

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

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(Continued)

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 man. In half a moment he recognized the face of Henry Brimstead. It was now a cheerful face. Brimstead came down from the ladder and they shook hands.

"Good land o' Goshen! How did you get here?" Samson asked. Brimstead answered:

"Through the help of a fellow that looks like you an' the grit of a pair o' horses. Come down this road early in September on my way to the land o' plenty. Found Peasley here. Couldn't help it. Saw his name on the barn. Used to go to school with him in Orwell. He offered to sell me some land with a house on it an' trust me for his pay. I liked the looks of the country and so I didn't go no further. I was going to write you a letter, but I ain't got around to it yet. Ain't forgot what you done for us. I can tell ye that."

"Well, this looks better than the sand plains—a lot better—and you look better than the flea farmer back in York state. How are the children?"

"Fat an' happy an' well dressed. Mrs. Peasley has been a mother to 'em an' her sister is going to be a wife to me." He came close to Samson and added in a confidential tone: "Say, if I was any happier I'd be scared. I'm like I was when I got over the toothache—scared for fear it would come back I was kind o' miserab'le."

Mr. Peasley came out of the door. He was a big, full-bearded, jovial man. "I've got a small load o' hay for you," said Samson.

"I was expecting it, though I supposed 't would be walkin'—in the dark o' night," Peasley answered. "Drive in the barn floor."

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 hayrack 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 cheerful looking lady, very light complected. Her hair is red—like tomato ketchup. Looks to me a likely, stout-armed, good-hearted woman who can do a lot of hard work. She can see a joke and has an answer handy every time."

For details of the remainder of the historic visit of Samson Traylor to the home of John Peasley we are indebted to a letter from John to his brother Charles, dated February 21, 1832. In this he says:

"We had gone out to the barn and Brimstead and I were helping Mr. Traylor hitch up his horses. All of a sudden two men came riding up the road at a fast trot and turned in and came straight toward us and pulled up by the wagon. One of them was a slim, red-cheeked young fellow about twenty-three years old. He wore top boots and spurs and a broad-brimmed black hat and gloves and a fur waistcoat and putty linen. He looked at the trees of the wagon and said: 'That's the one we've followed.'

"Which o' you is Samson Traylor?" he asked.

"I am," said Traylor.

"The young feller jumped off his horse and tied him to the fence. Then he went up to Traylor and said: 'What did you do with my niggers, you dirty sucker?'

"Men from Missouri hated the Illinois folks them days and called 'em Suckers.

"Hain't you a little reckless, young feller?" Traylor said, as cool as a cucumber. He stood up nigh the barn door, which Brimstead had closed after we backed the wagon out.

"The young feller stepped close to the New Salem man and raised his whip for a blow. Quick as lightning Traylor grabbed him and threw him ag'in the barn door, keewhack! He hit so hard the boards bent and the whole barn roared and trembled. The other feller tried to get his pistol out of its holster, but Brimstead, who stood beside him, grabbed it, and I got his boss by the bits and we both held on. The young feller lay on the ground shakin' as if he had the ague. Ye never see a man so spilt in a second. Traylor picked him up. His right arm was broke and his face and shoulder bruised some. Ye'd a thought a steam engine had blowed up while he was puttin' wood in it. He was kind o' limp and the mad had leaked out o' him.

"I reckon I better find a doctor," he says.

"You get into my wagon and I'll take ye to a good one," says Traylor.

"Just then Stephen Nuckles, the circuit minister, rode in with the big bloodhound that follows him around.

"The other slaver had got off his horse to the screech. Traylor started for him. The slaver began to back away and suddenly broke into a run. The big dog took after him with a kind of a lion roar. We all began yelling at the dog. We made more noise than you'd hear at the end of a horse race. It scared the young feller. He put on more steam and went up the ladder to the roof of the woodshed like a chased weasel. The dog stood barkin' as if he had treed a bear. Traylor grabbed the ladder and pulled it down.

"You stay there till I get away an' you'll be safe," said he.

"The man looked down and swore and shook his fist and threatened us with the law.

