Wednesday to Independence, where they will reside.

A number of our Halseyites were viewers of the football game in Portland last week, among them James McMahan and wife, Jess Cross, Rolio Templeton and James McWilliams.

#### High School Essays

"An Autumnal Thundertorm," written by Ercel Sneed, Oct. 25, in forty minutes, with no prepara.

One evening there was a wonder-ful sunset. Under the sun's light billowy clouds took the form of mighty castles built upon rocks. Grotesque figures, such as fiery dragons and serpents, writhed their way across the azure sky, impelled by a strong evening breeze.

But soon the scene changed. The sun sank behind the horizon. The castles were transformed into clouds again. The touch of magic was gone.

Black clouds rolled across the sky. A gentle patter of rain was heard on the roofs overhead, but the patter soon changed to a ceaseless roar. It grew darker. A sudden flash of lightning lit the entire heavens. A low rumble was heard, growing more distinct each second, and ending in a deafening crescendo that seemed to be the voices of the angry elements.

Toward the west a sheet of lightning revealed the shadowy forms of trees and houses in startling Fiery swords darted across the sky from the east, and were answered with tongues of flame from the north and west, More crashes of thunder added their voices to the clamor. This was the battle of the firmaments.

"Autumnal Night at the Seashore," by Leone Palmer:

The gelden sun dipped behind the mountains and sent its departing rays over the blue sky and across the reflecting sea. Slowly the shining waters changed into black as darkness crept upon them, covering everything with its shadowy blanket.

Presently the stars peeped thru the curtain of dark and the moon looked cautiously over the eastern mountains. The lighthouse beacon shone gloriously over the sombre waters and extended its cheery welcome to the home-coming ships

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#### A Sure Reminder.

Perhaps the most original suggestion for a "reminder" was that of the little boy whose grandmother had forgotten his birthday present the year before. She wished to know what she could do in order that she should not forget it again. "You might put your teeth in upside down," said the boy.

# **A** Manfor the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By Irving Bacheller

#### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Josiah and Betsey, 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 McNell, 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 irst 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 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 McNell, 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 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 o heal, Biggs meets Bim Kelso, with hom Harry Needles has fallen in love. Biggs asks for Bim's hand, but her ther refuses his consent. Biggs rearms 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 X.—Lincoln, defeated in his candidacy for the legislature, forms a partnership with "Bill" Berry in 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 post-master, decides to run again for the legislature. Ann Rulledge 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 mantully. No word coming from McNeil, Ann confesses to Abe that his real name is McNamar, and her fears that he will not return. Lincoln in his deep love endeavors to reassure in his deep love endeavors to reasonable, though he shares her misgivings. Lincoln wins his seat in the legislature.

CHAPTER XII.—Ann hears from Mc-Namar, but his letter is cold and she is 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 Vandalla and his legislative duties.

CHAPTER XIII.—Inspired by Elijah Lovejoy, Traylor arranges on his farm a hiding place for runaway slaves, a sta-tion 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 inciting the raid on Traylor, he flees. One of the fugitives is 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 crystalizing 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. Me Namar 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 Seminole 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 maker 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 hurrles to Chicago. Davis has swindled Brimstead, a friend of Traylor's, in real estate deals, and Traylor seeks to collect the money. Smallpox breakp 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.—Lincoln wins Brimstead's suit against Davis, thoroughly discrediting the speculator. As an outcome, Harry, resenting an insult to Traylor, fights a duel with Davis, in which both are wounded.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Lincoln meets Mary Todd and after a strange courtain wins her. Harry Needles, following a period of recuperation, returns to Chicago thor-bughly restored to health.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Which Describes a Pleasant Holiday and a Pretty Stratagem. Two days later Bim suggested that they should take a day's ride in the open and spend the night at the home of a friend of hers in a settlement known as Plain's End, Harry having expressed a wish to get out on the prairies in the saddle after his long term of travel on a steamboat.

'Are you sure that you can stand an all day's journey?" Bim asked. "I! I could kill a bear with my hands and carry him home on my back and eat him for dinner," the young man boasted.

