the Ages

By Irving Bacheller

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(Continued)

The boy returned to his task pointing up the inside walls but his mind and heart were out in the sunlight talking with Bim. Once he looked out of the door and saw her leaning against the neck of the pony, her face hidden in his mane. When the sun was low she came to the door and

"You had better stop now and go She looked down at the ground and

added: "Please, please, don't tell on me." "Of course not," he answered. "But

I hope you won't be afraid of me any She looked up at him with a little "Do you think I'm afraid of you?" she asked as if it were too ab-

surd to be thought of. She unhitched and mounted her pony but did not go. "I do wish you could raise a mus tache," she said, looking wistfully into his face. "I can't bear to see you look so terribly young; you get worse and worse every time I see you. I want you to be a regular man right

He wondered what he ought to say and presently stammered: "I-I-intend to. I guess I'm more of a man than anybody would think to look at

'You're too young to ever fall in love. I reckon."

"No, I'm not," he answered with decision.

"Have you got a razor?" she asked. "No."

"I reckon it would be a powerful help. You put soap on your lip and mow it off with a razor. My father says it makes the grass grow.'

There was a moment of silence during which she brushed the mane of her pony. Then she asked timidly: "Do you like yellow hair?" "Yes, if it looks like yours."

"If you don't mind I'll put a mustache on you just-just to look at every time I think of you.

"When I think of you I put violets in your hair," he said.

He took a step toward her as he spoke and as he did so she started her pony. A little way off she checked h'm and said:

I'm sorry. There are no violets

She rode away slowly waving he hand and singing with the joy of a bird in the springtime.

That evening when Harry was helping Samson with the horses he said: 'I'm going to tell you a secret. I wish you wouldn't say anything about

Samson stood pulling the hair out of his card and looking very stern as he listened while Harry told of the assault upon him and hew Bim had arrived and driven the rowdies away with her gun but he said not a word of her demonstration of tender sympathy. To him, that had clothed the whole adventure with a kind of sanctity so that he could not bear to have it talked about.

Samson's eyes glowed with anger. They searched the face of the boy. His voice was deep and solemn when he said:

"This is a serious matter. you wish to keep it a secret?"

The boy blushed. For a moment he knew not what to say. Then he spoke: "It ain't me so much-it's her." he managed to say. "She wouldn't want it to be talked about and I don't either."

Samson began to understand, "She's quite a girl, I guess," he said thoughtfully. "She must have the nerve of s man-I declare she must."

"Yes-sir-ee! They'd 'a' got hurt ! they hadn't gone away, that's sure. said Harry.

"We'll look out for them after this Samson rejoined. "The first time meet that man McNoll he'll have to settle with me and he'll pay cash or

Bim, having heard of Harry's par in Abe's fight and of the fact that he was to be working alone all day at th new house, had ridden out throug' the woods to the open prairie an hunted in sight of the new cabin the afternoon. Unwilling to confess he extreme interest in the boy she had said not a word of her brave act. I' was not shame; it was partly a kir of rebellion against the tyranny youthful ardor; it was partly the fes. of ridicule.

So it happened that the adventure of Harry Needles made scarcely a ripple on the sensitive surface of the village life. It will be seen, however, that it had started strong undercurrents likely, in time, to make them-

The house and barn were finished, whereupon Samson and Harry drove to Springfield-a muddy, crude and growing village with thick woods on its north side-and bought furniture. Their wagon was loaded and they were ready to start for home. They were walking on the main street when Harry touched Samson's arm and whispered:

"There's McNoll and Callyban" The pair were walking a few steps ahead of Samson and Harry. In a second Samson's big hand was on Mc-Noll's shoulder.

"This is Mr. McNoll, I believe," said

The other turned with a scared look.

"What do you want o' me?" he demanded.

Samson threw him to the ground with a jerk so strong and violent that it rent the sleeve from his shoulder. McNoll's companion, who had felt the weight of Samson's hand and had had enough of it, turned and ran.

"What do ye want o' me?" McNoll asked again as he struggled to free himself.

