

slaughterhouse and is paying them a good income. They moved here some time ago. He looks after the reservoir. Mrs. Lukins is a famous cook, as you will see. We can stay here as long as we want to. We shall find everything we need in the well, the chimney, the buttry and the cellar. And here is the wedding supper all ready for us and I as hungry as a bear."

"In the words of Mrs. Lukins 'it is very copasetic,' and I begin to feel that I have made some progress in the study of Him Kelson. Come, let's have our supper."

"Not until you have broiled a piece of venison. It will take a lot of food to satisfy me. I'll get the cream and butter out of the well and make a pot of coffee. Hurry up, Harry, I'm starving."

Darkness fell upon the busy lovers and soon the firelight and the glow of many candles filled the homely cabin with flickering shadows and a soft, beautiful color.

"Supper is ready," she said, when the venison steak had been deposited on the platter.

"Bim, I love you not as most men love," he said as they stood a moment by the side of the table. "From the bottom of my heart I do respect you for your honor and good faith and when I think of that and of all you have suffered for my sake, I bow my head and ask God to make me worthy of such a helper."

They sat down to this unusual wedding feast, and as we leave them the windows of the little cabin fling their light far out upon the level plain; we hear the sound of merry laughter and of the tall grasses rustling and reeling joyously in the breeze. The moon in mid-heaven and the innumerable host around it seem to know what is passing on the edge of the Grand Prairie and to be well pleased. Surely there is nothing that finds a quicker echo in the great heart of the world than human happiness!

CHAPTER XXV.

Being a Brief Memoir by the Honorable and Venerable Man Known in These Pages as Josiah Traylor, Who Saw the Great Procession of Events Between Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson and Especially the Making and the End of Lincoln.

Now, as I have done often sitting in the chimney corner at the day's end, I look back at my youth and manhood and tell, with one eye upon the clock, of those years of fulfillment in the progress of our beloved pilgrim. There are four and twenty of them that I shall try to review in as many minutes. At this distance I see only the high places—one looming above another like steps in a stairway.

The years of building and sentiment ended on the fourth of November, 1842, when he and Mary Todd were joined in marriage. Now, like one having taken note of the storm clouds, he strengthens the structure.

Mary tried to teach him fine manners. It was a difficult undertaking. Often, as might have been expected, she lost her patience. Mary was an excellent girl, but rather kindlesome and pragmatic. Like most of the prairie folk, for instance, Abe Lincoln had been accustomed to reach for the butter with his own knife, and to find rest in attitudes extremely indolent and unbecoming. He enjoyed sprawling on the floor in his shirt-sleeves and slippers with a pillow under his head and a book in his hand. "He had a liking for ample accommodation, not fully satisfied by a bed or a lounge. Mary undertook to turn him into new ways and naturally there was irritation in the house, but I think they got along very well together for all that. Mary grew fond of him and proud of his great talents and was a devoted wife. For years she did the work of the house and bore him children. He milked the cow and took care of the horse when he was at home.

Annabel and I, having just been married, went with him to Washington on our wedding tour in 1847. He was taking his seat in congress that year. We were with him there when he met Webster. Lincoln was deeply impressed by the quiet dignity of the great man. We went together to hear Emerson lecture. It was a motley audience—business men, fashionable ladies and gentlemen, statesmen, politicians, women with their knitting and lion-hunters. The tall, awkward orator ascended the platform, took off his top-coat and drew a manuscript from his pocket. He had a narrow, sloping forehead, a prominent nose, gray eyes and a skin of singular transparency. His voice was rich and mellow, but not strong. Lincoln listened with rapt attention to his talk about Democracy. It was a memorable night. He spoke of it often. Such contact with the great spirits of that time, of which he studiously availed himself in Washington, was of great value to the statesman from Illinois. His experiences on the floor were in no way important to him, but since 1914 I have thought often of what he said there, regarding Poik's invasion of Mexico, unauthorized by congress as it was:

"The provision of the Constitution giving the war-making power to congress was dictated, as I understand it, by the following reasons: Kings had always been involving and impoverishing their people in wars, pretending generally that the good of the people was the object. This our convention understood to be the most oppressive

of all kingly oppressions and they proposed to so frame the constitution that no man should hold the power of bringing this oppression upon us."

