

New One-way Fares Eastbound through California

Enable you without additional cost to go via San Francisco, Los Angeles, El Paso and Kansas City or San Antonio, Houston and New Orleans or via Salt Lake City and Denver.

Each route, Sunset, Golden State, Carriso Gorge and Ogden, is distinct in characteristics and affords a most fascinating and interesting trip across America.

Four Daily Trains VIA The Scenic Shasta Route

Connect with well known limited and express trains that provide excellent service and all modern comforts.

"CALIFORNIA FOR THE TOURIST," our beautiful booklet, briefly describes and illustrates the charms and romance of California. Copy FREE on request.

For fares, berths, train service, stopover regulations, personal advice or helpful suggestions ask agents or write

Southern Pacific Lines

JOHN M. SCOTT,
General Passenger Agent.

a man who had ridden with the driver from Chicago and who, it was thought, had been in collusion with him. A curious feature of the robbery had been revealed by the discovery of the mail sack. It was unopened, its contents undisturbed, its rusty padlock still in place. The perpetrator of the crime had not soiled his person with any visible evidence of guilt and so was never apprehended.

Then for a time Bim entered upon great trials. Jack Kelso weakened. Burning with fever, his mind wandered in the pleasant paths he loved and saw in his fancy the deeds of Ajax and Achilles and the topless towers of Ilium and came not back again to the vulgar and prosaic details of life. The girl knew not what to do. A funeral was a costly thing. She had no money. The Kinzies had gone on a hunting trip in Wisconsin. Mrs. Hubbard was ill and the Kelsoes already much in her debt. Mr. Lionel Davis came.

He was a good-looking young man of twenty-nine, those days, rather stout and of middle stature, with dark hair and eyes. He was dressed in the height of fashion. He used to boast that he had only one vice—diamonds. But he had ceased to display them on his shirt-front or his fingers. He carried them in his pockets and showed them by the glittering handful to his friends. They had come to him through trading in land where they were the accepted symbol of success and money was none too plentiful. He had melted their settings and turned them into coin. The stones he kept as a kind of surplus—a half hidden evidence of wealth and of superiority to the temptation of vulgar display. Mr. Davis was a calculating, masterful, keen-minded man, with a rather heavy jaw. In his presence, Bim was afraid of her soul that night. He was gentle and sympathetic. He offered to lend her any amount she needed. She made no answer, but sat trying to think what she would best do. The Traylors had paid no attention to her letter, although a month had passed since it was written.

In a moment she rose and gave him her hand.

"It is very kind of you," said she. "If you can spare me five hundred dollars for an indefinite time I will take it."

"Let me lend you a thousand," he urged. "I can do it without a bit of inconvenience."

"I think that five hundred will be enough," she said.

He carried her through that trouble and into others, of which her woman's heart had found abundant signs in the attitude of Mr. Davis. He gave the most assiduous attention to the comfort of Bim and her mother. He had had a celebrated physician come down from Milwaukee to see Mrs. Kelso and had paid the bill in advance.

"I cannot let you be doing these things for us," Bim said one evening when he had called to see them.

"And I cannot help loving you and doing the little I can to express it," he answered. "I would like to make every dollar I have tell you in some way that I love you. That's how I feel and you might as well know it."

"But I do not love you, Mr. Davis."

"Let me try to make you love me," he pleaded. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Yes, if there were no other reason, I love a young soldier who is fighting in the Seminole war in Florida under Col. Taylor."

"Well, at least, you can let me take the place of your father and shield you from trouble when I can."

"You are a most generous and kindly man!" Bim exclaimed with tears in her eyes.



"Let Me Lend You a Thousand," He Urged.

So he seemed to be, but he was one of those men who weave a spell like that of an able actor. He excited temporary convictions that began to change as soon as the curtain fell. He was no reckless villain of romance. If he instigated the robbery of the south-bound mail wagon, of which the writer of this little history has no shadow of doubt, he was so careful about it that no evidence which would satisfy a jury has been discovered to this day.

On account of the continued illness of her mother Bim was unable to resume her work in the academy. She took what sewing she could do at home and earned enough to solve the problems of each day. But the payment coming due on the house in December loomed ahead of them. It was natural, in the circumstances, that Mrs. Kelso should like Mr. Davis and favor his aims.