'What do I want o' you-you puny little coward," said Samson, as he lifted the bully to his feet and gave him a toss and swung him in the air and continued to address him. just goin' to muss you up proper. If



"I'm Just Goin' to Muss You Up Proper."

you don't say you're sorry and mean it I'll put a tow string on your neck and give you to some one that wants

"I'm sorry," said McNoll. "Hones I am! I was drunk when I done it."

Samson released his prisoner. A number in the crowd which had gathred around them clapped their "Hurrah for and shouted, stranger!

A constable took Samson's hand and said: "You deserve a vote of thanks. That man and his friends have made me more trouble than all the rest of the drinking men put to-

"And I am making trouble for myself," said Samson. "I have made myself ashamed. I am no fighting man, I was never in such a muss on a public street before and with God's help

it will never happen again." "Where do you live?" the officer asked.

"In New Salem." "I wish it was here. We need men

like you."

Samson wrote in his diarya "On the way home my heart was I prayed in silence that God would forgive me for my bad example to the boy. I promised that I would not again misuse the strength He has given me. In my old home I would have been disgraced by it. The minister would have preached of the destruction that follows the violent man to put him down; the people would have looked askance at me. Deacon Somers would have called me aside to look into my soul, and Judge Grandy and his wife would not have nvited me to their parties. Here it's lifferent. A chap who can take the aw in his hands and bring the evil nan to his senses, even if he has to hit him over the head, is looked up to. It's a reckless country. You feel it as soon as you get here. In time, I fear. shall be as headlong as the rest of them. Some way the news of my act has got here from Springfield. Sarah was kind of cut up. Jack Kelso has nicknamed me 'The man with the iron arms,' and Abe, who is a better man very way, laughs at my embarrassment and says I ought to feel honored. For one thing Jack Armstrong has ecome a good citizen. His wife has foxed a pair of breeches for Abe. They say McNoll has left the country. There has been no devutry here since hat day. I guess the gang is broken

-too much fron in its way." Sarah enjoyed fixing up the cabin. Jack Kelso had given her some deer and buffale skins to lay on the floors. The upper room, reached by a stick Harry occupied. The children slept below in a trundle bed that was pushed under the larger one when it was made up in the morning.

"Some time I'm going to put in a windletrap and get rid o' that stick

ladder." Samson had said. Sarah had all the arts of the New England home maker. Under her hand the cabin, in color, atmosphere and general neatness, would have delighted a higher taste than was to be found on the prairies, save in the brain of Kelso, who really had some acquaintance with beauty. To be sure the bed was in one corner, spread with its upper cover knit of gray yarn hermonizing in color with the bark of the log walls. A handsome dark brown buffalo robe lay beside it. The rifle and powder horn were hung above the mantel. The fireplace had its crane of wrought iron. Every one in the little village came

to the house warming. The people were in their best clothes. The women wore dresses of new calico-save Mrs. Doctor Allen who wore a black silk dress which had come with her from her late home in Lexington. Bim Kelso came in a dress of red muslin trimmed with white lace. Ann Rutledge also wore a red dress and came with Abe. The latter was father grotesque in his new linsey trousers, of a better length than the former pair, but still too short.

"It isn't fair to blame the trousers or the tailor," he had said when he had tried them on. "My legs are so long that the imagination of the tailor is sure to fall short if the cloth don't Next time I'll have 'em made to measure with a ten-foot pole instead of a yardstick. If they're too long I can roll 'em up and let out a link or two when they shrink. Ever since I was a boy I have been troubled with shrinking pants."

Abe wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, the tails of which were so short as to be well above the danger of pressure when he sat down. His cowhide shoes had been well blackened; the blue yarn of his socks showed above them. "These darned socks of mine are rather proud and conceited," he used to say. !ke to show off."

He wore a shirt of white, unpleached cotton, a starched collar and black tie.

In speaking of his collar to Samson, he said that he felt like a wild horse 'n a box stall.

Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, was there-a smooth-faced man with a large head, sandy hair and a small mustache, who spoke by note, as it Kelso called him the great articulator and said that he walked in the valley of the shadow of Lindley Murray. He seemed to keep a watchful eye on his words, as if they were a lot of schoolboys not to be trusted. They came out with a kind of self conscious rectitude.

