YESTERDAY

CHAS. E. WELLES

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A CHRONICLE OF EARLY LIFE IN THE WEST

By CHAS. E. WELLER
Author of "The Early History of the Typewriter"

"For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night"

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PREFACE

ASIDE from the productions of writers of established reputation whose works command a sale without much regard to their real merit, it is safe to say that most of the books which flood the market today are written with the hope of achieving a reputation and thereby earning a livelihood in the literary field, by catering to the popular taste, which unfortunately is not of the highest order, in its demand for current literature.

Let it be said at the outset that neither of these objects inspired the writing of this little volume, a simple chronicle of pioneer life in the West, extending through but one decade in the early years of a long and eventful life.

Nevertheless, it has an object, or it would not have been written. What that object may be will become apparent to the reader whose thoughts are not wholly absorbed in the trivial pursuit of the pleasures of this world.

It is to that class of readers that this book is affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

YESTERDAY

CHAPTER I

The Call of the West

"Why should you want to give the cow tea?" Father was sitting by the great log fire, his teeth chattering, and shaking from head to foot. He was always a little flighty when his "spell" came on—an event which occurred as regularly as clock-work every other day in the week.

It was nothing alarming—only the old-fashioned shaking ague, the prevailing malady common to the breaking up of the virgin soil of a new country. Nobody thought much about it. Everybody had it sometime, or, if they did not, everybody expected it, and sooner or later they got what was coming to them.

So it was that father, with his fine English constitution and his temperate habits, which should have been proof against sickness of any kind, must needs fall under the evil spell of what was commonly termed "the shakes," and here was winter setting in, with its white blanket of snow piled up against our little rude log house, and there was the wood to be chopped, the corn to be husked and stored away in the crib, the cow to be milked and

the pigs to be fed, and nobody but sixteen-year-old John to attend to all of it. To be sure, there were Willie and Alfred, but Willie was but twelve and Alfred ten and they had small leisure outside of their studies during the winter term of the district school, at the cross roads, a mile distant.

What is it that brings all this to my mind, "far, far o'er the dream of years" (for I am eighty years old today), that funny little speech of father's, away back in the days of pioneer life on a Michigan farm in the early 40's, and I, a little kiddie of six years, sitting on the hearth and looking with wondering eyes at father's pale face and trembling hands as he uttered that irrelevant remark.

Something had been said about the cow by John as he came into the room staggering under an armful of wood encrusted with snow, and at the same time mother had made some remark about the tea being nearly out, and that when the next journey was made to the village with the ox team it would be necessary to purchase a quarter of a pound of that precious article, the only luxury that could be counted in our simple fare, and that only for mother; for father would say that so long as we had potatoes and corn meal in the house none of us would starve, but mother must have her tea.

And thus it was that in my child mind, which was absorbing every little incident that made up the sum of a day's doings, I succeeded, perhaps

with the aid of one of my brothers, in putting together some explanation of my father's odd question.

It was the cow, and then the tea. Why, of course. Who would think of giving a cow tea, when it cost a dollar and a half a pound, and was carefully preserved in a tightly covered little japanned canister, to be sparingly used, a little pinch at a time, just enough for mother's cup?

Then, too, cows are not noted as tea drinkers. Like all our domestic animals, they are strictly temperate, and even as mild a beverage as tea, "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," would find little favor in the capacious maw of a cow that was more accustomed to bran mash or "shorts," which served as a choice dessert to their daily repast of corn husks, marsh hay and squash and pumpkin rinds that served for their winter fodder.

I don't think, however, that father's question was ever answered, if he thought of it a moment afterwards, but it always remained as a family reminiscence with us boys, to be called up among a host of old memories as time wore on, and we would meet together in long after-years at our annual reunions under the old rooftree, four serious middle-aged men, with our locks rapidly whitening under the frosts of time, as we gathered with our families around us and lovingly and ten-

derly drifted back into the sunny days of the past on the barren and stony little Michigan farm.

It was a long cry from the cozy, comfortable home in "Merrie England" to that wild western wilderness. Mother had often told us of that sad day when she stood on the deck of the ship that had set sail for the new world with her little brood around her, as the vessel drifted away from its moorings, gazing with strained eyes as she discerned through her tears the loved faces of father, mother, sister, brothers and friends, all bravely smiling and waving hats and handkerchiefs as the distance grew between them, until the mists had hid them from her sight, forever in this world; for as year after year passed by the fatal black-bordered message came to "poor Car." in her rude home in the far western wilds; first father, then mother, then brothers and friends, until at last there remained only the memory of the warm hearts and dear faces in the old English home.

It was father's restless spirit that had brought it about. The petty restraints that hedged about the unfortunate middle class, the wide chasm between the titled nobility and the struggling little shop keeper who could never hope to reach the goal of his ambition under laws that oppressed the poor and favored the rich, in a land where the sun never set and the tax gatherer never ceased in his vigilant rounds—all this was gall and wormwood

to the proud, independent spirit of the talented and ambitious young Englishman, who panted for more freedom and the right to live his own life in a land that proclaimed freedom and equality to all, and where the daring climber was encouraged with the thought that there was always room at the top.

And then came the call of the new world, faintly at first but louder and louder still, until its pleading could no longer be resisted; and mother—was there ever such a mother?—loyal and true in her wifely devotion to the man of her choice, her first and only love, left all that was dear to her heart in the old world to follow him and his fortunes in the new and unknown land beyond the seas.

Two years of varying fortune in the city of New York, then a plunge into the far West, attracted by a brother who had settled there years before and was more or less seasoned to the rough and uncouth life in the wilderness. A long journey by slow stages, by canal, by lake, by the slow ox team through forest and swamp until finally their journey's end was reached.

Then came sickness and death, two beautiful boys following one after another into the misty shadows of the unknown world; then Carrie, the namesake, the sweet and companionable little girl of ten, and then the long and critical illness of the worn and grief-stricken mother, whose life hung for many days and nights by a slender thread, with

faint hope from the crude and poisonous drugs administered by the little country doctor who made his daily rounds with horse and saddle bags, doing the best that he could with his limited knowledge of his art. But despite these handicaps a merciful Providence decreed that mother should live.

And so we come back to the cow, the tea and the ague.

In those primitive days there were but few specifics for the ills of the flesh, but among the cure-alls which were loudly proclaimed as an especially sure cure for fever and ague we may now name without danger of running a free ad for a patent medicine, a certain decoction that went by the name of Cologogue. It cost a dollar a bottle, and a dollar was not seen every day, and was hard to earn, where most of the necessary articles of life were procured in barter and trade; but father's health meant much more than the hard-earned dollar, and bottle after bottle found its way into our humble little home, until finally father really began to mend, whether the welcome change was due to the much vaunted nostrum, or his fine physique had finally overcome the accursed pestilence that drew its breath from the foul miasma that pervaded the air while the hardy pioneer lay helpless in its grasp—be that as it may, it was a joyful day that found father restored to health and back again in the woods and fields, making up for

lost time by pushing the work of the farm with renewed vigor and energy.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS ON THE FARM

IT WAS a busy little world, this farm life in the sparsely settled West. First the plowing, then the harrowing and the planting, then the cultivating, the hoeing and the weeding and patient watching during the long and anxious summer days and nights, and then the harvest; and with what bright hopes we looked forward to the golden months of autumn that brought to the farmer the reward of his toil in a rich store of pumpkins, squashes, beans, potatoes, corn and grain and fruit from the orchard for the winter store.

And the cutting of the grain, what a sight was that—three stalwart men standing ten feet apart with their "cradles," long, sharp scythes with their wooden fingers extended to catch the stalks of grain as it fell, as the mowers traversed up and down the fifty-acre field, cutting their broad swaths, and leaving the golden stalks in winrows, to be afterwards gathered up and stacked in the wagon rick and taken to the barn, to be stored until the threshers came.

And then the threshers—what bustle and preparation preceded their advent which was heralded days ahead, and mother in the kitchen from morning until night, baking bread, pies and cakes, with bushels of potatoes peeled and ready for cooking with the boiled beef, cabbage, beets, rutabagas and onions, all ready for the momentous day when twenty bronzed and hardy men would come up from the thresher at the sound of the dinner horn, and after a hasty plunge of the head in the tub of cool water and a rub with a coarse towel were ready to do justice to the substantial viands which were so abundantly provided and served by mother with the help of a kind neighbor and her buxom daughter, who generously gave their services to help out the poor little English woman who was "clean beat out" with her unusual labors, and gladly welcomed the honest faces and cheerful voices of her mile-distant neighbors.

The thresher was the wonder of the neighborhood in those days, and in the fresh, early morning of its arrival a group of us boys would gather at the barn and watch the preparations for the work. First came the horses, a half dozen spans attached to the circular frame with its revolving center and shafting that furnished the motive power; and then came the thresher, that great lumbering mechanism of wheels, cranks, and innumerable little parts within its body of brilliant red. And when all was

ready and the work was really under way, with what wondering eyes we would watch, listening to the ceaseless tramp of the horses, combined with the terrific grinding noise of the machinery, as bundle after bundle of the golden sheaves was pitched from the barn loft into the constantly moving carrier, passing from thence through the thresher, throwing out the straw, which was being stacked as it fell, while at a wooden spout at the bottom of the far end of the machine was flowing the precious grain, pouring into the empty sacks that were being held ready for its reception.

About the same time with the harvest came the washing and shearing of the sheep, and following that the carding of the wool and flax, and then would be heard the whir of the busy spinning wheel and the ponderous rumble of the loom, where the raw material was being woven into the coarse but warm and durable fabric for clothing the men, women and children during the coming year.

Still another episode in farm life that heralded the approach of winter was the hog killing, where each neighbor helped the other, receiving for his compensation the usual quarter of meat; and later came the cutting up and pickling and the chopping of the meat for sausage—fine sport for the boys sitting astride the bench with knives and chopping bowl, and adding a lively accompaniment to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Simultaneously with that

work came the making of the sausages, when father, seated beside a tub of finely-chopped meat properly seasoned with salt, pepper and sage, with a tin funnel shaped affair would press the meat into the skins attached to the tube, tying each section into links, which would later be hung in festoons across the smoke-blackened rafters of the ceiling of the large room, which served as a sleeping room at night, and a parlor, dining room and kitchen during the day; and in the cold winter mornings while breakfast was being prepared father would take out his pocket knife and cut off a few savory links, which when cooked over the coals would furnish a substantial part of our morning meal.

The burning question of the high cost of living, which at this day is proving a constant source of anxiety to the prudent housewife, on whom rests the responsibility of providing the daily food for the family table, to say nothing of the anxious forethought of the paternal head of the household, whose purse is subject to daily calls for the wherewithal—these matters never entered into the serious thoughts of the pioneer whose family never suffered for the lack of plain, wholesome food which furnished their daily repast. The nourishing corn meal, which was always on hand in abundance, when prepared and baked in the oven in the shape of "johnny-cake," or stirred into a pot of boiling water and made into corn meal mush, properly

seasoned with salt and eaten with milk, was equal to a substantial meal when accompanied with home-made bread and butter, and a few of the snow-white mealy potatoes baked in the hot ashes on the hearth.

About this time, and simultaneous with the soap boiling, which was mother's work, came the candle making, when the tallow had been tried out and was ready for the molding, and the candle molds borrowed from a neighbor for the occasion were brought into requisition—a succession of tin tubes soldered together, while in the center of each orifice was fastened at top and bottom the candle wick, and when the heated mass was poured into the molds and had become as hard as it was possible for a tallow candle to become it would then be removed from the molds and placed in a cool place, to be used for furnishing us with light during the long winter evenings.

Another interesting occupation with which the farmer was wont to fill in his leisure time during the winter was the cobbling. No household, however humble, was without its cobbler's kit, with its low bench, its shoe hammer, its awl, its box of wooden pegs, its wax ends and sole leather, with which the family boots and shoes were repaired. However substantial the coarse footwear of that day, constant usage would sooner or later begin its ravages on sole, heel and toe, and necessity had

taught the farmer the crude art of cobbling, cutting the sole leather to fit the needed patch in the sole, and fastening it with wooden pegs, while the torn upper portion was deftly covered with softer leather and sewed with a large needle, wax ends and strong thread, and in this manner the boots and shoes were revamped and made to last through the winter; for the first days of the early spring would see us boys venturing out upon the frosty ground with bare feet, hardening them for the approaching spring and summer months, during which time the boys' and girls' feet were innocent of shoes, except on special "dress up" occasions, and the daily contact of bare feet with mother earth rendered us immune to all the little ills that have come upon us in our later day civilization.

One of the home industries, which furnished not only useful employment but brought together the young people of both sexes socially, was the braiding of straw for the plain, simple and durable hat for summer wear in the harvest fields and ordinary out-of-door farm life. A quantity of oat straws carefully selected would be cut into proper lengths for braiding, and a number of young boys and girls seated on the floor around the room would vie with each other in deftness and expertness in braiding and joining the short lengths into long strands, which were afterwards sewed together,

forming first the brim of the hat, then curving upwards at a certain point until the crown was completed, which was shaped to a size that would fit the head of the prospective wearer. In the making of this rough head gear the particular style which is now considered so important an appendage in the make-up of the young society man was not thought of, the main consideration being the utility of the article rather than its artistic effect. Some time later was introduced into the market what was known as the "chip" hat, which could be purchased at the country store for a very small sum, which completely superseded the homemade article, the making of which had consumed many a happy hour in those primitive days when pennies were carefully counted and prudently laid aside to be expended only in the purchase of necessary articles which could not be manufactured in the home.

The skating season afforded a delightful recreation with which the farmer boy lightened the interval in the dreary and laborious round of winter farm work—the work of felling trees, splitting the timber with wedge and maul, then cutting it up into cord wood, to be loaded in the rude sled with its side stakes and hauled through the deep snow by the struggling oxen as they lunged forward from side to side, spreading out their awkward legs as they tugged at the load with strained eyeballs, slowly working their way through the unbroken

road, urged on by the many "gees" and "haws" of the driver as he walked ahead with his goad.

But before indulging in the pastime of skating if the boy had no skates it was necessary to make them, which was quite a task, and evening after evening the boys would be found sitting before the fire fashioning their skates, with thick pieces of wood carefully whittled out and fashioned to the shape of the sole of the boot, curving in like the hull of a boat and narrowing down to the point that will come in contact with the ice, then a deep groove is cut, running the length of the skate, into which is neatly fitted a long sharp bone, perhaps the breast bone of a chicken or turkey, smoothed down to an even surface. A nail with a sharpened point is driven through the heel piece, which serves as a stay for the foot as it pierces the heel of the boot. The next operation consists of burning two holes from one side of the skate to the other, with a round piece of red-hot iron, and through these holes is passed small pieces of rope which are tied tightly over the toe and instep and around the heel, and then the skater is prepared to enjoy the fruits of his toil and handicraft by skimming over the glassy ice during the moonlight nights.

It was in this simple pioneer life that the boy as well as the man learned to apply his wit and ingenuity in supplying his wants. A little money might have purchased in a hardware store in the

village an article then known as a skate, and occasionally a young fellow who had been able to earn a dollar or two would astonish his companions by exhibiting one of these new creations, but with the average country boy a silver dollar or its equivalent in Spanish sixpences, shillings and quarters was not so easy to obtain. And then, too, there was a sort of honest pride and independence that fully compensated the patient toiler, in having constructed with his own hands the rough but serviceable substitute, with which by skillful practice he could outdistance his companion with the "boughten" article. The same was true of the homemade sled with which he coasted down the hillsides, where smooth paths had been worn during the day, and made still more smooth and slippery by pouring on it a few pails of water after nightfall, which froze as it fell, with the thermometer standing at twenty degrees below zero.

CHAPTER III

The Old-Time Circus

One of the red-letter days which is always fresh in the memory of the past was the advent of the old-time circus, which made its annual rounds, affording a source of endless delight to the youth of the land. For weeks preceding the eventful day the fences and barns of the surrounding country would be decorated with immense posters in brilliant colors depicting all the wonderful scenes to be presented by "The greatest show on earth." At this season the attraction of the circus was an event beside which the Christmas holidays and even the glorious 4th of July paled into insignificance, as the flaming posters pictured the grand procession with the elephant at its head —"the largest elephant in the world"—followed by a long train of zoological wonders, prancing steeds with bareback riders, while in the center were the well-known features of the great showman, whose name stood as a guaranty back of every remarkable statement on the show bills, some of which were calculated to stagger the belief of the most credulous.

For weeks before the momentous event the boy would be counting his little store of pennies, and puzzling his brain in devising some means of increasing his wealth, as the appointed day grew

perilously near, with an alarming shortage of the necessary amount, until a whispered appeal to mother or an offer of a generous older brother would set his little heart at rest on that score; for it cost no small amount in those days of small things, when the entrance fee was 25 cents for an adult, and half-price for children, and no circus could be absolutely complete in its wealth of enjoyment for the small boy without his card of gingerbread and his glass of lemonade or ginger beer.

In the dawn of the early morning of the great day many an anxious eye was intent on watching the sky, and dire predictions of rain would cast a damper on the hopes of Mary Jane, who has washed and starched her best gown for the occasion, but later a joyous cry would be heard, as the sun came out bright with a cloudless sky which gave every promise of an ideal circus day.

Arriving on the ground, and once inside the tent, after pushing and jamming one's way through the perspiring crowd, what joy was in store for the little fellow who was lucky enough to get a front seat on the grass just outside of the roped arena; and who does not remember the delight that filled his breast as he beheld for the first time all the wonders of the ring, the astonishing feats of the bareback rider as he flies around the circle on his fleet steed and jumps the hurdles, and later, the young fairy in gauze and tarleton enters the ring standing

on the back of the old reliable white horse, who with steady strides makes the circuit under the guidance of his charming rider, stopping long enough to allow the typical old clown to relieve himself of his latest joke, and sing his topical song, the refrain of which still lingers in our memory:

"Chief cook and bottle washer, head of all the waiters,
Stand upon your head while you peel a bag of taters,
All jog along,"

and proceeds to jog along himself in a lame and halting gait, while the joy of the audience finds expression in a pandemonium of shrieks, laughter and cat-calls, which drowns the music of the band, and little else can be heard except the strident voice of the vendor of soft drinks, who makes the welkin ring with his "Lemonade this way," mingled with the cries of the popcorn and peanut merchants and the cry of the song-book man, "Latest jokes and songs of the clown; only 10 cents."

Who doesn't recall the scenes of that wonderful day, when Josh with his best girl is seen on a front seat with a plentiful supply of popcorn, peanuts and peppermint candy, while in close proximity are dad and ma, who have come on the prudent errand of "looking after the children," and near them is a grey-haired octogenarian with his youngest grandchild in his arms, taking in the show with all the delight of his infantile years.

But the joys of the old-time circus did not end with that day. For days and weeks afterwards little groups of boys would be seen discussing all the wonderful exploits that they had witnessed, and what one had forgotten another would recall to mind, and during all this time the small boy would be seen practicing standing on his head, walking on his hands, with other daring feats, to the mortal terror of his anxious mother, who "viewed with alarm" the perilous exploits of her venturesome offspring.

In these later days, when the pampered appetite for unnatural excitement is fed to its fullest extent by daily and nightly exhibitions at the movies, a large proportion of which has escaped the watchful eye of the censor, scenes that poison the minds of the young with their coarse and sensuous allurements, of course nobody but an old "back number" would think of reverting to the joy which the old-time circus imparted to the healthy and innocent mind of the youth of more than half a century ago; and yet it was the boys and girls of those days who were laying the foundation for a noble manhood and womanhood, whose after years were devoted to the work of making the world a better place in which to live.

We had very little currency in those early days; in fact the only paper money was a long and nar-

row script, commonly called a "shinplaster," signed by the county treasurer, a rudely printed affair calling for a valuation of twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents, which was redeemable in silver coin at the county treasury. The few silver coins in circulation were Spanish sixpences, shillings and two-shillings, and occasionally, though rarely, we would see a silver American dollar, quite a curiosity to the denizen of the backwoods. The copper coinage, which comprised the most treasured wealth of the children was the American penny, a beautiful coin as it came bright and fresh from the mint, and about two-thirds of the size of our present half dollar, which would purchase at the bakery in town a large stick of peppermint or lemon candy, and the boy would proudly exhibit to his little visitor his precious store of wealth, consisting of pennies, sixpences and shillings; but with the country boy there was little thought of parting with these treasures, and nothing but the temptation of circus day would induce him to expend it. His needs were very few compared with the boy of this day. He was always comfortably and decently clad, through summer and winter, and there was a plentiful supply of good, wholesome food. There was always a goodly store of flour, corn, bacon and other meats, all the product of the farm. The few necessary articles which we were obliged to purchase were easily procured in exchange for butter

and eggs, which were always in demand at the nearest country store.

CHAPTER IV

THE MEXICAN WAR—THE TELEGRAPH—THE RAILROAD

IT IS the summer of 1847. The piping days of peace which have dwelt with us for thirty-five years, since the war of 1812, are giving place to the shrill notes of the fife and drum that presage the Mexican war. Why we should have a war with Mexico nobody seems to know, and nobody seems to care much about it, because nobody is obliged to enlist unless he wants to. However, the spirit of adventure is in the air, and the thirst for glory at the cannon's mouth is firing the youth of the land, and as we listen on a quiet summer afternoon we hear in the village the distant notes of the fife and drum, and we are told that a recruiting squad is picking up volunteers.

Remarkable changes are taking place which will eventually revolutionize the trade and commerce of the country, and no one can foresee the outcome of the new inventions and the wonderful forces that are being brought into life through the teeming brain of man. The advent of steam has become a

fixed fact, and the slow sailing vessel with which Columbus discovered our shores 365 years ago has given place to the steamship that brings us news of the old world at least a month sooner than before.

The weekly newspaper that a farmer neighbor brings us from the village, a quaint little news gatherer entirely innocent of headlines, tells us of the wonders of the electric telegraph, and that a line of wire has actually been constructed, with poles and insulators, and an office has been established in the village; in fact the editor himself, as he tells us, has been placed in charge of the office as manager, although he is totally ignorant of its working, but he is a prominent citizen and the office must be in charge of a responsible man. Besides, he has given the company the use of a small room adjoining the editorial sanctum. His responsibility is a light one, however, for as soon as the business gets fairly under way a bright and capable young expert telegrapher will appear on the scene and attend to the practical work of receiving and sending messages.

Another event is heralded by the same little news gatherer, co-equal in importance with the telegraph, the advent of the first railroad. The Michigan Central railroad is pushing its way into the great West. It has already reached our village, and some time in the distant future it will have

reached a city on the western border of Lake Michigan known as Chicago, which has already attained a population of some 25,000 souls.

I am so curious to see this wonderful sight that one day in company with my brothers I trudge barefooted to the village and for the first time see a locomotive, belching out its smoke and steam as it works its way along a strap rail spiked to wooden stringers, pulling after it a freight car, while we stand at the respectful distance of at least a hundred yards, my older brother holding me tightly by the hand lest the monster should take a notion to fly the track and relentlessly pursue us as we flee in terror at its approach.