Mrs. Kelso's health had improved slowly so that she was able then to spend most of each day in her chair.

One evening when Davis sat alone with her, she told him the story of Bim and Harry Needles—a bit of knowledge he was glad to have. Their talk was interrupted by the return of Bim. She was in a cheerful mood. When Mr. Davis had gone she said to her mother:

"I think our luck has turned. Here's a letter from John T. Stuart. The divorce has been granted. I am going to write to Harry and tell him to hurry home and marry me if he wants to. Don't say a word about the divorce to our friend Davis. I want to make him keep his distance. It is hard enough now."

Before she went to bed that night she wrote a long letter to Harry and one to Abe Lincoln, thanking him for his part in the matter and telling him of her father's death, of the payment due and of the hard times they were suffering. Two weeks passed and brought no answer from Mr. Lincoln.

The day before the payment came due in December, a historic letter from Tampa, Fla., was published in the Democrat. It was signed "Robert Deming, private, Tenth cavalry." It gave many details of the campaign in the Everglades in which the famous scout, Harry Needles, and seven of his comrades had been surrounded

and slain. When Mr. Davis called at the little home in La Salle street that evening he found Bim in great distress.

"I throw up my hands," she said. "I cannot stand any more. We shall be homeless tomorrow."

"No, not that—so long as I live," he answered. "I have bought the claim. You can pay me when you get ready." He was very tender and sympathetic.

When he had left them Bim said to her mother: "Our old friends do not seem to care what becomes of us. I have no thought now save for you and the baby. I'll do whatever you think best for you two. I don't care for myself. My heart is as dead as Harry's."

CHAPTER XX. Which Tells of the Settling of Abe Lincoln and the Traylors in the Village of Springfield and of Samson's Second Visit to Chicago.

Bim's judgment of her old friends was ill founded. It was a slow time in which she lived. The foot of the horse, traveling and often mired in a rough muddy highway, was its swiftest courier. Letters carried by horses or slow steamboats were the only media of communication between people separated by wide distances. So it is easy to understand that many who had traveled far were as the dead, in a measure, to the friends they had left behind them and that those separated by only a hundred miles had to be very enterprising to keep acquainted.

In March Abe Lincoln had got his license to practice law. On his return from the North he had ridden to Springfield to begin his work as a lawyer in the office of John T. Stuart. His plan was to hire and furnish a room and get his meals at the home of his friend, Mr. William Butler. He went to the store of Joshua Speed to buy a bed and some bedding. He found that they would cost seventeen dollars.

"The question is whether you would trust a man owing a national debt and without an asset but good intentions and a license to practice law, for so much money," said Honest Abe. "I don't know when I could pay you."

Speed had heard of the tall representative from Sangamon county.

"I have a plan which will give you a bed for nothing if you would care to share my room above the store and sleep with me," he answered.

"I'm much obliged, but for you it's quite a contract."

"You're rather long," Speed laughed.

"Yes, I could lick salt off the top of your hat. I'm about a man and a half but by long practice I've learned how to keep the half out of the way of other people."

"I'm sure we shall get along well enough together," said Speed.

Mr. Lincoln hurried away for his saddle-bags and returned shortly.

"There are all my earthly possessions," he said as he threw the bags on the floor.

So his new life began in the village of Springfield. Early in the autumn Samson arrived and bought a small house and two acres of land on the edge of the village and returned to New Salem to move his family and furniture. When they drove along the top of Salem hill a number of the houses were empty and deserted, their owners having moved away. Two of the stores were closed. Only ten families remained. They stopped at Rutledge's tavern, whose entertainment was little sought those days. People from the near houses came to bid them good-bye.

Pete and Colonel, invigorated by their long rest, but whitened by age and with drooping heads, drew the wagon. Sambo and the small boy rode between Sarah and Samson. Betsy and Josiah walked ahead of the wagon, the latter leading a cow. That evening they were comfortably settled in their new home. When the beds were set up and ready for the night Sarah made some tea to go with the cold victuals she had brought. Mr. Lincoln ate with them and told of his new work.

Betsy was growing tall and slim. She had the blond hair and fair skin of Samson and the dark eyes of her mother. Josiah had grown to be a bronzed, sturdy, good-looking lad, very shy and sensitive.

"There's a likely boy!" said Samson as he clapped the shoulder of his eldest son. "He's got a good heart in him."

