

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

Copyright, 1906, by Lothrop Publishing Company

Go perjury for applause. I do not say that most of the men I saw were of that ilk, but enough to show the tendency of life in a great town.

I was filled with wonder at first by meeting so many who had been everywhere and seen everything, who had mastered all sciences and all philosophies and endured many perils on land and sea. I had met them before—it was no idea there in the north country—and some of them had attained a good degree of efficiency, but they lacked the candor and finish of the metropolitan school. I confess they were all too much for me at first. They borrowed my cash, they shared my confidence, they taxed my credulity, and I saw the truth at last.

"Tom's breaking down," said a co-faborer on the staff one day.

"How's that?" I inquired.

"Served me a mean trick."

"Indeed?"

"Deceived me," said he sorrowfully.

"No, I suppose."

"No. He told the truth, as God's my witness."

Tom had been absolutely reliable up to that time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THOSE were great days in mid-autumn. The republic was in grave peril of dissolution. Liberty that had hymned her birth in the last century now hymned her destiny in the voices of bard and orator. Crowds of men gathered in public squares, on bulletin boards, on street corners, arguing, gesticulating, exclaiming and cursing. Scattering multitudes went up and down the city by night with banners and torches, and there was such a howl of oratory and applause on the lower half of Manhattan Island that it gave the reporter no rest. William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, John A. Dix, Henry Ward Beecher and Charles O'Connor were the giants of the stump. There was more violence and religious fervor in the political feeling of that time than had been mingled since 1776. A sense of outrage was in the hearts of men.

"Honest Abe" Lincoln stood as they took it, for their homes and their country, for human liberty and even for their God.

I remember coming into the counting room late one evening. Lord voices had hailed me as I passed the door. Mr. Greeley stood back of the counter, a rather tall, wiry, gray-headed man before it. Each was shaking a right fist under the other's nose. They were shouting loudly as they argued. The stranger was for war; Mr. Greeley for waiting. The publisher of the Tribune stood beside the latter, smoking a pipe; a small man leaned over the counter at the stranger's elbow, putting in a word here and there; half a dozen people stood by, listening. Mr. Greeley turned to his publisher in a moment.

"Rhoades," said he, "I wish ye'd put those men out. They boller an' yell so I can't hear myself think."

Then there was a general laugh.

I learned, to my surprise, when they had gone that the tall man was William H. Seward, the other John A. Dix.

Then one of those fevered days came the Prince of Wales—a godsend—to allay passion with curiosity.

It was my duty to handle some of the latest news by magnetic telegraph and help to get the plans and progress of the campaign at headquarters. The printer, as they called Mr. Greeley, was at his desk when I came in at noon, never leaving the office but for dinner until past midnight those days. And he made the Tribune a mighty power in the state. His faith in its efficacy was sublime, and every line went under his eye before it went to his readers. I remember a night when he called me to his office about 12 o'clock. He was up to his knees in the rubbish of the day newspapers that he had read and thrown upon the floor; his desk was littered with proofs.

"Go an' see the Prince of Wales," he said. "That interesting young man had arrived on the Harriet Lane that morning and ridden up Broadway between cheering hosts." "I've got a sketch of him here, an' it's all twaddle. Tell us something new about him." "He's got a hole in his sock we ought to know it."

Mr. Dana came in to see him while I was there.

"Look here, Daga," said the printer in a rasping humor. "By the gods of war! Here's two columns about that performance at the Academy and only two sticks of the speech of Seward at St. Paul. I'll have to get some one to go an' burn that theater an' send the bill to me."

In the morning Mayor Wood introduced me to the Duke of Newcastle, who in turn presented me to the Prince of Wales, then a slim, blue-eyed youngster of nineteen, as gentle-mannered as any I have ever met. It was my unpleasant duty to keep as near as possible to the royal party in all the festivities of that week.

The hall in the prince's honor at the Academy of Music was one of the great social events of the century. No fair of vanity in the western hemisphere ever quite equaled it. The fashions of the French court had taken the city as had the prince—by unconditional surrender. Not in the palace of Versailles could one have seen a more generous exposure of the charms of fair women. None was admitted with-

out a low cut bodice, and many came that had not the proper accessories. But it was the most brilliant company, New York had ever seen.