"Mr. Nuckles rode close to the woodshed and looked up at him.

"My brother, I fear you be not a Christian," he said.

"He swore at the minister. That settled him. I reckon he better stay that till he gets a little o' God's grace in his soul," says the minister.

"Then he says to the dog: 'Pointo, you keep 'im right thar.'

"The dog appeared to understand what was expected of him.

"The minister got off his horse and hitched him and took off his coat and put it on the ground.

"What you goin' to do? I says.

"Me? says the minister. 'I be goin' to rattle with Satan for the soul o' that 'ar man, an' if you keep watch I reckon you'll see 'at the ground'll be scratched up some fore I git through.'

"He loosened his collar an' knelt on his coat and began to pray that the man's soul would see its wickedness and repent. You could have heard him half a mile away.

"The slaver drove off with the damaged traylor settin' beside him and the saddle horse hitched to the rear axle. I see my chance an' before that prayer ended I had got the fugitives under some hay in my wagon and started off with them on my way to Livingston county. I could hear the prayin' until I got over the hill into Canaan barrens. At sundown I left them in good hands thirty miles up the road."

In a frontier newspaper of that time it is recorded that the minister and his dog kept the slaver on the roof all day, vainly trying with prayer and exhortation to convert his soul. The man stopped swearing before dinner and on his promise not again to violate the commandment a good meal was handed up to him. He was liberated at sundown and spent the night with Brimstead.

"Who is that big sucker who grabbed my friend?" the stranger asked Brimstead.

"His name is Samson Traylor. Comes from Vermont," was the answer.

"If he don't look out 'Liph Biggs'll kill him—certain."

Samson spoke not more than a dozen words on his way back to New Salem. Amazed and a little shocked by his own conduct, he sat thinking. After all he had heard and seen, the threat of the young upstart had provoked him beyond his power of endurance. The sensitive mind of the New Englander had been hurt by the story of the fugitives. Upon this hurt the young man had poured the turpentine of haughty, imperial manners. The more he thought of it the less inclined he was to reproach himself for his violence. Slavery was a relic of ancient imperialism. It had no right in free America. There could be no peace with it save for a little time. The Missourians would tell their retards of the lawless and violent men of the North, who cared not a fig for the property rights of a Southerner. The stories would travel like fire in dry grass.

So, swiftly, the thoughts of men were being prepared for the great battle lines of the future. Samson saw the peril of it.

As they rode along young Mr. Biggs complained of pain and Samson made a sling of his muffer and put it over the neck and arm of the injured Biggs and drove with care to avoid jolting. For the first time Samson took a careful and sympathetic look at him. He was a handsome youth, about six feet tall, with dark eyes and hair and a small black mustache and teeth very white and even.

In New Salem Samson took him to Doctor Allen's office and helped the doctor in setting the broken bone,

Then he went to Offut's store and found Abe reading his law book and gave him an account of his adventure.

"I'm both glad and sorry," said Abe. "I'm glad that you licked the slaver and got the negroes out o' his reach. I reckon I'd have done the same if I could. I'm sorry because it looks to me like the beginning of many troubles. The whole subject of slavery is full of danger. Naturally Southern men will fight for their property, and there is a growing number in the North who will fight for their principles. If we all get to fighting, I wonder what will become of the country. It reminds me of the man who found a skunk in his house. His boy was going after the critter with a club.

"Look here, boy," he said, "when you've got a skunk in the house, it's a good time to be careful. You might spile the skunk with that club, but the skunk would be right certain to spile the house. While he's our guest I reckon we'll have to be polite whether we want to or not."

That evening Samson set down the events of the day in his book and quoted the dialogue in Offut's store in which he had had a part. On the first of February, 1840, he put these words under the entry:

"I wouldn't wonder if this was the first trip on the Underground railroad."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which Mr. Eliphalet Biggs Gets Acquainted With Bim Kelso and Her Father.

