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Arbuckle is Scrapped

The San Francisco Bulletin chronicles the interesting report that motion picture magnates are desirous of establishing the fat ex-comedian's innocence, and are even now in conference to prepare his defense.

Figures just obtained at the department of agriculture at Washington show that farmers' co-operative organizations last year did a business of \$375,714,860, as against a little more than \$60,000,000 in 1919.

Last year 798 county agricultural agents assisted in organizing co-operative enterprises. This was 61 per cent of the total number of agents in the field.

Up to September 15, 1921, in Linn county there were registered 16 motor vehicle dealers, 234 chauffeurs, 6425 motor vehicle operators, 99 motorcycles, 8690 passenger cars, 5 ambulances and hearses, 1 bus or stage, 80 commercial cars of less than one ton capacity, 247 trucks of from one to five tons capacity or a total of 4034 licensed passenger and commercial motor vehicles.

If all the men, women and children in the United States could hurry by the seething crater of Mount Vesuvius at the rate of three persons a second, and if each cast into its all-destroying depths a five-dollar gold piece, and continued to do so day and night for a year, the money thus destroyed would nearly equal our 1920 fire waste of over \$500,000,000.

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Josiah and Betsy, travel by wagon from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the Country 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 Trayers. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young "Abe" Lincoln.

CHAPTER III.—Among the Trayers' first acquaintances are Lincoln'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 McNeil, of the Armstrong crowd, and McNeil threatens vengeance.

CHAPTER V.—A few days later Harry, alone, is attacked by McNeil and his gang, and would have been roughly used had not Bim driven off his assailants with a shotgun. John McNeil, the Trayers' 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 slaves who had run away from St. Louis, to escape. Eliphalet Biggs, owner of the slaves, following them, attempts to beat up Traylor and in a fight has his arm broken.

CHAPTER VII.—Waiting for his arm to heal, Biggs meets Harry Kelso, with whom Harry Needles has fallen in love. Biggs asks for Bim's hand, but her father refuses 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, who has learned of it on his way home from the "war," Lincoln's advice and philosophy sustain him in his grief.

CHAPTER X.—Lincoln, defeated in his candidacy for the legislature, forms a partnership with "Bill" Berry, and the grocery business. Biggs sends a gang to burn Traylor's house, but the New Salem men are warned and the raiders worsted.

CHAPTER XI.—Lincoln, now postmaster, decides to run again for the legislature. Ann Rutledge is openly in love with John McNeil. He leaves for his home 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 McNeil, and she 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 XII.—Ann hears from McNeil, but his letter is so cold and so convinced he does not love her. She tells Abe of her doubt, and he confesses his love and asks her to marry him. Ann declares she does not yet love him, but will try to. With that promise Lincoln sets out for Vandalia and his legislative duties.

CHAPTER XIII.—Inspired by Elijah Lovejoy, Traylor arranges on his farm a hiding place for runaway slaves, a station on the "Underground Railroad."

CHAPTER XIV.—Ann agrees to marry Abe, but her health is wrecked. Three runaway slaves seek Traylor's help in escaping. They belong to Biggs and he comes in pursuit of them. Threatened with arrest for harboring the said slaves, Traylor, he flees. One of the fugitives, Bim in disguise, she has fled from her husband's cruelty.

CHAPTER XV.—Dying, Ann Rutledge calls for Abe, and he bids her farewell at her bedside. Following her demise a settled sadness descends on him. He is no longer "Abe," but "Abraham Lincoln."

CHAPTER XVI.—Overcoming his despondency, Lincoln returns to his work. Abolition sentiment is crystallizing and he throws himself into the movement.

CHAPTER XVII.—Traylor sells his farm and moves to Springfield. Lincoln plans to secure a divorce for Bim in order that she may marry Harry Needles, whom she has always really loved. Bim returns to New Salem, too late.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Traylor and Harry Needles visit the "boom" city of Chicago, where Bim, now the mother of a son, is living with her parents. She has her divorce. Harry leaves for the Seminoles war. An unscrupulous, rich speculator, Lionel Davis, desires to marry Bim, but she repulses him.

CHAPTER XIX.—Ruined by the panic of '37, Kelso dies and Bim and her mother are left penniless. Davis presses his suit, and made desperate by the news of Harry's death, Bim almost makes up her mind to marry him.

CHAPTER XX.—Lincoln is admitted to the bar. Traylor ascertains that the report of Harry's death is false. He hurries to Chicago. Davis has swindled Brimstead, a friend of Traylor's, in real estate deals, and Traylor seeks to collect the money. Smallpox breaks out at Honey Creek, and Bim goes there as a nurse.