"I've got enough of the wild West in me to like a man who can eat bears, if there's nothing better," said Bim. "I didn't know but you'd been spoiled in the home of those eastern millionaires. If you're willing to take what comes and make the best of it, I'll give you a day that you will remember. You will have to put up with a very simple hospitality, but I

wouldn't wonder if you'd enjoy it." "We will leave here day after tomorrow. Our horses will be at the door at eight o'clock in the morning. We shall take some luncheon and reach our destination late in the afternoon and return next day. It will give us a good long visit with each other and you'll know me better before we get back."

"I want to know you as well as I love you," he said. "I suppose it will be like studying law-one never gets through with it."

"I've found myself a rather abstruse subject-as bad as Coke, of which Abe used to talk so much with my father,' she declared. "I shall be glad if it doesn't discourage you."

"The mystery of woman can not be solved by intellectual processes," the young man remarked. "Observation is the only help and mine has been mostly telescopic. We have managed to keep ourselves separated by a great distance even when we were near each other. It has been like looking at a star with a very limited parallax. It's a joy to be able to see you with the naked eye."

"You will have little to look at on this holiday but me and the prairies," said Bim.

"I think the prairies will be neglected. I shall wear my cavalry uniform and try to get a pair of the best horses in Chicago for the trip."

"Then you would have to get mine. I have a handsome pair of black young horses from Ohio-real high steppers. It is to be my party. You will have to take what comes and make the best of it."

The day of their journey arriveda warm, bright, cloudless day in Sep tember, 1841. The long story of those



The Long Story Was Told as They Rode Along.

years of separation was told as they rode along. Biggs had been killed in a drunken brawl at Alton. Davis had gone to the far West-a thoroughly discredited man. Henry Brimstead had got his new plow on the market and was prospering beyond all his hopes. Eli had become a merchant of unusual ability and vision. His square dealing and good sense had done much to break down prejudice against the Jews in the democracy of the West. Samson Traylor was getting wealth and a reputation for good sense. He had made the plan on which the business had developed. He had proved himself a wise and farseeing man. Sarah's friends had been out in Springfield for a visit. They had invested money in the business. Her brother had decided to bring his family West and settle in Sangamon

Agents of the store were traveling Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana selling its goods to country dealers. They carried with them the progressive and enlightened spirit of the city and the news. Everywhere they insisted upon a high standard of honesty in business. A man who had no respect for his contract was struck off the list. They spread the everyday religion of the counting room. They were a welcome unifying and civilizing force in the middle country.

The lovers stopped in a grove at acon and fed their horses and Harry built a fire and made a broach of green sticks on which he broiled beef-

A letter from Harry to Sarah Traylor tells of the beauty of the day.

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"It was my great day of fulfillment, all the dearer because I had come back to health and youth and beloved scenes out of those years shadowed with oneliness and despair," he writes. The best part of it, I assure you, was the face I loved and that musical voice ringing like a bell in merry laughter and in the songs which had stirred my heart in the days of its tender youth. You-the dear and gentle mother of my later boyhood-are entitled to know of my happiness when I heard that voice tell me in its sweeter tone of the love which has endured through all these years of stern trial. We talked of our plans as we sat among the ferns and mosses in the cool shade sweetened by the incense of burning fagots, over that repast to which we shall be returning often for refreshment in poorer days. We had thought of you and of the man so well beloved of you and us in all these plans. We shall live in Springfield

so that we may be near you and him and our friend, Honest Abe." It is a long letter presenting minute details in the history of that sentimental journey and allusion to matters which have no part in this record Its substance being fully in the consciousness of the writer, he tenderly folds it up and returns it to the package yellow and brittle and faded and having that curious fragrance of papers that have lain for scores of years in the gloom and silence of a locked mahogany drawer. So alive are these letters with the passion of youth in long forgotten years that the writer tles the old ribbon and returns them to their tomb with a feeling of sadness, finding a singular pathos in the contrast of their look and their contents. They are turning to dust, but Hittle history.

The young man and woman mounted their horses and resumed their journey. It was after two e'clock. The Grand Prairie lay shead of them. The settlement of Plain's End was twentyone miles away on its farther side. will be." They could just see its tall oak trees in the dim distance.

"We must hurry, if we get there before dark," said the girl. "Above all, we must be careful to keep our direction. Its' easy to get lost down in the great prairie.

They heard a cat-bird singing in fer to witness the perceedin's." a near thicket as they left their camp. It reminded Bim of her favorite ballad and she sang it with the spirit of

"My sweetheart, come along-Don't you hear the glad song As the notes of the nightingale flow? Don't you hear the fond tale of the

sweet nightingale As she sings in the valleys below? As she sings in the valleys below?"