In a musty old ledger kept by James Rutledge, the owner of Rutledge's tavern, in the year 1832, is an entry under the date of January 31st which reads as follows:

"Arrived this day Eliphalet Biggs of 26 Olive street, St. Louis, with one horse."

Young Mr. Biggs remained at Rutledge's tavern for three weeks with his arm in a sling under the eye of the good doctor. The Rutledges were Kentucky folk and there the young man had found a sympathetic hearing and tender care.

It had done him good to be hurled against a barn door and to fall trembling and excited at the feet of his master. He had never met his master until he had reached Hopedale that morning. The event had been too long delayed. Encouraged by illness and conceit and alcohol, evil passions had grown rank in the soil of his spirit. Restraint had been a thing unknown to him. He had ruled the little world in which he had lived by a sense of divine right. He was a prince of England—that province of America which had only half yielded itself to the principles of Democracy.

It must be said that he served his term as a sober human being quite gracefully, being a well born youth of some education. A few days he spent mostly in bed, while his friend, who had come on from Hopedale, took care of him. Soon he began to walk about and his friend returned to St. Louis.

His fine manners and handsome form and face captured the little village, most of whose inhabitants had come from Kentucky. A week after his arrival Ann Rutledge walked over to Jack Kelso's with him. Bim flew up the stick ladder as soon as they entered the door. Mr. Kelso was away on a fox hunt. Ann went to the ladder and called:

"Bim, I saw you fly up that ladder some back down. Here's a right nice young man come to see you."

"Is he good-looking?" Bim called.

"Oh, purty as a picture, black eyes and hair and teeth like pearls, and all and straight, and he's got a e-e-autiful little mustache."

"That's enough!" Bim exclaimed. "I just wish there was a knot hole in his foot."

"Come on down here," Ann urged.

"I'm scared," was the answer.

"His cheeks are as red as roses and he's got a lovely ring and big watch—hain't—purr gold and yaller as a dandelion. You come down here."

"Stop," Bim answered. "I'll be

New polished-up Steel Ranges, \$58.00 up Our Fall Heaters have just arrived. Prices right. Old stoves taken as part payment.

215 & 217 E. L. STIFF ALBANY OREGON Lyon st.

down as soon as I can get on my bib and tucker."

In a few minutes Bim called from the top of the ladder to Ann. The latter went and looked up at her. Both girls burst into peals of merry laughter. Bim had put on a suit of her father's old clothes and her buffalo skin-biskers and was a wild sight.

"Don't you come down looking like that," said Ann. "I'll go up there and end to you."

Ann climbed the ladder and for a time there was much laughing and chattering in the little loft. By and by Ann came down. Bim hesitated laughing, above the ladder for a moment, and presently followed in the best blue dress, against which the golden curls of her hair fell gracefully. With red cheeks and bright eyes she gave her hand to Mr. Biggs.

"It's just the right dress," he said. "I go so well with your hair. I'm glad to see you. I have never seen a girl like you in my life. I'm going to come and see you often, if your mother will let me."

A blush spread over the girl's cheeks to the pretty dimple at the point of her chin.

"You'll see her scamping up the ladder like a squirrel," said Mrs. Kelso. "She ain't real tame yet."

"Perhaps we could hide the ladder," he suggested, with a smile.

"Do you play on the flute?" Bim asked.

"No," said Mr. Biggs.

"I was afraid," Bim exclaimed. "My Uncle Henry does." She looked into Mr. Biggs' eyes.

Mr. Biggs laughed. "That smile of yours is very becoming," he said.

At this point Mr. Kelso returned with his gun on his shoulder and was introduced to Mr. Biggs.

"I welcome you to the hazards of my fireside," said Kelso. "So you're asked."



"I Have Never Seen a Girl Like You in My Life."

from St. Louis and stopped for repairs in this land of the ladder climbers. Sit down and I'll put a log on the fire."

"Thank you, I must go," said Biggs.

"Can I not stay with you with flacons?" Kelso asked.

"The doctor has forbidden me all drink but milk and water."

"A wise man is Doctor Allen!" Kelso exclaimed. "Cervantes was right in saying that too much wine will neither keep a secret nor fulfill a promise."

