(4)

SPANISH PEGGY

A STORY OF YOUNG ILLINOIS

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

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

The self-appointed censors of the Grove had once wrecked a store in New Salem, and kicked the merchandise about the street. The population of the village was about 100 souls, few of whom could be mustered as fighting men; while the Grove males were all fighting men.

The night was starlit and cloudless, but there was no moon. Dull panes of oiled paper revealed candles in some houses, but a hush like expectation seemed to stretch along the unseen windings of the street. When the Grove boys mounted for a raid of any sort they usually rode at full gallop, yelling like Indians. Lincoln was ahead of Slicky Green in the race to the tavern, when both stopped, halted by a procession with lanters. There had been no noise of shouting and no crash of destruction. The quiet approach of the company seemed worse than its ordinary rioting.

"They didn't stop at the tavern!" whispered Slicky Green.

They had been to the tavern, for Dick Yates, bareheaded, was leading them peaceably away from it, walking in front of the cavalcade; and a girl's figure could be discerned sitting upon a led horse. The velvet dust of a village road muffled the tread of hoofs. But along house fronts on each side, where footpaths were marked by daily use, sounded the uneven patter of many feet. Men, women and children of New Salem, suffered to witness what they could not prevent, were hovering around Lincoln and the little Spaniard. He thought he saw Ann Rutledge, in her short-sleeved house dress, her face showing white and anxious through the dark; and Minter Grayham, whose haggardness and puny strength the Grove boys would have laughed at if opposed to them.

"Here is Abe Lincoln," announced Yates; and as if he had given a command to halt, the company halted.

"Here I am" said Lincoln. "Do you want me?" Dick and Slicky stood beside him in the middle of the road.

"My friends and I" spoke a voice with a foreign accent, "have an affair of two minutes with you. You have somewhere a snakeskin purse belonging to my cousin, Consuelo Lorimer. Bring it and you shall not be injured."

"But if I did she'd be injured!"

"Don't let them take me, Mr Lincoln!" besought Peggy from the midst of the riders. "I will not go! Where's Antywine?"

"Boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

"We didn't come out for a speech, Abe," mocked Redmond Clary.

"And I'm not practicing polemics."

"You get the girl's money and hand it over."

"You let her out of that gang."

The gang growled.

"We have a crowd and you have just two backers. New Salem people can't do anything. We don't want to hurt you, Abe, unless we have to."

"String him up like a horsethief!" cried a man at the rear.

"Are you going to hand over the Spaniard's money?"

"No, I'm not," replied Lincoln.

"Ride him down!" cried another, and the horses were spurred forward. Some women and children shrieked in fright as the three young fellows were driven in retreat to Antywine's cabin and sprang upon the chest of drawers. Standing close together with that short rostrum under their feet, they faced about the ring of horsemen who drew up around them. The perforated tin lanterns showered drops of yellow light on trampled grass. Behind the men's heads and shoulders were a void of trees and the starlit sky, and the excited murmur of New Salem. Lincoln towered in the midst of the circle.

He could dimly see the Spanish girl, and he remembered for one instant how Antywine lay exhausted within the cabin. She was looking for the last time at what was to have been her home, and wondering, with an ache of grief worse than her terror of the ruffians, what had become of the gentle housemate who had never before failed to take her part.

"Now men, listen to me one minute," exclaimed Dick Yates.

"We're not here to listen," ruled the leader.

"These boys ought to be put out," one man insisted. "We don't want them."

"Let my cousin's property be restored to her," spoke Pedro Lorimer, "without delay."

"And who are you?" demanded Yates, the beauty of his rosy youth, which had been felt rather than seen, changing suddenly to the power of a man with irresistible magnetism. His voice rolled out across the wall of rough faces. His eyes had scathing lights. His unwilling listeners raised their lanterns to look at him. "I have been gathering facts about you for more than a year. You are a New Orleans gambler. You ply your trade under cover of some political scheme about Cuba, a place you never saw. All you want of the poor young girl sitting on the horse beside you, is the handful of money her father contrived to hide from you. You think it is a very large sum. It is about two thousand dollars. If it hadn't been for poor old Shickshack you would have robbed her long ago. You paid Shickshack's half crazy, avaricious wife to send you word where he could be found, every time he moved to get rid of you.

