Abraham Lincoln -- Good Scout.

The man was in a hurry. His long arms swung back and forth like the blades of a wind mill, and the big strides he made took him down the street almost as fast as a horse would have travelled. His high hat, the kind that men wore in 1850 and thereabouts, was set back on his head, the big flat bow under his loose collar was awry, and his long black coat tails stood out as he strode over the ground.

"Mr. Lincoln is in a hurry this morning," a neighbor looking out of the window, said to her husband.

Late to court, I suppose."

Then suddenly as they looked the hurrying man came to a standstill. They saw him bend over the figure of a little girl at a gate. If they had been near enough they would have heard him say, "Why, Mary Brown, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln, I was going to Grandma's today, and the man hasn't come for my trunk, and Mother says I can't go." And now the sobs were out loud, and the tears streamed down her face.

She was a pretty little girl, in a fresh pink gingham frock, and a little white jacket, scalloped neatly around the edges, and a big white leghorn hat with roses on it, all dressed up fresh and shiney for her trip. And the man had not come for her trunk!

Mr. Lincoln, everything forgotten but the little girl's trouble, thought a moment, then suddenly said, "How big is that trunk, Mary?"

Oh it's just a little trunk, Mr. Lincoln. Just Grandma's little old hair trunk. She gave it to me, and I always carry it

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when I go to see her."

"Ho! Ho! Come quick, and we will see what we can do." And Mr. Lincoln strode into the house, his whole face aglow, calling out, "Mrs Brown, Mrs Brown, where is Mary's trunk?"

Two minutes later the neighbors watching at the window saw Mr. Lincoln with a little brown hair trunk on his shoulder come hurrying out of the house, Mary Brown dancing by his side, trying to keep up with him, as he fell again into his long strides. His face had lost its look of anxiety. He was laughing happily as he ~~encouraged Mary to keep up with him;~~ assured her they would catch the little girl trial the train.

Now if that isn't just like him," said the neighbor; and she came out to the fence and called to Mrs. Brown who had been watching the little girl and the big man disappear. And Mrs. Brown, her eyes full of happy tears, came over and the two women talked.

"Who in the world would ever have thought of such a thing but Mr. Lincoln?" Of course it is just like him. He is always doing things like that. I never saw such a man. Do you remember that story old Doctor Chandler told us the other night, how twenty-five years ago when a land shark was trying to go into Springfield ahead of him to prove up on a quarter section that the Doctor had built on, but had not yet been able to pay down all the money; and how he was hurrying to get up here to fix the thing up before the shark could, his horse gave out! You remember how he told us that suddenly as he stood beside it, not knowing what he was going to do, a boy of 17 or 18 on a lively fresh horse passed him, saw something was the matter, turned back jumped off, asked him if he could do anything; how the D

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that boy without him saying a word, jumped down, picked up the Doctor's saddle bags, put them on his own horse, and said Get up and go. Get her there before that shark. "

"And that boy," the Doctor said, "was Abraham Lincoln."

"Yes, he was alwaysjust like that, always doing a good turn to somebody.

"And then I have heard the lawyers that rode with him on circuit tell how he could not see anything in trouble as they went along, without trying to help; no matter how busy they were, how serious the things they were di cussing, how much in a hurry they were to get to the next town, if Mr. Lincoln say anything in trouble, nothing would do but he must help it out. Why I have heard Harry Whitney tell about his getting down one day and spending a lot of time putting little birds back in their nest when the mother was making a great stir about them. And do you remember how provoked they were with him once when he turned back two or three miles to get a pig free from a fence in which it was caught. He had seen it struggling there, was afraid it would not get out, but kill itself if it did not have help, so he went back. They could not laugh him out of such things. There was no business so important that he would not stop and help bird or beast or child that was in trouble."

This was Abraham Lincoln in 1850. Ten years afterwards he was made President of the United States. He became a great president, one of the greatest leaders of men the world has ever known. He had heavy burdens to bear. For four years or more there was no time that his heart was not heavy with sorrow, and his mind full of terrible problems; and yet there was never a day in all

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that fearful time, that he would not stop to consider the sorrows and the wants of a man, a woman or a child however humble they might be.