Too many tickets had been distributed, and soon "there was an elbow on every rib and a heel on every toe," as Mr. Greeley put it. Every miss and her mamma tipped for a view of the prince and his party, who came in at 10, taking their seats on a dais at one side of the crowded floor. The prince sat with his hands folded before him like one in a reverie. Beside him were the Duke of Newcastle, a big, stern man with an aggressive red beard; the blithe and sparkling Earl of St. Germaine; then steward of the royal household; the curly Major Pennington; the gay Bruce, a major general, who behaved himself always like a lady. Suddenly himself sank beneath the crowd of people, who retired in some disorder. Such a compression of crinolines was never seen as at that moment, when periphery pressed upon periphery and held many a man captive in the cold embrace of steel and whalebone. The royal party retired to its rooms again, and carpenters came in with saws and hammers. The floor repaired, an area was roped off for dancing—as much as could be spared. The prince opened the dance with Mrs. Governor Morgan, after which other ladies were honored with his gallantry.

I saw Mrs. Fuller in one of the boxes and made haste to speak with her. She had just landed, having left Hope to study a time in the conservatory of Leipzig.

"Mrs. Livingstone is with her," said she, "and they will return together in April."

"Mrs. Fuller, did she send any word to me?" I inquired anxiously. "Did she give you no message?"

"None," she said coldly, "except one to her mother and father, which I have sent in a letter to them."

I left her heavy hearted, went to the reporter's table and wrote my story, very badly. I must admit, for I was out deep with sadness. Then I came away and walked for hours, not caring a great homeliness had whither. A great homeliness had whither. I felt as if I talk with Uncle Eb or Elizabeth Brower would have given me the comfort I needed. I walked rapidly through dark, deserted streets. A steep clock was striking 2 when I heard some one coming hurriedly on the walk behind me. I looked over my shoulder, but could not make him out in the darkness, and yet there was something familiar in the step. As he came nearer I felt his hand upon my shoulder.

"Better go home, Brower," he said, as I recognized the voice of Trumbull. "You've been out a long time. Passed you before tonight."

"Why didn't you speak?"

"You were preoccupied."

"Not keeping good hours yourself," I said.

"Rather late," he answered, "but I am a walker, and I love the night. It is so still in this part of the town."

We were passing the Five Points.

"When do you sleep?" I inquired.

"Never sleep at night," he said, "unless uncommonly tired. Out every night more or less. Sleep two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon—that's all I require. Seen the hands of that clock yonder on every hour of the night?"

He pointed to a lighted dial in a near tower.

Stopping presently, he looked down at a little watch in a doorway, a bundle of evening papers under his arm. He lifted him tenderly.

"Here, boy," he said, dropping coins in the pocket of the ragged little coat, "I'll take those papers. You go home now."

We walked to the river, passing few save members of "the force," who al-

while a bitter foe, none was more generous than he, and when the war was over his money went to ball the very man he had most roundly damned.

I remember that one day when he was sunk deep in composition a negro came and began with grand airs to make a request as delegate from his campaign club. The printer sat still, his eyes close to the paper, his pen flying at high speed. The colored orator went on lifting his voice in a set position. Mr. Greeley bent to his work as the man waxed eloquent. A nervous movement now and then betrayed the printer's irritation. He looked up shortly, his face kindling with anger.

"Help! For God's sake!" he shrieked impatiently, his hands flying in the air. The printer seemed to be gasping for breath.

"Go and stick your head out of the window and get through!" he shouted loudly to the man.

"Then you may come and tell me what you want," he added in a milder tone.

Those were days when men said what they meant, and their meaning had more fight in it than was really polite or necessary. Fight was in the air, and before I knew it there was a wild, devastating spirit in my own bosom, inasmuch that I made haste to join a local regiment. It grew sparse, but not until I saw the first troops on their way to the war was I fully determined to go and give battle with my regiment.

The town was afire with patriotism. Sumner had fallen. Lincoln had issued his first call. The sound of the fife and drum rang in the streets. Men gave up work to talk and listen or go into the sterner business of war. Then one night in April a regiment came out of New England on its way to the front. It lodged at the Astor House, to leave at 9 in the morning. Long before that hour the building was flanked and fronted with tens of thousands, crowding Broadway for three blocks, stuffing the wide mouth of Park row and braced into Vesey and Barclay streets. My editor assigned me to this interesting event.

I stood in the crowd that morning and saw what was really the beginning of the war in New York. There was no babble of voices, no impatient call, no sound of idle jeering such as one is apt to hear in a waiting crowd. It stood silent, each man busy with the rising current of his own emotions, solemnized by the faces all around him. The soldiers filed out upon the pavement, the police having kept a way clear for them. Still there was silence in the crowd, save that near me I could hear a man sobbing. A trumpeter lifted his bugle and sounded a bar of the reveille. The clear notes stieet about us with their silver sound.