"You'll spoil him with praise," Sarah protested and then asked as she turned to the young statesman, "Have you heard from Bim or any of the Kelsoes?"

"Not a word. I often think of them."

"There's been a letter in the candle every night for a week or so, but we haven't heard a word from Harry or from them," said Sarah. "I wonder how they're getting along in these hard times."

"I told Jack to let me know if I could do anything to help," Samson assured them.

Late in November Mr. Lincoln went out on the circuit with the distinguished John T. Stuart, who had taken him into partnership. Bim's letter to him bears an indorsement on its envelope as follows:

"This letter was forwarded from Vandalla the week I went out on the circuit and remained unopened in our office until my return six weeks later.—A. Lincoln."

The day of his return he went to



"There Are All My Earthly Possessions," He Said.

Sarah and Samson with the letter.

"I'll get a horse and start for Chicago tomorrow morning," said Samson. "They have had a double blow. Did you read that Harry had been killed?"

"Harry killed!" Mr. Lincoln exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that Harry has been killed?"

"The Chicago Democrat says so, but we don't believe it," said Samson. "Here's the article. Read it and then I'll tell you why I don't think it's so."

Abe Lincoln read the article.

"You see it was dated in Tampa, November the fifth," said Samson. "Before we had read that article we had received a letter from Harry dated November the seventh. In the letter he says he is all right and I calculate that he ought to know as much about it as anyone."

"Thank God! Then it's a mistake," said Lincoln. "We can't afford to lose Harry. I feel rather poor with Jack Kelso gone. It will comfort me to do what I can for his wife and daughter. I'll give you every dollar I can spare to take to them."

Samson hired horses for the journey and set out early next morning with his son, Josiah, bound for the new city. The boy had begged to go and both Samson and Sarah thought it would be good for him to take a better look at Illinois than his geography afforded.

Joe and his father set out on a cold clear morning in February. They got to Brimstead's in time for dinner.

Henry put his hand on Samson's shoulder and said in a confident tone: "El Dorado was one of the wickedest cities in history. It was like Tyre and Babylon. It robbed me. Look at that pile of stakes."

Samson saw a long cord of stakes along the road in the edge of the meadow.

"They are the teeth of my city," said Brimstead in a low voice. "I've drawn 'em out. They ain't goin' to bite me no more."

"They are the towers and steeples of El Dorado," Samson laughed. "Have any of the notes been paid?"

"Not one and I can't get a word from my broker about the men who drew the notes—who they are or where they are."

"I'm going to Chicago and if you wish I'll try to find him and see what he says."

"That's just what I wish," said Brimstead. "His name is Lionel Davis. His address is 14 South Water street. I sold him all the land I had on the river shore and he gave me his note for it."

"If you'll let me take the note I'll see what can be done to get the money," Samson answered.

"Say, I'll tell ye," Brimstead went on. "It's for five thousand dollars and I don't suppose it's worth the paper it was written on. You take it and if you find it's no good you lose it just as careful as you can. I don't want to see it again."

They had a happy half-hour at the table. Mrs. Brimstead being in better spirits since her husband had got back to his farming. Annabel, her form filling with the grace and charm of womanhood, was there and more comely than ever.

They had been speaking of Jack Kelso's death.

"I heard him say once that when he saw a beautiful young face it reminded him of noble singing and the odor of growing corn," said Samson.

"I'd rather see the face," Joe remarked, whereupon they all laughed and the boy blushed to the roots of his blond hair.

"He's become a man of good judgment," said Brimstead.

Annabel's sister Jane, who had clung to the wagon in No Santa Claus Land, was a bright-eyed, merry-hearted girl of twelve. The boy Robert was a shy, good-looking lad a little older than Josiah.

"Well, what's the news?" Samson asked.

"Nothin' has happened since we saw you but the fall of El Dorado," Brimstead answered.

"There was the robbery of the mail stage last summer a few miles north of here," said Mrs. Brimstead. "Every smith of the mail was stolen. I guess that's the reason we haven't had

FURNITURE

Ranges Heaters
Rugs Beds
Kitchen Cabinets Linoleum
Dining-room Sets Congoleum

NEW AND SECOND-HAND

White Sewing Machines

All things necessary for a cozy home
Call and investigate goods and prices

E. L. STIFF

422 FIRST STREET ALBANY

no letter from Vermont in a year."