Verily the nineteenth century has much in store for us, and no one would dare to prophesy what even ten years may bring about in this wonderful age of invention.

But my heart goes back to that little log house on the farm. What a rude affair it was, and how singularly constructed, with its rough logs filled in with a sort of mud plaster to keep out the wintry blasts, its quaint little windows rudely set in the spaces sawed out in the logs, and the thin battened door with its large wooden latch and leathern latch string, pulled in at night as the family retire to their rest—the old time cat hole sawed out in the

corner at the bottom, for the accommodation of puss and her family.

The furnishings and utensils of the old-time home in the early days of backwoods life in the West, now seen only in the exhibits of a historical society museum, were the necessary accompaniments of every home, prominent among which was the capacious stone fireplace, adapted to the reception of the large backlog, the piece de resistance, furnishing the foundation for the smaller wood, added from time to time as occasion required, while on one side was attached a strong iron bar known as a crane, which swung back and forth on its hinges, and suspended from it were the hangers and pothooks, carrying the pots and kettles filled with meats and vegetables for cooking over the wood fire beneath. While this outfit was doing its duty in carrying on the boiling process, the tin oven with its contents of bread, pies and cake was pushed towards the glowing coals on the hearth beneath, and carefully watched to avoid burning, until thoroughly baked to a golden brown.

Among the smaller utensils was the old-time bellows, hung at the ingleside—an important aid to the housekeeper, in reviving the dying embers and fanning the incipient flame into a blaze. Another important adjunct hanging by its side was the turkey wing, used for brushing back the coals and ashes, which from time to time fell upon the brick

hearth. On the broad wooden shelf or mantel over the fireplace at the base of the rude stone chimney, furnishing a convenient depository for many useful little household articles, were the old-time snuffers, with handles like a pair of scissors, and a small metal box not unlike the superstructure of a Venetian gondola, which automatically received and stowed away the pieces of burned wick from the tallow candle, which needed trimming as the light grew dim.

The usual furniture of the room consisted of two arm chairs ingeniously constructed from a flour barrel, strongly built, as barrels were in those days of honest workmanship, with one-half sawed out on the side in the shape of an arm chair, one of its heads being fitted into the lower half for a seat, provided with a cushion of coarse "ticking" filled with cotton batting, the arms and back upholstered in the same manner, and the whole covered with cotton cloth known as "chintz" of an attractive pattern, thus furnishing a comfortable easy chair for father and mother, while the boys occupied the wooden stools of their own handiwork, and the little fellows were content with a seat on the warm brick hearth close to the fire on cold winter evenings.

We were not far removed from the days of flint and tinder box, which were still in use in some homes, but were gradually giving place to a won-

derful invention known as a lucifer match, which came in a small, round wooden box, and required frequent scratching before it could be induced to give out its tiny flame. The new invention was quite carefully and sparingly used, as it was an expensive luxury.

Another piece of household furniture, which together with the homemade rag carpet made up the interior furnishing, was the pioneer bedstead, which consisted of four upright, unpainted posts with head and footboard, with round side pieces, through which holes were bored for passing through the ropes which furnished a foundation for the coarse sacking on which was placed the straw ticking which answered for a mattress, upon which was laid the other clothing of the bed. The setting up of one of these primitive bedsteads required considerable time and labor, especially the cording process, where the rope was passed back and forth from one side to the other, tightly stretched and held in place temporarily by driving in the hole a plug of hard wood, until the rope was passed through all the holes and drawn to a tension sufficient to prevent its sagging down with the weight of its occupant.

The building was what was known as a double house, with two front doors leading into entirely separate rooms, evidently built for housing two

families. We occupied both sides, however, one room being set apart for us boys, so that when we retired for the night we were compelled to go out of one outside door into another which led into the adjoining room. It was inconvenient, but nobody thought of conveniences in those days, although it was rather "spooky" for us children, having to grope about in the dark, not knowing but that some large rattlesnake had sought the comfortable warm quarters of the bed during the day, and lay coiled up ready for a spring at us. This terror was averted, however, by sawing out a section in one of the logs into which opening mother would set a smoky, sputtering oil lamp, one of the recent inventions of the new age, until we were safely in bed, when the lamp would be removed to do duty for an hour or two in the family room.

My brothers would tell me of another log house with a garret, the house in which I was born, where the family slept upstairs, which was reached by means of a ladder, which they pulled up after them at night, to secure themselves against the nocturnal visits of the Indians, of which there were quite a number in the neighborhood, very harmless and peaceable, but inclined to be a little too friendly; and as it was, frequently during the night an Indian attracted by the firelight would poke his head in the doorway and, finding nobody down below, with a grunt of satisfaction would stretch himself out

before the fire with perhaps one or two companions; but the early morning light would find the coast clear, with no signs of an Indian, except during the day, driven by hunger, the child of the forest would steal around at the back door and pitifully beg a little "quashagin" (bread), which was rarely refused.

CHAPTER V

THE CHRISTMAS BOX

ONE OF the few red-letter days of the year, anticipated for months in advance, and in which we were never disappointed, was the arrival of a large dry-goods box well stored with clothing and various articles most needed, through the kindness of an aunt who lived in New York City. Father's elder brother had been for many years a resident of that city, and had established a large and prosperous business on Broadway. His family consisted of several sons and daughters and, being of an age that brought them into the gay society of city life, they naturally followed closely the dictates of fashion in dress, and before the year was over a large assortment of coats, vests, pants, shirts, collars, shoes and hats that had seen very little wear were thrown aside for the newer styles of the season. I fear, however,

that we never would have realized the joyful annual advent of what was always spoken of as "the box" had it not been for the care and forethought of our good aunt, who was always mindful of the needs of "Henry's family," and as clothing was laid aside in the spring for the newer styles it was carefully packed away in camphor, preparatory to making up the contents of the box later in the year for shipment to the West, and in the late fall months the welcome letter would arrive announcing its shipment.

I wonder even at this day how that box could have survived the hazards of that long journey and reach us intact; but after a month of anticipation would come the joyful announcement that the box had arrived in the village and would be delivered when called for by the consignee, and it only remained for father to hunt up a neighbor who was going to town the following day and arrange to accompany him and return with the box, which was always a good sized dry-goods box, securely nailed with bands of sheet iron strips to guard it from being broken open or injured.

For hours before its arrival an excited band of little brothers seated on a "stake and rider" fence were eagerly watching the road to the village, until the horses' heads appeared approaching the crest of the hill, then a run at the top of our speed until

we met the team and clambered inside the wagon, feasting our eyes on the long-expected box; and how impatiently we waited until it was unloaded, and father with ax and hammer finally succeeded in loosening the iron hoops and prying open the cover.

The contents of that box that brought so much joy and comfort to the little family if listed would fill several closely written pages. Suffice it to say that nobody had been forgotten, and for fear that some of the articles might not be suitable for making over for the younger boys, bolts of cloth were packed in with the clothing, and dress patterns, yards of ribbon and trimmings of various kinds for mother, and papers of pins, spools and skeins of thread and packages of needles, and, what was dearer than all else to us children, and the older ones, too, was a large ten-pound box of the choicest confectionery that was made in that day.

Years afterwards, a young man of twenty-five on a visit to New York, my first thought was to hunt up that dear good woman whose thoughtful care had contributed so much to the happiness of my childhood days, but, alas! she had passed on to her long home but a few months before, and I had but the melancholy satisfaction of gazing on the counterfeit features of the dear soul, whose memory will always endure in at least one grateful heart,

for one of the many goods deeds that characterized her noble and unselfish life.

It is pleasant to look back into the past, and from the somewhat hard and rough experiences of pioneer life cull out the many delightful memories that shine through the years like a ray of sunlight in a dim and musty garret—memories that cluster around the heart in looking back over life's history, that come to us fresh and bright, undimmed by time, untarnished by an unworthy thought or deed —the memory of kind, loving words, of noble thoughts and impulses, of all that makes life worth living—if I were to sum it all up, it lies away back in the simple days of our early life in the West.

We had little of the world's goods. We needed little. Our wants, few as they were, were all supplied. We were a happy, loving and cheerful family. In looking back into that home life I search my memory in vain for a solitary unkind word from father or mother. It was indeed a home where "joy was duty, and love was law."

Of course there were occasional outbreaks and quarrels between little brothers. What family of bright, active boys with different natures ever lived always in peace and harmony? The teasing disposition of one, the quick, fiery temper of the other, often led to outbreaks that might have been serious but for the gentle, loving voice of mother, and the

quiet but firm word from father that always arrested the rising storm, and in a moment all was peace, and the darkened brow cleared and the angry word gave place to a merry laugh over some droll remark of dear brother Willie, who always acted as peacemaker between his belligerent brothers.

Then, too, ours was not the life of many of the rough, ignorant denizens of the backwoods, who had no resources within themselves, with no object in life but to work, eat and sleep. We brought with us into our crude western life all the civilization of the East, and while we measured our strength with the rudest of the pioneers as we worked side by side in forest and field, we carried with us an inner life which found its full fruition in the family circle during the long winter evenings, when the work for the day was over and we gathered around the cheerful fireside of our humble home.

For one thing, father, despite his rough farmer garb, was a cultured gentleman. Boasting of no college diploma, yet he could read the New Testament in its original Greek with the greatest ease. He was a good Latin scholar. He could speak French with a fluency that delighted every native Frenchman with whom he came in contact. His knowledge of ancient and medieval history, of science and art was most extensive.

One of the few treasures that survived the journey from the East to the backwoods was a box

of books containing some of the best English literature, and our winter evenings were largely spent by the fireside, mother sitting with her sewing and mending, and the boys seated on the brick hearth fashioning with their jackknives cunning little cedar boxes, listening as father read to us from Blackwood's Magazine, from Chambers' Miscellany, from Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton. And thus were sown the seeds that afterwards found their fruition in an earnest desire for learning, and a love for the higher and better things of life.

CHAPTER VI

The Night Attack

It was hardly to be expected that the little English boys with their gentle ways and polite manners would find favor with the rough, uncouth boys of the neighborhood, who were cast in a different mold, and heartrending were the tales of woe brought home by the little fellows of the abuses and indignities that were heaped upon them —the "little stuck-up Englishers" as they were called—during the recess hour when the teacher's eye was not upon them. Willie boy, who had developed a remarkable facility and ingenuity with his sharp pocket knife, would make cunning little wooden knives and toothpicks and distribute them among the boys, in the hope of gaining their friendship and good will, and he succeeded with the really well-disposed boys; but a few of the older boys refused to be won over, and with a species of low cunning that always goes hand in hand with the ignorant and ill bred they resorted to every possible device that would add to the misery and unhappiness of the little fellows.

Father and mother naturally sympathized with them, but father would tell them that they were going to school to learn, and must put up with some disagreeable experiences, which were necessarily incident to association with boys of coarser fibre,

and whose rough ways were not always indicative of a bad heart, and that they would be won over in time. There were two brothers, however, named Ball, great big fellows, nearly man grown, who were being badly distanced in their studies by the bright little "Englishers," and it was plain to be seen from their action that their settled dislike would sooner or later find a vent in some kind of deviltry, although what it might be nobody could conjecture.

One dark rainy night in November it devolved upon the little boys to hunt up the cow, which had strayed away, and which was usually found in a clearing beyond the dense woods near our place. The boys had found the cow and were driving it home through the woods with no sense of fear, as they had often traversed the well-known paths on the darkest nights, and were merrily talking and laughing over some event of the day, when they were suddenly arrested by strong hands grasping them by the collar with an oath, while with the other hand whips were applied with merciless cruelty upon their bodies and legs, until the poor little fellows, screaming with pain and agony, were left upon the ground by the fiends, who suddenly disappeared after wreaking their vengeance upon their helpless victims, and father, hearing their faint cries, went to their rescue and brought them home crying and sobbing, with their little legs

streaming with blood, and their tender flesh unmercifully cut, and the cruel welts on their bodies bearing fearful testimony to the inhuman treatment that had been administered.

Father was eminently a man of action, but it was too late to accomplish anything that night. The next morning, however, found him on his way at an early hour to the county seat, where the machinery of the law was quickly set in motion, and by noon of that day a couple of county officials with their warrants were searching for the suspects and were not long in apprehending them and marching them to the county seat, where they were incarcerated in the jail to await their trial on the charge of malicious assault with intent to do great bodily harm.

It was quite evident that there was to be no child's play in this affair, and Mr. Ball, the father of the boys, at once hurried to town to hunt up his lawyer and prepare a defense. Ball, who was familiarly known in the neighborhood as "Old Ball," a large, coarse-looking man to whom his boys bore a strong resemblance, did not bear the best reputation himself, and had narrowly escaped conviction on one occasion through the efforts of a lynx-eyed practitioner named Warner, who was known to be an adept in getting his clients out of trouble.

Ball retained Warner to defend the boys, and the line of defense agreed upon was an alibi. Ball

assured his lawyer that the mother, Mrs. Ball, and her sister, a maiden aunt of the boys, who made her home with the family, would swear that the boys were in bed and asleep at the precise hour when the occurrence was said to have taken place, having retired at an unusually early hour that night, and the aunt would testify to having distinctly heard them snoring in an adjoining room at the time.

The Prosecuting Attorney was Mr. VanArmand,* a brilliant young lawyer, who was just

*VanArmand several years afterward removed to Chicago, and became the most celebrated criminal lawyer of that city. His zeal for his client's interest often led him into taking risks from which his professional brethren would shrink with dismay.

As an illustration of this, it is related that at one time he was defending a client who was charged with murder by administering poison to his victim. A portion of the powder was found on the premises, being traced directly to the accused and was subjected to a chemical anaysis and declared to contain poison in sufficient quantity to produce death.

VanArmand had the closing argument in the case, and at the end of an impassioned appeal to the jury in which he vehemently declared that the analysis was wrong and that the powder was perfectly harmless, he turned to the clerk of the court and requested him to give him the package containing the powder in question, which the experts swore contained poison and which had been labeled as an exhibit in the case, and unfolding the paper he calmly poured its contents down his throat with the remark, "You see how much poison there is in this," and took his seat, and the jury immediately retired and shortly afterward brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

It was reported at the time that, previous to determining to risk his life in this dramatic manner, VanArmand had consulted an eminent specialist on poisons, who had advised him as to the time required for poison to get beyond control of medical skill, and that immediately after the jury retired he stepped into an adjoining room, where the proper antidote was administered in time to save his life.

starting out on a career that in after years earned for him the reputation of being one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the West. He accompanied father to our home, and when he had interviewed the little boys and was shown the terrible effects of the brutal attack upon them all his sympathies were aroused, and he entered on the prosecution of the case with a zeal and earnestness that savored of the warm hearted man as well as the relentless prosecutor of the county, and going into the prosecution with his whole heart and soul he determined to not only win his spurs in this, his most important case, but at the same time to administer a castigation upon the cowardly brutes that would be a salutary lesson to them during the rest of their lives.

Accompanied by father and the boys he visited the scene of the assault of the previous night. The footprints in the soft ground had not been obliterated by the rain, and with the keen eye of the born detective VanArmand had little trouble in tracing them to the Ball premises, and armed with the authority of his office he searched the premises from garret to basement in quest of the whips, and finally succeeded in uncovering them—two ugly looking weapons, one a rawhide and the other what was known as a "blacksnake," both of which bore evidence of recent use, and revealed upon close inspection traces of what appeared to be blood.

Armed with these mute evidences of guilt he returned to town. In the meantime father was not idle, but, acting upon VanArmand's advice, anticipating the only possible defense in the case, he was scouring the neighborhood for witnesses, not only as to the general reputation of the Ball boys, but as to the reputation of Mrs. Ball and her sister, and Ball himself, for truth and veracity, and had easily secured a dozen reputable witnesses whose testimony would go a long way towards sweeping aside any sworn statements of the women in an attempt to establish an alibi.

But there was one particular witness that father had discovered during his search for evidence, a close mouthed discreet neighbor whose reputation for truthfulness and honesty was beyond question, but as to whose testimony father would say nothing, even in the bosom of his family, except that a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as he mentioned his name indicated that a surprise was in store, the nature of which was tightly locked in the breasts of three men—father, the Prosecuting Attorney and the witness. It was evident that the talented young official had all the evidence that he needed to make out his case.

CHAPTER VII

The Trial

The details of the trial at the county seat were afterwards rehearsed so often by my brothers that they were indelibly impressed on my memory.

As the hour arrived the court room was crowded with jurors, witnesses and spectators. After the opening announcement, the judge having taken his seat, the case was called, both parties announcing themselves ready, a jury was impanelled, and the case for the State was opened by the Prosecuting Attorney with a detailed statement of what he expected to prove.

The testimony began by swearing and placing on the stand fair-haired, blue-eyed little Alfred, who was promptly objected to as a witness on the ground that he was too young to understand the obligation of an oath.

The kind-hearted old judge beckoned to the trembling little witness, who was vainly trying to keep back his tears, and tenderly putting his arm around him, said, "Now, don't be afraid, Alfred, nobody is going to hurt you. How old are you?"

"Eight years," whispered Alfred.

"Do you go to school?"

A nod.

"What do you study in school?"

A whispered answer, "Spelling and reading."

"Haven't learned to write yet? Well, you will learn that in time. Does your mother teach you to say your prayers?"

Alfred mutely nodded.

"Do you know what that gentleman said to you when he told you to hold up your right hand?"

Another nod.

"What did he tell you?"

By this time Alfred had found his voice sufficiently to answer in low tones, "Tell the truth."

"Do you always tell the truth?"

Another nod.

"Do you know what will happen to you, now that you have been sworn, if you don't tell the truth?"

A faint response, "Be punished."

"Who will punish you?"

"God."

"That will do, Alfred," said the judge. "Now just sit down in that chair, and don't be frightened, but answer as best you can the questions that these gentlemen will ask you." Then turning to the objecting counsel, "Your objection is overruled, sir. This little boy understands the obligation of an oath as well as anybody in this court room."

A good starter for little Alfred, who took his seat, immensely comforted by the knowledge that the judge was his friend.

Then VanArmand proceeded in the most gentle and adroit manner to draw from the child the details of the brutal assault; how he and his brother Willie were driving home the cow after dark in the rain through the woods, laughing and talking, and how he suddenly felt a rough hand on his collar, and a harsh voice, saying, "I've got you now, you damned little Englishman?"

"Did you know that voice?" asked VanArmand.

"Yes, sir."

"Whose voice was it?"

Alfred, pale and trembling, mutely pointed to one of the prisoners.

"You are now pointing to William Ball, one of the prisoners in the box?"

A nod, and a stifled sob.

"You know you swore, Alfred, in the presence of God Almighty, that you would tell the truth. Will you say now, remembering that solemn oath that you have taken, that it was William Ball who grasped you by the collar and said those words, and whipped you with that whip on the night in question?"

To which solemn question came the brave and unhesitating answer, "Yes, sir."

"Pull up your trousers, Alfred, and show these gentlemen the effect of the blows of that whip."

The little legs with their black and blue welts were exhibited to the jury.

"That will do, Alfred."

Then began the cross-examination, after the most approved method in such cases.

"How old are you, sonny? When were you born? Don't remember when you were born, eh? Can't even tell the year? In what month were you born? Don't even know that? Always tell the truth? Sometimes tell little white lies when you are afraid of getting a licking? W-h-a-t? Never was whipped by father or mother in your life? No? Sure of that? Swear to that?"

An incredulous glance at the jury.

"What sort of a night was this? Raining, and very dark, eh? Couldn't see who took you by the collar? How do you know that it was William Ball? Isn't it possible that somebody else might have a voice like William's? Ready to swear before God that it was his voice? Know all about the obligation of an oath? That will do, my boy."

Another expressive glance at the jury, and Alfred was excused from the witness stand.

"Call Willie Watson."

Willie was sworn, and took the stand without a challenge; quiet, serious, twelve-year-old Willie, looking with clear gray eyes into those of his interlocutor.

"I needn't ask *you* if you understand the obligation of an oath," said VanArmand. "Where were

you on the night of November 14th, at about 8:30?"

"Driving home our cow, with my little brother."

"Tell these gentlemen what happened as you entered the woods on your way home that night."

"Why, we were talking and laughing as usual, trying to keep the cow in the path; it was so dark we couldn't see a thing, when somebody grabbed me by the collar and began to lash me around the legs with a big whip"—

"One moment," interjected the Prosecuting Attorney, "could you tell by the feeling whether that was an ordinary switch or a buggy whip?"

"No, it was a limber sort of a whip that curled around my legs as he whipped me."

"Something like this?" suiting the action to the words, by vigorously lashing the leg of the table with a heavy blacksnake whip.

"Yes, sir."

"Could you say how many times he struck you?"

"Do you want me to show you?" beginning to roll up his trousers.

"Well, perhaps that would be the best answer to that question," and the deep scars and purple welts similar to those on Alfred's legs were exhibited to the jury.

"Did you hear anything said during this time?"

"Yes, sir, I heard the fellow who had hold of Alfred say, 'I've got you now, you damn little Englishman.' "

"Anything else?"

"And I heard him say to the fellow who was whipping me, 'Give him hell, Jim.' "

"Who was 'Jim?' "

"I don't know, unless it was Jim Ball."

"I object," interposed Warner, "the boy doesn't know who it was."

"We will satisfy you on that score before we get through," said Van.

"You can't prove it by *this* witness," triumphantly jeered the lawyer.

"Now, Willie, can you tell me which hand it was that was holding you by the collar?"

"It was the right hand."

"Oh, I object," shouted the lawyer. "What difference does that make?"

"We will prove that Jim Ball is left-handed," said Van Armand.

"What if he is? Lots of people are left-handed," retorted Warner, more confident than ever of proving his alibi.

One or two more questions, not forgetting the important statutory question, "This happened in the county of ———, in this state?" and upon an affirmative answer Willie was turned over to the tender mercies of the opposing counsel for cross-

examination, which was pursued very much on the same line as with Alfred except that the witness could give more details as to his age and birthday.

He was taken through a repetition of his previous statements of the occurrence, in an attempt to contradict him and break down his testimony, but Willie manfully adhered to his original statement without variation in the minutest detail.

Then came the searching question, followed by the inquiry that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is flatly denied by the frightened witness: "How does it come that you are so absolutely certain of everything that you have stated on this witness stand? Has anybody been talking to you about this case?"

"Why, yes."

"Who?"

"Mr. VanArmand."

"Ah, I *thought* so," with a triumphant glance at the jury.

"Why, of course," said Van. "Do you think I am such a jackass as to put a witness on the stand without knowing what he will swear to?" and a titter ran around the court room at the expense of the defendant's attorney, and Willie was excused from further examination.

