In childhood one is carried away from petty troubles by the magic of "Fairy Tales" repeated by other lips, but Fairy Tales are often put away with the pinfire & childish toys, because we have found the light of a more wonderful lamp than Mädchinent: We read! When one has learned that art wonders never cease. He is forever discovering new castles ruled by some mystical fairy who conveys us through her realms in a coach made gorgeous by our own imagry. She entertains us with more alluring straights, more enchanting are they than those by which the Pied Piper drew the children from Hamelin. After we have conquered our own language the classics are inviting us to read about their wonderful heroes. Before you close your English books let me tell you a few things about one of the most wonderful heroes whose story the ages have hung in their magnificent picture gallery. A hero whose childhood seemed to have the force of toyhood; his toyhood a struggle for the hopes of an ideal manhood, his matchless manhood crowned by his death, overshadow his early life as much as he to force young minds to the conclusion that this hero sprang
into existence, fullgrown with magical powers, fully developed when the occasion demanded. In this practical nineteenth century we ask for the causes which produced such results. It does not take gray hair to make a hero. Heroic impulses are divine & inborn. There would be many more heroes if all divine inspirations were obeyed. It was obeying his convictions of right & of duty from his youth until death that made our hero matchless. The boy who does his duty in the face of ignorant vulgar criticism is a hero & deservedly wears laurels bestowed by the commendation of his mother, father, relations, teachers, friends, may even a beggar. God bless you, though spoken with the eye all leaves that never fell nor grow dueli. Honest Abe” is the story of stories in the pages of history. Never surpassed, Joan of the plume equalled her. His life is more like a romance than the most exaggerated, imaginative story you can find, whose heroine are bootblacks or low-lyes. Even Robinson Crusoe falls. There never was a greater hero. He climbed the miraculous ladder of life from the very lowest ground, born in a cabin (realize that cabin: not the picturesque one which one of the story books, with my but standing out in a clearing, one small room, a loft; but, no window, a stick chimney, with open cracks through
which swept the winds, the rain, the snows of winter, the swarms of mosquitoes in summer, up to the highest in the history of the world, an orator wonderfully magnetic, the president of the greatest republic on earth in its most turbulent epoch, and did a martyr's

We take an inventory of the furniture of that cabin: bunk, matless, dry leaves, the slab stools, the open fireplace. We note the absence of even the necessities of life, neither stove, window, nor floor. We follow little Abe out into the clearing: we listen with him to Zachariah Riney, a Roman Catholic, who knew Latin and was therefore looked upon as a wizard, as he offers to teach the children of the neighborhood. He finds recorded a few more struggling school-days in Ky. When Caleb Hazel wielded the black or perhaps the hazel. The other men who have become known to fame because they taught Abraham Lincoln are Andrew Crawford, a relative of the owner of the famous "Helen's Life of Wash-

ington", and Mr. Dossy, who lived to take his obscure pupil by the hand when he became the leader of the Nation. Children do not often pay eternal fealty to Abe's method.
of study & his zeal for education. We of larger growth may take that as our legacy.

We next see the family, Thomas Lincoln the father, Nancy Hanks Lincoln the mother, Sarah Ann, the oldest child and only daughter, Abraham, the second child and only living son, as they are stowing their earthly posessions in a wagon. We see them load their guns for each one of that family knows how to handle a rifle, and start on a journey through a wilderness. The Lindons are leaving off where they are classed as "poor white trash" by their aristocratic, slave-owning neighbors, to find a home where free white laborers are respected. They find no beaten highway through the State; therefore our interest is the simpler. We like to hear, with our minds ear, the sounding stroke of the ax as it bites the trees, we watch the clumps fly, the tree quivers, shakes, & then crashes to the earth only to be pulled aside because it obstructs the onward progress of the indomitable mover. Thomas Lincoln is spoken of as an easy-going, careless, shiftless man. This journey from Ky. to Ind. in 1816 speaks loudly of a proclaims an indomitable will; still, it may have been the guiding star.
mother, who furnished the will-power to the "happy-go-lucky" husband on this arduous journey. We
watch as they ford the swollen creek, shoot
game, cook & eat it by the road-side; sleep in
forest & at last reach the "Beautiful Christina.
We see the open led on the ferry-boat: we
hasten to stand on the other side so that
we may welcome the "poor white trash" into
Hoozietown. 11. The patient oxen pull the
creaking truck-wheeled wagon, in which
is seated a sorrowful woman & a light-hearted
girl on Indiana soil: гос-heraldo announced
their coming: no one hailed the strong-limbed
boy or the girl wept at his leaving Kentucky.
But now, all future ages will sing his praises!