The next year he stumped Massachusetts for "Zach" Taylor and heard Gov. Seward deliver his remarkable speech on slavery, which contained this striking utterance:

"Congress has no power to inhibit any duty commanded by God on Mount Sinai or by His Son on the Mount of Olives."

On his return home Lincoln confessed that he had soon to deal with that question.

I was in his office when Herndon said:

"I tell you that slavery must be rooted out."

"What makes you think so?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"I feel it in my bones," was Herndon's answer.

After that he used to speak with respect of "Bill Herndon's bone philosophy."

His term in congress having ended, he came back to the law in partnership with William H. Herndon—a man of character and sound judgment. Those days Lincoln wore black trousers, coat and stock, a waistcoat of satin and a Wellington high hat. He was wont to carry his papers in his hat. Mary had wrought a great change in his external appearance.

They used to call him "a dead square lawyer." I remember that once Herndon had drawn up a fictitious plea founded on a shrewd assumption. Lincoln carefully examined the papers.

"Is it founded on fact?" he asked.

"No," Herndon answered.

Lincoln scratched his head thoughtfully and asked:

"Billy, hadn't we better withdraw that plea? You know, it's a sham and generally that's another name for a lie. Don't let it go on record. The cursed thing may come staring us in the face long after this suit has been forgotten."

On the whole he was not so communicative as he had been in his young manhood. He suffered days of depression when he said little. Often, in good company, he seemed to be thinking of things in no way connected with the talk. Mary called him a rather "shut-mouthed man."

Herndon used to say that the only thing he had against Lincoln was his habit of coming in mornings and sprawling on the lounge and reading aloud from the newspaper.

The people of the town loved him. One day, as we were walking along the street together, we came upon a girl dressed up and crying in front of her father's door.

"What's the matter?" Lincoln asked.

"I want to take the train and the wagon hasn't come for my trunk," said she.

Lincoln went in and got the trunk and carried it to the station on his back, with people laughing and throwing jokes at him as he strode along. When I think of him, his chivalry and kindness come first to mind.

He read much, but his days of book study were nearly ended. His learning was now got mostly in the school of experience. Herndon says, and I think it is true, that he never read to the end of a law book those days. The study of authorities was left to the junior partner. His reading was mostly outside the law. His knowledge of science was derived from Chambers' Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.

He was still afraid of the Abolition Movement in 1852 and left town to avoid a convention of its adherents. He thought the effort to resist by force the laws of Kansas was criminal and would hurt the cause of freedom. "Let us have peace and revolutionize through the ballot box," he urged.

In 1854, a little quarrel in New York began to weave the thread of destiny. Seward, Weed and Greeley had wielded decisive power in the party councils of that state. Seward was a high-headed, popular idol. His plans and his triumphant progress absorbed his thought. Weed was dazzled by the splendor of this great star. Neither gave a thought to their able colleague—a poor man struggling to build up a great newspaper. An office, with fair pay, would have been a help in those days. But he got no recognition of his needs and talents and services. Suddenly he wrote a letter to Weed in which he said:

"The firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley is hereby dissolved by the resignation of its junior member."

When Greeley had grown in power and wisdom until his name was known and honored from ocean to ocean, they tried to make peace with him, but in vain.

Then suddenly a new party and a new Lincoln were born on the same day in 1856, at a great meeting in Bloomington, Illinois. There his soul was to come into its stateliest mansion out of its lower vaulted past. For him the fullness of time had arrived. He was prepared for it. His intellect had also reached the fullness of its power. Now his great right hand was ready for the thunderbolts which his spirit had been slowly forging. God called him in the voices of the crowd. He was quick to answer. He went up the steps to the platform. I saw, as he came forward, that he had taken the cross upon him. Oh, it was a memorable thing to see the smothered flame of his spirit leaping into his face. His hands were on his hips. He seemed to grow taller as he advanced. The look of him reminds

me now of what the famous bronze founder in Paris said of the death-mask, that it was the most beautiful head and face he had ever seen. What shall I say of his words save that it seemed to me that the voice of God was in them? The reporters forgot to report. It is a lost speech. There is no record of it. I suppose it was scribbled with a pencil on scraps of paper and on the backs of envelopes at sundry times, agreeably with his habit, and committed to memory. So this great speech, called by some the noblest effort of his life, was never printed. I remember one sentence, relating to the Nebraska bill.