"That's the case for the prosecution," announced the Prosecuting Attorney.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TRIAL—CONTINUED

FOLLOWING the conclusion of the testimony on the part of the State came the opening statement for the defense, and the assurance to the jury that the innocence of the accused would be proved beyond the scintilla of a doubt (a lawyer always has a "scintilla" somewhere about his person); that the Ball boys, tired out with a hard day's work, had retired early on the night in question, and that just about the time of this alleged assault their aunt distinctly heard them snoring in their room; that this testimony would be substantiated by the mother and father of the boys, all old residents of the neighborhood, whose testimony could not be impeached, and so on.

Then followed the testimony of the maiden aunt, substantially as outlined by the lawyer in his statement to the jury, and the witness was turned over for cross-examination.

"I don't know that I have any questions," said VanArmand, "except—by the way, how old are you Miss —?"

"I don't think that is any of your business," snapped out the witness.

"Well, perhaps not," good naturedly responded Van. "You can step down," and the lady left the stand, somewhat disconcerted by the easy way in

which she had been let off from what she had anticipated would be a severe cross-examination, and for which she had mentally rehearsed some of the sharp replies that she would make to the questions that might be asked her by the presumptuous young attorney.

Mrs. Ball was the next witness. She substantiated the statements of the maiden aunt, and was excused from cross-examination with the curt remark, "No questions."

Then came the father, whose testimony was to the same effect.

The alibi having been so conclusively proven, of course it was not necessary to put the Ball boys on the stand, and at this point the defendant's counsel rested his case.

"I have a little rebuttal evidence," said Van-Armand. "Call Benjamin Foster," and Mr. Foster was called and sworn.

Farmer, sixty years of age; lived in the neighborhood for the past forty years; had been Justice of the Peace, and now chairman of the district school board of the county.

"Do you recall the evening of the 14th of November of this year?"

"I do."

"Where were you at about 8:30 on that evening?"

"It had just started to rain, and I went down the road to look after a heifer that had been left out in the pasture, to put her under shelter."

"Was this after dark?"

"Yes."

"Did you have a lantern with you on that night?"

"I did."

"Was it in good order, and burning brightly?"

"It was."

"Did you meet anybody as you were going on that errand?"

"I did."

"I object," shouted the defendant's lawyer. "This is not in rebuttal of anything that has been testified to."

"We can judge of that better when we hear the evidence," said the judge. "It may be directly in rebuttal of some of your testimony. You may proceed."

"Whom did you meet?"

"William and James Ball."

"How long have you known Bill and Jim Ball?"

"Ever since they moved into the neighborhood."

"Are you certain that the persons whom you met were Bill and Jim Ball?"

"I am."

"Why are you so certain of that fact, 'Squire?"

"I turned my lantern full in their faces as they passed me, and told them they had better hurry

back home or they would get wet, and they said they were after their cows, and would soon be back."

"In which direction were they going?"

"I looked around after they passed me, and I saw them leaving the road and striking into the woods."

"Did you notice whether they had anything in their hands?"

"I don't know as to Jim, but Bill had a sort of a whip in his hand that he was switching around as he walked."

"You are absolutely positive that Bill had a whip in his hand?"

"I am positive of that, and I thought at the time—"

"Never mind what you thought," roared Warner with a face as red as a boiled lobster. "You've said enough, without giving us your thoughts."

After the usual statutory question as to the venue, the witness was turned over for cross-examination, and subjected to the usual hectoring questions: Was he absolutely certain? Would he swear positively, etc.? Had he any personal interest in the case? Hadn't he had some trouble with the Balls on a previous occasion? And so on, and the witness was finally told that he could "come down."

Then followed in succession the dozen reputable witnesses, men and women, the women swearing positively to the bad reputation of Mrs. Ball and the maiden aunt for truth and veracity, and the men swearing to the general reputation of Ball and his boys, which was equally bad in the neighborhood, as to quarrelsomeness and disturbance of the peace, and a grilling cross-examination followed in each case, which brought out much more damaging testimony than the witnesses would have sworn to, had they not been nagged into making the statements.

The case was drawing to a close.

"I believe that is all, your honor," said VanArmand, "except that I wish to introduce these whips in evidence."

"I object!" shouted Warner. "There's not a scintilla of evidence that the prisoners or their family know anything about those whips."

"Call Mr. Watson," and father is sworn, and testifies to having made a search of the Ball premises in company with Mr. VanArmand, and found the whips in question, concealed under some blankets in the barn; that they had closely questioned Mrs. Ball and her sister in regard to them and they had reluctantly admitted that the whips were the property of Bill and Jim Ball.

Another grilling cross-examination followed, in which the nationality of the witness was prominent-

ly brought out and exploited before the jury, and he was figuratively "turned down" with the significant remark, "That's all I want with *you*."

"Oh, by the way," queried VanArmand, "are you now an American citizen?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply.

"When did you take out your second papers?"

"About five years ago, as soon as I could get them," and so ended *that* attempt to discredit the witness.

"Now I *think* I am through, except a question I desire to ask Dr. Baker in regard to these whips," said VanArmand.

Dr. Baker was sworn.

"Doctor, I hand you these whips. Have you ever seen them before?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When they were handed to me by you for microscopic examination."

"Can you state the date they were handed to you?"

"My memorandum shows it was on the evening of the 15th of November."

"What did you find on them?"

"I found a number of fresh traces of human blood."

"About how long would you say those evidences of human blood had been on those whips?"

"I should say not longer than twenty-four hours, at the time I examined them."

The witness was turned over for cross-examination.

"You are a doctor, are you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You can come down."

"I think you *know* it, too," retorted the witness, as a parting shot on leaving the witness stand, a remark which from a doctor often carries with it peculiar significance, and may mean anything, or whatever interpretation the listener may choose to put upon it, and the meaning seemed to be fully appreciated by the audience.

The evidence was closed.

I wouldn't attempt to give even a brief outline of the arguments, although my brothers drank in every word, and often rehearsed the salient points.

At the conclusion of the summing up of the evidence the court, having read the instructions, in a solemn and impressive manner addressed the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the testimony in this case. You have seen the wounds inflicted on the persons of these little boys, and you have your instructions as to the law of the case.

"It is not usual or proper for the court to comment on the testimony, but in this case I would feel that I was recreant to my sense of manhood were I not to state to you that in all my experience on the bench, which has been many years, never has a case come before me involving such moral turpitude, such fiendish brutality as this cowardly and unprovoked attack upon these inoffensive and innocent little boys.

"I need say no more. The case is in your hands. The sheriff will conduct you to your jury room to deliberate upon your verdict."

Under the instructions the jury were authorized in case they found the prisoners guilty to assess their punishment at a fine of not less than fifty dollars, nor more than five hundred, or imprisonment in the county jail for not more than six months, or a fine of fifty dollars *and* imprisonment for six months.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty and assessed the punishment at fifty dollars' fine and six months' imprisonment.

Thus ended the famous trial, the first and last case in which any one of our family has been compelled to invoke the majesty of the law. The lesson was a salutary one for the Ball family, who shortly afterwards removed from the neighborhood to a more congenial clime, and from that time on the "little Englishers" had no reason to complain

of ill treatment at school or elsewhere from their companions.

But the incongruous nature of father's environment was not to be of long duration. At intervals a gentle, scholarly looking man would find his way to our humble home, and we would hear long and earnest talks on strange truths which were just finding their way into the world of thought—new revelations that were destined some day in the distant future to create a revolution in all Christian churches, and save the world from atheism, from agnosticism, that honest protest of the higher intelligence against the strait-jacket creeds of past centuries with which it was sought to confine the will and the conscience of the young giant of modern thought.

On these great subjects would these kindred spirits dwell for hours, and at times the district schoolmaster would spend an evening with us, and much as we respected him as a man of learning, we noticed that he looked to father for instruction and guidance on the many abstruse questions of the day.

Mother had told us how father, a boy of sixteen, but wonderfully matured, was wont to address gatherings of a liberal sect in England who were attempting to break away from the straight-laced but powerful body known as the Church of Eng-

land. That he had brought with him to the new world that spirit of religious liberty, and in his search for more light in that direction he had discovered these wonderful doctrines which were the absorbing theme of discourse with his visitor. What those doctrines were my child mind was not capable of grasping, but when father would take me upon his knees and tell me of the angels who were always near me when I was trying to be good, and that heaven was very near to us all, that God was good, and never punished His children, it was something that I could understand.

Thus it was plain to be seen that a change was coming to us that would mean a removal from our little log house on the farm into the town, which would open a wider field for us all. For the past year John had been working his way through a small college some twenty miles distant, where by doing chores of various kinds the poor young fellow could earn his board and tuition. Alfred, now a boy of twelve, had already left home, and was living with his uncle and aunt in the village, having secured a place as messenger boy in the telegraph office, with an opportunity of learning telegraphy. Willie was pining for a better education under teachers more learned than the district schoolmaster.

Thus it was that in a few months later we had left the little log house, around which so many

happy memories clustered, and were stopping temporarily with an uncle and aunt in town, while father was preaching in a thriving little settlement in the northern part of the state, where possibly we might make our future home.

CHAPTER IX

THE EVANGELIST

IT IS midwinter in Arcadia. The light fall of snow that began to whiten the ground early in December has been increasing its strata day after day, until the deep banks are seen on every hand. The tramp of busy feet has worn paths on the sidewalks, and the farmers coming into town with their bobsleds heavily loaded with cord wood have broken the country roads and made them passable, while the merry jingle of sleigh bells fills the air as the sleighs and cutters swiftly glide over the beaten roads of the town, with the young fellows and their sweethearts warmly wrapped in fox skins and buffalo robes, and occasionally a merry load of young people out for a frolic, seated in the box of a large sleigh well bedded with plenty of clean straw or hay, and warm shawls and blankets around them.

It is the season for revivals in religious circles, and one of the largest churches has been set apart

for the occasion. The harvest of grain and fruits is over and safely stored in commodious barns, and the people have plenty of leisure to assist in garnering the harvest of souls.

A famous evangelist has been engaged to arouse the sinners and call them to repentance by depicting in lurid language the fires of hell and the tortures of the damned.

An irreverent scoffer suggests that it is the worst time in the year for preaching hell fire, when so many are freezing and anxious to get into a warm place, but the remark is met with the silent scorn and contempt that it merits.

All the leading churches are united in the work. A chorister is employed to lead the singing, and as the meeting progresses the good old tunes are announced and sung with zest and earnestness by the good people. One hymn especially which is deemed most suitable for the occasion, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, we wretched, wretched sinners lie," while by way of comfort and encouragement to the most obdurate and stony-hearted the words, "While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return," has its proper place in the repertoire.

A two weeks' engagement is made for the evangelist, and large handbills scattered throughout the town in addition to the advertisements in the newspapers, announce the fact that every evening in the

week with a double programme on Sunday the siege against the bulwarks of sin will be carried on, the powers of hell attacked, and the war relentlessly waged against the hosts of Satan until the last one of the lost sheep is gathered safely into the fold.

The services were to begin at "early candle-light"—an hour as early as would enable the families to finish their evening meal and the good wife wash her dishes and put the house in order for the next morning, and 7 o'clock found the church well filled with the regular attendants, while a few derelicts for whom the revival was especially instituted had been gathered in, a goodly sprinkling of hard heads whom the most vigorous appeals at former revivals had failed to move to repentance, unlike the appeal of the gentle village pastor of Goldsmith's whose power was such that "fools who came to scoff remained to pray," and the most vivid pictures that could be held up before their eyes of the terrible punishments to be visited upon the head of the obdurate sinner by an angry and avenging God made not the slightest impression on their stony hearts.

And yet who could sit unmoved under the impassioned words that rang through the aisles and transepts of the sacred edifice, as the speaker paced up and down the platform, lashing himself into the fury of a caged lion as he drew his terrible

picture, mingled with pathetic appeals to the hardened sinner.

Listen, now.

"Oh, my fellow sinner, how little can you realize the terrible fate that is in store for you! Think of the wretched victims who are now suffering all the torments of the damned in that molten lake of fire and brimstone, prepared by the devil and his angels, doomed to suffer through all eternity, where the worm dieth not, and the fires are not quenched. Think of the smoke of their torment that arises from the bottomless pit, while the angels of heaven leaning over the battlements rejoice as they behold their just punishment, and with one accord raise their voices in praise to the glory of God, who in His divine justice and for His own glory has condemned the wicked and unbelieving sinner to an eternity of torment. *Yea, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth! But now is the accepted time. Repent, O ye sinners! Jesus is pleading for you; all the saints in heaven are praying for you. Oh, come to the anxious seat, kneel with me at this altar and plead for mercy, ere it is too late. Remember the words of Jesus, 'Thou fool, this very night thy soul shall be required of thee.' A false step in the dark, a plunge down a narrow stairway, a thrust from the assassin's knife may take your

*An authentic recital.

life, and all is lost. Oh, make your calling sure! Not tomorrow, not the next day, but this night, this very moment, repent, repent, and escape the vengeance of a just and angry God!"

As the speaker paused, exhausted by his impetuous appeal, "amens" sounded from all parts of the house; strong men unable to resist the impress of the burning words bowed their heads and wept; women were screaming and wringing their hands in agony over the terrible picture and the pathetic appeal, and young boys and girls were frantically pushing their way to the altar rail, and on bended knees with terror-stricken eyes made their appeal, united with the fervent prayers of the preacher. Then another hymn, a hymn of rejoicing over the salvation of the lost, the song of Miriam, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's Red Sea," followed by the benediction, and thus ended the first chapter of what promised to be the greatest soul harvest of the season.

Far be it for me to set down one word in derision of this solemn and heart-rending scene. Men who have not witnessed the effect of these impassioned appeals, coupled with the frightful pictures of the torments of the doomed sinners cannot possibly realize their potency, directed principally to the fear of punishment from the wrath of an angry God. The speaker was evidently terribly in earnest and believed in his heart that he was speaking the

truth. The people were good, earnest Christians who were honestly trying to save their souls from perdition.

It was a time when the horrible dogma of damnation of unbaptized infants was preached in the churches, and the harrowing uncertainty of the doctrine of election and foreordination was in full force, where dear saintly women whose lives had been a benediction to all with whom they came in contact, could not be certain whether they would not eventually be plunged into that lake of unquenchable fire, if it should have been foreordained that they were not among the "elect."

CHAPTER X

The Little Minister

While the revival was at its height, and through the efforts of the great evangelist many lost souls were being nightly added to the list of converts, terror-stricken by the horrible pictures of the fate of the lost sinner and moved by the eloquent pleading of the preacher, quite a different scene was occurring in the little court house, a plain, weather-beaten frame building, which was the best that the county could afford at that time, the use of which had been obtained for a series of meetings which would not be allowed to be held in one of the churches.

The wood stove had heated the room to a comfortable temperature, and the oil lamps set in the side brackets had been lighted, and a small audience had gathered to listen to a lecture by an unknown speaker who had come to town unheralded by handbills or notices in the weekly paper—a stranger within their gates, but a guest of one of the leading citizens, through whose invitation the little gathering had assembled. There was no choir, no solemn notes of the organ to awake the echoes of the musty little court room. The speaker, a small man of unassuming demeanor, was seated in front of the judge's bench, with a table and lamp before him.

At the appointed hour he arose and uttered a short but fervent prayer, followed by the Lord's prayer, after which he opened the Bible, and selected for his text the words of John IV, sixteenth verse: "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

The discourse that followed was briefly as follows:

"There is but one God, who is Christ, our Saviour. In Him is embodied the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The Father was not separate and apart from Him, but *in* Him, as the soul is in the body. He said to His disciples, 'Know ye not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me?' And to Philip's words, 'Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us,' he answers, 'Have I been so long with thee, Philip, and yet thou hast not known me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' It was Christ who said to the woman of Samaria, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' It was Christ who breathed upon His disciples and said, 'Receive ye the Holy Spirit.'

"God Himself as Christ came into this world to save the human race. He suffered his body to be crucified, not to appease the wrath of an angry and offended God, but to reconcile the world unto Himself. His Holy Spirit, the Comforter that he promised to send, is always with us: 'Lo, I am with you always, unto the end of the world.'

"With this view of God as Christ, the only living God, the words of John come to us with peculiar significance. John, the beloved of our Lord, saw Him in clearer light than any of the other disciples and the truth of his words that God is love is not denied by any one in this day, and yet it is denied in all the creeds in Christendom.

"God in His infinite love is always endeavoring to save us from our sins, and it is not His will that any human being should fall into sin and suffer its consequences. What can be more pathetic than the words of our Lord, in His grief over the wicked city of Jerusalem: 'O Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, how often would I have gathered you under my wings, even as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not.' Does this sound like the words of a cruel and revengeful God? Do we not read in the Scriptures, 'The Lord is good, and His mercy is over all His works?' And we are further told that 'Even as a father pitieth his children, so pitieth He them that fear Him.'

"How can a being who is infinite love and mercy condemn His poor erring children to a punishment far exceeding all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition? No human father, however wicked and depraved, could be guilty of such cruelty. It is the worst form of blasphemy to attribute to a loving and merciful Father qualities which for cruelty and injustice exceed those of the worst human parent.

"Everybody acknowledges that God is good; but it is said that He is also just, and the common idea of God's justice is vengeance, when justice is but a manifestation of His love. It is also said that He is jealous, which is thought to mean guarding His honor; but jealousy as applied to God simply means a zeal for the good of all created beings.

"The essence of God is love, which is the source of all life. No reasonable man can believe that God has doomed any portion of the race to eternal misery.

"God in His infinite wisdom has created man with an immortal soul. He has endowed him with all the powers of reason and the capacity of distinguishing between good and evil.

"The beasts of the field can do no wrong, because they act purely from instinct, but man is placed in this world as a free agent, and while he is left in perfect freedom to choose his course of life, God has made known to him the truth through His written word, and with the commandments before him, and the teachings of the Bible, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," he is free to choose the evil or the good. If such were not the case he would be a mere machine, a puppet in the hands of a higher power, and would be no more responsible for his acts than the beasts.

"God does not condemn anybody to eternal punishment. It is man who punishes himself when

he chooses to lead an evil life. The fires of hell that are spoken of in the Bible are the fires of evil loves, of hatred and revenge and all the vile passions that spring from an evil life. These are the fires that burn within him, and are not quenched. We can conceive of no worse hell than that which dwells in the breast of an evil man, and when that man dies he is not forcibly plunged into a lake of fire to appease the wrath of an angry God, but he goes of his own accord among those with whom he chooses to associate, and, as distinguished from heaven where the angels dwell, the place of abode of evil spirits is hell. But even there the mercy of God follows him, and his pitiable condition is ameliorated as far as possible by preventing him from plunging himself still deeper into the bottomless pit of wickedness, and, as the Psalmist says, 'If I make my bed in hell, lo, Thou art there also.'

"The future life of every man is determined by his life in this world, and the quality of that life is determined by his ruling love. The love of self concentrates all things in himself, and in that love he dwells in his own dark prison house. His love is really hatred, and he looks with envious eyes upon all who would outstrip him in the race; and where his dwelling place is now, there will it be hereafter, because that evil love, the love of self, is his life, and dark and malignant passions have left their impress on every fibre of his spirit.

"The love of the world is a milder form of evil; but when he passes out of this world what has he left? Nothing but outer darkness, and weeping and gnashing of teeth. His life in the world has been engrossed with the most sordid and trivial pursuits. With a 'step as steady as time and an appetite keen as death' the man will go on adding field to field and house to house, joyously counting his broad acres, when tomorrow's sun will set upon a spot of earth six feet by two, which is all that is left of his possessions that he may really call his own.

"But to dwell in the love of God is to dwell in the love of good deeds, in unselfish service to his fellow man. With such a man the delight of his life is in making others happy, and in this love God dwells in him. He dwells in heaven here, and will dwell in heaven to all eternity, and while he may be without the pale of the church no power on earth, no creed or priest can send him to hell.

" 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him,' and though the everlasting hills be moved, the rocks rent and the earth upheaved, it will not disturb his life, for his dwelling place is with the ever blessed God.

"What is mortal life to him? What are mortal fears and hopes to that man; and what we call death, what is that to him?

"As the sun sinks on its crimson couch at close of day but to rise on other lands and gladden brighter skies with its ruddy morning beams, so the couch on which the wearied body sinks to rest becomes to that man's liberated spirit a chariot of horses of fire bearing him to a summer clime—to his own heaven."

The minister closed with the announcement that the next lecture would be given at that place on the following evening, on the subject, "The Holy Bible, the Word of God."

CHAPTER XI

Reaction

Spring has set in early this year, after an unusually severe winter, and the snow is off the ground. Early plowing has commenced, and the fruit trees are beginning to bud and blossom. The oaks and hickories are in full bud, and the young trees are beginning to unfold their leaves, like little baby hands reaching out to the grateful rays of the warm sunlight.

The great revival that has been the predominating feature of the winter season has become a thing of the past, and the results seem to be satisfactory, so far as the immediate effects are concerned. Those converts who had made their confessions at the altar, and, to use a common expression, had "got religion" naturally felt impelled to live up to their professions, and for the time being there is a marked improvement in church attendance, which has been extremely gratifying to the good people who took an active part in the revival.

But with religious awakenings by means of emotional excitement, like all other things in nature, there is an ebb and flow, and the crest of the wave having been reached there is a backward flow, when the flood tide has passed, and matters settle back into their accustomed routine; and at this juncture it became painfully apparent that the harvest of

souls was not as permanent as had been hoped, and gradually, one by one, the converts dropped out of the habit of church going, and the usual backsliding followed, notwithstanding the attempts of a few of the most zealous ones to keep the converts in line and to fan into flames the dying embers of the fire that had been kindled by the efforts of the great evangelist.

For some time afterwards nightly meetings were held at the church, and some of the most emotional ones who had become more or less crazed by the unnatural excitement that they had undergone would hold their meetings outside on the steps of the church, continuing in loud prayer until after midnight and disturbing the slumbers of their more quiet neighbors, until it became necessary to make complaint to the authorities with a request to abate what had become a nuisance to the neighborhood, and it became a serious question among the good church people themselves as to whether the revival had produced such a beneficent effect on the community as they had hoped for.

A different condition of affairs prevailed, however, with the intelligent and thoughtful people who had been attracted by the preaching of the little minister at the court house, at whose meetings the attendance had increased steadily since the first lecture, until the court room became crowded to its utmost capacity.

The startling and novel doctrines enunciated at the first meeting had thoroughly aroused the interest of the small gathering. The positive statements of doctrine came to them as from one having authority, and those who were not at first impressed with their truth were curious to see how the speaker would explain the meaning of many statements in the Bible which in their literal sense fully justified the evangelist in his description of the horrors of hell and the terrible judgments of an offended and avenging God. These matters were explained clearly in the following lectures as to the hidden meaning of many obscure passages, followed by other lectures in which the troublesome questions of death, of the judgment, of the resurrection of the natural body were fully answered, and the future life in heaven and hell was described in a manner that accorded so perfectly with sound reason and common sense, that with most of the hearers no doubt remained as to the truth of the new doctrines.