"These men wouldn't send a child as helpless as one of their own sisters with you, if they knew you. You play the grandee before them. And in the west we always have backed a man up in taking his own when his rights were denied. But the only right you have in this community is to be dipped in the Sangamon!"

Lincoln, who had seen a knife thrown at Antywine's head for fewer words, kept his eye guarding the indistinct movements of the Spaniard. An uneasy tremor ran around what had been a dead wall of antagonism. But unfortunately Mahala Cameron's father now lifted his voice from the background, and in the character of minister exhorted Redmond Clary to draw his followers homeward and cease abetting the ungodly. Redmond Clary turned on him and told him to go home himself, or he might be neatly laid beside his daddy in the Concord burying-ground.

One word had swiftly followed another while Lincoln gauged the force drawn around him. His hair was rumpled over the arch of his head. His strong nose and clean-cut neck and the outward curving of his lips showed by fitful light above his shorter companions. Some radiation from his personality made one of the men exclaim:

"Abe, we know you're honest. But if you're too stubborn to hand over that money we've got a barrel at the mill all ready to roll you into the river."

"Wait!" said Lincoln, stretching out a long fore finger.

Pedro Lorimer hissed at him: "I do not wait while boys practice speeches! I could myself in return call my enemies names. This is not what was promised me."

"What Red Clary promised you," stated Lincoln with intuition which amounted to knowledge, "was if you would cancel his gambling debts he would make me hand over the little Spaniard's money."

Redmond Clary flung himself off his horse and ran at his accuser. The time for words was past. If the figure towering above them all had stood with less assurance, the raging leader might have led his mob to a cruel murder. But Lincoln's humorous eye spread a contagion of smiles as he caught the bull-bodied champion of the Grove by the collar and flung that muscular bulk across the ring to cool.

There was to be a fight. The men drew deep inhalations of enjoyment. For ever since Abraham Lincoln appeared in New Salem they had wanted to see him matched with Red Clary. Lincoln knew he was about to succeed or fail with the only argument which could move those to whom might was right. Eloquent and convincing words had to be backed by a man who could master his listeners. He was tired and supperless. The Spanish girl leaned down on her horse's neck, unconsciously uttering prayers aloud for her champion. The struggle would be over in a few minutes, but if Red Clary whipped him her future lay in unknown and terrible places. That Antywine was missing seemed a token that the worst must be in store for her. She was in the grip of an evil force.

Both men threw off their roundabouts and vests. Lincoln faced his two companions, making them a screen, and hurriedly unfastened the belt of gold which he wore under his shirt, and put it in his hat. This he gave to Slicky Green, who held it, while Yates stood guard.

"You were cut out for a banker, Slicky," said Lincoln. "I wasn't. I might burst the snakeskin and spill the money."

His opponent rushed at him like a mastiff let loose, and Peggy doubled herself lower upon the horse's neck. She heard the impact of blows, which sent shudder after shudder down her body, and the panting of spent breath. The Grove boys set up a yell, and she stuffed the horse's mane into her ears. The big muscular bully who had made everybody in the Sangamon country afraid of him, and shaped public opinion for the Grove, was taking some cruel advantage of a clean wrestler, unused to sledge-hammer brutality. Then a hush penetrated even the horsehair, and Peggy looked as Lincoln knocked Red Clary flat beneath the chin of a startled animal. He fell against its hoofs, and being pulled into the clear space by one of his friends, lay still.

"I reckon," said Lincoln, pulling his own shirt collar wider open, and sitting on the chest of drawers to breathe, "he has the wind knocked out of him."