CHAPTER XXI.—Lincoln at Springfield enters into his life work. Harry Needles comes home and at once seeks Bim.

CHAPTER XXII.—Wherein Abe Lincoln Reveals His Method of Conducting a Lawsuit in the Case of Henry Brimstead et al., vs. Lionel Davis.

They found many of Davis' notes in Tazewell county. Abe Lincoln's complaint represented seven clients and a sum exceeding twenty thousand dollars.

With the papers in his pocket Harry went on to the Honey Creek settlement. There he found that the

plague had spent itself and that Bim had gone to a detention camp outside the city of Chicago. He was not permitted to see her, the regulations having become very strict. In the city he went to the store of Eli Fredenberg. The merchant received him with enthusiasm. Chicago had begun to recover from the panic. Trade was lively.

Harry spent the afternoon with Mrs. Kelso and Bim's baby boy. He wrote a very tender letter to Bim that day. He told her that he had come to Chicago to live so that he might be near her and ready to help her if she needed help. "The same old love is in my heart that made me want you for my wife long ago, that has filled my letters and sustained me in many an hour of peril," he wrote. "If you really think that you must marry Davis, I ask you at least to wait for the developments of a suit which Abe Lincoln is bringing in behalf of many citizens of Tazewell county. It is likely that we shall know more than we do now before that case ends. I saw your beautiful little boy. He looks so much like you that I long to steal him and keep him with me."

In a few days he received this brief reply:

"Dear Harry: Your letter pleased and pained me. I have been so tossed about that I don't know quite where I stand. For a long time my life has been nothing but a series of emotions. What Honest Abe may be able to prove I know not, but I am sure that he cannot disprove the fact that Mr. Davis has been kind and generous to me. For that I can never cease to be grateful. I should have married him before now but for one singular circumstance. My little boy cannot be made to like him. He will have nothing to do with Mr. Davis. He will not be bribed or coerced. I saw in this a prophecy of trouble. I left home and went down into the very shadow of death. It may be that we have been saved for each other by the wisdom of childhood. I must not see you now. Nor shall I see him until I have found my way. Even your call cannot make me forget that I am under a solemn promise.

"I'm glad you like the boy. He is a wonderful child. I named him Nehemiah for his grandfather. We call him Nim and sometimes 'Mr. Nimble' because he is so lively. I'm homesick to see him and you. I am going to Dixon to teach and earn money for mother and the baby. Don't tell anyone where I am and above all don't come to see me until in good heart I can ask you to come.

"God bless you!"

"BIM."

In a few weeks the suit came on. Davis' defense, as given in the answer, alleged that the notes were to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of lots and that in consequence of the collapse of the boom there had been no such proceeds. As to the understanding upon which the notes were drawn, there was a direct issue of veracity for which Abe Lincoln was exceedingly well prepared. His cross-examination was as merciless as sunlight "falling round a helpless thing." It was kindly and polite in tone but relentless in its searching. When it ended, the weight of Davis' character had been accurately established. In his masterly summing up Mr. Lincoln presented every circumstance in favor of the defendant's position. With remarkable insight he anticipated the arguments of his attorney. He presented them fairly and generously to the court and jury. According to Samson the opposing lawyers admitted in a private talk that Lincoln had thought of presumptions in favor of Davis which had not occurred to them. Therein lay the characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's method in a lawsuit.

"It was a safe thing for him to do, for he never took a case in which justice was not clearly on his side," Samson writes. "If he had been deceived as to the merits of a case he would drop it. With the sword of justice in his hand he was invincible."

A judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiffs for the full amount of their claim with costs. The character of Lionel Davis had been sufficiently revealed. Even the credulous Mrs. Kelso turned against him. Mr. Lincoln's skill as a lawyer was recognized in the north as well as in the middle counties. From that day forth no man enjoyed a like popularity in Tazewell county.

When Samson and Harry Needles left the courthouse, there seemed to be no obstacle between the young man and the consummation of his wishes. Unfortunately, as they were going down the steps Davis, who blamed Samson for his troubles, flung an insult at the sturdy Vermont. Samson, who had then arrived at years of firm discretion, was little disturbed by the anger of a man so discredited. But Harry, on the sound of the hateful words, had leaped forward and dealt the speculator a savage blow in the face which for a few seconds had deprived him of the power of speech. That evening a friend of Davis called at the City hall with a challenge. The hot-blooded young soldier accepted it against the urgent counsel of Samson Traylor, Mr. Lincoln having left the city.