Soon afterwards a society was organized with regular Sunday morning and evening services, and a large Sunday school class that met after the morning service, and it became evident that the new religious movement had come to stay. It had come upon them in the midst of the great revival that was agitating the whole community, but like the "still small voice" that was not in the whirl-

wind, not in the earthquake nor the fire, it carried with it a power that had its permanent resting place in thinking minds, despite the solemn warnings that came from the pulpits of other churches against "that dangerous and insidious heresy" that was being preached, and was designed to lead astray the faithful from the straight and narrow path of their ancestors, which had been mapped out in the creeds of hundreds of years ago, and which they felt in duty bound to preach.

Thus it was that a year following our removal from the little log house on the Michigan farm found us in the beautiful little town of Arcadia in the northern part of the state, where, with the assistance of the congregation of the newly formed society, a modest home was found at a nominal rent and supplied with the necessary furniture, made up of a few articles that could be spared from the homes of the various members of the society.

What had become of the few household goods that we possessed in our humble home on the farm, I never knew. It is doubtful whether the whole outfit if sold at auction would have brought more than five dollars, and was certainly not worth the expense of transportation to our new home.

CHAPTER XII

Arcadia

Quite a pretentious little metropolis is this rapidly growing settlement, which has already reached a population of 3,000 souls, and yet we find the town life almost as simple as the country. We are located fifty miles from the railroad, an entire day's journey by stage through dense timberland, with no telegraphic communication and but one mail a day, which arrives late in the evening, and we listen for the distant sound of the stage driver's horn before repairing to the post office, where a crowd of citizens are waiting for the distribution of their mail.

It is a delightful little Arcadia, and is unique in the fact that we are all on an equality, and few possess more than a necessary share of the world's goods. There is an utter absence of what is known as the "codfish aristocracy;" in fact the wealthiest man in the town is said to be worth not more than five thousand dollars, and his home is the only one that boasts of a pianoforte.

A young girl with a silk gown would be a curiosity, and yet all the girls are sweet and charming in their clean calico or white muslin frocks, constructed through the joint efforts of their mothers and themselves, and their luxuriant hair smoothly combed and braided, tied with ribbons and hang-

ing down their backs. They all go to school and learn what is thought to be necessary, all that makes for a good education in the English branches, and what they learn is thoroughly learned and put into practice in after life.

There is little travel, when a stage ride to the nearest railroad station means a hard ten hours' journey through heavy forests, where the shade is so dense that the sun's rays rarely penetrate sufficiently to dry up the deep mud holes in the road after the heavy rains. We little dream of the wealth that lies hidden in these forest trees, the development of which is destined in the future to make of this place a great city, known all over the world for its immense furniture factories, built up at the expense of the complete obliteration of these forests, and giving place to broad acres under cultivation and a dozen or more populous little towns and cities in its stead.

The lack of communication by rail or telegraph is not such a great detriment, however, in these quiet and uneventful days of the early 50's, when people are content to read their New York dailies a week after their publication, and Harper's Monthly, Godey's Lady's Book and Gleason's Pictorial supply us with all the literature that we need, in addition to the two bright newsy weeklies with their collection of local and state news, and their strong

and able editorials on the political questions of the day.

There are no sensational dailies of the polecat species in which the foulest scandals are dished up in a manner to satisfy the prurient mind and cater to the lowest passions, and sent broadcast into decent families, to pollute the minds of the young; consequently there are no elopements, no divorces. The sacredness of the marriage vow is held inviolable, "until death us do part," and the mother, who is the priestess of the home, sees to it that her daughter thoroughly understands the meaning of those solemn words before taking upon herself the sacred duties of wifehood and motherhood.

There are excellent books for the young which are read and thoroughly appreciated—the Marco Paul and Rollo books for boys, and the Lucy books for girls, and there is no lack of solid and instructive books for the mature youth. "Learning to Think" is a book that thoroughly explains the laws of physics, which helps the youth out amazingly in his study of natural philosophy, and answers all questions that arise in connection with unusual phenomena. Bible stories, too, are written in a style to attract the young, and leave on their minds an indelible impress of many of the dramatic scenes of the Old Testament.

The popular songs of the day are of a high order, and while they may be subject to the criti-

cism that they are too sentimental, it can be said that the sentiment is pure and good, and comes from the best impulses of the human heart. Among the songs that the little ones delight in is "Lightly Row," a simple little boat song composed of but five notes, and the beautiful song "Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home" is a favorite in the home circle. Tom Moore's "Oft in the Stilly Night" is cherished by the older ones, and Eliza Cooke's "Old Arm Chair" appeals with its beautiful sentiment to many a bereaved soul. Often have I been lulled to sleep with mother's sweet voice singing in soft low tones "Robin Adair."

Of the negro melodies the popular airs of the street are "Old Zip Coon," "Nelly Bly" and "Old Uncle Ned." "The Old Folks at Home" has been the first to arrive at the dignity of sheet music, and finds a ready sale at the book store.

We are located on an ideal site, the residence portion being on a high rise of ground, gradually sloping down to the level of Water street, which is paralleled by the river, on which little steamboats ply back and forth daily during the open season, connecting at its mouth with small steamers and sailing craft that cross Lake Michigan and afford us a water outlet to the cities of Milwaukee and Chicago, both of which are becoming western commercial centers. These little river steamboats are propelled by what are known as low pressure en-

gines, and each revolution is accompanied by a peculiar barking sound, which can be heard for miles distant, echoing through the trees and the bends of the river like the cry of some wild animal.

The early spring freshets are always looked forward to with apprehension by those living near the river, as the winter snows melt and run down into the little streams that are tributary, swelling the current and carrying destruction and death in their sudden rise, despite all precautions of those living near its banks.

On the crest of the principal hill, fully a hundred feet above the level of the river, we children in our explorations find mixed with the sand and gravel innumerable little shells which afford us much speculation as to when the river could ever have reached that height, but our limited knowledge of geology doesn't assist us much in solving the problem.

CHAPTER XIII

Life in Arcadia

The young people had no lack of pleasure and recreation between their school hours, and in the winter hardly a week passed without a young folks' party—no formal invitation with R. S. V. P. in the corner, but a party at Nelly Kirkbride's on Friday evening was announced by the young hostess to her friends with a request to invite others, and thus the word was soon passed around, and everybody was prepared when the evening came for a general good time, and "innocent merriment" was the rule.

A good part of the evening would be consumed in the children's games, especially when the "button" game was started, when the boy or girl would pass the button with the strict injunction, "Hold fast all I give you," which injunction was promptly ignored by the holder smuggling it into the hands of his neighbor, and in reply to the question, "Who's got the button?" came the stereotyped answer, "Next-door neighbor," and then to the next-door neighbor came the momentous question, "What shall be done to your next-door neighbor for acusing you thus wrongfully?" and a piping little voice issues the edict, "He must measure five yards of tape with Mattie Allen."

It seems hardly proper in these decadent days to mention the nature of an innocent amusement that would now be termed "dangerously immoral," where the girl and boy would stand in the center of the room and in the presence of the company clasp hands, extending their arms to the full length, bringing their bodies close together, when the yard of tape would be "cut off" after the most approved fashion. But remember that this was in Arcadia, and no vile or impure thoughts entered into the minds of the young in that charmed circle.

Sweet little Mattie Allen in her gingham gown, her soft brown eyes, and her glossy hair falling in silken ringlets around her white throat and neck, shrank back into her chair with flaming cheeks, while the teasing little company clapped their hands and urged her on—"You've got to do it, Mattie," "Oh, come on; don't be a fraid cat," and there stood George Winters like the little man that he was, in the middle of the room, only too ready to pay his forfeit, and Mattie hanging back, till she heard the compelling voice of her mother, "Oh, go on, Mattie; they'll give you no peace till you do it; and you know George."

Indeed she did know George, the handsome boy. Hadn't they grown up together, from the time they were both little toads, and had trudged back and forth to the district school when George was really her next-door neighbor? Then, too, Mattie remem-

bered the time when they were coasting down Prospect Hill one bright moonlight night, and an ugly root had thrown them off, and she had sprained her ankle, and while crying and writhing with pain George had tenderly gathered her up in his arms and soothingly kissed her sweet lips as he carried her to her home. And Mattie had hid the memory of that kiss away down in her soft little heart, and never told even mother; but here was George, a tall youth of sixteen, and she had just turned fifteen, and the situation was a delicate one, but the jeers and epithet "fraid cat" overcame her scruples, and there was George standing ready and looking at her with pleading eyes that drew her to him almost before she realized what she was doing. A whispered word "it will soon be over," and her hands were in his firm grasp, the arms extended, and the pressure of soft pure lips, once, twice, thrice, until the fifth yard was measured, and Mattie was released, and took her seat, not so very glad as she might be, now that it was all over.

But there was more fun to come, when the next victim received his sentence, and a youth nearing his eighteenth year was told to "Go to Rome," and started out on his journey, amid screams and laughter from all parts of the room. Going to Rome was quite a task, too, for it took in not only the girls little and big, but the mothers, aunts and grandmothers, and when the young man came to the

mother of his sweetheart he had no hesitation in putting his arm around her neck and saluting her, once, twice and thrice, until the comely and blushing matron pushed him away, crying "Oh, go along with you!" and it was plain to be seen that there would never be any trouble with *that* mother-in-law.

So the evening passed, until refreshment time, when sandwiches, bread and butter, cakes and crullers and coffee were passed around, and as the hour of 10 o'clock approached the girls began to get on their cloaks, hoods and tippets and the boys their overcoats and hats, and not infrequently there was some little strife between two rivals for the privilege of seeing home a certain girl who was especially attractive to the young masculine eye.

Happy, happy days! The word "immoral" had not come into daily use, and if it was heard it wasn't understood by the young people in this little Arcadia. Once I remember a certain handsome but wild youth of eighteen or nineteen years got into some trouble with a poor girl employed in his mother's household. What it was, we children never knew; it was spoken of only by mothers in low breath and out of the hearing of the young folks. But we did know that afterwards the young man could never mingle with the society of which the community was made up, where "select" meant decency and pure living, and where the most attractive masculine youth found no welcome unless his

habits were such as to grant him admission into the charmed circle, and his parents sent him away for an indefinite time in the hope of reforming him under strict discipline.

Good old Democratic days were those, with flour at ten dollars a barrel, and hay at twenty dollars a ton. On the other hand, eggs were sold for ten and twelve cents a dozen, and butter from twelve to fifteen cents a pound; but such butter! The butter that the farmers would bring into town would turn the stomach of an ostrich, in these days of scientific butter making. Cows were allowed to feed on leeks and garlic, which strongly impregnated the milk and butter, and the purchaser at the little grocery was compelled to go through with the most elaborate tasting of roll after roll, before he could find one with a semblance of sweetness sufficient to make it palatable, and by that time the taste of bad butter had so completely permeated his gastric juices that he didn't care to see any butter for a month. The baker's bread brought the usual five cents a loaf, but it was constructed under a formula in which potatoes and alum were a conspicuous ingredient, and being extremely sour, it was hardly palatable, except for toast, and was mostly used in that way. It was only when we could get a home-made loaf of "salt risings," which in these days of microbes, germs and what not is said to be so full of poison as to be unfit for food, that we could

really enjoy a slice of bread and molasses, which the children preferred to the best butter that could be bought.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ARGONAUTS

THE craze for wealth and golden dreams of the future had little place in the youthful mind. It was rumored that a certain man in New York City by the name of Astor was worth a million dollars, and the youngsters in discussing that immense sum would try to calculate how long it would take to count it, if it was all in silver dollars, but after trying to conceive of its immensity would dismiss the subject with the thought that they wouldn't care to be bothered with taking care of so much money, and run the risk of being murdered by some desperate robber.

It was not long, however, before the subject of the pursuit of gold was being agitated in the publications of the day, in connection with the wonderful discoveries of gold in California, which had come into our possession through the war with Mexico, and throughout the country countless argonauts were joining in the long train of emigrant wagons that were pursuing their weary way across the Rocky Mountains and the arid plains of New

Mexico and Arizona, dragging their slow length along like great worms towards the El Dorado of the Pacific coast.

A favorite ditty of the day was:

> "O, Californy, that's the place for me,
> I'm bound for Sacramento with my wash-bowl
> on my knee."

And, indeed, it would seem from all reports that having reached that Mecca of the fortune hunter it was only necessary to have a pick and shovel, and a wooden box known as a "rocker," or simply a tin wash dish on some of the little streams, where ten, fifteen and twenty dollars in gold dust could be washed out each day from the shining sands. The risk of dying on the way, or starving after one reached there, for lack of money to pay the fabulous prices for provisions was little thought of in the mad rush for gold.

Night after night Mr. Colvin, a neighbor of ours, who had long since passed his fiftieth milestone would entertain us with his dreams of wealth in that distant land. During his sleeping hours the whole vista of that wonderful country opened to his vision, and he had often seen in his dreams the identical spot, a cleft in the rocks in one of the narrow canyons, a mine of untold wealth.

He was a good carpenter and was earning a comfortable living at his trade, but it was plain to be

seen that he would never be satisfied until he had made an attempt to reach the promised land and realize his dream, and very shortly afterwards he had procured out of his slender means sufficient to complete a little outfit, with which he started with a small party from our place, to join the innumerable caravans moving to that mysterious realm, where many a poor fellow found his chamber "in the silent halls of death." Poor deluded dreamer! In less than two months came the news of his death, before he had reached half-way to his destination; and then another, and another, had fallen by the wayside, and my memory fails to recall one of the little band who reached the Pacific coast.

One of the most interesting lectures that we listened to about that time was by Lieutenant Gunnison of the regular army, whose wife and daughters were living in our town, and where he was visiting while on a furlough. His lecture was largely devoted to the Mormons at Salt Lake, near which place his regiment was stationed, and his revelations of the condition of the many poor deluded women who had been enticed from their homes in foreign lands to become practically enslaved by Brigham Young and his "saints" without the protection of our government in that distant and newly acquired territory filled us with horror and indignation.

Lieutenant Gunnison, whose name will always be associated with the Black Canyon of the Gunnison and the Gunnison country, was a soldier whose bravery was conspicuous in those early days on the western frontier, and had no hesitation in telling in plain, straightforward language what he had learned of the true condition of affairs among the people known as the Latter Day Saints, for which temerity he paid dearly, for a few years afterwards an Associated Press dispatch from Utah brought the news that the body of Lieutenant Gunnison had been found near the fort, pierced with more than twenty arrows. Of course it was the work of Indians, but the Mormons and Indians of the territory were not inimical, and dark deeds could easily be committed through the Indians when one had been marked for death.

CHAPTER XV

The Donation Party

Two years have passed since we bade farewell to our crude but free and happy life in the backwoods, and we have become accustomed to the more polished and cultured life of the town. Brother John has completed his college course and is working in the printing office of one of the weekly newspapers. Alfred has become an expert telegrapher, but has given up his work temporarily in order to join the family in their new home and avail himself of some necessary education which he has missed in earlier years. Willie is completing his course at the high school, and father is receiving from his congregation the princely salary of three hundred dollars a year. We could get along very nicely on that sum, however, if it was paid in cash in regular installments, but a good deal of it is made up in contributions in the shape of potatoes, corn, flour and other household commodities, while such purchases as we are compelled to make at the stores are paid for principally with store orders, which are paid in as church subscriptions, and in making such purchases it is found best to make our selections and have our packages weighed and wrapped up before producing the order, which is received not with the best grace by the thrifty storekeeper, who would most likely increase his

price and cut off some of the corners on the weight, had he known that he was being entrapped into paying an honest debt by a store order.

The welcome and useful Christmas box that had afforded us so much pleasure and comfort while on the farm had ceased to come, for the reason that our good aunt thought it would not be needed, and partly perhaps for the reason that she doubted whether it would be welcome or acceptable in our changed circumstances, in both of which she was sadly mistaken, for our necessary clothing required the expenditure of considerable hard cash, of which we had very little, and would have had still less, were it not for the annual donation party.

In all churches, except the Catholic, the donation party was an important event in every minister's family. Father was opposed to the custom of passing the contribution plate at the conclusion of the Sunday service, as being incongruous with the sacredness of religious devotion, and therefore during the winter of the first year of his ministry it was ordained and decreed by the church committee that a donation party should be given at the residence of the pastor, and the members of the congregation were requested to invite their friends, whether in or out of the church, which invitation was eagerly responded to by the young folks, because our church was not "set" against the innocent

pastime of dancing when properly conducted in the presence of parents and older people of the church.

When the eventful evening arrived all was in readiness, for while the party was to be held at our home it was not proposed to burden the minister's wife with the work of preparing for it, except to give up the rooms for that evening, and some of the good sisters would come early in the afternoon and help arrange the rooms and do the necessary sweeping and dusting, which is always such an important feature of the good housekeeper's work.

As the hour approached in the evening people began to flock in from all directions, each bringing their allotted portion of pies, cakes, cold chicken, boiled ham and tongue, bread and butter, cheese, tea, coffee and sugar, all of which were supplied in sufficient abundance to afford the minister's family quite a generous supply for some time after the event.

Among the early arrivals was Mr. Coffin with his clarionet, old Mr. Hale and his son with their violins, which were to be brought into requisition later in the evening when the dancing began.

The principal object of interest, however, was a large glass dish which was placed on a little table in a conspicuous place, the use of which was so obvious that it was hardly necessary to call attention to it; but it was interesting to watch the ways of different people in connection with that glass dish.

Some modest man would wander near it and furtively slip in a dollar, while another with less modesty and with a pompous air, conscious that the eyes of all were upon him, would ostentatiously draw from his pocket a silver dollar and throw it in the dish in a spot where it would announce his generosity with a loud ring.

The ladies modestly deposited their mite, and a clever wife whose spouse was noted for his close ways in money matters would gently but firmly lead him up to the dish and explain to him its particular use, he pretending to be very obtuse as to what was expected of him. The young fellow who wanted to keep in the good graces of his best girl would come down handsomely with a silver dollar, and thus set a bright example to the other young men in the presence of the girls, and so the pile of dollars, halves, shillings and sixpences began to swell to such dimensions that the minister's eyes brightened as he mentally calculated the probable sum total, which would go a long way towards procuring some necessary clothing for the family during the rest of the year.

CHAPTER XVI

The Building of the Temple

The little group of intelligent and thoughtful people who had been attracted by the new doctrines that were being preached in the court house and were continued each Sunday morning and evening during the winter and spring following the revival meetings had increased to such numbers that it became evident that the present quarters in the court house were entirely inadequate to accommodate the attendance, for during the warm summer evenings, as "early candle-light" approached, every available space was occupied by eager listeners, with a number standing or seated on the grass outside, listening to the preaching through the open windows.

The church committee into whose hands were entrusted all the details that might come up in reference to the needs of the society had had several meetings, at which the paramount question was the securing of a larger and more suitable meeting place. The one public hall of the town was in the third story of a building in the business section, and its steep and narrow stairway rendered it both inconvenient and unsafe for a place of worship.

It was at one of these meetings of the committee that a rash member proposed the building of a church. It was certainly a bold proposition, and

seemed a most formidable undertaking for the congregation, none of whom possessed more of the world's goods than was absolutely necessary for their own use, but the more the matter was discussed the less impossible did it appear. The good ladies took it up and had their little meetings, at which many practical schemes were suggested for raising money. The young people, too, took up the matter, and organized a mite society which was to meet once a week, where in addition to a pleasant evening of amusement the building fund would be increased by their contributions at each meeting. The men folks had frequent meetings and discussions, and amid the many practical suggestions that each in turn brought forward the undertaking began to assume a concrete form.

The purchase of a lot, was not such a serious undertaking. Land was cheap at that time, and a fifty-foot lot in a very good location could be purchased for a nominal consideration. Mr. Holton, one of the most earnest and active members and a practical builder, agreed to contribute his time and labor, and his son and one or two other young men who were carpenters volunteered to contribute their share in the work of dressing the lumber and erecting the building. Mr. Green, a stone mason, offered with the assistance of his son to do the excavating and put in the foundation as their part of the work, and Mr. Jones, a cabinet maker, was to

furnish the pews, while Mr. Deal, an upholsterer, agreed to furnish the cushions.

Lumber of the best quality was near at hand and could be purchased at very low prices, and those who were not engaged in the actual work of erecting and furnishing the building contributed generously to the building fund, and several members of other churches who had heard one or two sermons that stayed by them and furnished some food for thought had a leaning towards the little minister, and contributed generously towards the work. The minister himself, who had the happy faculty of turning his hand to anything that came along in the way of work, had secured a position in the county clerk's office, where by keeping the books and accounts of the county he was enabled to earn a living for his family in the interim of the building of the church and thereby relieve the congregation of the payment of the minister's salary until the building should be completed, and all debts paid.

And so it was that, within a few days after the final determination to undertake the work, the lot was purchased and wagon loads of stone and lumber were being hauled and placed on the ground, and the work of excavation and laying of the foundation was begun, and before the winter snows had begun to fall the edifice was completed and ready for use, and the money realized through the

united efforts of the ladies in the sale of various articles of food and fancy work, with the contributions of their husbands and friends and the little fund that the young folks had been able to raise, together with other contributions was found sufficient to pay all debts, and leave a little surplus, with which was purchased a small Prince & Co. melodeon, which brother Willie, now a youth of sixteen, had learned to play, and had become quite proficient in its use, while there was no lack of fresh young voices to make up the choir, and such good old tunes as "Ariel," "Coronation," "Federal Street," "Naoma," and dozens of other fine old productions now relegated to the dust and ashes of past years, were sung with a fervor and zest which characterized the deep religious spirit that prevailed in all Christian churches of that day.

It was a joyful day when the announcement was made that the first service would be held in the new temple on the following Sabbath morning, and when the congregation assembled everything was complete and in order, even to the name of each member printed on little cards and tacked onto the backs of the respective pews.

Thus had the work progressed to a successful termination which at the outset was deemed almost impossible, but which had been carried through by the steadfast determination of a few faithful ones who had worked happily and harmoniously to-

gether through the long summer and autumn days. The good people, too, fully realized the meaning of the words, "Except the Lord build the house the laborers labor in vain," and were upheld in their work by the faith that the Lord was with them in the sacred work that they had undertaken in the building of His house.

CHAPTER XVII

New Talks on an Old Subject

It was not surprising that the doctrines that were being preached from the pulpit of the new church should arouse some strong opposition on the part of the pastors of some of the evangelical churches of the town. Some, however, maintained a dignified silence, content to preach their own doctrines, and rely upon holding their congregations with a fine church, attractive music and the prestige of a membership of some of the best families of the place, who felt in duty bound to hold to the faith of their ancestors, although they had a very hazy idea of what that faith consisted. But there were others who felt called upon to take up the cudgels and wage a valiant warfare in defense of their faith.