The children's games had begun and the little house rang with their songs and laughter, while their elders sat by the fire and along the walls talking. Ann Rutledge and Bim Kelso and Harry Needles and John McNell played with them. In one of the dances all joined in singing the

won't have none o' yer weevily wheat, I won't have none o' yer barley; won't have none o' yer weevily wheat. To make a cake for Charley.

Charley is a fine young man, Charley is a dandy, Charley likes to kiss the girls, Whenever it comes handy.

When a victim was caught in th flying scrimmage at the end of a pas sage in the game of Prisoners, he of she was brought before the blindfolded judge:

"Heavy, heavy hangs over your head," said the constable.

"Fine or superfine?" the judge in

quired. "Fine," said the constable, which meant that the victim was a boy Then the sentence was pronounced and generally it was this:

"Go bow to the wittlest, kneel to the prettiest and kiss the one that you

love best." Harry was the first prisoner. He went straight to Bim Kelse and bowed and knelt, and when he had risen she turned and ran like a scared deer around the chairs and the crowd of onlookers, some assisting and some checking her flight, before the nimble youth. Hard pressed, she ran out of the open door, with a merry laugh, and just beyond the steps Harry caught and kissed her, and her cheeks had the color of roses when he led

her back. John McNeil kissed Ann Rutledge that evening and was most attentive to her, and the women were saying that the two had fallen in love with each other.

"See how she looks at him," one of them whispered

"Well, it's just the way he looks at her," the other answered At the first pause in the merriment Kelso stood on a chair, and then si-

lence fell upon the little company.

"My good neighbors," he began, "we are here to rejoice that new friends have come to us and that a new home is born in our midst. We bid them welcome. They are big-boned, bighearted folks. No man has grown large who has not at one time or other had his feet in the soil and felt its magic power going up into his blood and bone and sinew. Here is a wonderful soil and the inspiration of wide horizons; here are broad and fertile fields. Where the corn grows

ladder, had its two beds, one of which | high you can grow statesmen. It may be that out of one of these little cabins a man will come to carry the torch of Liberty and Justice so high that its light will shine into every dark place. So let no one despise the cabin -humble as it is. Samson and Sarah Traylor, I welcome and congratulate you. Whatever may come, you can find no better friends than these, and of this you may be sure, no child of the prairies will ever go about with a hand organ and a monkey. Our friend, Honest Abe, is one of the few rich men in this neighborhood. Among his assets are 'Kirkham's Grammar,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Lives of Washington and Henry Clay,' 'Hamlet's Soliloquy,' 'Othello's Speech to the Senate, 'Marc Anthony's Address' and a part of 'Webster's Reply to Hayne.' A man came along the other day and sold him a barrel of rubbish for two bits. In it he found a volume of 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' Old Blackstone challenged him to a wrestle and Abe has grappled with him. I reckon he'll take his measure as easily as he took Jack Armstrong's. Lately he has got possession of a noble asset. It is 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' by Robert Burns. I propose to ask him to let us share his enjoyment of this

> Abe, who had been sitting with his skin, between Joe and Betsey Traylor, rose and said:

treasure.

"Mr. Kelso's remarks, especially the part which applied to me, remind me of the story of the prosperous grocer of Joliet. One Saturday night he and his boys were busy selling sausage. Suddenly in came a mar with whom



"He and His Boys Were Busy Selling Sausages."

he had quarreled and laid two dead cats on the counter.

"There' said he this makes seven today. I'll call Monday and get my man asked. money.

"We were doing a good business here making fun. It seems a pity to ruin it and throw suspicion on the quality of the goods by throwing a cat on the counter.'

This raised a storm of merriment, after which he recited the poem of Burns, with keen appreciation of its some hot tea and brought food from quality. Samson repeatedly writes of the cupboard and gave it to the stranhis gift for interpretation, especially, gers, who sat shivering in the firelight. of the comic, and now and then lays They were a good-looking pair, the particular stréss on his power of mim-

John Cameron sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and "Forty Years Ago, Tom," Samson played while the older people danced until midnight. Then, after noisy farewells, men, women and children started in the moonlit road toward the village. Ann Rutledge had

CHAPTER VI.