Suddenly the band began playing. The tune was "Yankee Doodle." A wild, dismal, tremulous cry came out of a throat near me. It grew and spread to a mighty roar, and then such a shout went up to heaven as I had never heard and I know full well I shall never hear again. It was like the ringing of thunderbolts above the roar of floods—elemental, prophetic, threatening, ungodly. It did seem to me that the holy wrath of God Almighty was in that cry of the people. They were ready to give all that was his life and things far dearer to him than his life. After that they and their sons begged for a chance to throw themselves into the hideous ruin of war.

I walked slowly back to the office and wrote my article. When the printer came in at 12, I went to his room before he had had time to begin work.

"Mr. Greeley," I said, "here is my resignation. I am going to war."

His habitual smile gave way to a sober look as he turned to me, his big white coat on his arm. He pursed his lips and blew thoughtfully. Then he threw his coat in a chair and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

"Well, God bless you, my boy," he said. "I wish I could go too."

I worked some weeks before my regiment was sent forward. I planned to be at home for a day, but they needed me on the staff, and I dreaded the pain of a parting of the gravity of which my return would serve only to accentuate. So I wrote them a cheerful letter and kept at work. It was my duty to interview some of the great men of that day as to the course of the government. I remember Commodore Vanderbilt came down to see me in shirt sleeves and slippers that afternoon, with a handkerchief tied about his neck in place of a collar—a blunt man of simple manners and a big heart, one who spoke his mind in good, plain talk, and, I suppose, he got along with as little profanity as possible, considering his many cares.

He called me "boy" and spoke of a certain plain man as a "big sucker." I soon learned that to him a "sucker" was the lowest and meanest thing in the world. He sent me away with nothing but a great admiration of him. As a rule, the giants of that day were plain men of the people, with no frills upon them and with a way of hitting upon the shoulder. They said what they meant and meant it hard. I have heard Lincoln talk when his words had the whiz of a bullet and his arm the jerk of a piston.

John Trumbull invited McClingan, of whom I had told him much, and myself to dine with him an evening that week. I went in my new dress suit—that mark of sinful extravagance for which fate had brought me down to the pounding of rocks under Boss McCormick. Trumbull's rooms were a feast



"Here, boy, I'll take those papers."

ways gave Trumbull a cheery "Hello, caps!" We passed wharfs where the great sea horses lay stalled, with harnesses hung high above them, their noses nodding over our heads. We stood awhile looking up at the looming masts, the lights of the river craft.

"Guess I've done some good," said he, turning into Peck slip. "Saved two young women. Took 'em off the streets. Fine women now, both of them—respectable, prosperous, and one is beautiful. Man who's got a mother or a sister can't help feeling sorry for such people."

CHAPTER XXV.

AS soon as Lincoln was elected the attitude of the south showed clearly that "the irrepressible conflict" of Mr. Seward's naming had only just begun. The Herald gave columns every day to the news of "the coming revolution," as it was pleased to call it. There was loud talk of war at and after the great Pine street meeting of Dec. 15. South Carolina seceded five days later, and then we knew what was coming, albeit we saw only the dim shadow of that mighty struggle that was to shake the earth for nearly five years. The printer grew highly irritable those days and spoke of Buchanan and Davis and Toombs in language so violent it could never have been confined in true. But

for the eye—glow with red veins. He introduced me to Margaret Hull and her mother, who were there to dine with us. She was a slight woman of thirty then, with a face of no striking beauty, but of singular sweetness. Her dark eyes had a mild and tender light in them; her voice a plaintive, gentle tone, the like of which one may hear rarely if ever. For years she had been a night worker in the missions of the lower city, and many an unfortunate had been turned from the way of evil by her good offices. I sat beside her at the table, and she told me of her work and how often she had met Trumbull in his night walks.

"Found me a hopeless heathen," he remarked.

"To save him I had to consent to marry him," she said, laughing.

"Who hath found love is already in heaven," said McClingan. "I have not found it, and I am in"—he hesitated as if searching for a synonym—"a boarding house on William street," he added.