"Goody!" Peggy's own cry of thanksgiving was the first sound heard by the vanquished man. He sat up, blinking at those who had seen him humbled.

Lincoln bent over until his body described a right angle, and shook one long horizontal arm at the unimpaneled jury who would have to render verdict in this first case which Yates and he had associated themselves to win.

"A boy," he panted, "is like a white dress: soil him, and he can be washed and made clean again. But a girl is like a glass bottle: if you let her fall, or throw her down and break her, she is broken forever. Now, men, are you determined to have this poor little bottle destroyed?"

There is often speech where there is no language heard; and Pedro Lorimer knew he stood by himself from that instant.

He spurred his horse toward Slicky to seize the hat and break away with it. But Antywine darted out of the cabin and across the open space like a stroke of light, intercepting the Spaniard. His eyes large with fever, and his high features impassioned, he had almost the beauty of an apparition. As the two encountered, Antywine seized the horse's bits and jerked it to its haunches. He and Pedro Lorimer stared at each other. Before the rider found his balance again Lincoln asked with whimsical significance:

"Boys, how would any of you like to get up out of chill-and-fever, and find all Clary's Grove helping a stranger rob you of your own dear gal?"

A sympathetic and sheepish grin seemed to relax as much as could be seen of every rude face; and Pedro Lorimer, throwing away caution, spurred over Antywine. The boy fell, and leaped up, understanding it was a struggle for Peggy. A whirlpool of shouts and plunging horses, and men scrambling to mount, drove all watchers back. Even Redmond Clary's voice was heard, denouncing

"AND LOOK OUT FEARFULLY FOR A DREADED FACE."

the man whose part he had taken. The crowd that had come down New Salem street seeking Lincoln went back driving Pedro Lorimer.

Horrified as New Salem people were by threatened violence, they were unable to refrain from cheering. They crowded to the chest of drawers, where, left stranded as by a stormy tide, sat Peggy and Antywine. He held the hat and snakeskin which Slicky Green thrust into his keeping before following the ebb. The pair clung together, hearkening to no voices but their own, as two robins escaping from some peril of man, might have felicitated and comforted each other. The air was fresh like the breath of the sea after a hot land breeze has gone by.

Mounted all three upon the horse from which Lincoln had flung Peggy to Antywine, Lincoln and Yates, and Slicky filling its back from mane to tail, made the best haste they could to the Sangamon. They stood at the top of the terraced bank while Pedro Lorimer was rolled down in a barrel.

Three times, tradition has it, the unhappy wretch took his plunge, and came bobbing up like a buoy. Then Lincoln and Yates, and the cooling effect of the water on those who had him to pull out, succeeded in moderating popular rage against him. He was turned loose, and his horse whipped in the direction of Springfield, with emphatic assurance that the barrel would be kept for him, and if he ever came back would be put to its final use as his floating coffin.

Don Pedro Lorimer was never seen again in that country. When Peggy and Antywine were married, and keeping house in their own cabin, she used sometimes to part her white curtains at night, and look out fearfully for a dreaded face. But happiness and security become a habit, and she loved after awhile to tell her own story.

Years later the two who had steered her destiny—Abraham Lincoln and Richard Yates—began to steer the destinies of a nation and a state, and the Spaniard of New Salem grew to experience the grateful awe of a person who has been visited unawares by strong angels.

THE END.

An Amusing Incident.

An incident during the royal visit to Edinburgh, which was the cause of a good deal of amusement at the time, occurred on the occasion of the conferring of the accolade by the king on one of the newly made knights. The worthy citizen, when placing himself upon his knees in order to receive the all-important tap on the shoulder from the royal sword, knelt down in the flurry of the moment at such a distance from the king's chair that he was quite out of reach. A sign was made to him by some one in attendance to approach nearer, whereupon the good man, without rising to his feet, shuffled along on his knees until he got within the required distance. His majesty expressed his interest by a genial smile, while his gracious consort held up to her face an enormous bouquet.—Modern Society.