The principal line of attack was the sweeping charge that the preacher of these strange doctrines did not believe in the Bible, and was trying to substitute a new Bible, made up of the writings of Confucius, Mahomet, or some other founder of non-Christian faith; but the general charge, "Don't believe in the Bible," was sufficient for their purpose, and the obscure little church that had dared to raise its head in their midst and create doubts in the minds of some of their parishioners as to the truth of certain portions of that sacred book

was made the target for a general attack all along the line.

The opposition forces were led by a large, florid complexioned man of the militant type, who began the warfare by a sermon in which the faithful were solemnly warned against the new heresy, and the exponent of the new doctrines was challenged to produce his proof that the Bible was not literally true.

It was also charged that the young people were being corrupted by allowing the sinful amusement of dancing at the social gatherings of the church, and it was also reported that some of the young people of that church had been seen playing a sinful game known as "cards." The card game of "Authors" was considered perfectly proper and was not prohibited by the orthodox church at their sociables, as conveying useful information of a literary character, but the playing of cards with spots on them, and pictures of kings, queens and knaves was denounced as sinful in the extreme, although nobody seemed to be able to give a reason for it.

Mr. Westlake, a deacon of the Methodist church, who stood very high in the estimation of his brethren, had had for some time a speaking acquaintance with the little minister, who occasionally patronized his drug store, and had found him a most genial and warm-hearted man, and the charge that

he did not believe in the Bible worried Mr. Westlake not a little. He was a just man, and not disposed to pass judgment on any man without being satisfied of the truth of the charge.

One pleasant morning in July, having determined to satisfy his mind on that score, he called at the minister's home, and found him in his study. After the usual pleasant salutations, Mr. Westlake rather abruptly came to the point, saying, "Mr. Watson, some people in my church are making the serious charge that you do not believe in the Bible. Would you be willing to give me a little of your time this morning on that subject, for it has troubled me a good deal, and it is not right to have these things said about you, if it is not true."

The minister replied, smilingly, "Why, Brother Westlake, there isn't a subject in the world that I would rather talk about with you," and saying this he stepped to his bookcase and took out a time-worn deal box, which he opened. The box was lined with purple velvet and contained an ancient volume, which the minister reverently lifted from its receptacle and laid on the table.

"I call this my Crusader's Bible," said he, "because it has come down to me through several generations. My great-grandparents, my grandparents and my own father and mother have treasured this book, which has been the comfort and solace of their lives, and, as you see from the worn edges

and the corners of the leaves, every page has been read by them many, many times, and my own dear mother died with it in her arms.

"I have always considered the Bible a sacred book, even to its covers, and for that reason when it is not in use it is carefully kept in this box, which was made for it, in order that it may be kept apart from other books.

"I have frequently been shocked to see with what carelessness this divine book has been mingled with other books in the library, and it always pains me to see magazines, newspapers and novels lying on top of it, and often when I am in other people's homes and see this, I cannot resist the impulse to remove any other book that has been placed upon it.

"But this is not answering your question," added the minister.

"Yes," said Mr. Westlake, "you have answered it so fully that I feel ashamed of having asked you the question at all."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the minister. "There is much to be said about this word of God. In the first place, it is important that we should understand that the Bible, like all of God's creations, has both an external and an internal meaning. Being the word of God, it is unlike any other book, because it was written not only for the Jews and the Christians in their time, but for all nations and all people, for all time to come.

"In what language must such a book be written? Evidently in the language of nature, a language as eternal as the everlasting hills; and whenever we read of gardens, floods, rivers, mountains, birds, beasts, stones, rocks, and the myriad of objects spoken of in the Bible, there is a deeper meaning in all these things than we have been accustomed to see in its mere literal sense. It is written in a language that will endure as long as the world stands, a language that is common to every nation and every tongue.

"Your next question is, Do I believe in the Bible as it is written, or am I trying to extract something from it that is not in it?

"We all know that there can be no permanent edifice without a foundation or superstructure. The Bible is literally the word of God, and as such has been the means of salvation of thousands of souls, and it has brought comfort and strength to many a sorrowing heart.

"Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount has given us an infallible guide for our daily life, and to one who is content to rest solely on the letter of the Word it is all-sufficient, if he follows its teachings. But the Lord in all His talks with His disciples spoke in parables, which they could not interpret; nevertheless, there is enough in His words in their bare literal sense to furnish the simplest of His

children with all of the comfort and instruction that they require.

"At the same time, if we take the entire Bible, especially the Old Testament, we find there many things that cannot be understood in their literal sense; much that is cruel and unjust, much that is repugnant, much that is horrible and that we cannot reconcile with our finite ideas of justice and right.

"A striking example of the existence of this inner sense of the Scriptures will be found in the Book of Revelation—that wonderful Apocalypse, with its grand and mysterious imagery, as revealed to John while on the Isle of Patmos. What can we understand of that great panorama that is portrayed to our wondering vision, much of which cannot possibly be understood in its literal sense? And yet why is it that the Book closes with that solemn injunction, 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book,' and 'If any man shall take away from the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life, out of the Holy City, and from the things which are written in this Book.'

"Why this dire prediction in respect to this one book and none other of the Sacred Scriptures, except to secure its protection, and guard it from any attempt by the translators to render intelligible

something that they could not understand in its literal sense?"

"But is not the attempt to extract another meaning from the Book of Revelation adding the very thing that is so strictly forbidden?" inquired the visitor.

"We can add nothing to the Book of Revelation that is not already a part of it," replied the minister, "nor do we take away anything by explaining the meaning of what is already there. To drink of water from a cup doesn't destroy the vessel that contains it.

"In this respect the Bible has always contained truths of which we have been ignorant, and the revelation of those truths does not violate the strict injunction in respect of the Book of Revelation, any more than Christ's explanation to His disciples of the Parable of the Sower destroyed the literal sense of the parable as spoken by Him.

"There is nothing in the Bible (with the exception of some parts, which I will mention) that has not within its literal sense a hidden meaning, and it is that hidden meaning that stamps it as the word of God.

"There are some portions of the Bible which have not this inner sense, and are not therefore the word of God, although they are useful and helpful to us in the way of instruction and guidance, in connection with other parts of the Bible. This is

true of the Acts of the Apostles, which is a literally true account and is of value to us as of historical interest. The epistles of Paul and his brethren are entitled to much weight by reason of the disciples having lived at the time of Christ and heard His utterances, and therefore having had a very clear conception of the pure Christian religion as taught by Him; and Paul's epistles form the basis for texts to sermons in most of the Christian churches today, for the reason that they are simple and plain statements of what is taught by our Lord in the Gospels.

"The other books of the Bible that have no internal sense and are not regarded by us as the word of God are Chronicles, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, and two or three other small books; but all of the other books from Genesis to Revelation have the hidden meaning, and are the divinely inspired word of God.

"The literal sense is a guard to the internal sense of the Bible, by which it is protected from profanation by those who are incapable of understanding it. People may dispute as much as they please about the meaning of certain passages in the literal sense without doing the least violence to the inner meaning which is concealed by the letter. The Word in its literal sense is the outer garment of our Lord, which was parted and distributed among the Roman soldiers at His crucifixion, but the internal

sense is the inner garment that was 'without seam, woven from top throughout' and was not parted, but was preserved intact. The literal sense of the Scriptures may be said to be the cherubim placed at the entrance of the Garden of Eden with flaming sword that turned every way, to guard the Tree of Life.

"Many of the historical portions of the Bible are literally true, and doubly so, when understood in their internal sense.

"The story of Creation is not literally true. The world was not created in six days.

"The story of the Garden of Eden and the creation of man is not literally true, nor is the story of the flood and Noah's ark.

"The absurdity of these divine narratives in their literal sense when viewed in the light of calm reason has been the means of driving many thoroughly sincere and honest men into a rejection of the entire Bible, and yet all these things have a meaning, and a most important meaning, that applies to the life of every individual who has lived or ever will live on this earth.

"The expressions in the Bible that God is angry, that He punishes the sinner, that He leads into temptation, and that He possesses all the human frailties that are attributed to Him, are simply appearances to the common mind of man, because the Bible is written in a form that adapts itself to

all conditions of men, just as water adapts its form to the vessel in which it is contained; it is impossible with some men to understand that an all-powerful Being would not possess all of the human qualities of a despotic ruler, and such persons could not conceive of God except from their own human standpoint. And yet He says to His children, 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts higher than your thoughts.' The real truth is that God is never angry, never punishes, never leads into temptation, but it is man himself who becomes angry and who punishes himself, and falls into temptation.

"If we hold to the strict letter of the Word, and say that it must be true that God is angry, because the Bible says so, we may also point to the plain letter of the Word that says that God is love, that God is good, that His mercy is over all His works; that He pitieth us as a human father pitieth his own children.

"To those who cannot conceive of God except as a God of wrath and vengeance, who delights in punishing the wicked, and who inflicts the most horrible tortures upon them 'for His own glory,' those words are there for them, adapted to their own finite conception of God, and in generations past that crude idea of God as a merciless despot has undoubtedly been the means of saving many

from their sins, and will do so for generations to come, with those who cannot conceive of Him in any other way, and with such it is the only way in which they can be saved from falling into evil ways.

"Some people require very strong medicine for the cure of their diseases, while others are cured by the milder remedies, which are no less powerful in effecting the cure.

"And now," said the minister, "I think I have said enough to convince you and your friends in the church that I am guilty of the charge that I do not believe in the Bible, and yet I believe it to be the word of God, and for that reason it is more sacred to me than all other books."

As Mr. Westlake arose to take his leave he said, "Brother Watson, you have given me more to think about in this morning's talk than I have ever heard in all the sermons that I have listened to in my lifetime. But I must have another talk with you before I can fully realize the tremendous import of all that you have said."

CHAPTER XVIII

The Fire Engine

There seems to be no end to the wonderful things that are coming along in this new age of invention. The latest is the fire engine.

Heretofore when a fire would break out in a store or dwelling house, which happily has been very seldom, at the first cry of "Fire" all the people would hasten to the scene of the conflagration and a bucket brigade would be quickly organized, with a supply of wooden pails loaned by the nearest grocery and picked up in the neighborhood, and a line of men would be formed to the nearest supply of water, while the pails of water would be passed along as fast as they could be filled to those standing nearest the fire. If the alarm came during the night each citizen would hastily dress himself and pick up an empty pail and run at full speed in the direction of the flames.

But now all this is changed, and we have a fire engine, two of them, in fact—the "Alert" and the "Cataract," and two companies of volunteer firemen have been formed, the Alerts having red shirts with black, shiny belts and stiff firemen's hats, while the Cataracts have blue flannel shirts to distinguish them from the other company.

Brother John is a member of the Alerts, and at night his uniform lies on a chair near his bed, to be quickly donned at the first alarm of fire.

It is a great sight when the day is set for a friendly contest between the rival companies, to see which can throw the highest stream, each man standing in his place on the machine, facing those on the other side, with their hands on the "brakes," awaiting the command of the captain, who hoarsely shouts through his speaking trumpet to "man the brakes," and as he gives the order to pump, the muscles of twenty or thirty men are strained to their utmost tension, and the ponderous levers fly up and down with wonderful rapidity, in their efforts to outdo the other company.

As we are a careful people it is seldom that our boys are called upon to do any serious work, but when the time comes they may be counted on in doing their whole duty. On the 4th of July and Washington's birthday celebrations they are a great addition to our street pageant, with their bright uniforms as they march in the line of parade, hauling their handsome engines and hose carts, with their tinkling bells.

CHAPTER XIX

The Phrenologist

Another interesting event that has broken the monotony of our little town life is the arrival of a celebrated phrenologist, whose advent has been heralded for weeks in advance by large posters, displaying a head entirely denuded of hair, but having in its place square sections, somewhat like a county map, each square designating a certain bump, which according to its size or lack of size is said to be a sure indication that its possessor has certain characteristics, or is lacking in the characteristic supposed to have its seat in that particular region of the brain.

The distinguished gentleman is to give us a two weeks' course of free lectures, in which the motto "Know Thyself" figures prominently. How he can afford to come all the way out West and pay his expenses out of his free lectures is somewhat of a problem, at first glance, but we learn later that he is willing to give up his time at the hotel during the day in examining the craniums of a limited number of persons at two dollars a head.

The idea seems to be that by undergoing this process at the hands of the professor, accompanied with a written chart giving all the salient points of character which he has been able to discover, it will furnish a basis upon which one may map out

his whole future course in life with almost absolute certainty. The proposition is very alluring, and proud parents of promising boys are the first to bring their offspring to the phrenologist, who as a rule is able to gratify their fond hopes by pointing out his strong points, and his bright prospects for a future career, which may lead even to the presidency of the United States.

Then, too, perhaps at the same time a clever wife succeeds in inducing her spouse to submit to an examination which may reveal his prevailing weakness or strength in a wrong direction, not so much for her own satisfaction, but because she wants him to be assured of something concerning which she has known all along but has failed to convince him of the correctness of her diagnosis. Then again, on his part, the husband is equally anxious to convince his better half of the superiority of his judgment in regard to some of her shortcomings. So between the husband and wife and their promising offspring, the professor is reaping quite a harvest at two dollars a head, averaging from 25 to 30 persons in a day.

To the disinterested on-looker, however, it is evident that the professor is not overpaid in these cases for his skillful and adroit service in reading characters, where in the case of the husband and wife he is compelled to steer his craft through a very narrow passage in attempting to avoid Scylla

and Charybdis, and at the same time maintain his reputation for correct reading of character, but he is sufficiently tactful in all such cases to lean to the side of the gentler sex, and if the bumps suggest any particularly bad qualities they are always found to predominate among the sterner sex, which is conceded by the ladies, at least, to be perfectly fair and proper.

But in all communities we are pretty certain to find here and there a doubting Thomas, and, in this town there are several, one or two of whom have had the temerity to suggest that the bumps have very little to do with the professor's forecast of the future lives of his subjects, but savor more of the arts of the ordinary fortune teller, whose keen observation of features, voice and manner, aided perhaps by some overheard chance remark enables him to arrive at a pretty accurate outline of the salient points of character, and draw a horoscope which is satisfactory to the credulous seeker after occult knowledge.

These doubts, having reached the ear of the professor, nettled the great man not a little—to think that he should have come all the way from New York City into this wild and woolly West, to find somebody that had the audacity to question the wonderful discoveries of the great Gall, and Spurzheim, to say nothing of one other great man,

whose name, as he states, modesty forbids him to mention.

In order to set completely at rest any doubts that might arise through the criticisms of these wiseacres he proposed during the last lecture of his course that a committee be appointed to blindfold him, and present to him a subject, whose character he would delineate by simply feeling the bumps, with no other means of arriving at such judgment.

The proposition was accepted, and on the evening in question a committee was appointed, and the professor, being properly hoodwinked, was provided with a subject, who in this case happened to be an unfortunate creature who was sadly lacking in mental calibre, and was known about town as "Crazy Mary."

The professor proceeded with his mental diagnosis, and much to the surprise of his audience presented the subject to them as a lady of most remarkably strong character, and described her as possessing unusual talent in music, art and literature, and other qualities which stamped her as a leader in society.

At the conclusion of the test the professor was relieved of his bandage, and naturally inquired of his audience how nearly he had arrived at the truth, and when told of his mistake he stoutly contended that the subject would have possessed precisely the qualities stated by him, had she not un-

fortunately lost her mind, a proposition that nobody was prepared to dispute. At all events, it was a sorry sort of a jest, and was strongly censured by the kind-hearted people of the town, and the only excuse that could be urged by the offending parties who had arranged the affair was the fact that the professor had displayed such insufferable vanity and egotism during his short sojourn among us that it was thought best to teach him a lesson, and as the professor departed on the following day, very little was said about the matter.

It was noticed, however, that those people who had parted with their money and secured the charts did not seem to set so high a value upon them as they did at the outset.

CHAPTER XX

The Mesmerist

Naturally following in the wake of the disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, somewhat later in the season we have been treated to a series of quite remarkable demonstrations by an exponent of the discovery by Mesmer of the power of mind over mind. It was the first display demonstrating the power of Mesmerism that our people had witnessed, and the demonstrator had no difficulty in filling the hall with curious spectators at ten cents a head.

The mesmerist invited any person in the room who was willing to submit himself to his power to come forward to the platform, which invitation was accepted by several, and as the volunteers were known to the audience the genuineness of the demonstration was beyond question.

That a person of strong nerves and normal mind could be placed so completely under the control of another mind, in so far as to do and perform any act that was required of him, was almost inconceivable; yet here were persons well known to the audience, who, after submitting to a few passes of the hand a steady look in the eyes by the mesmerist, were made to walk back and forth on the platform with arms folded and head erect, gazing out into space with a far-away look, as representing

the great Napoleon looking towards his beloved France, while in exile on the island of St. Helena. Some younger subjects were made to dance a jig, a Highland fling or a sailor's hornpipe after the most approved fashion, and others posed as Washington crossing the Delaware, or as Henry Clay or Daniel Webster making one of their great speeches in the United States Senate, or anything else that the mesmerist chose to suggest, and those who had any doubts as to his occult power in that line were thoroughly convinced by the demonstration.

But there were certain revolting and uncanny features connected with the possession of the power of controlling the minds of others that did not commend itself to public favor, and everybody breathed more freely after he had shaken the dust of Arcadia from his feet and hied himself to other fields.

CHAPTER XXI

A Question of Honest Dealing

The life of a Christian minister is largely devoted to consultations with members of his own congregation and not infrequently with others who are not of his fold, but who in their mental distress come to him with their doubts and fears, and the many little vexations of daily life which require the help and encouragement of the stronger faith of one who has made a specialty of mental ills and their relief, and is in a better position to advise one in the face of discouragement and despondency.

In this regard the minister stands very much in the position of the family physician, who ministers to the physical sufferings and diseases of his patients, while it is the Christian minister's duty to alleviate so far as possible the mental pain and distress of those who seek his aid.

The questions that came up in these consultations with the little minister, whose sermons in the court house during the winter and spring had awakened so much interest were of quite a different nature from those who were resting in the comfortable and easy faith of what was known as the orthodox church, with its infallible creed to guide them and keep them in the straight and narrow path. The new doctrines which were being

preached were not without their disturbing effect upon those who had become interested in them, and to their dismay the truth began to dawn upon them that their future happiness depended upon something more than a mere confession of faith and a public profession of repentance and prayer for the remission of sins. It was becoming quite plain to them that faith alone without good works was a dead faith, and of no avail unless coupled with a good life.

The death-bed confession with its attendant absolution at the hands of priest or parson, the frightened prayers of the confessed murderer on the morning of his execution with the assurance of complete forgiveness and immediate entrance into the society of angels in heaven was not consistent with the new teaching, and as one was left to think for himself on these matters, especially in the light of Christ's teachings, there was a tendency to inquire more particularly into the meaning of certain passages of Scripture.

"Parson," said a near neighbor and a member of the orthodox church, "what does it mean to love your neighbor? When Christ says 'on this commandment hang all the law and the prophets' he must have meant something more than the mere sentiment that goes with the common idea of love.

"Now I have a neighbor, who I must say I do not love. He doesn't belong to my church, in fact he doesn't belong to any church. He's a queer sort of a fellow, never says much, and nobody seems to be able to make him out."

"Is he industrious, and does he support his family?" inquired the minister.

"O, yes, he is a good, hard-working man, and there's nothing wrong with him, so far as that goes."

"Did you ever hear of his defrauding anybody?"

"No, I believe he is honest; but he is queer, and then again he is not a professing Christian, and that goes a long way in this community, you know."

"Let me tell you a story," said the minister. "A few years ago there was a man living in my neighborhood who was very much like your queer neighbor that you speak of. He was a taciturn man. His neighbors knew very little about him, and, you know, in a small community where everybody knows everybody's business they are inclined to look with suspicion on anybody who is not disposed to talk. However, this man was industrious and saving, and was one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. His family were always comfortably clad and apparently well fed, and really nothing could be said against him, except that he was queer, and was apt to be rather short and crabbed with his neighbors. And then, again, he

was not a member of any church, and this was really the most serious cause of complaint against him.

"One day a neighbor came to him wishing to purchase one of his oxen. It was a fine ox to all appearances, and, while the neighbor expected to have to pay a good price for him, he had set his heart on having that ox, even if he had to pay the highest price demanded.

"The farmer naturally asked the question, 'What are you willing to give for him?'

" 'Why,' said his neighbor, 'I didn't want to pay more than one hundred and twenty-five dollars for him, but I've taken a fancy to the ox, and I am willing to give one hundred and fifty dollars for him.'

" 'You can't have him at that price,' was the short response.

" 'Why,' said his neighbor, 'I thought I was offering you an extra high price for him.'

" 'Yes,' said the farmer, 'but I won't sell him for that price. He cost me one hundred and fifty dollars in the first place, but I have had the use of him for some time, and I have found out lately that he is not giving me the service that he did before, and in pulling heavy loads he lacks the strength that he had when I bought him. I will sell him to you for one hundred dollars, and if you want to pay that price you can have him.'

"That man loved his neighbor," added the minister.

"I see," said the visitor; "so to love our neighbor really means a compliance with the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' But I don't see how that man could be very prosperous, in getting ahead in this world. Here he might have made a clear fifty dollars, and his neighbor was willing to pay it. Why shouldn't he take it?"

"It is not a question of getting ahead in the world," said the minister. "It is simply a question of doing right. That man had a conscience that wouldn't allow him to defraud his neighbor or even allow his neighbor to defraud himself.

"If all men were like this silent, crabbed farmer there would be no need of lawyers or courts of justice, because every man would be a law unto himself, and all his acts and dealings with his fellow men would be governed by a fixed principle of exact justice. The motto, 'Everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost,' would give place to the spirit that was shown by this queer fellow, who, although practically ostracized by his neighbors and without the pale of the church was really carrying into his life the divine command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' In that one act of that man's life we see a faint glimmer of the divine justice of God in dealing with His poor,

erring children, and in his conscientious and just dealing with his neighbor he was perhaps unwittingly following out to the fullest extent the commandment of our Lord."

"I concede that you are right," said his visitor, "and that we should all be just in our dealings with our fellow men, but how many are there who adopt that rule in their daily life? How could a man prosper in this world if he tried to be just in dealing with his neighbors, when his neighbors are unjust to him, and somebody is trying to get the best of him at every turn?

"How could a merchant make a living for himself and his family if he would sell only the best quality of goods at a high price, when his neighbor across the street is advertising his goods at a cheaper price? Everybody is going to buy at the cheapest place, and very few know enough about dry goods to examine the quality. I don't believe any man can be strictly honest and prosper in this world."

"There is another side to that question that I don't think you have considered," replied the minister. "While that honest merchant may be losing trade, which for the time being is diverted by the enticing advertisements of his dishonest neighbor, that man is steadily building up a reputation in the community, and establishing a character that stands for just and fair dealing, and sooner or later the word

is passed around, 'It doesn't pay to buy cheap goods, and it will cost you more in the end than buying a good article at a higher price. You go to Mr. Knight. His goods are always of the best quality, for he won't sell any other kind, and while you pay him a little more than that "Cheap John" opposite him, you know just what you are getting, and you get full value for every dollar you pay him.'