The remarkable thing about Margaret Hull was her simple faith. It looked to me no glittering generality for its reward, such as the soul's "highest good"—much talked of in the philosophy of that time. She believed that for every soul she saved one jewel would be added to her crown in heaven. And yet she wore no jewel upon her person. Her black costume was beautifully fitted to her fine form, but was almost severely plain. It occurred to me that she did not quite understand her own heart, and for that matter, who does? But she had somewhat in her soul that passeth all understanding. I shall not try to say what, with so little knowledge of those high things, save that I know it was of God. To what patience and unwearying effort she had schooled herself I was soon to know.

"Can you not find any one to love you?" she said, turning to McClingan.

"You know the Bible says it is not good for man to live alone."

"It does, madam," said he, "but I have a mighty fear in me, remembering the twenty-fourth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Proverbs: 'It is better to dwell in the corner of the house tops than with a brawling woman in a wide house.' We cannot all be so fortunate as our friend Trumbull. But I have felt the great passion."

He smiled at her faintly as he spoke in a quiet manner, his "it" coming off his tongue with a stately roll. His environment and the company had given him a fair degree of stimulation. There was a fine dignity in his deep voice, and his body bristled with that from his stiff and heavy shock of blond hair, parted carefully on the left side, to his high beveled boots. The few light hairs that stood in lonely abandonment on his upper lip, the rest of his lean visage always well shorn, had no small part in the grand effect of McClingan.

"A love story?" said Miss Hull. "I do wish I had your confidence. I like a real, true love story."

"A simple staway it is," said McClingan, "and I am proud of my part in it. I shall be glad to tell the staway if you care to hear it."

We assured him of our interest.

"Well," said he, "there was one Tom Douglass at Edinburgh who was my friend and classmate. We were together a good bit of the time, and when we had come to the end of our course we both went to engage in journalism at Glasgow. We had a mighty conceit of ourselves—you know how it is, Brower, with a green lead—but we were a mind to be modest with all our learning, so we made an agreement—I would blow his horn and he would blow mine. We were not to lack appreciation. He was on one paper and I on another, and every time he wrote an article I went up and down the office praising him for a man of mighty skill, and he did the same for me."

"Any one spoke of him in my hearing I said every word of flattery at my command. 'What Tom Douglass, I would say—the man of the Herald that's written those wonderful articles from the law court? A genius, sir; an absolute genius.' Well, we were rapidly gaining reputation. One of those days I found myself in love with as comely a lass as ever a man courted. Her mother had a proper curiosity as to my character. I referred them to Tom Douglass of the Herald. He was the only man there who had known me well. The girl and her mother both went to him."

"Your friend was just here," said the young lady when I called again. "He is every handsome man."

"And didn't I hear you say that he was a very skillful man too?"

"A genius!" I answered. "An absolute genius!"

McClingan stopped and laughed heartily as he took a sip of water.

"What happened then?" said Miss Hull.

"She took him on my recommendation," he answered. "She said that while he had the handsomer face, I had the more eloquent tongue. And they both won for him. And, upon my honor as a gentleman, it was the luckiest nothing that ever happened to me, for she became a brawler and a scold. My mother says there is 'no like o' her in Scotland.'"

I shall never forget how fondly Margaret Hull patted the brown cheek of Trumbull with her delicate white hand as we rose.

"We all have our love staways," said McClingan.

"Mine is better than yours," she answered, "but it shall never be told."

"Except one little part of it," said Trumbull as he put his hands upon her shoulders and looked down into her face. "It is the only thing that has made my life worth living."

Then she made us to know many odd things about her work for the children of misfortune, inviting us to come and see it for ourselves. We were to go the next evening.

I finished my work at 9 that night, and then we walked through noisome streets and alleys—New York was then far from being so clean a city as now—to the big mission house. As we came in at the door we saw a group of wom-

en kneeling before the altar at the far end of the room and heard the voice of Margaret Hull praying—a voice so sweet and tender that we bowed our heads at once and listened while it quickened the life in us. She pleaded for the poor creatures about her, to whom Christ gave always the most abundant pity, seeing they were more sinned against than sinning. There was not a word of cant in her petition. It was full of a simple, unconscious eloquence, a higher feeling than I dare try to define. And when it was over she had won their love and confidence so that they clung to her hands and kissed them and wet them with their tears. She came and spoke to us presently in the same sweet manner that had charmed us the night before. There was no change in it. We offered to walk home with her, but she said Trumbull was coming at 12.

"So that is 'The Little Mother' of whom I have heard so often," said McClingan as we came away.

"What do you think of her?" I inquired.