Abe on one arm and John McNeil on

Which Describes the Lonely Life in a Prairie Cabin and a Stirring Adventure on the Underground Railroad About the Time It Began Operations.

When Samson paid Mr. Gollaher, a "detector" came with the latter to look at the money before it was accepted. There were many counterfeits and bills good only at a certain discount of face value going about those days and the detector was in great request. Directly after moving in, Samson dug a well and lined it with a hollow log. He bought tools and another team and then he and Harry began their fall plowing. Day after day for weeks they paced with their turning furrows until a hundred acres, stretching half a mile to the west and well to the north of the house, were black with them. Fever and ague descended upon the little home in the early winter. In a letter to her brother, dated

January 4th, 1832, Sarah writes: "We have been longing for news from home, but not a word has come from you. It don't seem as if we could stand it unless we hear from you or ome of the folks once in a while. We are not dead just because we are a thousand miles away. We want to hear from you. Please write and let us know how father and mother are and all the news. We have all been sick with the fever and ague. It is a

beautiful country and the soil is very rich, but there is some sickness. Samson and I were both sick at the same time. I never knew Samson to give up before. He couldn't go on, his head ached so. Little Joe helped me get the fire started and brought some water and waited on us. Harry Needles had gone away to Springfield for Mr. Offut with a drove of hogs. Two other boys are with him. He is going to buy a new suit. He is a very proud Joe and Betsey got back with boy. the doctor at nine. That night Abe Lincoln came and sat up with us and gave us our medicine and kept the fire going. It was comical to see him lying beside Joe in his trundle bed, with his long legs sticking over the end of it and his feet standing on the floor about a yard from the bed. He was spread all over the place. He talked about religion and his views would shock most of our friends in the East. He doesn't believe in the kind of Heaven that the ministers talk about or any eternal hell. He says that nobody knows anything about the hereafter, except that God is a kind and forgiving father and that all men are His children. He says that we can only serve God by serving each other. He seems to think that every man, good or bad, black or white, rich poor, is his brother. He thinks legs doubled beneath him on a buffalo that Henry Clay, next to Daniel Webster, is the greatest man in the country. He is studying hard. Expects to go out and make speeches for Clay next summer. He is quite severe in his talk against General Jackson. He and Samson agree in politics and religion. They are a good deal alike He is very fond of Samson and Har ry-calls them his partners. We love this big awkward giant. His feet are set in the straight way and we think that he is going to make his mark in

the world. "You said you would come out next spring to look about. Please don't disappoint us. I think it would almost break my heart. I am counting the days. Don't be afraid of fever and ague. Sapington's pills cure it in three or four days. I would take the steamboat at Pittsburg, the roads in Ohio and Indiana are so bad. You can get a steamer up the Illinois river at Alton and get off at Beardstown and drive across country. If we knew when you were coming Samson or Abe would meet you. Give our love to all the folks and friends.

"Yours affectionately. "Sarah and Samson."

It had been a cold winter and not easy to keep comfortable in the little In the worst weather Samson had used to get up at night to keep the fire going. Late in January a wind from the southeast melted the snow and warmed the air of the midlands so that, for a week or so, it seemed as if spring were come. One night of this week Sambo awoke the family with his barking. A strong wind was rushing across the plains and roaring over the cabin and wailing in its chimney. Suddenly there was a rap on its door. When Samson opened it he saw in the moonlight a young colored man and woman standing near the doorstep

"Is dis Mistah Traylor?" the young

"It is," said Samson. "What can I

do for you?" "Mas'r, de good Lord done fotched us here to ask you fo' help," said the negro. "We be nigh wone out with cold an' hungah, suh, 'deed we be."