"Do we ever stop to consider," continued the minister, "how little there is in this world of what we call common honesty? It is a lamentable fact that in this enlightened age it is found necessary to compel men to be honest in their dealings with their fellow men, and a large proportion of our laws are framed for the protection of the individual in his rightful possessions, and prescribing punishments for unlawful trespass upon those rights by fraud and deceit.

"If a child is left alone in the world without a natural protector, and with an inheritance which, if properly administered, will yield sufficient income for its maintenance and education, a guardian or curator is appointed to take charge of the estate during the minority of the child, and here the law steps in and compels that guardian to give a bond in double the value of the estate. The guardian may be perfectly honest and conscientious in dealing with the child's estate, but the law cannot discriminate between an honest man and a dishonest

man, and therefore requires absolute security as a guaranty that the child's property will not be dissipated by unsafe and hazardous investments.

"How often do we hear of widows who have lost everything that they possessed by entrusting their little fortunes to relatives or friends in whom they had confidence, without requiring any security, and in many cases not even a promissory note.

"A man who is really honest and conscientious in his dealings would not think of accepting a sum of money in trust without giving the most ample security for its safe return, and it is really a pity that the law which so carefully guards the interests of a minor child should not extend the same protection to the widow, who as a rule knows nothing of business, which she has left entirely to her husband, and having been bereft of his support and guidance is left with the proceeds of a life insurance policy which her thoughtful husband has carried for years in order that she should not be left destitute in case of his death—in many of such instances we find a man who does not scruple to risk that sacred fund entrusted to him, in rash speculation, or mingling it with his own funds and using it in his business until misfortune overtakes him, and the widow's little fortune is swept away with his own.

"In that case you would say that the man was not dishonest, but simply unfortunate in his busi-

ness, but if a guardian or curator had been appointed for the widow with a good and sufficient bond the unfortunate occurrence never could have happened, and the man would have simply lost his own money.

"A man whom you know to be of a generous, trusting nature comes to you with a substantial sum of money, and says, 'I don't know what to do with this money. I wish you would take care of it for me.' If you really love your neighbor and have a regard for his interest you will be apt to say, 'John, I would like to oblige you, but the responsibility of taking care of your money is more than I feel like assuming, and if anything should happen that resulted in its loss I would never forgive myself. But if you are afraid to trust yourself with the care of it, I will see that it is safely invested for you upon ample security, so that it will bring you in an income, and at the same time insure its repayment when it comes due."

"That is obeying the divine command to love your neighbor as yourself. A really honest man if he holds any of your property in trust for you will take better care of it than if it were his own, and see that it is secured against possible loss, because he would much rather lose his own money than yours.

"But there is something more," continued the minister, "and it is of much more importance in

this matter of just and fair dealing with our neighbor.

"The laws of nature and of spirit work together in perfect harmony throughout all of God's creation. We cannot put our hand in the fire without being burned. We know that by experience in childhood; therefore we are careful to keep at a safe distance from a red-hot stove, and we do not pick up live coals with our hands, because we know the natural consequences that follow the act.

"But who is there that considers that there is also a spiritual law that governs all our acts, and involves a punishment that swiftly follows the commission of a wrongful deed, and leaves its impress on the soul, which if persisted in will endure to all eternity. If men were aware of this they would carefully refrain from doing injustice or injury to their fellows, from the most selfish of all motives, when they realize the fact that they would be hurting themselves more than their neighbors.

" 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

"That wonderful storehouse that we call Memory, that we carry with us through all our lives, does not die with the body. It goes with us into another world, and is a very real part of ourselves.

"The memory of a wicked deed, an unjust act, an injury to our fellow man is something that cannot be washed away by any mere confession of

faith, or open profession of repentance and promise to lead a better life.

"When we pass into the other life we find ourselves stripped of the mask with which we have concealed from the world our evil thoughts and deeds in this life, and we have no cloak for them there, for in that world nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed."

"How then can we be saved?" exclaimed his visitor in alarm, "for there are none of us who have not at some time in our lives been guilty of conduct which we would gladly blot out of our recollection, and now you say that all our past deeds are to be brought up in judgment against us. Is this not the judgment that is foretold, where the Book of Life is opened before our eyes, and the judgment of God is passed upon us, unless we have repented and pleaded for mercy, through the blood of Christ? Is that not our only hope of salvation?"

"There is indeed a book of life," replied the minister, "and that book of life is our memory of past events—a book which is being written by ourselves from day to day throughout our lives. But happily there is another book that goes with us into that other world—a book of which we know nothing, and it is known only to God himself.

"There is not a mortal born into this world whose mind in infant years has not been filled with pure, innocent thoughts. The most abandoned mother

who nurses her infant child at her breast is conscious to some extent of the gentle influence that surrounds the little one whose angels do always behold the face of the Father.

"All of these tender and innocent thoughts of infant years are stored away within the inmost recesses of the soul, and are preserved and protected from profanation and contamination with other thoughts of our mature years. This sealed book is the holy of holies, the dwelling place of God that is in every human being; and in the clear, open light of heaven where all our past is revealed to us, the remains of infancy that have been stored within this sealed book—this holy of holies, are also brought to light, and all the innocent thoughts of our babyhood, together with all the good thoughts of our mature years are brought to bear upon us in determining our future destiny.

Like the twelve basketfuls with which our Lord fed the multitude, all the remains are gathered up, that nothing may be lost. And therein lies all our hopes of salvation.

"We are not brought trembling and terror-stricken before a terrible Judge, there to receive our sentence for the deeds done in the body, but the book of our memory lies open before us, and we are left to review all our past deeds, in perfect freedom to discard all that is hateful to us, and cleave only to that which is good in us, while

through the infinite mercy of God and His holy angels all the remains of goodness and innocence of our childhood, of which we have been unconscious, are brought to bear upon us in determining our choice for heaven or for hell."

CHAPTER XXII

THE WORLD BEYOND

SINCE his talk with the little minister, Mr. Westlake's mind had been much engrossed with the new ideas that had been advanced, as to the meaning of the many obscure passages in the Bible, and he was anxious for more light, despite the solemn warnings of his pastor and his brethren in the church advising him to beware of the dangerous doctrines that would lead him out of the fold into unknown paths.

There was one subject that particularly interested him, and which had been prolific of warm discussion with members of his own church, as to the resurrection of the natural body, and while the great day of the Resurrection with the wonderful scenes accompanying it had been vividly portrayed by preachers and evangelists, and had been accepted by the religious world as a prophecy which would one day be fulfilled, it was by no means satisfactory to his mind, and in the light of calm

reason—that divine gift that distinguishes man from beast, it was becoming very plain to his mind that there could be no resurrection of the natural body. In the first place, it was against all the laws of nature; and, secondly, if it should be so, accepting the common saying that all things are possible with God, the idea of returning to our decayed and worn-out bodies, even with new flesh on our bones, was extremely abhorrent to him.

It was with these thoughts in his mind that he sought the minister again, finding him in his study, and receiving his hearty greeting.

"Brother Watson," said he, "what do you believe in regard to the resurrection of the body, and what we read in the Bible of rising out of our graves on the Last Day? It doesn't appeal to my reason and common sense, but there it is, in very plain words. Is there any rational explanation of the meaning of it?"

"Yes," said the minister, "there is an explanation, and one which I think you will agree with me is much more rational and reasonable, and certainly much more pleasant to contemplate, than the idea of a resurrection of the natural body, which in the course of many years has mingled with the dust, and in obedience to the laws of nature which govern all material things has performed its service in enriching the soil and entered into vegetable and

mineral life, until, as one of our poets puts it, we have become 'a brother to the oak.'

"As Paul has truly said, 'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.' The spiritual body is born in us at the same time with our natural body, and it remains with us during our natural life.

"What becomes of that spiritual body when life ceases in the natural body? It certainly does not die, nor does it remain in the natural body.

"This is what happens. Soon after the lungs cease their respiration and the heart-beats are stilled, and the natural body becomes dead, a marvelous change takes place while we are gazing upon the face of our loved one, whose expression at first is that of one in sleep, until the features gradually become fixed and hardened as a marble statue. Then it is that the spiritual body has become completely separated from the natural, and by a process known only to God and His angels the spiritual body has been drawn forth from the natural body, together with the soul and mind, with all the thoughts and affections which have constituted our life in this world, and the real man stands forth with his spiritual eyes opened, and he becomes conscious that he is in the spiritual world. That is the resurrection that takes place with every human being upon the death of the body. The

resurrection spoken of in the Bible is the raising of the spiritual body out of the grave of its dead and decaying natural body.

"The real man doesn't die when the body dies. He is merely separated from the bodily part that was of use to him in this world, while the real man continues to live, for he is man, not because of his body but because of his spirit. It is the spirit that thinks in man, and thought, together with affection, is what constitutes the real man. Therefore, what we call death is simply the passing of the real man from one world into another.

"This truth has been clearly seen by the poets of all ages. The poet Spenser three centuries ago told us that 'Soul is form, and doth the body make,' and it is that soul that is within the spiritual body through which God gives to us all the life that we possess.

"Longfellow tells us that—

" 'There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.'

"The existence of a spiritual body becomes evident to any man who has suffered the amputation of a limb, and during the rest of his life is conscious of the existence of the missing member.

"A case of this kind occurred some years ago with a friend, who had the misfortune to cut himself on the arm while pruning a fruit tree in his orchard, which eventually resulted in the loss of his entire arm, which was amputated near the shoulder. Shortly after the operation he became conscious of the fact that he still had an arm, although it was not visible, and he could actually feel the fingers close and unclose, and there was a constant sensation of the real presence of the arm and hand. He was a scholarly man, a deep student and the phenomenon led him to make a thorough investigation of the subject. The result was that he is now preaching the same doctrines which I am explaining to you here."

"Your idea of the resurrection is certainly more in consonance with reason and common sense than I have been taught," said Mr. Westlake, "and that brings up another subject which is closely akin to it, about which I would like to get your idea, and that is as to the nature of our life in the spiritual world?"

"That opens up a very large subject," said the minister, "and one which vitally interests all of us. Hitherto we have had a very crude conception of the future life. The common idea has been that heaven is a place of eternal rest, or—

> " 'Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths have no end.'

"This idea of eternal rest may be very attractive to one who, to use a common expression, is 'constitutionally tired,' but to an alert and active person, any man whose mind is absorbed in his work, whether it be of hand or head, can you imagine any more dreary and unsatisfactory existence than a life without the employment which has been the delight of the busy man of this world—a life of eternal rest? If we were to believe all the beautiful imagery that Milton has given us in his 'Paradise Lost' our idea would be that as soon as we are admitted through the pearly gates we begin to sprout wings, which enable us to float around in space, and are provided with a golden harp, with which to sing praises to God all the rest of our lives, to all eternity. Wouldn't that be rather a monotonous way of spending one's time? The necessity for wings arose out of the purely natural idea that the spiritual world is separated by long distances, requiring an aerial journey through space, in order to reach a certain portion of that celestial sphere. That idea could be wholly dispensed with, if we can believe that there is no such thing as space in the spiritual world; that although there is an appearance of space as we view its scenery, and we may walk from one place to another, it is thought that brings presence, and the earnest desire of a newcomer to meet some dear friend who has preceded him some years before will at once bring to him the presence of that

friend. This may seem to you a novel idea, but if if there is such a thing as space in the spiritual world how could it contain the many billions and trillions who have passed from this life, in all these years since the creation of the world? Some of our scientists who are fond of dealing in statistics have attempted to give us some idea of the immensity of heaven, based on the idea of space as we know it in this world, but it is an idle fancy which is hardly worth a thought.

"But as to this matter of employment, of course it is natural that we should associate heaven with the idea of rest, because it is safe to say that none of us take to hard manual labor in this world as a matter of choice, but we are spurred on to labor with the hope of laying aside a sufficient sum to support us in our old age when we are no longer able to work, and for the care and support of those of our family who are similarly situated. But let us take the case of a man who has gained a competence during an active life, who has been persuaded to retire from business and enjoy the fruits of his toil; how long will that man be content to remain idle, so long as he is blest with health and strength, and how often do we see men of this description either expending their strength and activity in games and other out-of-door exercise, or in many cases becoming tired of the monotony of a life of

pleasure and ease, coming back again to mingle with their fellow men in the marts of trade and commerce?

"The child who rides its hobby horse and romps with its little companions in their innocent games is obeying in a perfectly natural way the law of its being, which requires daily physical exercise if it would enjoy normal health. This is true of the man who works for the support of his family, and also of the wife and mother who is busily engaged with her household duties, and the daughters and sons as they advance in years naturally take up the burden (if we may call it such) and contribute their share in assisting their parents in their work.

"This much may be said of the work of this world.

"And as to the spiritual world, what is our employment? As all things in the natural world have their origin in the spiritual world, which is the world of cause, it is not difficult to imagine our life in a world where every species of useful employment is provided for us in which we may engage of our own free choice. We are not forced into a life of ceaseless drudgery, under the whip of a cruel taskmaster. Our heavenly Father allows each of us perfect freedom of choice, in these matters and never interferes with our free will as to our choice of employment.

"But suppose we choose to do nothing?

"Here we have a case of a young man in this world who is provided with an ample fortune. He has everything that money can purchase. He has no motive for engaging in any useful work and his worldly possessions naturally give him a position in what is miscalled our 'best society,' which is built entirely upon the possession of material wealth. Unless he has cultivated habits of industry and has the moral stamina to resist temptation he engages in a ceaseless round of pleasure; he becomes addicted to intoxicating drink; he becomes an habitue of fashionable clubs, where private rooms are provided for indulging in games of chance, frequently resulting in the loss of thousands of dollars in a single night, and he thus fritters away his fortune and in time becomes reduced to poverty, having become a slave to intemperate habits and the use of poisonous drugs, until he reaches the lowest strata and becomes a common tramp or a dependent upon the charity of his friends and relatives.

"The same thing happens to one who finds himself in the spiritual world, where all his wants are supplied, who chooses to idly spend his time in company with those others who are leading a life of selfish enjoyment, and he will not be at a loss in finding that class of society in the world of spirits, where he is free to choose his own companionship,

and select his future home, either in the heavens above or the hells beneath.

"In the other case, we may safely affirm that heaven is not a place of eternal rest, although we may all sympathize with the dear old lady who had led a toilsome and laborious life in this world, and when asked to give her idea of heaven, replied that to her it would be simply to sit in the kitchen with a clean apron and sing psalms; and yet we may imagine that, even in her case, finding herself in another world with renewed life and vigor and free from all aches and pains she would never be content with a life of ease and inactivity.

"Suppose we should find that, after all, the poets were right in describing the spiritual world as the real world, of which this world is but the shadow? Looking at it in this light, is it not reasonable to suppose that the poet, the artist, the architect and builder, the engineer, the mechanic and artisan may find the same opportunity of pursuing a similar occupation in the spiritual world?

"Most of us have some pet hobby or fad which we delight in following during our leisure hours. With some it is gardening, with others it is art, photography, music, astronomy, ornithology, zoology, the growth of plant life, and many attractive fields which can be explored only to a limited extent while engrossed with the duties and cares of

this world. In the spiritual world he is free to engage in such employment to the fullest extent.

"Is it merely a dream of the imagination? If so, let us continue to dream, and if the thought of it will make us less selfish, less absorbed in the strife for this world's wealth, more kind and gentle with our erring brother, and more inclined to walk in the path in which our Savior walked when he went about the world doing good, the dream will not have been in vain."

CHAPTER XXIII

Rewards and Punishments

"THERE is another matter that I don't understand," said Mr. Westlake; "we all believe in the goodness and mercy of God, and I have been thinking a great deal on what you have said in regard to the way in which the Bible has been written, in order that it may be adapted to all minds. But there are some things, when we consider the omnipotence and the omnipresence of God with us, that are very hard to reconcile with certain conditions that we find in this world. We see good people suffering poverty and sickness, through no fault of their own. On the other hand, we see selfish, grasping people constantly enriching themselves at the expense of others, living in palatial homes and surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that money can buy. We are taught that God is all-seeing and all-powerful, and yet He suffers this condition of affairs. There must be some compensation for this, and the deserving should have their reward, either here or hereafter."

"Yes," said the minister, "they certainly will have their reward sometime, but that reward depends entirely upon the spirit in which one's lot in life is accepted. It doesn't necessarily follow that one who suffers poverty and sickness in this life must be good, or that one who has riches must neces-

sarily be bad. There are many who in the midst of poverty and sickness are cheerful, contented and ready to suffer and endure, with a firm faith in the goodness and mercy of God, and there are others who are envious, selfish, and full of hatred towards their more fortunate neighbors. On the other hand, there are persons who have an abundance of the world's goods who are living beautiful lives, who are constantly engaged in an effort to benefit those around them, and who delight in engaging in all sorts of good deeds. They are the faithful stewards who are mindful of the responsibility that has been placed upon them in being put in a position where they should make the proper use of what has been entrusted to them. Then again, there are also those who have, as you say, been selfish and grasping all their lives, and have made no use of their ill-gotten gains, except for their own selfish gratification and that of their immediate family. In all these cases the law of compensation works with unerring accuracy.

"When we wonder why God, who is all powerful, would permit this seeming injustice, we forget that God works by laws which are unchangeable as the laws of nature. There is an old adage that 'the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.' This is true of the eternal justice of God's laws. The law of compensation may not be apparent to us in times of trial and misfortune,

but the laws of eternal justice work with absolute accuracy, and in the end each will get exactly what should come to him, if not in this world, certainly in the next.

"Many of us who have lived to mature years, in looking back over our past life will see what might be termed a crisis, where one step to the right or the left would determine our whole future career; and looking back to what we have thought to have been a wrong step and a fatal mistake from a worldly point of view, in the clear, calm light of the present we become conscious that we made no mistake after all, but that the guiding hand of Providence was in it all, and that it is far better as it is.

"Take the poor man, and endow him with all the wealth that he has been yearning for, and the possession of that wealth may be the worst thing that could happen to him, from a moral standpoint.

"God's ways are not our ways, but of this we may be certain, that in the end each one will receive his just reward, and his reward will be according to his works.

"If a man has given up his whole life to the accumulation of riches, looking only to his own selfish interest, pushing aside this one and that one who are in his way, defrauding his neighbor, and resorting to every dishonest device to gain a few dollars and add to his accumulations, there is a

stain upon that man's soul that nothing will wash away, and in the sight of the angels the wealth that he has accumulated in this world is as so much dirt and filth, while the man has starved his soul and crushed out every generous impulse in his mad pursuit of wealth that he cannot carry with him, and when death overtakes him he enters another world with none of his worldly wealth, but with all the sins that he has committed in his insane greed in the accumulation of the fortune that he has left behind; and whatever punishment he may endure results from his wrong deeds, and is something that he has brought upon himself by his own conduct in this world. With such a man there will indeed be weeping and gnashing of teeth, and the worst physical sufferings that can be pictured in a literal lake of fire and brimstone are nothing compared with the mental torture that that man must endure when he is brought into a full realization of the sins that he has committed in his past life, in his insane greed for the world's wealth."

"There is another question that I would like to ask," said Mr. Westlake. "Do you believe in a personal devil?"

"No," replied the minister, "all the inhabitants of hell are devils, but there is no head devil who rules supreme over the hells. If such were the case he would be a being co-equal with God, which cannot possibly be, since all life is from God and He is

present everywhere, even in the lowest parts of hell, and His life is in all, for none could exist without Him."

"That brings up another question," said his visitor. "Since, as you say, all life is from God, and God is good, where does evil come from?"

"Now we come to the question of the origin of evil," said the minister, "and it is a question that has disturbed many good people in all ages. I don't think I can make my views on this point any clearer than by comparing the life of God which is in every one, with the light and heat of our natural sun, which is the source of all life in the vegetable kingdom.

"We know that the light and heat of the sun, which is absolutely pure at its source, may become vitiated, impure and poisonous by reason of the medium through which it passes. The same sunlight which gives life and growth to the plant that furnishes us with food for our bodies also gives life to poisonous plants, which if eaten would destroy the life of the body. In that case, as with the poisonous atmosphere, the life that was pure at its source becomes impure and noxious by reason of the nature of the plant through which it passes.

"Carry this thought up to human life. God's life is in every mortal being. It begins in the innocence of the babe, but as the child matures, the nature of its environment, combined perhaps with

an evil heredity, causes the child to deviate from its first innocence into evil ways, and the life of God that existed in its purity in infancy becomes perverted in after years and thus we find that what we call evil is simply perverted good.

"It is not God's will that any of His children should be so far sunk in evil and sin as to be wholly lost, and there is a constant effort on His part to prevent the human race from falling into sin and thus bringing upon themselves the natural consequences that must follow that course. But man has been created a free agent endowed with reason and intelligence, which enables him to choose between good and evil, otherwise he would not be a rational being, but a human machine with no personal responsibility for his acts.

"God works through His divine laws, which, as I have said before, are fixed and immutable. God did not create evil, but man produces it by turning into evil the good life that is constantly flowing into him from God."

CHAPTER XXIV

Interviewing the Spirits

It is the year 1850, a season when the peaceful quiet and calm of our little Arcadia is experiencing a slight jar, occasioned by the mysterious phenomenon known as "The Rochester Knockings," in which two young women living in the city of Rochester, New York, have come to the front as the first and original spiritual mediums, and the newspapers and magazines are reveling in the supernatural, the evidence of which is discovered in the mysterious rappings which are heard in their home, for which no human agency has been discovered. It is not long before the existence of this phenomenon in the home of the Fox sisters has extended to other cities and towns where persons of the mediumistic type are having the same experience, and we read of cases where a small number of curious investigators have found that the unusual noises have been produced, where in the presence of the "medium" and arranged in a circle around a small table a series of soft taps are heard apparently underneath the table top, in answer to certain questions asked by one of the group, where two taps are heard as an affirmative answer to a question or one tap for a negative response, after which it is sought to obtain the message from the mysterious source by the slow process of going

over the alphabet, when a tap is heard indicating that the right letter has been reached, until the full communication has been received. This tedious process of obtaining communications from disembodied spirits is soon afterwards followed by more remarkable demonstrations known as "table tipping," which is shown in a partially darkened room where the occupants behold the astonishing exhibition of the rising of an ordinary library table placed in the center of the room, which is elevated several feet in the air, the room having previously been examined in open daylight by a committee selected by the persons in attendance, where no evidence of the existence of any wires or other attachment to the table has been discovered, which might produce the result shown. Still another phase of the existence of a supernatural power is later discovered by the obtaining of written communications through mediums, who are supposed to be under the control of one or more of the inhabitants of the unseen world. Still later another species of demonstration is said to occur, when for the first time the word "spiritual seance" occurs, where for the modest entrance fee of 50 cents one is admitted to a large room or hall in which are assembled a number of men and women, who witness in a dim light all sorts of remarkable phenomena, where drums, horns and other musical instruments are seen floating through the air, giving forth sounds, while per-

haps one of the assembly who is particularly susceptible to the "influence" is startled by the sound of a voice, perhaps of a little child, claiming to be that of one who, years before, passed out of this world, or the familiar voice of a deceased wife or intimate friend, who confirms him in his partial belief of the reality of the presence by bringing to his mind some circumstance which in the lapse of years has passed entirely out of his memory.