"Wonderful woman!" he said. "I never heard such a voice. It gives me visions. Every other is as the crackling of thorns under a pot."

I came back to the office and went into Mr. Greeley's room to bid him goodby. He stood by the gas jet in a fine new suit of clothes reading a paper, while a boy was blacking one of his boots. I sat down, awaiting a more favorable moment. A very young man had come into the room and stood timidly holding his hat.

"I wish to see Mr. Greeley," he said.

"There he is," I answered. "Go and speak to him."

"Mr. Greeley," said he, "I have called to see if you can take me on the Tribune."

The printer continued reading as if he were the only man in the room.

The young man looked at him and then at me with an expression that moved me to a fellow feeling. He was a country boy, more green and timid even than I had been.

"He did not hear you. Try again," I said.

"Mr. Greeley," said he, louder than before. "I have called to see if you can take me on the Tribune."

The editor's eyes glanced off at the boy and returned to their reading.

"No, boy, I can't," he drawled, shifting his eyes to another article.

And the boy, who was called to the service of the paper in time, but not until after his pen had made him famous, went away with a look of bitter disappointment.

In his attire Mr. Greeley wore always the best material, that soon took on a friendless and dejected look. The famous white overcoat had been bought for \$5 of a man who had come by chance to the office of the New Yorker years before and who considered its purchase a great favor. That was a time when the price of a coat was a thing of no little importance to the printer. Tonight there was about

Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.

We will send you a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists Toronto, Ont. 70 cents and 50c. All druggists

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Little*

Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.

We will send you a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists Toronto, Ont. 70 cents and 50c. All druggists

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.

We will send you a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists Toronto, Ont. 70 cents and 50c. All druggists

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
A FAMILY LIBRARY
The Best in Current Literature
12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY
MANY SHORT STORIES AND PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS
\$2.50 PER YEAR; 25 CTS. A COPY
NO CONTINUED STORIES.
EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

We Can Answer Your Holiday Questions
With all sorts of Beautiful Things.

The latest and best styles, Reasonable prices, and An immense variety are our three best arguments to induce you to visit us.

Once at our store our goods will speak for themselves.

BRITTON BROS.,
OPTICIANS
Foot of Kent-st., Lindsay.

PASCOE BROS.
General Merchants, Oakwood.

Ten departments always kept well assorted.

Special cut prices given on all lines of **HOLIDAY GOODS.**

Highest market prices paid for Butter and Eggs.

PASCOE BROS.,
OAKWOOD.
TERMS—CASH OR TRADE.

ARE YOU A PRISONER?

THOUSANDS of men are prisoners of disease as securely as though they were confined behind the bars. Many have forgone their own chains by the voice of early youth. They feel they are not the men they ought to be or used to be. The vim, vigor, and vitality of manhood are lacking. Are you nervous and despondent? tired in the morning? have you to force yourself through the day's work? have you little aim, energy? are you irritable and excitable? eyes weak and faded? have you weak back with dreams and losses at night? deposit in urine? weak generally?—you have

Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness.

Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to Cure or No Pay. 25 Years in Detroit. Bank Security. Beware of quacks—Consult only established, reliable physicians. Consultation Free. Booklets Free. Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment.

Dr. Kennedy & Kergan,
140 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR Letterheads and Billheads

NEATLY AND QUICKLY PRINTED AT

The Post Job Department

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

Highest grade Instruments such as Bell, Karn, Thomas, etc. The name of which is a guarantee of quality. In Sewing Machines, White, Wheeler & Wilson, New Williams, New Home and Raymond. All goods guaranteed, and prices and terms right. All sale sales but solid value and all at all times.

WM. WARREN,
P. O. BOX 217. William-st. north, Opposite St. Andrew's Church.

GOOD PUMPS

The day of iron pipes and cast iron cylinders is past, as the public know from experience what you want when you buy a pump is galvanized iron pipe, brass cylinder and steel rods, which do not rot or taint the water.

We are making a large bore brass cylinder and steel rod pump which will outwear and throw more water than any pump on the market.

Our practical man, Mr. J. Dennis, looks after all orders and repairs, and we can guarantee satisfaction. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

SYLVESTER M'FG CO
LINDSAY

Sore Throat and Coughs
A simple, effective, and safe remedy for all throat inflammations
Crescogene Antiseptic Tablets
They combine the germicidal value of Crescogene with the soothing properties of eucalypti oil and licorice.
100% All Druggists