Every February the most gifted men deliver
Lincoln Orations with the eloquence of Demosthe-
nes & Cicero. The printed pages are filled with
a diction that is poetically expressed would
rival the greatest epic poem of the old masters.

In the wilds of southern Ind. a new cabin, very
similar to the old home in Ky., is erected by
Thomas Lincoln and his son. Although but
seven years old, he had learned to swing
the ax & use the rifle & soon as he learned
his a, e, i, o, u. His muscles were more fully
developed & trained in youth than his train. Yet what are trained intellects when compared to athletic abilities by vigorous minds? Oh yes! He went hunting when & where he chose. He jumped, he climbed, he wrestled without heaving a dissenting voice; he went to football dress and in clothes made from homespun or from the skins of wild animals that he or his mother had killed. We hear the crack of his gun, we see a dark object fall & rejoice with little "He" as he throws the first turkey that he has ever shot across his shoulder & proudly bears it to his mother. We share the pride of the nine year lad as he listens to the words of praise & encouragement from his mother's lips. Traveling through southern Indiana one is drawn as if by a magnet to Spencer County, the leadstone gets more magnetic as yeare pass. This county will ever be a Mecca for all true Americans for it was here that Abraham Lincoln lived from the age of seven years to that wonderful year of his life, the year that his country, U. S. A., thinks that wisdom, has been gathered by her people so that they may take a share in shaping her destiny. In this twenty first year, she breathed the air of concord. These days of his life, of every once life are
the days when life's hopes & ambitions are painted on the canvas of heart & brain with colors so lasting that after years can only blend & soften them into a picture that is a portrait of our life, whether dark or fair. The outlines were drawn in the first twenty-one years. I. It was in Spencer Co. the first great love which cast a shade of sadness upon Abraham Lincoln's life fell upon him, for here his mother died, the mother of whom he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother - blessing on her memory." The story of this mother is touching. There is no doubt as to the strength & purity of her mind & her longing for & reaching out toward better, higher things. J. G. Holland says of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, "She had much that was truly heroic in her nature, & much that shrank from the rude life around her. A great man never drew his infant life from a purer or more womanly bosom than her own." The neighbors tell of her remarkable abilities, her love for the Bible & how she inculcated that love in her son. She was his first & best teacher & if he had never another I doubt not but that he would have been the same heroic, honest, upright man. I. The people living in Spencer Co. are interested in anyone who is interested in Abraham Lincoln, for
Here at least — a great man is truly appreciated in his own early home. Yet not every one gives unstinted praise to the hero. One must guard against the petty jealousies of those who are living in the groves of 1625, for such will judge Lincoln's greatness by the amount of money he saved, by the love he had for rail-splitting, rather than the great mental strides he performed. Forsooth! Is not this giant like task almost beyond the comprehension of most of our intellects? 

Thus was an apophthegm here, if I remember perfectly in which Lincoln's life role was described. In a sense I did not use it, but the piece is missing from what you sent me. If you told others, you may find it. And seem to be about 100 words gone.

When the Lincoln family arrived in Indiana in 1816 they kept, or rather run, the ferry boat at the mouth of the Indian Creek for two months. The dug carnival in which they lived has been weather-beaten.
ambition seemed to grow as did his strength, as he pushed the flat boat across the water. It was here that Abe earned his first dollar, which he said "made the world fairer & gave him confidence in himself." It was here, at Troy & at Rockport that he watched the waters of the Beautiful Ohio sweeping onward to the Gulf. It must have kept alive the impetus given by his mother to his growing mind. Nothing but nature seems to have had the tireless energy, the tenacity of purpose of this young Abraham Lincoln. About one year after landing, on October 15, 1817, Thomas Lincoln entered an 80-acre tract of land and although a good common carpenter, built himself another cabin. He taught his two sons to use the carpenter's tools as well, if not better, than himself. Together they helped build, or enlarge, & improve their neighbors' houses. Crawford, Henry Turnham & Richardson's houses as their families prospered. Yet strange to say, Thomas Lincoln never thought of building a good home for his own family. Yet, this new cabin was home for it was built on their own land. The land that had cost Mr. Lincoln & family days of toil & privation.

