

It was during the session of the 3^d Sanitary Fair held in Chicago that I had the supreme delight of coming under the notice of Mr. Lincoln, and, as is frequently the case, it was the result of an accident. I was one of eight flower-girls selected to be present that memorable evening, and my own duty was to strew flowers in front of Mr. Lincoln's path as he walked up the main aisle of the building to the platform. I arrived early upon the scene of action — a huge building roughly put together, covering old Dearborn Park, where now stands the Chicago Public Library. It was erected for the use of the Sanitary Fairs.

I arrived early in the evening, and was wandering aimlessly about when a colored man, sweeping out the gallery above, carelessly knocked down a spittoon, which narrowly escaped hitting me upon the head, but spread its disgusting contents over my neat white dress. I was heart-broken. All my anticipation for a delightful evening died away, and left me disconsolate. There seemed to be nothing left for me but to go home — a distance of only a city block. The people doing active work at the Fair had a private entrance and exit, connected with the main building by a long and rather narrow passage, dimly lighted by a few temporary gas jets. As I entered this passage, the door at the street end opened, admitting three gent-

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gentlemen. I was crying bitterly, with my arms across my eyes as children will. We advanced toward each other, and as we met the two on either side would have passed on, but the tall man in the middle stopped, and quietly said "Why, what's the matter, little girl?"

I burst afresh into tears while telling him of the accident and my disappointed hopes of seeing President Lincoln, and doing him honor. It seemed as though a long moment passed in silence then, taking down my arms, and putting his great hand under my chin, he lifted up my face that I might look at him, and said "Do you know who I am, little one?" The glance was sufficient. I gazed in childish adoration into his face, and

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exclaimed "Oh, yes, yes, you are Mr. Lincoln! The great heart of the man was patiently waiting on the child, while two prominent men - I never knew their identity, were standing near, rather impatient of the delay. Mr. Lincoln then asked me if I could not manage to go home and get another dress, a suggestion which had never occurred to my sorrowing mind, and I said that I thought I could. "Well," he replied "I'll tell you what will do - You go home and ask mother for a clean dress, and come back. Tell her I want you. And then, when the exercises open, you come to me, and I'll buy a bouquet from you".

I flew home, and in a perfect ecstasy of delight, I clapped my hands and waved my arms, crying

"I've seen him! I've talked with Mr. Lincoln!". After I had become sufficiently coherent, and had told my little adventure, the 'clean white dress' was easily supplied, and a more delighted child never entered the Fair that night. At the opening of the evening's ceremonies, the eight little maidens all in white, arrayed themselves at the Entrance door, and I was placed at the end nearest Mr. Lincoln. The band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner", and the doors were thrown open. The distinguished party appeared, escorting my hero. We eight girls marched along side, strewing our flowers, to the steps of the platform, which the party ascended. Then came my crowning moment. The manager of the

flower Committee placed a pretty bouquet in my eager hands, and pushed me forward saying, "now's your time; go on, and don't be afraid." Thus urged, I made my way up the steps, and bravely walked forward to the center of the stage, where Mr. Lincoln sat with his escort. I timidly offered my flowers, and he recognized in me the heartbroken child he had comforted in the gloomy passage way. So he again drew me to him, saying "So you came back, clean dress, and all", and I was dimly conscious of making a little courtesy, and moving off the platform, a perfectly happy human being, transported by the kindly attention and sympathy of one whose later events have proved to me, as to all the-

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true-hearted of our nation, to have been,
both in private and in public
life, the truest of Americans -

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