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A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Samson and Sarah Tray-or, with their two children, Josiah and seasey, travel by wagon from their home n Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the Coun-try of the Sangamon, in Illinois.

"CHAPTER II.—At Niagara Falls they meet a party of immigrants, among them a youth named John McNeil, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. All of the party suffer from fever and ague. Sarah's ministrations save the life of a youth, Harry Needles, in the last stages of fever, and he accompanies the Traylors. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young "Abe" Lincoln.

CHAPTER III.—Among the Traylors' first acquaintances are Lincoin's friends, Jack Kelso and his pretty daughter Bim, 16 years of age.

CHAPTER IV.—Samson decides to locate at New Salem, and begins building his house. Led by Jack Armstrong, rowdies attempt to break up the proceedings. Lincoln thrashes Armstrong, Young Harry Needles strikes Bap McNoll, of the Armstrong crowd, and McNoll threatens vengeance.

CHAPTER V.—A few days later Harry, alone, is attacked by McNoll and his gang, and would have been roughly used had not Bim driven off his assailants with a shotgun. John McNeil, the Traylors' Niagara Falls acquaintance, is markedly attentive to Ann Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her so.

CHAPTER VI. — Traylor helps two daves, who had run away from St. Louis, o escape. Eliphaiet Biggs, owner of the iaves, following them, attempts to beat ip Traylor and in a fight has his arm

CHAPTER VII.—Waiting for his arm to heal, Biggs meets Bim Kelso, with whom Harry Needles has fallen in love. Biggs asks for Bim's hand, but her father refuse his consent. Biggs returns to St. Louis.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bim confesses to Harry that she loves Biggs, and the youth is disconsolate. Lincoln decides to seek a seat in the legislature. He and Harry volunteer for the Black Hawk war, and leave New Salem.

CHAPTER IX.—Biggs comes back to the village and he and Bim elope. Harry learns of it on his way home from the "war." Lincoin's advice and philosophy sustain him in his grief.

CHAPTER XI.—Lincoln, now post-master, decides to run again for the legislature. Ann Rulledge is openly in love with John McNeil. He leaves for his hame in the East, promising to return soon and marry Ann. Lincoln accepts his defeat manfully. No word coming from McNeil. Ann confesses to Abe that his real name is McNamar, and he fears that he will not return. Lincoln in his deep love endeavors to reassure her, though he shares her misgivings Lincoln wins his seat in the legislature.

CHAPTER XIII.—Inspired by Elijal Levejoy, Traylor arranges on his farm: hiding place for runaway slaves, a sta-tion on the "Underground Railroad." CHAPTER XIV.

In Which Abe Returns From Vandalla and is Engaged to Ann, and Three Interesting Slaves Arrive at the Home of Samson Traylor, Who, With Harry Needles, Has an Ad venture of Much Importance on the Underground Road.

Abe came back from the legislature to resume his duties as postmaster. The evening of his arrival he went to see Ann. The girl was in poor health She had had no news of McNama) since January. Her spirit seemed to be broken. They walked together up and down the deserted street of the little village that evening. Abe told her of his life in Vandalia and of his hopes and plans.

"My greatest hope is that you wilfeel that you can put up with me," he said. "I would try to learn how to make you happy. I think if you would

help me a little I could do it." "If you want me to, I will marry you, Abe," said she. "I cannot say that I love you, but my mother and father say that I would learn to lovyou, and sometimes I think it is true

I really want to love you." They were on the bluff that over tooked the river and the deserted mill They were quite alone looking down at the moonlit plains. A broken sigl came from the lips of the tall young He wiped his eyes with hipandkerchief. He took her hand in



"I Am Sure I Shall Love You," She Whispered.

both of his and pressed it against his breast and looked down into her face and said:

"I wish I could tell you what is in There are things this my heart. tongue of mine could say, but not that. I shall show you. but I shall not try to tell you. Words are good enough for politics and even for the religion of most men, but not for this love I feel. Only in my life shall I try to express it."

He held her hand as they walked on in silence for a moment.

"About a year from now we can be take care of you then. I think. Meanwhile we will all help you to take care of yourself. You don't look well." the tavern.

"I am sure I shall love you," she whispered.

"Those are the best words that ever came to my ears," he answered, and left her with a solemn sense of his commitment.

Soon after that Abe went to the last week of May, came out for a talk | Were the slaves they carried the propwith the Traylors.

