flashed, "hasn tany one a right to see the president? yow mean to say that he will not see

a woman in trouble? then all these pretty stories i hear of him are false they are made up by

the yankees" poor captain lige! he had some notion of the multitude of calls upon mr.lincoln, especially at that

time. but he could not, he dared not, remind her of the principal reason for this, lee ‘s surrender and

the approaching end of the war. and then the captain had never seen mr. lincoln in the distant valley of

the mississippi he had only heard of the president very conflicting things he had heard him criticised and reviled and

praised, just as is every man who goes to the white house, be he saint or sinner. and, during an

administration, no man at a distance may come at a president’s true character and worth the captain had seen

lincoln caricatured vilely. and again he had read and heard the pleasant anecdotes of which virginia had spoken, until he

did not know what to believe as for virginia, he knew her partisanship to, and undying love for, the souths

he knew the class prejudice which was bound to assert itself, and he had seen enough in the girl’s

demean or to fear that she was going to demand rather than implore. she did not come

of a race that

was wont to bend the knee "well, well," he said despairingly, "you must eat some breakfast first, jinny." she waited

with an ominous calmness until it was brought in, and then she took a part of

coffee. "this won t do" exclaimed the captain "why, why, that won to get you halfway to mr. lincoln" she

shook her head, half smiling. "you must eat enough, lige," she said. he was

finished in an

incredibly short time,

and amid the protestations of lizbeth and the yellow butler they got into the carriage again, and splashed and rattled

toward the white house once virginia glanced out, and catching sight of the bedraggled flag on the houses in honor

of lee y surrender, a look of pain crossed her face. the captain could not repress

an idea that you u find the president a good deal of

"jinny," said he, "i have

a man now

if you re allowed to see him, don t get him mad, jinny, whatever you do." virginia stared straight ahead

"if he is something of

a man, lige, he will not lose his temper with a woman" captain lige subsided

and just then they came in sight of the house of the presidents, with its beautiful portico and its broad

wings and they turned in under the dripping trees of the grounds a carriage with a black coachman and footman

was ahead of them, and they saw two stately gentlemen descend from it and pass the guard at the door.

then their turn came. the captain helped her out in his best manner, and gave some money to the driver.

reckon he needn t wait for us this time, jinny," said be. she shook her head and went in

he following, and they were directed to the ante rain of the president office

the second floor. there were

on

many people in the corridors, and one or two young officers in blue who stared at her. she passed them

with her head high. but her spirits sank when they came to the ante rain it was

full of all sorts

of people. politicians, both prosperous and seedy, foil faced and keen faced, seeking offices women, officers, and a one armed soldier

sitting in the corner. he was among the men who offered virginia their seats, and the only

one whom she

thanked. but she walked directly to the doorkeeper at the end of the rain captain tige was beside her. "can

we see the president?" he asked. "have yow got

appointment?" said the old man "no." "then you u have

an

to wait your turn, sir," he said, shaking his head and looking at virginia and he added "its saw

work waiting your turn, there s so many governors and generals and senators, although the session y over. it s

a busy time, miss." virginia went very close to him "oh, can t you do something?" she said and added,

with an

instantly, with a

glanced at her again, as if demurring.

inspiration, "

must see him it y a matter of life and death" she saw

woman y instinct, that these words had had their effect: the old man

"you re sure, miss, it y life and death2" he said. "oh, why should i say so if it were

not?" she cried. "the orders are very strict," he said "but the president told me to give precedence to cases

when a life is in question just you wait a minute, miss until governor doddridge comes out, and you

see what i can do for you give

me your name, please, miss." she remained standing where she was in

his face

a little while the heavy door opened, and a portly, rubicund man came out with a smile on

he broke into a

laugh, when halfway across the rain, as if the memory of what he had heard were

too much for his gravity. the doorkeeper slipped into the rain, and there was a silent, anxious interval. then he

came out again "the president will see you, miss" captain ige started forward with her, but she restrained him "wait

for me here, lige," she said. she swept in alone, and the door closed softly after her. the rain was

a big one, and there were maps on the table, with pins sticking in them she saw that much, and

then could this fantastically tall, stooping figure before her be that of the president of the united states? she

stopped,

from the shock he gave her. the lean, yellow face with the masklike lines all up and down,

as

the unkempt, tousled hair, the beard why, he was a

hundred times more

ridiculous than his caricatures he might have

stood for many of the poor white trash farmery she had seen in kentucky

save for the long black coat

"is is this

mr. lincoln" she asked, her breath taken away. he bowed and smiled down at her. somehow that

smile changed his face a little. "i guess you have to own up," he answered. "my name is virginia

carvel," she said. "i have come all the way from st: Louis to see you." "miss carvel," said the president

looking at her intently, "i have rarely been so flattered in my life. i i hope i have not disappointed

you" virginia

justly angry. "oh, you haven t," she cried, her eyes flashing, "because i am

what you would

was

call a rebel." the mirth in the dark cornery of his eyes disturbed her more and more. and then she

saw that the president was

laughing. "and have you a better name for it, miss carvel?" he

ked. "because i

searching for a better name

just now" she was silent sternly silent: and she tapped her foot

the

am

on

carpet. what manner of

man was this? "won t you sit down?" said the president, kindly. "you must be tired

after your journey." and he put forth

chair. "no, thank you," said virginia, "i think that i can say

what i have come to say better standing." "well," said mr. lincoln, "that s not strange. i m that way,

too: the words seem to come out better. that reminds

of a story they tell about general buck tanner.

me

ever heard of buck, miss carvel? no? well, buck was a character. he got his title in the mormon