As to the details of the tragic scene that followed next day, the writer has little knowledge. Samson was not the type of man for such a chronicle. The diary speaks of his part in it with shame and sorrow and remorse. We know that it was at day-

break when he and Harry rode to a point on the prairie "something more than a mile from the city limits." There he tells us they met Davis and one friend of the latter and two surgeons. It is evident, too, that great secrecy had been observed in the plan and its execution and that, until some time after the last act, Lincoln knew nothing of the later developments in the drama of Davis' downfall. For the rest of the deplorable scene the historian must content himself with the naked details in the diary of a puritan pioneer.

"I went because there was no escape from it and with the shadow of God's wrath in my soul," Samson writes. "The sun rose as we halted our horses. We paced the field. The two men took their places twenty yards apart. The pistols rang out at the command to fire and both men fell. Davis had been hit at the left shoulder. My handsome boy lay on his face. The bullet had bored through his right lung. Before I could reach him he had risen to his feet to go on with the battle. Davis lay like one paralyzed by the shock of the bullet. His seconds declared they were satisfied. I saw them take the bullet out of Harry's back, where it had lodged under his skin. I helped them put the wounded men into the wagon and rode to the home of one of the doctors near the city wherein were rooms for the accommodation of critical cases, leading Harry's horse and praying for God's help and forgiveness. I took care of the boy until Steve Nuckles came to

help me. Bim arrived when Harry was out of his head and didn't know her. She was determined to stay and do the nursing, but I wouldn't let her. She did not look strong. I loaned her the money to pay the debt to Davis and persuaded her to go back to her work in Dixon. She went and was rather heartbroken about it.

"The surgeon said that Harry would live if lung fever didn't set in. It set in, but he pulled through. He mended slowly. I had some fear of arrest, but the conspiracy of silence kept the facts under cover. It was partly due, I guess, to the friendship of John Wentworth for me and Honest Abe. He kept it out of the papers. There were no complaints and the rumors soon fell into silence.

"The boy, 'Mr. Nimble,' is a cunning little man. When he began to get better, Harry loved to play with him and listen to his talks about fairies. The young man was able to leave his bed, by and by, but he didn't get over his weakness and pallor. He had no appetite. I sent him with Nuckles into the Wisconsin woods to live in the open. Then I took the small boy to Dixon with me in the saddle. Bim had just got back to her work. She told me that Eliphalet Biggs was there. He had heard of the boy and wished to see him and demanded to know where he was. For fear that Biggs would try to get possession of 'Mr. Nimble' I took him with me to Springfield in the saddle.

"I learn that Davis has recovered his health and left the city. A man can not do business without friends and after the trial Chicago was no place for him."

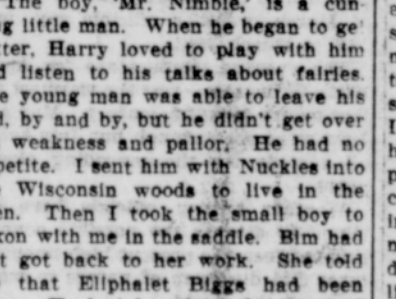
CHAPTER XXIII.

Which Presents the Pleasant Comedy of Individualism in the New Capital, and the Courtship of Lincoln and Mary Todd.

Samson, with "Mr. Nimble" on a pad stuffed with straw in front of him, jogged across the prairie and waded the creeks and sloughs on his way to Springfield. The little lad was in his fourth year that summer. He slept and talked much on the way and kept Samson busy with queries about the sky and the creeks and the great flowery meadows.

They camped the first night in a belt of timber and Samson writes that the boy "slept snug against me with his head on my arm. He went to sleep crying for his mother." He adds:

"It reminded me of the old days of my young fatherhood. Mr. Nimble wanted to pick all the flowers and splash his bare feet in every stream. In the evening he would talk to the stars as if he were playing with them.



The Two Men Took Their Places.

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He is like some of the grown folks in Chicago. He would sit hanging on to the reins, and talk to the horse and to God by the hour. He used to tell me that God was a friend of his and I think he was right. It was good luck to get back to Sarah and the children. They took the little stranger into their hearts. 'Heart room, house room' is the motto of this part of the country."