"Maybe that's why we haven't heard from home," Samson echoed.

"Why don't you leave Joe here while you're gone to Chicago?" Annabel asked.

"It would help his education to rattle around with Robert and the girls," said Brimstead.

"Would you like to stay?" Samson asked.

"I wouldn't mind," said Josiah who, on the lonely prairie, had had few companions of his own age.

So it happened that Samson went on alone. Near the sycamore woods he came upon a gray-haired man lying by the roadside with a horse tethered near him. The stranger was sick with a fever. Samson got down from his horse.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"The will of God," the stranger feebly answered. "I prayed for help and you have come. I am Peter Cartwright, the preacher. I was so sick and weak I had to get off my horse and lie down. If you had not come I think that I should have died here."

Samson gave him some of the medicine for chills and fever which he always carried in his pocket, and water from his canteen.

"Is there any house where I could find help and shelter for you?" he asked presently.

"No, but I feel better—glory to God!" said the preacher. "If you can help me to the back of my horse I will try to ride on with you. There is to be a quarterly meeting ten miles up the road tonight. Nothing shall keep me from my duty. I may save a dozen souls from hell—who knows?"

Samson was astonished at the iron will and holy zeal of this iron-hearted, strong-armed, fighting preacher of the prairies of whom he had heard much. He lifted him and set him on the back of his horse.

"God blessed you with great strength," said the latter. "Are you a Christian?"

"I am."

They rode on in silence. Presently Samson observed that the preacher was actually asleep and snoring in the saddle. They proceeded for an hour or more in this manner. When the horses were wallowing through a swale the preacher awoke.

"Glory be to God!" he shouted. "I am better. I shall be able to preach tonight. A little farther on is the cabin of Brother Cawkins. He has been terribly pecked up by a stiff-necked, rebellious wife. We'll stop there for a cup of tea and I shall raise a rumpus you'll see me take her by the horns."

Mrs. Cawkins was a lean, sallow, stern-faced woman of some forty years with a face like bitter herbs; her husband a mildmannered, shiftless man who, encouraged by Mr. Cartwright, had taken to riding through the upper counties as a preacher—a course of conduct of which his wife heartily disapproved. Solicited by her husband she sullenly made tea for the travelers. When it had been drunk the two preachers knelt in a corner of the room and Mr. Cartwright began to pray in a loud voice. Mrs. Cawkins shoved the table about and tipped over the chairs and dropped the rolling-pin as a counter demonstration. The famous circuit rider being in no way put out by this, she dashed a dipper of cold water on the head of her husband. The praying stopped. Mr.



As a Counter Demonstration.

Cartwright rose from his knees and commanded her to desist. On her declaration that she would not he laid hold of the woman and forced her out of the door and closed and bolted it and resumed his praying.

Having recorded this remarkable incident in his diary, Samson writes:

"Many of these ignorant people in the lonely, prairie cabins are like children. Cartwright leads them on like a father and sometimes with the strong hand. If any of them deserve a spanking they get it. He and others like him have helped to keep the cabin people clean and going up hill instead of down. They have established schools and missions and scattered good books and comforted sorrows and kindled good desire in the hearts of the humble."

As they were leaving, Mr. Cawkins told them that the plague had broken out in the settlement on Honey creek, where the quarterly meeting was to be held, and that the people had been rapidly 'dyin' off." Samson knew from this that the smallpox—a dreaded and terrible scourge of pioneer days—had come again.

"It's dangerous to go there," said Cawkins.

"Where is sorrow there is my proper place," Cartwright answered. "Those people need comfort and the help of God."

"I got a letter from a lady there," Cawkins went on. "As high as I can make out they need a minister. I can read print handy but writin' bothers me. You read it, brother."

Mr. Cartwright took the letter and read as follows:

"Dear Sir: Mr. Barman gave me your name. We need a minister to comfort the sick and help bury the dead. It is a good deal to ask of you but if you feel like taking the chance of coming here I am sure you could do a lot of good. We have doctors enough and it seems a pity that the church should fall these people when they need it most. If you have the courage to come you would win the gratitude of many people. For a month I have

Automobile Insurance

Fire, theft, collision, property damage and personal liability. Protect yourself against loss.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent.