

Mr. Lincoln's womanly tenderness of heart was strikingly illustrated in his considerate sympathy with children. No matter how gravely occupied he might be, when children approached he was a child himself again. "One afternoon, ^{..he says} when none but ourselves were present, he busy with his correspondence and I with my work, a ragged, barefooted boy crept softly up the stairs, and, peering timidly around the edge of the open door, looked with manifest awe at Mr. Lincoln. Busy as he was, he heard the soft step, and telling him to come in, among other simple questions, asked him his name. The boy answered, "My name is Folks." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's wrong. Don't you see that you are only one, and folks means more than one? Tell your father that I say your name should be Folk. Good-by, sir," giving him another hearty shake of the hand. In the course of an hour another dirty, shabby little fellow came softly to the door, and met with the same kindly reception. In answer to the question as to his name, he replied, "Knotts." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "if here isn't another mistake! You are but one. Your name should be Knott, not Knotts, which means more than one." With a shake of the hand and a cheery good-by, he resumed his pen, and, with his left hand, his exercises with his refractory hair.