"Let us use ballots, not bullets, against the weapons of violence, which are those of kingcraft. Their fruits are the dying bed of the fearless Sumner, the ruins of the Free State hotel, the smoking timbers of the Herald of Freedom, the governor of Kansas chained to a stake like a horse-thief."

In June, 1858, he took the longest step of all. The Republican state convention had endorsed him for the United States senate. It was then that he wrote on envelopes and scraps of paper at odd moments, when his mind was off duty, the speech beginning:

"A house divided against itself must fall. Our government can not long endure part slave and part free."

I was among the dozen friends to whom he read that speech in the State house library. One said of those first sentences: "It is a fool utterance." Another: "It is ahead of its time." Another declared that it would drive away the Democrats who had lately joined the party. Herndon and I were the only ones who approved it.

Lincoln had come to another fork in the road. For a moment I wondered which way he would go.

Immediately he rose and said with an emphasis that silenced opposition: "Friends, this thing has been held back long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered, and if it is decreed that I shall go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth."

His conscience prevailed. The speech was delivered. Douglas, the Democratic candidate, came on from Washington to answer it. That led to Lincoln's challenge to a joint debate. I was with him through that long campaign. Douglas was the more finished orator. Lincoln spoke as he split rails. His conscience was his beetle. He drove his arguments deep into the souls of his hearers. The great thing about him was his conscience. Unless his theme were big enough to give it play in noble words he could be as commonplace as any one. He was built for a tool of God in tremendous moral issues. He was



He Was Built for a Tool of God in Tremendous Moral Issues.

awkward and diffident in beginning a speech. Often his hands were locked behind him. He gesticulated more with his head than his hands. He stood square-toed always. He never walked about on the platform. He scored his points with the long, bony, index finger of his right hand. Sometimes he would hang a hand on the lapel of his coat as if to rest it. Perspiration dripped from his face. His voice, high pitched at first, mellowed into a pleasant sound.

One sentence in Lincoln's speech at Ottawa thrust "The Little Giant" of Illinois out of his way forever. It was this pregnant query:

"Can the people of a United States territory in any lawful way and against the wish of any citizen of the United States exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

He knew that Douglas would answer yes and that, doing so, he would alienate the South and destroy his chance to be President two years later. That is exactly what came to pass. "The Little Giant's" answer was the famous "Freeport Heresy." He was elected to the senate, but was no longer possible as a candidate for the presidency.

(Continued on page 6)

J. J. Corcoran of this city spent the week in Portland, taking in the livestock show,

Begin Christmas shopping now.

NOV. 10, 1921

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

PAGE 5

Keep Them All Busy.
Half the world is busy devising remedies for this and that, while the other half is busy inventing antidotes for the remedies.—Nashville Tennessean.

Inventor Well Rewarded.
For his invention of babbit metal, a soft, anti-friction alloy used for bearings, Isaac Babbitt received a reward of \$20,000 from congress.

Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Tomorrow is armistice day. Let's have peace on earth.

Only 7 per cent of the county taxes are delinquent.

A Masonic lodge was formed at Mill City Saturday night.

Mrs. L. C. Merriman left for Albany Saturday to spend the day.

Both parties were denied decrees by the court in the Walton divorce case.

The county budget is being constructed and an attempt made to retrench.

Mrs. E. E. Gormley and grandchild left for Harrisburg Saturday to spend Sunday.

County Commissioner Butler, after seventeen years' service, has resigned, effective Jan. 7.

Earl Menear, from the south fork of the Santiam, got bounties on six bobcats and a coyote last week.

This is the editor's birthday. He is modest about stating his age, but he became a voter fifty years ago today.

Mark Gibson, brother of C. B. Gibson of this place, arrived from Eugene Saturday morning for a short visit.

Mr. McWilliams, taking a stitch ahead of time, has been laying new and mending sidewalk around the postoffice.

Mrs. R. H. Cornelius, wife of our genial depot agent, and her talented son Clarence, spent Saturday in Albany.

Mrs. J. W. Bressler left Saturday morning for Portland, where she will visit her daughter and her mother for several weeks.

Joseph Davidson Morse, 9 years, fell off a woodpile last Friday while at school and broke his left arm. Dr. Marks was called and is giving it his attention.

Mrs. M. A. Kump and daughter Nina left Saturday for Junction City to spend the week end with Mrs. Kump's brother, who lives about seven miles west of that city.