The furniture was painfully primitive. Their bedstead, or rather, bed-frame, was still made of poles held up by two outer posts, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in auger-holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin. Abe's bed was a Chief covering. Little Abraham was not so well off. His bed being a heap of dry grass in the corner of the loft, to which he mounted by means of pegs driven into the wall. The table and chairs were the same rude stick-holes bored in rough slabs of wood in which were fitted legs.
The old-fashioned deep iron skillet, with its strong iron lid, on which were piled the red coals to make what ever the skillet might contain for the family to eat, the embers and the edge of the bed-the old household. There was no floor in the cabin; and nothing, unless the blazing wood fire, which did the utmost to give a cozy hue to the bare room, which contained but little furniture. This firelight did great work. For it illuminated the pages of the book in which Mrs. Nagy Hanks, Lincoln taught her son to love read.
as young. His mother had taught him to write, so he used it for her. At his father's suggestion, he wrote to Rev. Mr. Head (the Methodist preacher who had performed the marriage ceremony for Thomas Lincoln & Nancy Hanks in Washington Co., Ky., Apr. 3, 1816), asking him to come & preach his mother's funeral sermon. Mr. Head replied that he would come & set a day, after the funeral. Little Abe then went miles to inform the neighbors. Three months after Mr. Lincoln's burial, Mr. Head stood by her grave in the temple of the morte, & talked to the husband, daughter, son & neighbors of the virtues of the departed one & of the beautiful home to which she had gone. Mr. Joseph Gentry says that Mr. Head alluded in his funeral sermon to little Abe's filial love & the care he took in securing his services, because he knew that his mother would be pleased to have religious services at her funeral; he knew God would bless the child who so early realized the true solemnity of death, & that Abe's life would surely be a successful one. Mr. Head prophesied a successful life for the boy standing near him! But he could not have opened the Book of Life & read from it the pages of Abraham Lincoln's future life, who of the guests on the hillside would have believed that future possible for
Home, without mother was empty & bare indeed to Sarah & Abe Lincoln, for their father was seldom at home during the day. The children spent much of their time at their neighbors, the Crawfords. Sarah helped in the house & Abe worked in the fields of Buckthorn Valley, pulling weeds, clearing brush, cutting wood with the same vigor that in his after life he pulled wrongs from place where they had crept & hoped to grow. After his day's work was finished he would borrow a book from Mrs. Crawford & slumber home across the fields to read it. Seated on a stool in front of the fire he studied & caught the spirit of the hero, for his favorite book was "Hein's Life of Washington." The story of this book will bear repeating especially as you may look on the picture of the man who owned that book & that of the house in which he lived.

Late in the night he placed the borrowed book in his only bookcase, the opening between two logs of the walls of the cabin, and retired to dream of its contents. During the night it rained; the water, dripping over the 'mud-daubing' on the book, stained the leaves and warped the binding. Abe valued the book in proportion to the interest he had in the hero, and felt that the owner must value it beyond his ability to pay. It was with the greatest trepidation he took the book.
Abe had aided his father in building that house in which they were standing, had helped whip saw the flooring, make the mantel, the door and window casings; he had helped split the rails for the crib and sheds. Thence gaining the strength that helped him stand the strain of the Civil War, he had helped dig the well, had thus early taught to throw useless dirt out of his path. He had drunk from its iron bound trough its crystal waters when thirsty to face the day for the harvest of drinking corn but two days to receive, a hero's life. What a fortune he received but twenty-five cents a day for husking corn he felt that the owner was giving him a magnificent present. After mastering the contents of the book he used to declare:
STORY 1
The story of a man who struggled to overcome his fears.

STORY 2
A tale of two days spent in a different world.

STORY 3
The tale of a man who learned to work hard and succeed in his career.

STORY 4
A journey of a man who found his true passion.

STORY 5
The story of a man who faced his fears and overcame them.
to Kentucky & married a Mrs. Johnston, an old playmate of early childhood days. When Mrs. Johnston was young Miss Sally Bush she had rejected Mr. Thomas Lincoln. She had a son, John, two daughters, Sarah and Matilda Johnston who came with her to brighten the life of little Abe. The delight with which the lonely, tender hearted boy welcomed his new mother was equalled by her loving kindliness to him. That Mrs. Lincoln was disappointed in her new home was soon evident. Through her influence the home was repaired & enlarged so that it could accommodate the furniture which she brought from her Ky. home. The new mother was strong, energetic & intelligent. She soon discovered that Abe had great ambition & a desire to improve his condition in life. She encouraged & aided him in every way. How often he thanked God for his two good mothers & how kindly he remembered her all his life. She was told that Abe never refused a request made by his step-mother. There is still in Indiana a cabinet which she made for this mother. It is owned by Capt. J. H. Hartman & is sought & looked upon as Catholics look up the relics of saints. Although but a boy, he seemed to care more for the convenience & appearance of home than did his easy-going father. He was never too tired, nor too busy, to do what she suggested. It was one of his
delight to take his gun & go out into the woods in search of game for the home larder. All this kindness was duly appreciated by his mother who loved him as well, if not better than her own son who caused her many a heart ache. Not alone at home by mother, father, sisters & brother was young Lincoln appreciated, but at every fire-side in the neighborhood he was a welcome visitor. we find not the record of an enemy. With all the hard work that fell to his lot & which he did without murmuring he found time for much pleasure. He was a nature that seized the opportunity & enjoyed & made the most of the pastimes then