"Will you make me a promise?" Bim asked of Mr. Biggs, as he was leaving the door with Ann.

"Anything you will ask," he answered.

"Please don't ever look at the new moon through a knot hole," she said in a half whisper.

The young man laughed. "Why not?"

"If you do, you'll never get mar-

It costs from 15 to 20 cents an inch to set an advertisement in type and correct the proof and place it in the type page for printing, if current prices are paid for the work. The newspaper that gets less does not receive fair wages for that work and throws in the white paper, press work, folding, mailing, postage, etc., for the subscription price will not cover these items.

One can conduct a small country weekly, doing practically all the work himself, and keep out of jail, while charging less than 20 cents, but he will not make fair wages and he will not print much news.

We believe the people of this community, when they realize the situation, will support a first-class weekly newspaper. We are staking our investment on that belief and endeavoring to give them such service, and we have enough faith in the people to expect a response in incoming subscriptions and advertisements that will enable us to make the Enterprise more of a success than it ever has been.

THE PUBLISHERS

Don't be alarmed by my daughter's fancies," Kelso advised. "They are often rather astonishing."

So Mr. Eliphalet Biggs met the pretty daughter of Jack Kelso. On his way back to the tavern he told Ann that he had fallen in love with the sweetest and prettiest girl in all the world—Bim Kelso. That very evening Ann went over to Kelso's cabin to take the news to Bim and her mother and to tell them that her father reckoned he belonged to a very rich and a very grand family. Mr. Kelso had gone to Offut's store and the three had the cabin to themselves.

"I think he's just a wonderful man!" Bim exclaimed. "But I'm sorry his name is so much like figs and pigs. I'm plumb sure I'm going to love him."

"I thought you were in love with Harry Needles," Bim's mother said to her.

"I am. But he keeps me so busy. I have to dress him up every day and put a mustache on him and think up ever so many nice things for him to say, and when he comes he doesn't say them. He's terribly young."

"You told me that he said once you were beautiful."

"But he has never said it twice, and when he did say it, I didn't believe my ears, he spoke so low. Acted kind o' like he was scared of it. I don't want to wait forever to be really and truly loved, do I?"

Mrs. Kelso laughed. "It's funny to hear a baby talking like that," she said. "We don't know this young man. He's probably only fooling anyway."

Bim went often to the little tavern after that. Of those meetings little is known, save that, with all the pretty arts of the cavalier, unknown to Harry Needles, the handsome youth flattered and delighted the girl. This went on day by day for a fortnight. The evening before Biggs was to leave for his home, Bim went over to eat supper with Ann at the tavern.

It happened that Jack Kelso had found Abe sitting alone with Bim Blackstone in Offut's store that afternoon.

"Mr. Kelso, did you ever hear wh Eb Zane said about the general secret of sons-in-law?" Abe asked.

"Never—but I reckon it would arise and possibly apropos," said Kelso.

"He said that a son-in-law was a serious kind o' property," Abe remarked. "Ye know," says Eb, "if ye have a boss that's tricky an' dangerous an' wuth less than nothin', ye can give him away or kill him, but if ye have a son-in-law that's wuthless, nobody else will have him an' it's ag'in the law to kill him. Fust ye know ye've got a critter on yer lands that kicks an' won't work an' has to be fed an' liquored three times a day an' is wuth a million dollars less than nothin'."

There was a moment of silence.

"When a man is figurin' his assets, it's better to add ten dollars than to subtract a million," said Abe. "That's about as simple as addin' up the weight o' three small hogs."

"What a well of wisdom you are, Abe!" said Kelso. "Do you know anything about this young Missouriian who is shinin' up to Bim?"

"I only know that he was a drinkin' man up to the time he landed here and that he threatened Traylor with his whip and got thrown against the side of a barn—plenty hard. He's a kind of American king, and I don't like kings. They're nice to look at, but generally those that have married 'em have had one h—l of a time."

Kelso rose and went home to supper.