The details of these remarkable occurrences which are heralded in the columns of the daily press and magazines in the East, and especially in publications which have sprung up in response to a popular demand for an organ exclusively devoted to the publication of such details—all of this has reached our quiet little village, exciting the minds of the reading class and providing an interesting topic in the absence of any startling occurrences to disturb the monotony of our quiet life.

Among those who are most interested in the new movement we find our friend Mr. Westlake, who, in quest of some explanation of the mysterious phenomena, has called upon the little minister, who has already been the means of opening his mind in a direction which theretofore was to him an entirely new field of inquiry.

"Brother Watson, what is your idea as to the genuineness of some of these communications? Of course, there must be more or less deception in

these manifestations, especially when the commercial element creeps in, and the adroit trickster sees a chance of making some money by imposing on the credulous, but there seems to be some exceptional cases in which the origin of the phenomena cannot be traced to natural causes. Have you had any experience in this line by attending one of these spiritual seances?"

"No," replied the minister, "but I have kept very fully informed through the press and private correspondence with those who have witnessed the exhibitions. While many of these manifestations bear on their face the fact that deception has been practiced, I have learned of cases which would properly come under the head of unexplainable phenomena, especially the case where a person hears the familiar voice of one who has made his or her identity known by recalling some incident happening years ago which has long since been forgotten.

"Suppose we admit that in an exceptional case of this kind the communication may be accepted as coming from the spiritual world, which is not at all impossible; such communications are undoubtedly from spirits of a lower class, who delight in deceiving us, in the same manner as a professional prestidigitator will perform his tricks in a brilliantly lighted room, where it would seem impossible to escape detection, although he tells his audience at

the outset that he will deceive them despite their most careful scrutiny of his movements.

"We have lately witnessed in this town some remarkable exhibitions of mesmerism, where the subject's mind is brought so entirely under the control of the mesmerist as to cause him to do things which he would not think of doing in his normal state. It is an exhibition of the control of one mind over another, which we all recognize as a most dangerous power, which might result in the complete mental wreck of the unfortunate victim if continued indefinitely by the mesmerist. There are instances of this nature in the case of a boy or girl who has come under the influence and power of a man of this description who is in daily intimate association with his victim.

"When we find this power lodged in a mere mortal, usually a man who is not of the highest order of intelligence, we can easily conceive of how much more powerful would be the influence of a disembodied spirit of a low order in the other world, who is capable of exploring the mind of one who may be most easily approached, not only as to his present recollection, but also probing into what we know as the sub-conscious mind, containing the memory of events which have been entirely forgotten in the lapse of years, to be brought to his mind in a way that he cannot explain except that the person con-

versing with him is really his old friend, who is the only one who could recall the incident to his mind.

"But the underlying question which occurs to us at the outset in connection with these manifestations, which would warrant us in pursuing the investigations into the occult, is a practical one. Of what benefit is it to us, aside from the revelation of the existence of another world into which we pass after the death of the body, of which we already have abundant proof in the plain language of the Scriptures, the absolute and repeated assurance in the words of our Savior while on earth? What has come to us in the shape of communications through spiritual mediums that exceeds or equals the writings and utterances of the best minds of our day? We have been regaled from time to time with communications professedly emanating from such great statesmen as Washington, Jefferson, Webster, and others. How do these communications compare with the powerful and eloquent words from these eminent men which fill the pages of history in state papers and public addresses by them while on this earth? It is painful to read these tame and vapid utterances which are said to come to us from them through these mediums, and it is not surprising that our newspaper writers in commenting upon such communications deplore the mental deterioration which those great minds have

undergone since their departure from this world into another sphere.

"But there is another feature connected with this subject which is far more serious in its dangerous effect upon one who has become a confirmed spiritualist, and, like the unfortunate victim of the mesmerist, has allowed himself to be completely controlled by this lower class of spirits who delight in deceiving their unfortunate dupes. What is the result? It is not a difficult matter to foretell the future of a man who has given himself up to such control, carrying with it a loss of his own mentality and strength of character, who has become an idle dreamer, and who has lost his ability to earn a living for himself and family—the complete ruin of a life whose promising future was evidenced by his career before coming under the power of this baleful influence. Such has been the fate of the avowed spiritualist who is constantly exposed to the influence of these mischievous inhabitants of the lower realm of the spiritual world. It is no fancy picture. We have such cases before our eyes, even in this early stage of the new cult, of men spending their lives in idleness, neglecting their occupations, becoming a burden to their families and a subject of scorn and contempt with their fellow men.

"There is still another and even more dangerous aspect of this new cult, considered from a religious point of view, and that is the fact that its votaries

are led to completely ignore the Bible, and we have no evidence of its being used or read during their meetings and, so far as I have been able to learn, their services, if we may so call them, are never opened or closed with prayer. The divinity of Christ is denied so far as there is any reference to Him, except as a remarkable medium who performed His miracles through the power of the spirits who controlled Him during His life on earth. This fact in itself should be sufficient warning to every Christian man or woman throughout the civilized world to beware of the influence of this dangerous heresy which would induce them to eschew the faith of their ancestors and cast aside the precepts of that divine Book which for centuries has been the rock of our salvation and has held us together in the strong bonds of Christian fellowship."

CHAPTER XXV

More Changes

A lapse of three years has brought its changes, and a call to another charge in the northern part of an adjoining state has necessitated the breaking of old ties, and separation from many good friends in our beautiful little Arcadia, which has become so dear to our hearts, and we are transplanted, as it were, into another beautiful little village which is known as the garden spot of the state, with its broad streets and its luxuriant shade trees, and a chain of charming little lakes bordering it on the north, whose clear, cool waters greet the eyes of the weary traveler passing through on the railroad—for we are now in touch with the rest of the world by rail. The road has just been completed to Chicago, and for the first time that enterprising little city is enjoying railway communication with the East.

The change has brought new and larger activities to all of us. Brother John is publisher of the leading weekly newspaper of the place, and Willie is assisting him in the printing office. Alfred, who upon the completion of his schooling returned to the telegraph service, has been stationed at a prominent point in Michigan, but has incontinently thrown up his position upon learning of the removal of the family to their new home, declaring that he is not

going to be left out of the family circle if he can find employment at home. It has not been such a rash proceeding, however, as it might seem, and the bright and capable young fellow has been installed in the court house as deputy clerk, and at the same time his younger brother has made his first venture out in the world by following in his footsteps and entering the telegraph office as messenger. From messenger boy to telegraph operator was but an interval of a few months, with an ambitious boy, and his 14th birthday found him in charge of an office of his own.

It was not father's wish to see his baby boy launching out into the world at an age when he should be at school; on the contrary, it had been his darling wish to see one of his sons in Harvard or Yale, and he had hoped that his youngest might have that honor, but poor father had no means to send his boy to college, and his boy couldn't remain at home and eat the bread of idleness, with father's scanty means of support, which was barely sufficient for those who needed it, and there was nothing for the son of a poor preacher but the world's work and self-education on the practical side of life. Then, too, the work had its fascination and charm, and daily contact with men and the sense of care and responsibility carried with it very much that goes into the making of a man.

The telegraph station was not far from home, either, and the railway telegrapher at that time needed no pass. He was known by all the conductors, and was privileged to step on the train at any hour of the day or night and ride to his home or elsewhere on the road without being called upon for his railroad fare, and Saturday night would find him at his home with the family, where he would remain over Sunday, returning in time for duty on Monday morning refreshed and rested, and ready for another week's work.

The old-time telegraph office has left its strong impress on the memory of those whose recollection extends to that period. The office proper was usually a small room, not larger than about 8 by 10 feet, and fenced off with a railing from the public, who were confined to a small ante-room and not allowed to enter the operating room. In the operating room was a high desk and stool, and on the desk was the mysterious piece of mechanism by which the written message was conveyed the distance of hundreds of miles within an incredibly short space of time—one of the marvels of the age. A distinguishing feature that greeted the nostrils of the visitor was a strong odor of nitric or sulphuric acid, emanating from the local battery that was required to operate the "register"—a large brass clockwork affair, through which was passed a narrow ribbon of paper unwound from a reel sus-

pended from the right-hand side of the desk, while at the left hand was a deep wooden box that received the long slip of paper which had passed through the register with its impress of dots and dashes, from which the operator would copy into longhand the message that had been received.

The first telegraph operator was usually an elderly man, an editor, a lawyer, or justice of the peace—any prominent citizen who had succeeded in mastering the Morse alphabet sufficiently to decipher the dots and dashes, and was willing to assume charge of the office. Thus the public were sufficiently impressed with the dignity and responsibility of the operator to be willing to entrust their secrets into his keeping.

It was not long, however, before this condition of things was changed, and some young fellows who started as messenger boys began to catch on to the work and so far outdistanced the boss that he was glad enough to entrust the operating into their hands, and one day a bright young fellow discovered that he did not need the clumsy old register at all, but could read and write down the message by the sound of the dots and dashes and, although this innovation was prohibited for some time, as it was not considered safe, the officials finally became convinced of its accuracy and improvement over the old method, and the register was discarded and

replaced by a neat little apparatus known as a "sounder."

The fascination that attaches to telegraphy and always remains with one, no matter how long he may have been out of the service, is largely due to the pleasant social relations existing between operators hundreds of miles apart, who have become so intimate with each other through conversations between the intervals of business as to recognize each other's method of manipulating the "key," and their call is like that of a familiar voice.

In dull seasons the time would be filled in with a game of chess, played by numbering the squares, and indicating the move of each piece, and at times the operators at the various stations would amuse themselves by propounding conundrums, telling stories, and so on. These play spells, however, have relation only to the early days of the telegraph.

CHAPTER XXVI

Early Telegraph Days

The duties of the telegraph operator in early days were most pleasant and agreeable. The business of train dispatching on the railroad, with all the countless rules and regulations, involving the reporting of trains, the counting of passing freight cars, the turning of switches by a switch block in the office, and all the other burdensome duties which make the telegraph service on railways a ceaseless drudgery, was not then known. The railroad made very little use of the telegraph, and trains were run by the safe but slow time-card rules. The telegraph was used principally for hunting up lost baggage or delayed freight shipments. The superintendent found it convenient when on the road to telegraph to his headquarters and ascertain what, if any, letters might have arrived during his absence, and other little details connected with his office. It was also a convenience for the railroad eating house manager to know about how many passengers were expected for dinner.

At the small stations there was more or less public business, telegrams from belated passengers to their families, some good Catholic nearing the point of death sending for the priest to administer extreme unction, telegrams of congratulation at wed-

dings and births, and, alas, the fatal death message —"——— died this morning"—a hard task for the sympathetic young operator who was required to deliver his own messages.

I remember on one occasion at about noon a dispatch was received—"Minnie died this morning. Come at once." It was a young girl who had been attending school in a distant city, who at last accounts was in perfect health. As I stepped to the door of the home with the fatal message the family had just sat down to dinner, and were laughing and talking with no thought of the dark shadow that was approaching that would turn into mourning their happy home. I handed the telegram to the father at the head of the table, who opened it and read it, and, controlling himself with a mighty effort, he handed it silently to his wife. I waited no longer, but as I left the house the lamentations of that stricken household sounded in my ears for many hours afterwards.

Happily these heart-breaking incidents were few.

One morning I was aroused at an early hour by a young banker who had arrived the night before from Toledo, having with him a small valise containing five thousand dollars in currency. As the train arrived at a late hour he had fallen asleep in his seat, and awakened just in time to see the name of his station as the train was pulling out and, in a dazed condition, acting upon the first impulse, he

rushed to the platform of the car and jumped from the train, leaving the valise on the seat. It was useless to arouse the operator at that hour, as there were no night operators, but at an early hour he called on me and at 8 o'clock the next morning I succeeded in signalling the operator at the next station at which the train was due to arrive, 150 miles distant, with a message to the conductor, describing the missing valise and its location in the car, and the conductor found it resting securely on the seat, where it had remained undisturbed during the night, and telegraphed the fact, much to the joy of its owner.

It may be of interest to add that years afterwards, at the close of the Civil War, this same young banker had become a brigadier general, and later founded a university in the South for colored students that bears his name and, still later, was nominated for the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket.

The superintendent of our telegraph company was a tall, solemn-looking man, who visited us occasionally and, although we had great respect for him, his extreme economy in small matters rendered him decidedly unpopular with his operators, and the boys grew very tired of being scolded for using what he considered an unnecessary number of lead pencils in their work. But the company was poor,

and in debt, and the superintendent himself was shabbily dressed and bore evidence of poverty. I have seen the corporation sold for delinquent taxes at a sheriff's sale at our station, and the stock of the company was considered not worth the paper upon which it was printed.

There were but two lines in the west running to Chicago, one on the Michigan Central railroad from Detroit, and the other one the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad from Toledo and, in addition to this, there were some old, rotten wires running through the southern part of the state which were out of use nine-tenths of the time by reason of damage by storms of wind and lightning, and not infrequently where the falling poles had prostrated the wire to the ground the farmers living along the line had confiscated the wire, or as much as they needed, and used it for repairing their fences, and other purposes.

Our superintendent had a large amount of this telegraph stock, and had great faith in its ultimate value—a faith which I am happy to say was fully realized in after years, when a company which had been operating in the East, backed by large capital, organized what was known as the Western Union Telegraph Company, having for its basis the original stock in what had been known as the Speed and O'Reilly lines, of which our company was a part, and agents began to scour the country for those

original stock certificates, which advanced from par to ten, fifteen and even twenty times their face value. Our poor superintendent became one of the wealthy men of the country and, with the money realized from the sale of his stock and with far-sighted wisdom which others have since emulated, founded and endowed a university in western New York which bears his name and which has become one of the famous institutions of learning of our country. His palatial home was always open to his old telegraph boys who called upon him, where they were entertained with royal hospitality.

Thus from small beginnings, after years of privation and poverty, a magnificent fortune sprang into existence, and the generous and philanthropic use which its possessor has made of it has made the name of Ezra Cornell famous throughout the educational world.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Confederates

The telegraph operator in the small stations and towns was an important individual, and was treated with marked consideration, and if the incumbent happened to be a small boy he was looked upon as a curiosity. In the infancy of the invention of Professor Morse it was a marvel to the citizens, that a mere boy could not only send messages over the wires, but could read by sound the dots and dashes that constituted the Morse alphabet and write it out in plain English that anybody could read, and he was regarded with wondering admiration that was absolutely embarrassing to a modest boy, who might have developed considerable "bumptiousness" in view of the many compliments that were showered upon him, did he not possess an average supply of common sense which, combined with a sense of responsibility and the fact that he was entrusted at times with weighty secrets, necessitated the maintenance of a certain air of dignity and reticence which hardly comported with his extreme youth.

Occasionally, however, matters would come up in connection with the business of the office which would place him in a peculiarly unpleasant position.

One day a man came into the office accompanied by a flashily-dressed young woman and wrote a

dispatch to a party in New York. There was something in the manner and air of the man that excited my suspicion at the outset, and I felt that the woman who accompanied him was not just the person I would like to see, if the pair were really husband and wife. The telegram, too, was mysteriously worded, but my duty was plain as an official of the company, and I had simply to count up the words, tell him the price, take his money and send the message. He paid for it in gold, a three-dollar gold piece, apparently fresh from the mint, and the first coin of that description that we had seen out West. Notwithstanding my suspicions, there was nothing for me to do but to keep quiet and say nothing to my associates at the station. The message required an answer and the couple seemed inclined to camp on my trail until they received it. At six o'clock, which was the hour for closing the office, I told them they would have to wait till morning for the answer, as the office was not open during the night. They were very much disturbed about having to wait that length of time, and the man, who had a supercilious and overbearing air about him, made some remark that was anything but complimentary to the telegraph service, and the couple went to their hotel, very much to my relief. Early the next morning, however, they again appeared, and manifested the greatest impatience at not receiving the answer. The man, with a bullying air,

demanded that I should at once send an office message to New York and ascertain whether the dispatch had been delivered, but while he was talking a call came in from Toledo, our nearest repeating office connected with the East, and to my great relief as well as theirs, the answer came, which was quite as mysteriously worded as the original message that had been sent. The couple took it and retired to a corner of the waiting room where, after a long and whispered conference, the man returned and wrote another dispatch, much longer than the first, which he paid for with another bright three-dollar gold piece, and was more insistent than ever that there should be no delay in its delivery and the securing of an immediate reply.

The couple hung around my office all the forenoon, when No. 9 passed from the east, and after it had left the station the agent beckoned me to come out on the platform, and whispered to me to step across the tracks to the freight office, which was on the opposite side from the passenger station. I went over to the freight office and the agent introduced me to a quiet, unobtrusive-looking man who asked me to step into a little room adjoining where he opened the inside of his coat and showed me a small star, stating at the same time that he was a New York detective in pursuit of a fugitive from justice. He questioned me closely as to the description of the man and woman, and the substance of

the telegrams which had been sent and received, which, under the circumstances, I felt at liberty to disclose, so far as I could recollect, and also showed him the three-dollar gold pieces which had been paid to me for the messages, which seemed to furnish him more satisfactory proof than anything else. He suggested that I return to the office to hold them in conversation for a few minutes, which I did, and while I was assuring the couple that the answer to the last telegram would undoubtedly come inside of an hour, the detective quietly entered the room and stepped up to the man with a drawn revolver and informed him that he was under arrest. Of course, there was a scuffle, and the man attempted to draw his revolver, which the detective adroitly prevented, and the woman screeched, and also drew a revolver from her pocket, but at this juncture Ed. Buckley, our freight agent, a big giant of a fellow, who had followed the detective into the room, quickly pinioned her arms and disarmed her, and the pair were handcuffed and held at the station until the next east-bound train arrived, when they were taken back to New York.

The man and his paramour had been engaged in a bank robbery in New York, where they had secured a large amount of money, principally in three-dollar gold pieces, such as had been paid me for the dispatches.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Early Railroading in the West

It is instructive to look back a half-century and consider the conditions that prevailed in the early days of railroading, and contrast some of its disagreeable features with the many comforts and luxuries to which the traveler is accustomed at this day.

The first railroad lines that had succeeded in reaching the city of Chicago in the year 1852 were the Michigan Central from Detroit and the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana from Toledo, both of which roads reached Chicago about the same time.

The eastern portion of the Michigan Central, which began the work of construction in 1847, was more properly a tramway at the start, consisting of a strap rail about an eighth of an inch in thickness, spiked to "stringers"—wooden rails laid end to end. It was a common occurrence after the train had passed over the strap rail to find that the spikes that fastened the end of the rail to the wooden "stringer" had been loosened, and the strap rail would pull out the spikes and fly up in the air a foot or two, which prevented any further traffic until it had been spiked back again on the "stringers." These "snake heads," as they were called, were of such frequent occurrence that the engineers were

constantly on the watch for them, and it was extremely unsafe for a train to run after nightfall, consequently there were no night trains.

It required between five and six years to complete either of the roads to Chicago, and in the meantime the T-rail came upon the scene and succeeded the strap rail, which was a long step in railroad progress.

Imagine a day's ride on the old-time railroad on a hot summer day, with every window open and a hail of cinders with a cloud of smoke and dust pouring in, so completely filling the interior of the coach that it was difficult to see from one end to the other, and as a protection against the shower of cinders, smoke and dust the regulation outfit of the traveler was a long linen duster reaching down to the heels and closely buttoned up to the throat.

With no vestibules, and a space of at least 12 inches between platforms, it was a risk of life to pass from one car to another while under full headway, especially for a woman and child.

While the T-rail was an immense improvement over the strap iron, the ends of the rails soon became battered and worn down and the space between the ends widened, causing a continuous bumping in passing from one rail to the other, and amid the rattle and bang of the train would be heard the hoarse voice of the brakeman announcing the stations, the stentorian voice of the conductor in his

call for tickets, interspersed with the shrill cry of the water boy, as he passed through the car with his teakettle of ice water with its tin cup fitted into the rim under the spout, and with which he watered his passengers. We never heard of anybody being poisoned with germs, however, with all the promiscuous drinking from one cup.

With the advent of the T-rail the running of the night trains was made possible, but the miseries and discomforts of a night ride were even worse than a day trip.

As darkness came on the brakeman proceeded to light the dim oil lamps set in brackets on each side of the car, which afforded sufficient light for the passengers to find their way around and, as 9 or 10 o'clock approached, the wearied traveler attempted to get some rest by curling himself up and twisting around in the uncomfortable seat, and one who imagined himself fortunate in securing a whole seat was soon undeceived by being unceremoniously prodded by a newcomer in search of a seat and, along about midnight, the water-boy took especial delight in awakening a somnolent passenger with a shrill cry in his ear, "Water!" and passed on, heedless of the savage reply of his irritated victim.

People had little money, but they willingly paid the tariff rate of three cents a mile for the privilege of being bumped over the country at the astonishingly rapid rate of twenty to twenty-five miles an

hour, with all the discomforts attending the journey, because it wasn't so far away from the day of the stagecoach, when they were required to pay at the rate of 10 cents a mile for being jolted out of their seats over corduroy roads through the swamps or pitched from one side of the stage to the other as the horses struggled along over the deep ruts and mudholes of the forest roads, at an average speed of four to five miles an hour.

Added to the disagreeable features of an all-night ride on the old-time railroad, accompanying the stertorous snores of the sleeping passengers would be the indulging in a family repast about midnight, when one's olfactories would be regaled with the odor of bologna sausage, onions, cheese, and a variety of delicate perfumes emanating from various parts of the car.

The regulation railway eating house was in its glory, and at certain hours of the day and night the passengers were informed in no uncertain tones that at the next station they had twenty minutes for refreshments, which really meant that by the time they had secured a seat at the table and a cup of muddy coffee with a piece of half-cooked chicken the time had dwindled down to fifteen minutes, and if the train happened to be a little late, the conductor, who had been promptly waited upon, being the first at the table and hastily swallowing his meal, would grab his brass lantern and make for

the door with the cry "all aboard," leaving the passenger with a half-finished meal to rush back to the train, after disgorging his half-dollar to the smiling proprietor, who stood on guard at the only place of exit.

CHAPTER XXIX

EARLY RAILROADING (Continued)

WITH this condition of things in what was known as first-class railway travel, the poor immigrant fared still worse. It was a time when the tide of immigration from Germany, Sweden, Norway and other parts of the old world was pouring into the Western states, and every train was largely made up of second-class cars, with their hard wooden seats and an almost utter lack of decent accommodations, and whenever a train would stop at a station there would be a rush for the pump by the poor, thirsty creatures with their cups and cans, and before one-tenth of them could secure the water the cry "All aboard" would send them rushing back to their train in disappointment after their fruitless effort.