\[ \text{taken in Indiana of how he "went to see the girls," of how he brought in the biggest back-log and made the brightest fire, and then, "sitting around" it, watching the way the sparks flew, how the young folks told their fortunes. He helped pare apples, shell corn, and crack nuts. He took the girls to meetin' and to spellin' school, although he was not often allowed to take part in the spelling match, for the one who "choose first" always chose "Abe Lincoln," and that was equivalent to winning, as the others knew that "he would stand up the longest;" that is, to spell all his opponents off of the floor.} \]
Whether he was spelling or not, it was discovered that his "best girl" always spelled well. ("Best girl" was not slang in those days.) Someone found that she had invented a method by which he could spell words for her by looking
signs. This "best girl" declares she might have been Misses Abraham Lincoln but she loved onions too well & didn't stand his breath! This story is credited not alone because of the narrators truthfulness, but because Mr. Lincoln put himself on record as liking the odorous vegetable when he declared, "If Gen. Early went in advance of me in picking whortleberries I guess I surpassed him in my charge on the wild onions."

She inherited his genius for story telling from his father. "His dad is the greatest yarns ever lived since the grass did grow" seems to describe Thomas Lincoln. He finds the amusing himself & companions writing poetry or verse, with rhymes that had a "tinkle & jing" to them. He walks miles to hear a noted lawyer plead a case or hear an orator make a speech & "when he gets back home he repeatedly the speech in purty good imitation."

of the orator's style to any e & every audience  he can persuade to listen. He sat before the big fire he had built, telling the young folks stories & keeping them laughing at his pranks until ordered to bed by their elders. Even when young, he was ever ready with his answering qustion. One time an old "how hard" was telling about a horse race, in which "my hoss won the race." He wound up his story by declaring, "My hoss never drew a long breath during the whole race." He waited a half minute for him to go on, then he asked in his slow way, "Well, why don't you tell us how many short breaths he drew?" This turned the laugh on the trap & broke the effect he had hoped his "long-minded" story would produce. All these stories show that his mind was awake, & an active as this made a ready that helped with such divers works  so that there is no wonder in our minds that he was ready for the most momentous questions, & the great tasks for mind & body, for both were educated in the school of experience along par-able lines. Yentiville was the market town of that neighborhood, & it was from there that Mr. Joseph Yentry sent the produce which loaded the flat boat that Abraham Lincoln, & Mr. Joseph Yentry's son, Allan took to New Orleans. This
The trip broadened his views of the world, strengthened his ambitions, & gave him a fuller knowledge of slavery. Many journeys were afterward taken, but none ever made such wonderful impressions as this first glimpse of life in New Orleans, the Paris of America in that day. Her wonders were never ending to the lad.

Thomas Lincoln seemed to care for & enjoy story telling more than anything, and either to obtain material for new stories or to get new audiences he changed his occupation & home almost as often as he bought new articles of furniture. In 1830 he fixed the oxen yoked to the covered wagon which is filled with the "furniture, clothing, & tools" only room being left for Mrs. Lincoln & her daughter, Matilda Johnson, the other daughter having married Pennick Hanke. "Ho for Illinois!" was the cry. Abraham Lincoln as we have seen was industrious so with the future needs in view he purchased a "peddler's pack of goods" from Mr. Jones. These goods were such as he thought the "people who lived along the way to Illinois would need," therefore "buy for him." (Mr. Jones's son told me that after we reached Illinois he wrote back a letter to his father in which he said that he had sold out his entire pack along the way.)