Mrs. George Maxwell returned to her home Saturday morning from a trip to Tacoma, where she had been caring for her daughter, who had undergone an operation. George has quit baching.

Say, you sponging skinflint, aren't you ashamed to borrow your neighbor's paper every week, when he frequently wants to refer to it? Be a white man and offer to pay him half the subscription price.

Mrs. A. H. Quimby and daughters Ruth and Irene were passengers to Albany Saturday. The girls were to join Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davidson Sunday and motor to Portland to take their part in the Live Stock exposition.

H. C. Davis of this city left Monday morning in his car for Albany, where he will store it while he is absent on a lengthy trip. At Milwaukee, Wis., he will make an extended visit with his son, Dr. Carl H. Davis, and family, then he will go to his daughter, Mrs. Jesse Bond, of Grand Forks, N. D., for a visit.

Those announced as draft evaders from Linn county were John Bateat, Floyd Filkins and Thomas Greenwell of Albany, Earl William Swift of Harrisburg, Arthur Filkins of Tangent, Albert Wold of Lebanon and Howard Griggs of Mill City. If they haven't got out of the reach of arrest during the year or two the government has been promising to publish the list they are slower than snails.

Mrs. Raleigh Templeton spent several days in Eugene last week having her eyes tested. Mr. Templeton is in Portland exhibiting his stock. He took twelve first prizes at the state fair and six second prizes at the Linn county fair, and two grand champion prizes on one ewe and one ram. He left here Thursday of last week with one dozen head of Cheviot sheep which are on exhibition at the exposition this week.

Harold Stevenson and wife of Brownsville were Sunday visitors in Halsey, coming over with Mrs. C. W. Standish in her car and returning with her that same evening. Mrs. Standish was visiting her foster father and other friends here and the Stevensons were welcome guests in their parents' homes. Mrs. Stevenson is one of the Brownsville teachers and Harold is a live druggist of that city.

C. S. Shedd and wife of Albany spent Tuesday of this week visit.

ONE DAY SALE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH

QUALITY Brand ALUMINUM Ware

Every piece guaranteed for 20 yrs.

This is not cheap Aluminum ware, but

THE WORLD'S BEST

500 useful articles, such as CUPS, STRAINERS, SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS, etc., etc.,

1c ONE CENT EACH 1c

Stew Pans, Kettles, Fry Pans, etc., etc., at this sale only 59c



The Big Values

Teakettles including Tea Ball and Spring, Teapots Colonial shape
American Kettles
Double Boilers
Drip Pans
Saucepan Sets

Special, \$1.59

More than 1000 articles in this sale. Don't miss it.

SATURDAY, NOV. 12th, All Day

BARTCHER & ROHRBAUGH
The Albany Furniture Exchange

415-421 WEST FIRST ST., ALBANY, ORE.

For Thanksgiving You will need one of those large Aluminum Turkey Roasters at \$3, and will also want delicious coffee, made in a fine Nickel Percolator Coffeepot, sold at \$5.75. Aluminum Percolator Coffeepots, six and eight cups, at from \$5.25 to \$8.25.

We have a fine assortment of Boston all-leather bags, 13, 14 and 15-inch, from \$2.75 to \$5.05.

E. L. STIFF, 422 First street, ALBANY

The First Savings Bank of Albany, Oregon

"WHERE SAVINGS ARE SAFE"

IN SAVING BEGIN EARLY

Compound interest exerts the strongest effect on money which has been in the bank the longest time.

Two dollars a week will amount to \$575.80 in five years to \$1,275.20 in ten years and to \$3,169.68 in twenty years if deposited with this strong bank.

4 per cent and no worry

HALSEY GARAGE Specializes in prompt and efficient automobile repairing. Trouble calls given prompt attention at any time or place.

Our stock of Tires and Tubes is always fresh and complete. Will make special bargain prices on some of the larger sizes.

Our line of winter accessories includes Tire Chains, Windshield Cleaners, Spotlights, Top Patching material, Top Dressings and Automobile Paints.

HALSEY GARAGE,
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Who Wouldn't Smile Happily

upon opening a box of these delicious candies? The wonderful assortment, various flavors and tempting appearance of these "lumps of delight" win to us all lovers of good sweets and judges of confectionery excellence. Try them once and see if we exaggerate the perfection of these goods.

CLARK'S CONFECTIONERY.