The condition of the second-class cars in which the poor immigrants were packed like cattle was filthy beyond description, and the suffering of the women and children during the warm weather may

well be imagined. And yet these same foreign-born citizens were the men who furnished the bone and sinews of our Western prairies. Frugal, temperate and industrious, they have since become our most prosperous and respected citizens. They abundantly proved their loyalty to their adopted country in the hour of the nation's greatest peril, and their descendants today are not only our leading merchants and farmers, but have successfully filled the honorable positions of mayors of cities, governors, state officials and representatives in Congress.

The lack of safety appliances on the old-time railroad made it extremely hazardous for the trainmen, especially in the freight service where, during the winter season, men were obliged to run over the tops of the cars while the train was in motion, leaping from one car to another until they reached the brake. This was a particularly dangerous undertaking when the running-board on the top of the cars was coated with ice.

There were also many accidents caused by coupling cars, where the brakeman was compelled to step in between as the cars were coming together and insert the coupling pin and, despite the utmost care of the engineer in backing up his engine, frequently the man would be caught between the bumpers and either killed or fatally injured.

The modern methods of train dispatching were unknown, and trains ran on the slow but safe time-card rules; arriving at a meeting point and failing to meet a train, a wait of twenty minutes, then proceeding cautiously, sending a brakeman ahead with a red flag by day and a red lantern at night at each curve while the train from the opposite direction was doing the same, until the trains met, and one backed up to the nearest siding and let the other pass.

Twenty-five miles an hour was the extreme limit for passenger trains, and twelve miles an hour for freights.

Our road, running from Toledo to Chicago, was separated into two divisions—the Michigan Southern on the east and the Northern Indiana on the west, divided near the state line between Michigan and Indiana, at which station was a large hotel and eating house, and the crews of both passenger and freight trains changed at that point.

The divisions were in charge of superintendents, who were thorough railroad men from the ground up. They spent very little time in their headquarters, and were out on the road every day in the week, frequently riding on the pilot of the engine, inspecting the tracks. They knew every foot of the track and the condition of every bridge and culvert on their division.

The western division was in charge of a superintendent who was not only a thorough railroad man, but also a thorough gentleman, and it was remarked that he never passed the humblest employe without a pleasant word of greeting. Stepping off the engine at a station he would address a trackman with the words, "John, how is that youngest child of yours getting along?" "Very poorly, sorr; I'm afraid we won't raise him." "Well, you go to the drug store and get this, and I think it will help him," and he would write out a prescription on a slip of paper, which the poor fellow would gratefully accept, for our superintendent, in addition to his other qualifications, had a medical education.

The relation between employer and employe was ideal. If a trackman had a grievance, whether real or fancied, he was not required to deal solely with his section boss, who might be bearing down too heavily on him for the purpose of forcing him out and putting a friend or relative in his place, but he could appeal directly to his superintendent the next time he met him, and the matter would be openly discussed between the trackman and his boss and the superintendent, and if there was any merit in the complaint it was quickly remedied.

On the eastern division the superintendent was also a typical railroad man, but of a very different make-up. He was a picturesque figure, fully six

feet tall, with swarthy complexion, and a voice like the roar of a lion, and if anything went wrong on his division we would hear his curses, loud and deep, but the more he swore and cursed the better his men loved him, for they knew that under his rough exterior was a heart as gentle and tender as a woman's.

He loved all his boys, but especially his engineers, and it is related that on one occasion when one of his engineers met with an accident in a collision and was terribly mangled he had him brought to his own home and sat up with him nights until he succeeded in nursing him back to health.

There were no strikes in those days; probably few, if any, understood the meaning of the word. Each man had a personal interest in the road and rejoiced in doing his full duty in whatever position he was placed.

One of the pleasant features of the summer travel from Chicago to the East was a line of steamers that made daily trips between Toledo and Buffalo, and as the train pulled into Toledo and the passengers were leisurely eating their dinner at the Island House their baggage was being transferred to the *Southern Michigan* or *Northern Indiana,* both beautiful boats, luxuriantly furnished, and the passengers would enjoy the pleasure of a lake trip to Buffalo and a good night's rest,

which meant a great deal to the traveler in the absence of sleeping cars on the railways.

This pleasant feature of summer travel might have continued for many summers following but for a sad calamity that occurred in the fall of 1856 resulting in the burning of the *Southern Michigan* with a loss of thirty lives, which caused the abandonment of the delightful water trip which had proved so attractive to the passenger traffic between Chicago and New York.

CHAPTER XXX

A Famous Detective

In the fall of 1853, the first year of the completion of the railroad to the city of Chicago, two quite serious accidents occurred on the road near the state line between Indiana and Illinois, resulting in the derailment of the engine and several cars and serious personal injuries, caused by placing ties or railroad iron across the tracks. The work was done sometime after dark, and the utmost vigilance on the part of the railroad officials failed to detect the culprits.

A detective agency had been established in Chicago a short time previous to these occurrences, at the head of which was a man named Pinkerton—Allan Pinkerton. The railway officials, after vain efforts in detecting the miscreants through their own men, called upon Pinkerton's agency to aid them in ferreting out the perpetrators and bringing them to justice.

After being put in possession of all the facts connected with the case Mr. Pinkerton realized that the matter was too serious to entrust to any of his men and that the only way in which the mystery could be unraveled would be through patient and persistent personal work, and he therefore decided to take a vacation for an indefinite period, leaving his department in charge of one of his best men.

A few days later the section gang working in the vicinity where the troubles had occurred was joined by a heavy-set man, dressed in the ordinary laborer's clothing, who went by the name of Tim O'Brien. The gang fought shy of him at first, as they would of any stranger, but their suspicions were allayed as they became better acquainted with him, as Tim proved to be an all-around good fellow, and was free with his money, and in the course of time he was admitted into their confidence and their secret councils. This was not accomplished in a week or two weeks, however, and nearly two months had elapsed before matters had reached the active stage, when in their secret conferences it was decided that the night express leaving Chicago at 10 o'clock for the East, which was known to carry thousands of dollars in gold, would be derailed and wrecked, and in the excitement attending the accident, resulting perhaps in the loss of many innocent lives, an opportunity would be afforded to loot the express car and secure the treasure. Among those who were selected to attend to that part of the work was Tim O'Brien, the biggest and strongest man in the gang, who had lately by reason of his superior shrewdness and force of character become their leader.

The night, the place, and the hour had been definitely fixed upon, and on the evening of the night preceding that date, shortly after dark, a stout, well-dressed man, who might have been a

banker or a merchant, to all appearances, stepped into the little railroad telegraph station and wrote the following dispatch to the superintendent of the road:

"No. 7, Tuesday night; slow down at Section 24 for fishermen."

It was not uncommon in those days to slow down a train and stop for a party of hunters or fishermen when requested so to do, and there was nothing in the dispatch to arouse the suspicions of the operator or anybody else who might chance to see it; but the superintendent, who had been fully posted in advance, knew what it meant and, taking the first train for Chicago with the following day ahead of him for completing such plans as had been agreed upon, he secured a sufficient force of detectives to cope with the gang when the time for action arrived. The detectives dressed in the garb of workmen were dropped off in twos and threes at one or two stations in the vicinity of the section and remained scattered until after dark, when they met and concealed themselves within sight of the designated spot, and at the hour fixed a number of men, led by Tim O'Brien, appeared from an adjoining clump of bushes, and at the sound of the locomotive whistle in the distance were seen carrying a T-rail, which they placed across the track, and the gang were about to fall back to await results from their

nefarious work when they found themselves surrounded by the detectives.

The surprise was so sudden that none escaped, and they were handcuffed, Tim O'Brien among the rest, and put on the train, which had slowed down as directed for the "fishermen," and taken back to Chicago, where they were safely lodged behind the bars of Bridewell, after which the belated night express made another start, with the comfortable assurance that there would be no more track obstruction, by that gang at least, and probably none for years to come at that point.

It was Pinkerton's first important work, and it was so cleverly and successfully carried through that it won for him a national reputation, which still clings to the agency that bears his name, although it has been many years since his day.

CHAPTER XXXI

The "Wildcat" Banks

Those of us who have enjoyed for many years the blessing of a system of stable currency, beginning with the greenback currency of the Civil War, which later developed into the national bank system, can hardly appreciate the benefit of such currency to the trade and commerce of the country as compared with our banking system in the West before the Civil War, when the era of "wildcat" currency was at its height, when banks were started in every little town, with no specie in their vaults and no assets outside of a counter and some plate-glass partitions, a safe and sufficient furniture to make an outside show, and people were entrapped into depositing their hard earnings, to be drawn out in the shape of very prettily engraved banknotes, with no guaranty of security on their face except the bare signature of the president and cashier. In all such cases it was supposed that the bank had a sufficient amount of gold or silver to enable it to redeem the notes when presented with a demand for the specie.

In the summer of 1857 a panic started, with the failure of a few of these institutions, and people at once became suspicious of their local banks and, as they presented their notes with a demand for the specie, bank after bank was compelled to close its

doors, and at the railroad ticket offices and other public places daily lists were furnished of such banks as had failed inside of twenty-four hours, and it was impossible to say whether a bank-note which was considered good one day would not be pronounced utterly worthless the next day. The only reliable bank-notes were those of the State bank located at the capitol, and as the closing of a bank's door was a matter of daily occurrence, business failures naturally followed, and a period of financial stress and disaster prevailed throughout the country. Added to this was the circulation of a number of counterfeit notes of the State bank issues, necessitating frequent references to the National Bank Note Detector, which was a necessary adjunct to every bank and mercantile establishment.

This condition of affairs was calculated to make life a burden to the unfortunate railroad ticket agent, who was receiving daily bulletins from headquarters with long lists of banks that had failed since the last bulletin, or were in such a shaky condition that the company notified its agents that notes of such banks would not be received if taken in at the office after the receipt of the list, and the only safety for the ticket agent was to make up his remittance and rush it through on the first train, lest he should be found with the "goods" on him after the receipt of the last list, and to insure against being "stuck" with a discredited banknote he was

compelled to consult his lists with nearly every applicant for a ticket which, with the excited crowd at the window eager to obtain their tickets before the train started, kept the agent on a constant strain, lest in the shuffle a bad bill would be palmed off on him, which would mean that much deducted from his meager salary.

CHAPTER XXXII

A Dream of the Years

Amid the bright and peaceful scenes of yesterday a shadow of a cloud has been gathering, unheeded by the people of a happy and prosperous land, and but dimly foreseen save by the statesmen of the day who have been keeping their fingers on the pulse of the nation, a cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" appearing in the South, and year after year is adding to its growth. The curse of slavery, which has laid its withering hand upon the brightest and loveliest section of our country—a curse which came upon us long before the days of Washington, and has stood for more than a century, giving the lie to our boasted declaration that all men are created free, with equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which has been ruthlessly trodden under foot by an autocratic majority under strict party discipline in Congress and the White House, while we of the peaceful North, heedless of the danger signals ever and anon thrown out like tongues of flame from the suppressed fires of a seething volcano, little dream of the terrible years to come upon us, as we pursue the even tenor of our way, content to endure the obloquy attaching to an institution which for these many years has been a foul blot upon our escutcheon, so long as it extends thus far, and no farther.

But events are crowding the history of the years, the significance of which can no longer be blinked, and the most obtuse minds are awakening to a realization of the impending danger, and anxiously watching the gathering clouds that are threatening destruction and death to our national life.

The "irrepressible conflict" between the North and the South on the slavery question is constantly cropping out in the debates in the halls of Congress, and the determined effort of Southern members to force their "peculiar institution" into the territories which are rapidly growing in population and knocking at the doors of Congress for admission into the family of states is having its effect in solidifying the Northern and Western states into a steadfast and determined opposition to the extension into the new states of an institution which has for years become a stench in the nostrils of the residents of the free states of the Union.

The passage of the Fugitive Slave law, compelling the peaceable citizen of the Northwest to abandon his work on his farm or shop at the command of the slave hunter in pursuit of his "chattel," requiring him under the direst threats of pains and penalties, even of death in case of refusal, to assist him in the pursuit and capture of some miserable creature who is endeavoring to escape from his master and seek refuge on the Canadian border—all this has aroused a spirit of righteous indignation

that will not tamely submit to an invasion of personal liberty under the cover of an iniquitous law passed in defiance of the Constitution of the United States.

The decision of Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court, known as the Dred Scott decision, that Congress has no power to abolish slavery in any territory acquired since the foundation of the government, and attacking the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, adds fuel to the fire which has been kindled in opposition to the constant aggression by the South, whose representatives in Congress have been in control of both branches for many years, and are determined to stop at nothing in the accomplishment of their design of forcing slavery into the new territories and states of the Northwest.

But the young giant of the West has been growing rapidly in stature and strength in these later years, and the tide of immigration that has been sweeping over the new territory, peopling it with foreign-born citizens of other nations who have come to this country to escape the tyranny of their own governments, has strengthened its sinews and given birth to a new political party, the Republican party, which has had its first trial of strength, with John C. Fremont as its standard bearer in 1856, and, although defeated in its first encounter, is still very much alive

and gathering strength for the conflict that is now seen to be inevitable in years to come.

The continuous outrages and wanton invasion of territory with destruction of property and murder of inoffensive citizens in the territory of Kansas by the "border ruffians" of the slave state of Missouri, in an effort to force an entering wedge for the introduction of slavery, the pillaging and burning of the town of Lawrence, Kansas, followed but a day or two later by a cowardly and murderous attack by a South Carolina congressman upon Senator Charles Sumner while quietly writing in the Senate chamber with his back to the assassin, has aroused to fever heat the quickened pulses of the people of the Northwest, and on the other hand the foolish raid of John Brown and his handful of followers in an insane attempt to stir up an insurrection among the Southern slaves has added fuel to the fierce fires of the South and their intense hatred of the despised Northern "mud sills;" and in the meantime the country awaits with breathless anxiety the results of the national conventions of 1860.

It is the late spring of 1860. The Democratic national convention is meeting in Charleston, S. C., the hotbed of rebellion, always a firebrand as far back as the days of Andrew Jackson, whose firm hand and iron will crushed out the first attempt of secession and separation from the national family by that state. A long and exciting session results

in a division between the radical and conservative elements of the party, each putting up separate tickets.

Two weeks later and the Republican party is holding its convention in the famous Wigwam at Chicago, resulting in the selection of Abraham Lincoln as its standard bearer.

The whirlwind campaign of the summer and fall of 1860, with its hundreds of thousands of torches illuminating the heavens nightly, borne by enthusiastic armies of Wide Awakes with their oilcloth capes, caps and banners.

The election of Lincoln, the assembling of Congress, the secession from the Union of the South, state after state, led by South Carolina, the tumultous scenes in Congress, the notes of preparation for war throughout the South, preceding the first overt act, the firing of the first gun at Charleston, and the surrender of the purposely weakened and powerless garrison of Fort Sumter.

The call of Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers for three months' service, and the sluggish blood of the North is becoming warmed to a realization of the fact that we are in the throes of a civil war, and every town and hamlet in the land is resounding with the music of fife and drum, the sharp command of the drillmaster, and the ceaseless tramp and evolutions of the new recruits.

Even now the full meaning of what is before us is not fully realized, and the assembling of the various companies at the rendezvous with their gay uniforms and bright trappings seems but a summer holiday for the young soldier, as he appears on dress parade, in the presence of admiring friends and relatives awaiting orders for transportation to the front.

Day after day brings telegraph news of skirmishes here and there, and "On to Richmond" is the cry of the daily press, until the fatal day in July, 1861, the birthday of the nation, when the telegraph brings us the direful tidings of the shameful and inglorious defeat of the army of the Potomac at Bull Run, with the disgraceful panic and rout which sent our men fleeing in scattered herds back to the nation's capital.

On the same day and concurrent with the news of the defeat of our army comes the call of Lincoln for 300,000 men for three years' service. And now we fully realize the terrible fact that the war is no longer a holiday outing, with fancy uniforms made to order, with an accompaniment of a regimental band, a short campaign, and a speedy return to their homes decked with garlands of victory.

No more spectacular battles, with distant onlookers in their carriages in holiday attire, fresh from the social swim of life at the capital of the nation. We know now that it is a stern and relentless con-

flict, through summer and winter campaigns for years to come, with call after call for hundreds of thousands of troops, depopulating farm, workshop and counting house throughout the land.

A simple uniform of blue serge blouse and trousers, roughly made and handed out by the thousands, with army shoes, the grey blanket, with knapsack, haversack and musket and the regulation round of ammunition is all that the soldier requires, as he draws his daily rations from the quartermaster's department to be cooked by himself and his comrades over the hastily constructed campfire. The shrill music of fife and drum has supplanted the gorgeously uniformed and expensive regimental band, as quotas are filled from each state with half-drilled companies of raw recruits, rapidly gathered and formed into regiments and transported to the scene of action.

The hundred battles that follow with the loss of more than half a million of precious lives and countless thousands of permanently disabled on one side alone out of two and a half million of Union soldiers engaged in the four years of conflict belongs to a history of many volumes filled with every detail of the great Civil War between the South and the North, ending with the surrender of General Lee at Appomatox in the spring of 1865.

But who can write the history of the hundreds of thousands of peaceful and happy homes, suddenly

disrupted by the stern call upon husbands, fathers and brothers to join the ranks in defense of their country? Who can write the chronicle of homes desolated and bereft of the comfort and support of their natural protectors, the blasted hopes of young lovers whose blissful dreams of future happiness in sweet little homes builded and furnished in their fond imaginations are ruthlessly swept aside by the stern call to duty—histories written only in the hearts and memories of the stricken ones, whose sole duty is to follow daily the monotonous round of household work, and pray hourly for the safe return of their loved ones?

And out of the mists and shadows of those dark days there remains to the lone chronicler the memory of a pair of earnest, truthful brown eyes through which the soul shone out in steadfast faith and loyalty to the one love of her life—eyes that years afterwards, suffering, weary and longing for rest, closed forever upon the scenes of this world.

The struggle between love and duty is quickly ended when simultaneously with the call for the 300,000 there came through the mail the little "housewife" with needles, pins and thread, all that the soldier needed in his crude efforts at repairing the ravages and mishaps to clothing in camp life, a dainty creation of her own dear hands, mingled with her tears, with the pathetic little note—" 'Tis little that a woman can do in these perilous days, to

keep the home fires burning, with brothers in the field, and only poor old father to care for. You know what this little keepsake means, dear. May God bless and keep you, and bring you back safely to—INEZ."

A half hour later and a new name is added to the roll of the —— regiment of Wisconsin volunteers, in company with many others of the home flock, some of whom have stood out prominently in the light that shone on the making of great names ....

"Why, grandfather, do wake up," sounds the voice of my granddaughter, another little Inez with the same dark brown eyes looking into mine—"here you have been sleeping for hours, and you know we are to take the train in an hour to visit Uncle Will and the kids."

And thus ends my dream of the years.

THE AFTERWORD

THE tale of Yesterday is told, so far as it relates to the early history of Western life, covering, as it does, but a single decade of those quiet and happy days when our nation was at peace with the world. Sixty-five years have passed since those quiet, uneventful scenes ended with the last chapter of this chronicle. In that time the fearful record of war and bloodshed in which our country has had its full share, with its loss of hundreds of thousands of the bravest and best youth of our land is now a part of the history of the world.

And in the early years of the new century may we not stop a moment comparing the restless, feverish life of today with the simple annals of the past, and ask ourselves, "What have we gained in all these years of toil and strife?"

Granting that our country has enormously increased in area and population, until it now has within its borders more than a hundred million souls, that wealth has accumulated to such colossal proportions that the fortunes of yesterday which we counted by the hundreds of thousands are counted today by the millions and billions—that in the rapid stride of progress in all the arts and sciences a new vista has opened before our astonished gaze and the wonderful inventions of but a few years past have revolutionized the entire civ-

ilized world—new developments in the realm of nature, new energies never before dreamed of, entering into all the avenues of daily life.

And still, let us inquire, What have we gained in the things that make for the real advancement and betterment of mankind?

In the midst of the strenuous life of today, a life that is daily adding to its thousands of victims of heart disease, of paralysis, of nervous prostration, its appalling record of insanity and suicide, and all the ills that follow in the wake of an insane struggle for wealth, the foolish chase after the bauble reputation of the millionaire—again let us inquire, Where is our boasted civilization, when licentiousness is running riot, and crimes of every description furnish the daily record of our news items—when graft, embezzlement, wholesale bribery and robbery of the people under the name of "high finance" is the order of the day—when the red flag of anarchy, born of the scum of the old world, is brazenly flaunted in our faces; when the peaceable and inoffensize citizen is murdered at midday by trained gangs of assassins, and law and order is derided and defied at our very doors—when religion, that mystic tie that binds us to God, is losing its hold upon us, and His sacred Word is the target of attack on all sides—when vice and licentiousness have crept into literature and the drama, and the details of all the miserable scandals

of the divorce court are daily served up to us with sensational headlines, and in all our large cities are shamelessly posted pictures of vice that reek with the filth and poison of the sewers of the underworld—vices that brought about the downfall of ancient Rome?

Turning with horror from this terrible picture of crimes that greet us on every hand, we may well ask, Can it be possible that in this fair land of liberty ancient history will repeat itself, and the high ideals born of the sacrifice of millions of lives from the days of Washington down to the later days of Lincoln, and down to the present day will be swept aside and overwhelmed by the attacks of that monster whose name is Legion and whose insidious poison is threatening the life of our beloved nation?

The voice of millions of good men and women throughout the length and breadth of the land cry in thunder tones, "No, no—a thousand times no!"

Then let us take courage and be of good cheer.

Philosophers and statesmen of a past generation, who have stood like watchmen on the outposts, peering into the dim light of the future have pointed with unerring finger to two evils which, if not held in check by strong laws, would eventually destroy the Republic.

Those twin evils, Intemperance and Greed, have gone forward hand in hand unchecked in the many years of the past, and have grown to giant propor-

tions while we have been absorbed in our trivial pursuit of gain, unmindful of the hastening ills which were threatening our national life until the prophecies of the wise men were in danger of fulfillment at no distant day.

But still let us take courage, and be of good cheer.

The conflict between good and evil, between virtue and vice, a conflict which has been but feebly waged in the past, is assuming a strength little dreamed of. God is not mocked; the evil days are being shortened, and out of the clamor and babel of tongues we can distinctly hear the sound of that bugle "that shall never call retreat," and all the forces that make for the good and well-being of the community are being massed in every city, town and hamlet in the land. Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors has become the law of the land. The saloon and barroom, which for past generations has been given a free rein and full liberty to carry on its nefarious traffic which has caused the destruction and ruin of our youth and manhood, has become a thing of the past and, although the tentacles of the octopus are still showing signs of life in our large cities, the law fastens its strong grip on the offender whenever detected, and our courts see to it that swift punishment is meted out to the criminals who have defied the law.