It was his custom in those days to go back and forth between the White House and the telegraph office of the War Department, to get first-hand news of military movements and battles. Sometimes when great struggles were going on, he would sit for hours reading the yellow sheets as they came off the telegraph instrument. They were terrible days for him, but not too terrible to forget those about him and their needs.

The grounds of the White House were open in those days, and soldiers who happened to be in Washington, particularly those that were convalescing from wounds, used to come there to sit on the benches under the trees. Again and again, particularly if they were looking cast-down a tall man would sit down beside them and talk to them. He had a kindly smile and they would soon be telling him their story. Every now and then there turns up yet in some part of this country a little white card that this tall friendly man had given to the soldier that he found sitting on a bench in the White House Grounds.

I have seen a check for Five Dollars, made out in this way: "Pay to colored man with one leg.", and signed ,"A. Lincoln."

The colored man with one leg did not know to whom he was talking until he saw the signature!

A gentleman passing through the White House Park one day saw Mr. Lincoln listening so a soldier, who was evidently in a violent rage. He stopped within hearing distance and gathered that the man had just been discharged from Libby Prison, and though he had his hospital certificate, had not been able to get his pay. He had not the least idea that he was cursing the President to

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He had not the least idea that he was cursing the President to his face. When he stopped for breath the gentleman heard Mr. Lincoln say, "Well now, let me see those papers of yours. I have been a lawyer myself; perhaps I can help you." They sat down at the foot of a tree, and after looking over the papers, the President pencilled something on them , and telling the man where to go, went on to the War Department.

As soon as Mr. Lincoln was out of sight, the listener went up to the soldier, asked him what the trouble was, and what the man had written on the paper. Here was the note: "Mr. Potts" (Mr. Potts was the Chief Clerk in the War Department)"Attend to this man's case at once, and see that he gets his pay. A.L."

News of this daily good turn of Mr. Lincoln's to soldiers in difficulties spread abroad, and all through the army they came to have that profound confidence in him that led them to speak of him as Father Abraham; and again and again when they could not get their troubles righted elsewhere they would someway or other push themselves into the White House, and almost always they would come out with the little white card which all Washington was obliged to obey. I have seen one which read:

"Sec. of War, please see this Pittsburgh boy. He is very young, and I shall be satisfied with whatever you do with him. A. Lincoln."

Aug 21, 1863 "

The Pittsburgh boy was one of many who had slipped into the White House, put his case before the President, and received his help.

The sorrows of women always went straight to Mr. Lincoln's heart, and he would stretch military law as far for them as he would for soldiers who were in distress.

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One morning as he came into the telegraph office the men in charge saw that he was looking much distressed. "Who is that woman crying out in the hall?" he said to them. What is the matter with her? They did not know, but one of them went out to find her. It seems that the woman had come a long distance, expecting to go down to the army to see her husband on important business. She did not know that women were not allowed to go to the army in those days. She was quite heart-broken over her failure. She did not know what she was going to do, she said. This was the report that was brought back to Mr. Lincoln. He sat for a time with dropped head, his face the picture of grief, when suddenly he said, Let's send her down. You write the order, Major."

"But Mr Lincoln, wouldn't it be better to bring her husband up to Washington?"

"Oh yes," he said, his face beaming with pleasure. "Let s bring him up."

And so the order was sent to bring up her husband. The woman was told, and went away in joy, and Mr. Lincoln, happy again, turned to read his telegrams.

There was never a time through it all that he was too busy to remember his own boys and their happiness. He was as wonderful a father as Theodore Roosevelt, never forgetting them or the things they loved when they were away from the White House. Scattered in among telegrams pardoning soldiers, ordering great Generals to do this or that, one finds telegrams for Tad, sent when he was away in New York with his mother:

Tell Tad the goat and Father are very well, especially

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the goat," he wired one day. And again, "All well including Tad's pony and the goats."

You see that, boy or man, Abraham Lincoln was a good Scout.

A good scout! Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, Reverent.

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