That was the 26th of May, 1835, a date of much importance in the calendar of the Traylors. It had been a lear, warm day, followed by a cloudless, starry night, with a chilly breeze blowing. Between eleven and tweive Biggs demanded. Sarah and Samson were awakened by the hoot of an owl in the doorward. In a moment they heard three taps on a window pane. They knew what it meant. Both got out of bed and into their clothes as quickly as possible. Samson lighted a candle and put some wood on the fire. Then he opened the door with the andle in his hand. A stalwart, goodcking mulatto man, with a smoothshaven face, stood in the doorway.

"Is the coast clear?" he whispered. "All clear," Samson snswered, in low tone.

ness, returning presently with two ished. women, both very black. They sat town in the dim light of the cabin. Harry, who had been awakened by he arrival of the strangers, came down he ladder.

"These are fugitive slaves on their way north," said Samson. 'Take them out to the stack. I'll bring some food in a few minutes."

Harry conducted them to their alding place, and when they had entered it, he brought a ladder and pened the top of the stack. A hooped shaft in the middle of it led to a point near its top and provided ventilation. Then he crawled in at the entrance, through which Samson passed a pail of food, a jug of water and some buffalo hides. Harry sat with them for a few moments in the black darkness of the stack room to learn whence they had come and

whither they wished to go. "We are from St. Louis, suh," the mulatto answered. "We are on our way to Canada. Our next station is the house of John Peasley, in Taze-

well county." Do you know a man of the name of Eliphalet Biggs, who lives in St. Louis?" Harry asked.

"Yes, suh; I see him often, suh," the negro answered. "What kind of a man is he?"

"Good when he is sober, suh, but brute when he is drunk." "Is he cruel to his wife?"

"He beats her with a whip, suh." "My G-!" Harry exclaimed. "Why

ion't she leave him?"

for her to get away. She has been a

Harry's voice trembled with emotion when he answered: "I am sure that none of her friends

knew how she was being treated." "I suppose that she was hoping an' praying, suh, that he would change." "I think that one of us will take you to Peasley's tomorrow night," said "Meanwhile' I hope you get

good rest." With that he left them, filled the mouth of the cave with hay and went into the house. There he told his good friends of what he had heard. "I shall go down to St. Louis," he

"I read in the paper that there vas a boat Monday." "The first thing to do is to go to ed," said Sarah. "There's not much

eft of the night." They went to bed, but the young aan could not sleep. Bim had posses-

on of his heart again. Fortunately, the spring's work was inished and there was not much to be lone next day. Samson went to "Col-Lukins' cabin and arranged with him and his wife to come and stay with Sarah and made other preparations for the journey to the north Soon after nightfall they put their guests on a small load of hay, so that they could quickly cover themselves, if necessary, and set out for Peasley's farm. As they rode along Samson had a frank talk with Harry. "I think you ought to get over be-

ing in love with Bim," he said. "I've told myself that a dozen times, but it don't do any good," said the box.

"She's another man's wife and you have no right to love her."

"She's another man's slave, and I can't stand the thought of it," Harry answered. "If a man's sister were in such trouble, I think he'd have the right to help her; and she's more than sister to me."

"I'll stand with you on the sister platform," said Samson.

At sunrise they stopped to give their horses a moment to rest. In the distance they could see Brimstead's house and the harrowed fields around The women were lying covered by the hay; the man was sitting up and looking back down the road.

"They're coming," he exclaimed, suddenly, as he got under the hay Samson and Harry could see horsemen following at a gallop half a mile or so down the road. Our friends hurried their team and got to Brimmarried," he said, ."I shall be able stead's door ahead of the horsemen. Henry Brimstead stood in the open

"Take these slaves into the house She kissed his cheek and he kissed and get them out of sight as quick hers when they parted at the door of as you can," said Samson. "There's going to be a quarrel here in a min-

The slaves slid off the load and ran into the house.

The team started on toward Peasley's farm as if nothing had happened, with Harry and Samson standing on the load. In a moment they saw, to north line of the county to do some their astonishment, Biggs and a colsurveying, and on his return, in the ored servant coming at a slow trot. erty of Biggs?