Self-Evident.

He (at the play)—That woman behind you can't see the stage. You'd better take off your hat.

She—But if I do, then she wouldn't see the hat.—Puck.

Defined.

Willie—Pa, what's an "old flame?"

Pa—My son, when a man speaks of "his old flame" he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.—Philadelphia Press.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Five lines or less, 25 cents for three insertions, or 50 cents per month.

PHYSICIANS

B. A. OATHEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Rooms 14, Bank Building. Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence: cor. 5th and Adams Sts. Telephone at office and residence. Corvallis, Oregon.

C. H. NEWTH, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, Office and Residence, on Main street, Philomath, Oregon.

ATTORNEYS

E. R. BRYSON ATTORNEY AT LAW Office in Post Office Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

JOSEPH H. WILSON, ATTORNEY-at-Law. Notary. Titles, Conveyancing. Practice in all State and Federal Courts. Office in Burnett Building.

LIVESTOCK

P. A. KLINE, LIVE STOCK AUCTIONEER, Corvallis, Oregon, Office at Huston's hardware store. P. O. address Box 11. Pays highest prices for all kinds of livestock. Twenty year's experience. Satisfaction guaranteed

WANTED

LOAD OF DRY FIR WOOD, ON SUBscription account. At once. Gazette Office

FOR SALE

INVALID'S CHAIR, LIGHT BUILT and Light Running. Child can handle it. A bargain at $7 50 Call and see it at the Gazette office..

LODGE DIRECTORY

MASONIC

CORVALLIS LODGE, No. 14, A. F. & A. M. Stated communication first and third Wednesdays of each month., at Masonic Hall, Second st.
Jas. A. Harper, W. M.
W. P. Lafferty, Secretary.

FERGUSON CHAPTER, No. 5, R. A. M. Regular convocation first Wednesday of each month at Masonic Hall.
Jesse Irvine, H. P.
J. B. Horner, Secretary.

OREGON COUNCIL, No. 2, R. & S. M. Stated assembly fourth Wednesday of each month, at Masonic Hall.
S. Chipman, T. I. M.
E. B. Horning, Recorder.

ST MARY'S CHAPTER, No. 9, O. E. S., meets Tuesday preceding the full moon, at Masonic Hall.
Lillie Groves, W. M.
Bertha Davis, Secretary.

ODD FELLOWS

BARNUM LODGE, No. 7, I. O. O. F. meets every Tuesday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall. Dolph Norton, N. G.
W. P. Lafferty, Secretary.

QUI VIVE ENCAMPMENT, No. 26, I. O. O. F., meets first and third Fridays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. L. Strange, C. P.
W. E. Yates, Scribe.

ALPHA, No. 34, REBEKAH LODGE, meets the second and fourth Mondays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Mrs. H. S. Pernot, N. G.
Miss Sadie Dixon, Secretary.

GRAND ARMY

ELLSWORTH POST, No. 19, G. A. R. meets first Saturday of each month, at I. O. O. F. Hall. West Newton, C.
W. G. Lane, Adjutant.

ELLSWORTH CORPS, No. 7, WOmen's Relief Corps, meets first and third Saturday at 2:00 p. m., in I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. D. C. Rose, Pres.
Mrs. Lee Henkle, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS

VALLEY LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., meets every Monday evening in W. O. W. Hall. Jas. A. Harper, C. C.
Robert Johnson, K. of R. & S.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA, Corvallis Camp, No. 6029, meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at W. O. W. Hall.
L. A. Barker, Ven. Con.
O. J. Blackledge, Clerk.

MARYS PEAK CAMP, No. 126, W. O. W., meets second and Fourth Fridays, in Woodmen Hall.
G. W. Fuller, C. C.
J. L. Underwood, Clerk.