Samson asked them in and put wood on the fire, and Sarah got up and made some hot tea and brought food from young woman being almost white. They were man and wife. The latter stopped eating and moaned and shook with emotion as her husband told their story. Their master had died the year before and they had been brought to St. Louis to be sold in the slave market. There they had escaped by night and gone to the house of an old friend of their former owner who lived north of the city on the ver shore. He had taken pity on them and brought them across the Mississippi and started them on the north road with a letter to Elijah Lovejoy of Alton and a supply of food. Since then they had been hiding days in the swamps and thickets and had traveled by night. Mr. Lovejoy had sent them to Erastus Wright of Springfield, and Mr. Wright had given them the name of Samson Traylor and the location of his cabin. From there they were bound for the house of John Peasley, in Hopedale, Tazewell county.

Lovejoy had asked them to keep the letter with which they had begun their travels. The letter stated that their late master had often expressed his purpose of leaving them their freedem when he should pass away. had left no will and since his death the two had fallen into the hands of his nephew, a despotic, violent young drunkard of the name of Biggs.

Samson was so moved by their story that he hitched up his horses and put some hay in the wagon box and made off with the fugitives up the road to the north in the night. When daylight

came he covered them with hay, About eight o'clock he came to a frame house and barn, the latter being of unusual size for that time and country. Above the door of the barn was a board which bore the stenciled legend: "John Peasley, Orwell Farm,"
As Samson drew near the house he

observed a man working on the roof of a woodshed. Something familiar in his look held the eye of the New Salem



when Samson had driven into the barn its doors were closed and the negroes were called from their place of hiding. Samson writes:

"I never realized what a blessing it is to be free until I saw that scared man and woman crawling out from under the dusty hay and shaking themselves like a pair of dogs. The weather was not cold or I guess they would have been frozen. They knelt together on the barn floor and the woman prayed for God's protection through the day. Peasley brought food for them and stowed them away on the top of his haymow with a pair of buffalo skins. I suppose they got some sleep there. I went into the house to breakfast and while I ate Brimstead told me about his trip. His children were there. They looked clean and decent. He lived in a log cabin a little further up the road. Mrs. Peasley's sister waited on me. She is a fat and heerful looking lady, very light complected. Her hair is red-like tomato ketchup. Looks to me a likely, stoutarmed, good-hearted woman who can do a lot of hard work. She can see a loke and has an answer handy every

For details of the remainder of th istoric visit of Samson Traylor to the ome of John Peasley we are indebto o a letter from John to his brothe

(To be continued)

FINDS SNAKE IN BATHROOM

Reptile Discovered by Seven-year-old Child Had Climbed Tree and Crawled Through Window.

Reading, Pa.-Virginia Funk, seven years old, daughter of Oscar A. Funk, discovered a black snake five feet nine inches long in the bathroom of her home at Esterly. The snake climbed-a tree near the house, dropped on a cear portico and then crawled in the

bathroom window The child closed the bathroom and called her father, Oscar A. Funk, a big game hunter in Canada for several years. He opened the bathroom door, threw a towel over the reptile and carried it to the yard, where his guest, Wesley E. Conklin of

Philadelphia shot the snake. Mrs. Conklin, wife of the Philadelphian, was with the child when she entered the bathroom.

'Stolen" Gems Found Under Mattress. Pa.-Mrs. Thomas Wilkes Barre. Lewis, has found the jewels upon the quest of which she had set officers of three cities. Mrs. Lewis left the gems under a mattress in a Philadelphia hotel and forgot all about them until she had returned home. Then she didn't remember having left them at the hotel, and decided she had been

Surgeons Close Safety Pin in Stomach. Uncas, Okla.-An open safety pin swallowed by the eight-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Jacquires, was removed from the baby's stomach without an operation. Physicians closed the pin by the use of instruments and then lifted it out through the child's mouth.

Farmer Showered With Burning Whisky Dies

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.-The explosion of a private still in his cellar resulted in the death of Joseph A. Fryer of Parsons, near here, who was showered with the burning whisky, it became known here today through a physician's report.

Moth or Butterfly?

There are certain simple indications by which one can tell a moth from s butterfly. The antennae (feelers) of the butterfly usually terminate in a knot, while the antennae of a moth taper to a point. When a moth rests it keeps its wings in a horizontal position, while a butterfly places its wings together in a perpendicular position.