"Step that wagon," the latter

Samson kept on; turning out a little to let them pass. "Stop or we'll shoot your horses,"

"They'll have to pass close to the load." Harry whispered. "I'll jump on behind Biggs as he goes by."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Harry sprang off the lead, catching Biggs' shoulders and landing squarely on the rump of his horse. It was a rough minute that followed. The horse leaped and reared and Biggs lost his seat, and he and Harry rolled to the ground and into a fence corner, while the horse ran up the road, with the pistols in their holsters on his back. They rose and fought until Harry, be-"I'll be back in a minute," said the ing quicker and stronger, got the best negro, as he disappeared in the dark- of it. The slaver was severely pun-

Biggs swore bitterly at the two Yankees,

"I'll have you dirty suckers arrested, if there's any law in this state," he clared, as he stood leaning against the fence, with an eye badly swollen and blood streaming from his nose.

"I suppose you can do it," said Sam-"But first let's see if we can find your horse. I think I saw him turn in at the house above.

Samson drove the team, while Biggs and Harry walked up the road in silence. The negro followed in the saddle. Peasley had caught Biggs' horse and was standing at the roadside. "I want to find a justice of the

peace," said Biggs. "There's one at the next house above. I'll send my boy for him,"

Peasley answered. The Justice arrived in a few minutes and Biggs lodged a complaint founded on the allegation that his slaves were concealed in the hay on Samson's wagon. The hay was' re-

moved and no slaves were discovered. "I suppose they left my niggers at the house below," said Biggs as he mounted his horse and, with his-companion, started at a gallop in the direction of Brimstead's. Samson remained with Peasley and the Justice.

"You had better go down and see what happens." he said to Harry. "We'll follow you in a few minutes." So Harry walked down to Brimstend's.

He found the house in a condition of panic. Biggs and his helper had

ing with a friend. It has been hard discovered the mulatto and his wife hiding in the barn. The negroes and the children were crying. Mrs. Brimstead met Harry outside the door. "What are we to do?" she asked,

> tearfully. "Just keep cool," said Harry. "Father Traylor and Mr. Peasley will be here soon.

Biggs and his companion came out of the door with Brimstead.

"We will take the niggers to the river and put them on a boat." Biggs was saying.

His face and shirt and bosom were smeared with blood. He asked Mrs. Brimstead for a basin of water and a towel. The good woman took him to the washstand and supplied his

In a few moments Samson and Peasley arrived.

"Well, you've found them, have you?" Peasley asked. "They were here, as I thought," said

Biggs. "Well, the justice says we must surrender the negroes and take them to

the nearest landing for you. We've come to do it." "It's better treatment than I ex-

pected," Biggs answered. "You'll find that we have a good deal of respect for the law," said Peasley.

Biggs and his friend went to the barn for their horses. The others conferred a moment with the two slaves and Mrs. Brimstead. Then the latter went out into the garden lot to a woman in a sunbonnet who was working with a hoe some fifteen rods from the house. Mrs. Brimstead seemed to be conveying a message to the woman by signs. Evidently the latter was deaf and dumb.

"That is the third slave," Brimstead whispered. "I don't believe they'll discover her."

Soon Peasley and Samson got into the wagon with the negroes and drove away, followed by the two horsemen. In a little village on the river they stopped at a low frame house. A woman came to the door.

"Is Freeman Collar here?" Peasley demanded. "He is back in the garden," the

roman arswered. 'Please ask him to come here."

In a moment Collar came around the house with a hoe on his shoulder. "Good morning, Mr. Constable," said Peasley. "This is Eliphalet Biggs of St. Louis, and here is a warrant for

his arrest." "For my arrest!" Biggs exclaimed

"What is the charge?" "That you hired a number of men to burn the house of Samson Henry Traylor, near the village of New Sa lem, in Sangamon county, and, by violence, to compel him to leave said county; that, on the 29th of August, said men-the same being eight in number-attempted to carry out your design and, being captured and overpowered, all conféssed their guilt and your connection with it, their sworn confessions being now in the possession of one Stephen Nuckles, a minister of this county. I do not need to



remind you that it is a grave offense and likely to lead to your confinement

for a term of years." "Well, by G-," Biggs shouted, in anger. "You suckers will have some traveling to do before you arrest me." He struck the spurs in his horse and galloped away, followed by his servant. Samson roared with laugh-

"Now, Collar, get up on your horse and hurry 'em along, but don't ketch up with 'em if you can help it," said Peasley. "We've got them on the run

When the constable had gone, Peasley said to Samson. "We'll drop these slaves at Nate Haskell's door. He'll take care of 'em until dark and start 'em on the north road. Late in the evening I'll pick 'em up an' get 'em out o' this part o' the country.