CORVALLIS TENT, No. 11, K. O. T. M. meets the second and fourth Wednesdays at I. O. O. F. Hall.
Geo. W. Moore, Sir Knight Com.
Lindsay Sharp R. K.

CORVALLIS TENT, L. O. T. M. meets the first and third Wednesdays at I. O. O. F. Hall.
Mrs. R. Kiger, L. Com.
Mrs, May Biers, R. K.

ORDER OF LIONS, meets the first and third Mondays, in I. O. O. F. Hall. J. C. Ingle, Pres.
Miles Starr, Secretary.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE No 14, A. O. U. W., meets first and third Thursdays in W. O. W. Hall.
W. B. Lacy, M W.
E. Holgate, Recorder.

NAOMI LODGE, No. 26, D. of H., meets on the second and fourth Fridays at I. O. O. F. Hall.
Mrs. O. W. Beckwith, C. of H.
Miss H. Spencer, Recorder.

CORVALLIS ASSEMBLY, No. 23, UNIted Artisans, meets first and third Wednesdays in W. O. W. Hall.
W. E. Brein, M. A.
Eva Starr, Secretary.

MARTHA AVERY CABIN NATIVE Daughters, meets the first Saturday in W. O. W. Hall. Mrs. Helm, Pres.
Miss Helen Crawford, Secretary.

CORVALLIS GRANGE, No. 242, PAtrons of Husbandry, meets last Saturday in month at 1 p. m., at Agricultural Hall.
W. E. Yates, Master.
J. B. Horner, Secretary

CITIZENS LEAGUE. THE COMMERcial Club of Corvallis, meets at the call of the Executive Committee.
M. S. Woodcock, Pres
E. E. Wilson, Secretary.

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

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Gazette for Job Work.

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.

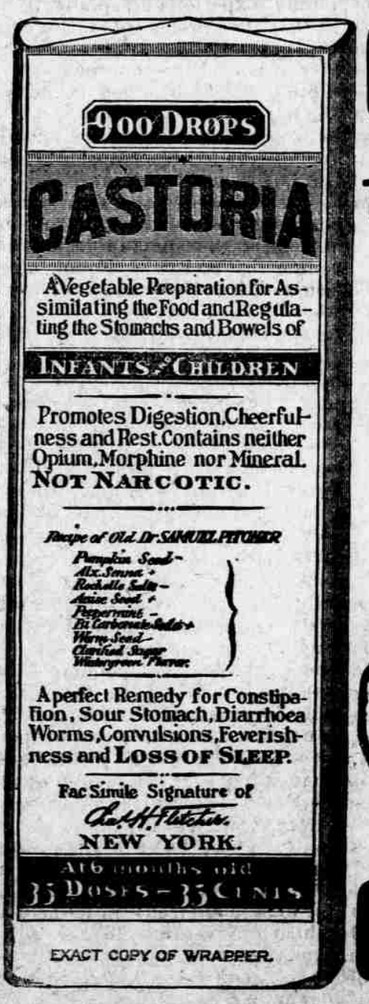
For further information apply to
EDWIN STONE, Manager.
H. H. CRONISE, Agent, Corvallis.
THOS. COCKRELL, Agent Albany.

RAIN CAN'T TOUCH the man who wears SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Slickers
SAWYER'S Excelsior Brand Oiled Clothing. Best in the world. Will not crack, peel or get sticky. Look for trade mark. If not at dealer's send for catalogue.
H. H. Sawyer & Son, Sole Mfrs. East Cambridge, Mass.

Opera House - One Night,
TUESDAY, MARCH 15th.

Headed by the only Billy Young and Gordon Collins.
Singing Comedians, assisted by Six Comedy Jesters and a Competent Lady Chorus, Elevated First Part. Big Second Part—Olio of Pleasing Vaudeville, concluding with a one-act Ragtime opera, "Africa." Free Band Concert at 7:15 p. m.

Big Sensational Street Parade at 4 O'clock.
PRICES, 50 AND 75 CENTS.



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.