An interesting episode in Mr. Lincoln's early Indiana history comes from John M. Lockwood, born in 1809 and yet living. Mr. Lockwood relates that in his boyhood he was employed to operate a wool carding machine for a man in Princeton, Indiana. In August 1827 while so engaged one whom he describes as a long legged, beardless boy dressed in country-made, home-spun clothes with shoes of plain cut leather rode into the village dismounting from his horse, left his horse and carried it to the carding factory a beautiful pack of wool. Approaching young Lockwood he asked to have his wool carded and inquired when it could be done. "You must wait your turn," answered the farmer. "But I think you can have it by three o'clock." Lockwood whose farm it was to keep separate and mark each individual's wool asked the late stranger his name. "A. Lincoln" was the response and it was so recorded on the label. He then announced that he had ridden in from Gentryville a distance of over thirty-five miles. Meanwhile he sauntered about the village, matched the idlers pitch these shoes and the other
unemployed youths was the talk returning now and then to look with Lockwood and observe the operations of the carding machine. At length after a saunter from the village store nearby, he called Lockwood aside and with an expression of deep interest if not admiration at the same time inquired who a certain young lady, perfectly describable pointing her out was. 'That is Miss Evans,' was Lockwood's ready answer. The tall stranger then upon expressed a decided admiration intimating that he hoped some day to meet and make her acquaintance. What impression or whether she even noticed him he made in the girl has never been learned, but we know that before dusk his calls of work were made real for him and, laying them on the throne, his return through the wilds to Geyserville without having made the acquaintance of the village beauty. It does not detract materially from the interest of this incident to add that shortly after young Lincoln's visit Miss Evans was married and that thirty-three years later he told a friend that for over two years after following his return to his Spencerville farm his image was almost constantly in his heart.

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