They went on, shoulder-deep in the tall grass on the lower stretches of the prairie. Here and there it gave Harry the impression that he was swimming his horse in "noisy, vivid green water." They startled a herd of deer and a number of wild horses. When they lost sight of the woods at Plain's End the young man, with his cavalry training, was able to ride standing on his saddle until he had it

It reminded him of riding in the Everglades and he told of his adventures there as they went on, but very modestly. He said not a word of his heroic fight the day that he and sixty of his comrades were cut off and surrounded in the "land of the grassy waters." But Bim had heard the story from other lips.

Late in the afternoon the woods loomed in front of them, scarcely mile off. Near the end of the prairie they came to a road which led them past the door of a lonely cabin. It seemed to be deserted, but its win dows were clean and a faint column the soul of them has gone into this of smoke rose from its chimney. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers in its small and cleanly dooryard. A morning-glory vine had been trained around the windows.

"Broad creek is just beyond," said Bim. "I don't know how the crossing

They came presently to the creek, unexpectedly swollen. A man stood

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are other features of the Shasta Boute

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on the farther shore with some seventy feet of deep and rapid water between him and the travelers. "That man looks like Stephen

Nuckles," said Harry.

"It is Stephen Nuckles," Bim an-

"Howdy, Steve!" the young soldier called.

"Howdy, boy!" said the old minister. "That ar creek is b'ilin' over. I reckon you'll have to swim the hosses." They tried, but Bim's horse refused

to go beyond good footing. "You kin light at that ar house an' spend the night but the folks have gone erway," the minister called.

"I guess you'll have to marry us right here and now," Harry proposed. "Night is coming and that house is our only refuge."

"Poor boy! There seems to be no escape for you!" Bim exclaimed with a sigh. "Do you really and honestly want to marry me? If there's any doubt about it I'll leave the horses with you and swim the creek. You could put them in the barn and swim with me or spend the night in the cabin."

"It's a cool evening and the creek is very wet," he answered. "I'm going to take this matter in my own hands."

He called to the minister. "Steve, this is the lucklest moment of my life and you are just the man of all others I would have chosen for its most important job. Oan you stand right where you are and marry us?"

"You bet, I kin, sub," the minister answered. "Tve often said I could marry any one half a mile erway if they would only talk as loud as I kin. I've got the good book right here in my pocket, suh. My ol' woman is comin'. She'll be hyah in a minute

Mrs. Nuckles made her appearance on the river bank in a short time. Then the minister shouted: "We'll begin by readin' the nineteenth chapter of Matthew."

He shouted the chapter and the usual queries, knelt and prayed and pronounced them man and wife.

The young man and woman walked to the cabin and put their horses in



We'll Begin by Reading the Nine teenth Chapter of Matthew."

its barn, where they found an abundance of hay and oats. They rapped at the cabin door, but got no response.

They lifted its latch and entered. A table stood in the middle of the room, set for two. On its cover of spotless white linen were plates, and cups and saucers and a big platter of roasted prairie chickens and a great frosted cake and preserves and jellies and potato salad and a ple and a bottle of currant wine. A clock was ticking on the shelf. There were live embers in the fireplace and wood in the box, and venison hanging in the chimney.

The young soldier looked about him and smiled.

"This is wonderful!" he exclaimed. "To whom are we indebted?"

"You don't think I'd bring you out here on the plains and marry you and not treat you well," Bim laughed. "I warned you that you'd have to take what came and that the hospitality would be simple."

"It's a noble and benevolent conspiracy that has turned this cabin into a paradise and brought all this happiness upon me," he said as he kissed her. "I thought it strange that Mr. Nuckles should be on hand at the right moment."

"The creek was a harder thing to manage!" she answered with a smile. "I told my messenger to see that the gate of the reservoir was opened at four o'clock. So, you see, you had to marry or swim. Now I've made a clean breast of it. I felt sure some thing would happen before you got back from Milwaukee. I was plum

superstitious about it." The young man shook with laughter and said: "You are the new woma born of the democracy of the West. "I began to fear that I should be

an old woman before I got to be Mrs. Needles. "Whose house is this?" he asked in a moment

"It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lukins. Their land near Chicago is now used for a cattle yard and

General Passenger Agent \*\*\*