Neighbors seemed, in those days, like relatives. The entire Lincoln family stayed the last night
before starting on their journey with Mr. Henry and
He was loath to part with Mr. Lincoln as "accompanied
ed the movers along the road a spell." They stopped
on a hill which overlooks Buckethorn Valley &
looked their 'Good Bye!' to their old home & to
the home of Sarah Lincoln Grisly, to the grave of the
mother & wife, to neighbors & friends. Buckethorn
Valley held many dear recollections to the "movers."
After they were gone James Heinty planted the
cedar tree which marks the site of the Lincoln
home. "The folks who come lookin' around have
taken twigs until you can't reach any more
very handy." This cedar tree was the first Lincoln
monument, one youth planting a tree in memory
of another. The love which prompted the deed
asked for, nor expected no recognition, the truest
sincerest of friends. Never ask why friends
are not true, rather ask why not more deserving
of those we have & wonder at their steadfastness
with so little to win their approbation.
It was on this or move to Illinois that one of Lincoln
oven "broke his tether" & started to revisit his old
pasture. Before retiring it was Mr. Turnham's
custom to inspect his premises & see that everything
was all right. He saw that ox & turned him
into his barnyard. Early the next morning he
heard his coming down the road singing &
shouting. He saluted Mr. Turnham with: "Say have you seen one of our oxen go down the road?" Mr. Turnham pointed to the ox over in his barnyard & asked: "How will you lead him back a strange road without a halter or rope of any kind?" He answered, "Oh, you just open the gate when I holler "Ready" and I'll show you." As there were fifteen or twenty head of cattle in the yard Mr. Turnham looked on with much interest as he went among them lead his ox by the horn to the fence got on his back & shouted "Ready!" Mr. Turnham opened the gate and the unmindful of past difficulties or future honors rode daily out of the yard guiding the ox with the same dexterity that he guided the destiny of the colored race in after years. Mr. Turnham recalled the picture of a tall
ungainly youth astride an ox guiding him with a slap of the hand and dig of the foot, wearing an old straw hat as a flag of victory.

It is stated that he walked all the road from southern Ind. to central Ill. the migratory father keeping him company. But we will leave them as they cross the Ohio, the door open, the covered wagon & the tall youth vanish from our hoar soil over on the prairies of Illinois. 9 Gone from Indiana but the left in every hill, stone & the running waters, tongues which speak eloquently & lift the thought, hopes of each person who visits the historic grounds to nobler ambition & a nobler patriotism than mere words could do. The slavery of poverty made that noble heart sympa-
thetic with all who were compelled to wear chains in any form. Our cry as we left the grounds was, "Columbus, Washington, Lincoln," Immortal Names. Names that are twined in the history of the New World by golden chains of devotion. Names that will be sung like Homer's heroes, by the civilized world to the end of time. 9 I said go but in 1844 his voice is ringing still from the state in burning eloquent words he is advocating.
Free Soil & Henry Clay for president. He urges the importance of the poor white settlers owning the Public Domain. He pleads against the extension of slavery. You have all read his Gettysburg address & remember your own opinion as you read. Well think his old friends, tell you she was a powerful speaker & carried all with him. His heart was in his speech for early in life he had learned how poor people must work & how they were esteemed by aristocratic slave owners. Lincoln wrote on Free Soil is still living in the minds of those who heard them. Men now who were boys then, tell how the opposing party strove to get up a counter attraction at the same time & failed. So for the sake of the cause we tied our handkerchiefs as a flag of truce to the rail fence that has been built on the spot where Abraham Lincoln stood as he made the one of remarkable speeches. This is where the "Old Leecher's Schoolhouse," a voting precinct at the junction of the Dale & Buffaloville waggon roads. "Big Speaking" were as a Fourth of July celebration & the country people from far & near came to see & be seen. But when they returned to their homes & for many, many months afterward they discussed the merits of the "Lincoln Speech." While in Spencer Co. in 1844, he revisited all the old place made dear by childhood's plea
joys, and sorrows; he walked through the old
home in solemn retrospection. Many things had
happened to change the place & the scene. But,
no doubt, one of the saddest was that two graves that
held his mother & sister, who died in 1843.

His life, although only fourteen years had passed
since he had left that place, had seen many
startling changes. He had made the second
flatboat trip to New Orleans; had been a clerk
in a country store; had been elected Captain of a
company for the Black Hawk War; had been a
member of the legislature of Ill; he had married
& was a father; he was a successful lawyer, a
successful political orator. He still possessed
the same indomitable nature, fighting the wrongs
with the same hopeful, trusting aspirations that
characterized his youth, & this broadened the founda-
tion of his political character just as it had
strengthened mind & body when a child in
Indiana.