Soon after the supper dishes had been laid away in the Kelso cabin, young Mr. Biggs rapped on its door and pulled the latchstring and entered and sat down with Mr. and Mrs. Kelso at the fireside.

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand," he said, as soon as they were seated. "I know it will seem sudden, but she happens to be the girl I want. I've had her picture in my heart always. I love your daughter. I can give her a handsome home and everything she could desire."

Kelso answered promptly: "We are glad to welcome you here, but we cannot entertain such a proposal, flatterin' as it is. Our daughter is too young to think of marriage. Then, sir, we know very little about you, and may I be pardoned if I add that it does not recommend you?"

The young man was surprised. He had not expected such talk from a ladder climber. He looked at Kelso groping for an answer. Then—

"Perhaps not," said he. "I have been a little wild, but that is all in the past. You can learn about me and my family from anyone in St. Louis. I am not ashamed of anything I have done. May I not hope that you will change your mind?"

"Not at present. Let the future take care of itself."

"I generally get what I want," said the young man.

"And now and then something that you don't want," said Kelso, a bit nettled by his persistence.

"You ought to think of her happiness. She is too sweet and beautiful for a home like this."

There was an awkward moment of silence. The young man said good-night and opened the door.

"I'll go with you," said Kelso.

He went with Mr. Biggs to the tavern and got his daughter and returned home with her.

Mrs. Kelso chided her husband for

being hard on Mr. Biggs.

"He has had his lesson, perhaps he will turn over a new leaf," she said.

"I fear there isn't a new leaf in his book," said Kelso. "They're all dirty."

He told his wife what Abe had said in the store.

"The wisdom of the common folk is in that beardless young 'sant," he said. "It is the wisdom of many generations gathered in the hard school of bitter experience. I wonder where it is going to lead him."

As Eliphalet Biggs was going down the south road next morning he met Bim on her pony near the schoolhouse, returning from the field with her cow. They stopped.

"I'm coming back, little girl," he said.

"What for?" she asked.

"To tell you a secret and ask you a question. May I come?"

"I suppose you can—if you want o," she answered.

"I'll come and I'll write to you and nd the letters to Ann."

Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, ho lived in the schoolhouse, had come out of its door.

"Good-by!" said young Mr. Biggs, as his heels touched the flanks of his horse. Then he went flying down the road.

(To be continued)

LIKE "THREE-DECKED" CAPE



Revising the long riding cloak of revolutionary days as an early autumn wrap comes this model from Paris. The fine black serge is thrice-lined with broad strips of fur, one of them edging a small overcape and the other two simulating similar spaces.

NOTES IN STYLES OF PARIS

Spanish Onion Peel Color is New Shade—Separate Coat and Skirt Becoming Popular.

A variation of apricot which may best be unromantically described as Spanish onion peel color is a popular new shade.

The separate coat and skirt is becoming popular. Of course, there are many simple tailor-mades in navy, duck or white serge—coat and skirt of the same material—but the tendency is to have the skirt plaited for choice of one material and color, while the coat is entirely different. This is especially the case where Breton jackets are concerned.

Double wrist frills are now being worn with Breton coats, which boast pagoda sleeves, double frills, finely plaited, one up and the other down, with a narrow band of black moire ribbon on between. A rather fantastic model had the skirt made of black satin and the coat of leaf green faced cloth with a turnover collar of black breitschwertz. This idea of wearing a bright-colored coat over a black or white skirt is gaining in favor. Nearly all the new dresses and blouses are comfortable.

China is playing a prominent part in the dress of this season. We have been conquering with Japan and Spain; but we have finally decided to take China seriously. We have mandarin sleeves—mandarin coats of the correct outline, and we have a quaint loose blouse very like those worn by Chinese workmen.

The Single Track.

The profectus was being shown over to English museum one day by one of the directors. They came to the room where the stuffed birds were exhibited. "Now, these stuffed birds," said the director, "are among the finest specimens in the country. They're worth thousands and thousands of pounds." "You don't say so!" said the profectus, studying the cases; "what are they stuffed with, then?"