Meanwhile Brimstead and Harry had stood for a moment in the door yard of the former, watching the party on its way up the road. Brimstead blew out his breath and said in a low

"Say, I'll tell ye, I ain't had so much excitement since Samson Traylor rode Save money on your

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The women need a chance to wash their faces and slick up a little. Le's you and me go back to the creek and go in swimmin' an' look the farm over."

"What become of the third nigger?" Harry asked. "She went out in the field in a sunbonnet an' went to work with a hoe

and they didn't discover her," said Brimstead. They had their swim in the creek and got back to the house at dinner time.

Samson had returned and, as they sat down at the table Harry asked: "What have you done with the third slave?" "She's been upstairs, getting washed

and dressed," said Mrs. Brimstead. As she spoke, the stairway door opened and Bim entered the room-in a silk gown and slippers. Sorrow had put its mark upon her face, but had not extinguished her beauty. All from the table. Harry walked too ard her. She advanced to meet him. to face, they stopped and looked inte each other's eyes. The moment long desired, the moment endeared and sublimated by the dreams of both the moment toward which their thoughts had been wont to hasen, after the cares of the day, like brooks coming down from the mounains, had arrived suddenly. She was in a way prepared for it. taken thought of what she would do and say. He had not. Still it made no difference. Quickly they fell into each other's embrace, and the depth of their feeling we may guess when we read in the diary of the rugged and rather stolcal Samson that no witness of the scene spoke or moved

"until I turned my back upon it for shame of my tears." Soon Bim came and kissed Samson's cheek and said:

"I am not going to make trouble. couldn't help this. I heard what he said to you last night. It made me happy in spite of all my troubles. I love him, but above all I shall try to keep his heart as clean and noble as it has always been. I really meant to be very strong and upright. It is all over now. Forgive us. We are going to be as respectable as-as we

Samson pressed her hand and said; "You came with the slaves and I guess you heard our talk in the wagon."

"Yes, I came with the slaves, and was as black as either of them. We had all suffered. I should have come alone, but they had been good and faithful to me. I could not bear to leave them to endure the violence of that man. We left together one night when he was in a drunken stupor. We took a boat to Alton and caught the Star of the North to Beardstown -they traveling as my servants. There I hired a team and wagon. It brought us to the grove near your house."

"Why did you disguise yourself be

'ore you came in?" "I longed to see Harry, but I did not want him to see me. I did not know that he would care to see me," she answered. "I longed to see all of you. Now I am ready to go to my father's house-like the Prodigal Son

coming back after his folly." "But you will have some dinner first," said Mrs. Brimstead. "No, I can not wait-I will walk, It is not far to Hopedale."

"Percy is at the door now with his buggy," said Brimstead. Rim kissed Samson's cheek and embraced Annabel and her mother and hurried out of the house. Harry carried her bag to the buggy and helped

her in. She waved her hand as the buggy went up the road,

"It's the same old Bim," Harry said to himself, as he stood watching her. "But I think she's lovelier than she ever was.'

The next day Samson wrote in his diary:

"Bim was handsomer, but different, She had a woman's beauty. I noticed her loose clothes and that gentle look in her face that used to come to Sarah's when her time was about half over. I am glad she got away before she was further along."

CHAPTER XV.

Wherein Harry and Abe Ride Up to Springdale and Visit Kelso's.

Illinois was growing. In June scores of prairie schooners, loaded with oldand young, rattled over the plains from the East. There were many Yankces from Ohio, New York and New England in this long caravan. There were almost as many Irish, who had set out for this land of golden promise as soon as they had been able to save money for a team and wagon, after reaching the new world. There were some Germans and Scandinavians in the dust clouds of the National road. Steamers on the Illinois river scattered their living freight along its shores. These were largely from Kentucky, southern Objective sylvania, Maryland and Virginia. The call of the rich and kindly lands had traveled far and streams of life were making toward them, to flow with increasing speed and volume for many

People in Sangamon county had begun to learn of the thriving village of Chicago in the north. Abe said that Illinois would be the Empire state of the West; that a new era of rapid development and great prosperity was near. Land was in great demand and there were many transfers of title. Abe had more surveying to do than he was able to accomplish that summer. Harry was with him for some weeks. He could earn two dollars a day with Abe, whereas Samson was able to hire a helper for half that sum. Harry made a confidant of his friend, and when they were working at the northern end of the county they borrowed a pair of horses, and rode up to Kelso's house and spent a Sunday there.

Bim met them down the road a mile or so from Hopedale. She, too, was on the back of a horse. She recog-



"Where Are You Going?" She Asked.