction with the semi-weekly GAZETTE.

Oregon Agriculturist and Rural Northwest, Portland, Or., S.W., 50 cents; $1.80.

Oregonian, Portland, Or., W., $1.50; 2.55.

Rural Spirit, Portland, Or., Contains a live-stock market report, W., $2.00; 2.55.

Pacific Christian Advocate, Portland, Or., W., $2.00. 3.05.

The Thrice-a-Week World, New York, T. W., $1.00; 2.20.

Homestead, Des Moines, Iowa, A thorough stock and farm journal, W., $1.00; 2.30.

The Republic, St. Louis, Mo., S. W., $1.00; 2.05.

The American Farmer, Indianapolis, Ind., Live stock, farm and poultry journal, M., 50 cents; 1.65.

Boston Cooking School Magazine, Bi-M., 50 cents; 1.90.

Young People's Weekly, Chicago, Ill., W., 50 cents $1.90.

Cincinnati Inquirer, Cincinnati, W., $1.00; 2.05.

The Fruit Growers' Journal, Cobden, Ill., M., 50 cents; $1 75.

Farm, Field and Fireside, Chicago, Ill., W., $1.00; 2.1

Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio, S. W., 50 cents; 1.75.

Women's Home Companion, Springfield, Ohio, $1.00; 2.15.

Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa., M., $2.50; 3.25.

Ev'ry Month (Music, Song and Dance), New York M., $1.00; $2.15.

The Century Magazine, New York, M., $4.00; 6.05.

Hoard's Dairyman, Fort Atkinson, Wis., The best most up-to-date dairy journal in the world, W., 1.00; 2.30.

Oregon Poultry Journal, Salem, Or., M., 50 cents; 1.80.

The Designer, New York, Standard Fashions, M., $1.00; 2.35.

Pocket Atlas of the World, 331 pages, containing colored maps of all the states and territories in the United States, the province of the dominion of Canada, and of every country and civil division on the face of the globe. Also valuable statistical information about each state and county, giving the population of every large city in the world, besides other valuable information. A handy reference work for every person; with CORVALLIS GAZETTE one year, 2.00.

American Agriculturist, Chicago, Ill., including copy of Year Book and Almanac, W., $3.00; 2.80.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, has no rival as a great modern newspaper, T. W., $1.00; 2.15.

The Weekly Inter-Ocean, Chicago, W., $1.00; 1.90.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine, New York, M., and Atlas of the World, bound in cloth, 56 pages of latest maps; $——; 2.85.

The Outing Magazine, New York, M., $3.00; 3.80.

Pacific Homestead, Salem, Or. W., $1.00; 2.20.

Table Talk, Philadelphia, M., $1.00; 2.15.

American Homes, Knoxville, Tenn., M., $1.00; 2.30.

McClure's Magazine, New York, M., $1.00; 2.40.

Twice-a-Week Courier Journal, Louisville, Ky., one of the best papers from the great South, T. W., $1.00; 2.05.

"Dairy Fortunes," a neat, well written book of 204 pages on all questions concerning dairying, feeds and feeding, the constituent properties of all kinds of feed; 39 combinations forming well balanced rations for dairy cows. Every dairyman should have it. Price with the CORVALLIS GAZETTE one year, $2.50.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine put in tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50

Cheap Sunday Rates Between Portland and Willamette Valley Points.

Low round trip rates have been placed in effect between Portland and Willamette Valley points, in either direction. Tickets will be sold

SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS,

and limited to return on or before the following Monday.

RATE TO OR FROM CORVALLIS, $3.00.

Call on Southern Pacific Co's Agents for particulars.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.