It was a new town to which Samson returned. The governor and the state officers had moved to Springfield. The new capitol was nearing completion. The hard times which had followed the downfall of '37 had unjustly diminished Mr. Lincoln's confidence in his ability as a legislator. He enjoyed the practice of the law, which had begun to turn his interest from the affairs of state. But the pot of political science boiled before the fireplace in the rear of Joshua Speed's store every evening that Lincoln and his associates were in Springfield. The wit and wisdom which bubbled into its vapors and the heat that surrounded it were the talk of the town. Many came to witness the process and presently it was moved, for a time, to more accommodating quarters. Before a crowd of people in the Presbyterian church, Lincoln, Logan, Baker and Downing for the Whigs, and Douglas, Calhoun, Lamborn and Thomas for the Democrats, having assiduously prepared for the trial, debated the burning issues of the time. The effort of each filled an evening and Lincoln's speech gave him new hope of himself. Wise men began to have great confidence in his future. He had taken the style of Webster for his model. He no longer used the broad humor which had characterized his efforts on the stump. A study of the best speeches of the great New Englander had made him question its value in a public address. Dignity, clear reasoning and impressiveness were the chief aims of his new method, the latter of which is aptly illustrated by this passage from his speech in reply to Douglas in the debate mentioned:

"If I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here without contemplating consequences before high heaven and in the face of the world I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty and my love."

In these fervid utterances one may find little to admire save a great spirit seeking to express itself and lacking as yet the refinement of taste equal to his undertaking. He was no heaven-born genius "sprung in full panoply from the head of Jove." He was just one of the slow, common folk, with a passion for justice and human rights, slowly feeling his way upward. His spirit was growing. Strong in its love and knowledge of common men and of the things necessary to their welfare, it was beginning to seek and know "the divine power of words." Every moment of leisure, he gave to the study of Webster and Burke and Byron and Shakespeare and Burns. He had begun to study the art of Irving and Walter Scott and of a new writer of the name of Dickens.

There were four men who slept with him in the room above Speed's store,

and one of them has told how he used to lie sprawled on the floor, with his pillow and candle, reading long after the others had gone to sleep. Samson writes that he never knew a man who understood the art of using minutes as he did. A detached minute was to him a thing to be filled with value. Yet there were few men so deeply in love with fun. He loved to laugh at a story-telling and to match his humor with Thompson Campbell—a famous raconteur—and to play with children. Fun was as necessary to him as sleep. He searched for it in people and in books.

He came often to Samson's house to play with "Mr. Nimble" and to talk with Joe. Some of his best thoughts came when he was talking with Joe and some of his merriest moments when he was playing with "Mr. Nimble." He confessed that it was the latter that reminded him that he had better be looking for a wife.

But Lincoln was only one of many remarkable personalities in Springfield who had discovered themselves and were seeking to be discovered. Sundry individuals were lifting their heads above the crowd, but not with the modesty and self-distrust of Honest Abe. "Steve" Douglas, whom Samson had referred to as "that little rooster of a man," put on the stiffs of a brave and ponderous vigor. His five-foot stature and his hundred pounds of weight did not fit the part of Achilles. But he would have no other. He blustered much with a spear too heavy for his hands. Lincoln used to call him a kind of popgun.

This free-for-all bout of individualism—one of the first fruits of freedom in the West—gave to the life of the little village a rich flavor of comedy. The great talents of Douglas had not been developed. His character was as yet shifty and shapeless. Some of the leading citizens openly distrusted him. Lincoln never liked this little man, in opposing whom he was to come to the fulness of his power on the platform. It is evident that Lincoln regarded him as an able advocate of small sincerity looking chiefly for personal advancement.

There is a passage in the diary which illustrates the character of Douglas and Lincoln's knowledge of it. The passage relates to a day in the famous debates of 1858. Lincoln had not reached Havana in time to hear the speech of his opponent. A great crowd had come by train and in wagons. Taking advantage of his absence, Douglas had called Lincoln "a liar, a coward and a sneak," and declared that he was going to fight him. Lincoln heard of this and said in his speech:

"I shall not fight with Judge Douglas. A fight could prove nothing at issue in this campaign. It might prove that he is a more muscular man than I, or that I am a more muscular man than he, but this subject is not mentioned in either platform. Again, he and I are really very good friends and when we are together he would no more think of fighting me than of fighting his wife. Therefore, when the Judge talked about fighting, he was not giving vent to any ill feeling, but was trying to excite—well, let us say, enthusiasm against me on the part of his audience."

Justice accomplished her ends now and then with comic displays of violence in the prairie capital. One night Abe Lincoln and certain of his friends captured a shoemaker who had beaten

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