unexpected like. I didn't lay out for it at all. But there is some way for me to pay you, and I will find it out after a little. There is the bounty in the savings bank. I guess we could borrow some money on the mortgage of the farm. There was my pay, which was something, and if he would wait until pay day I was sure the boys would help, so I thought we could make it up if it wasn't more than five or six hundred dollars.' 'But it is a great deal more than that,' he said. Then I said I didn't just see how, but I was sure I would find some way —if I lived.

"Then Mr. Lincoln put his hands on my shoulders and looked into my face as if he was sorry, and said: 'My boy, my bill is a very large one. Your friends can not pay it, nor your bounty, nor the farm, nor all your comrades! There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott! If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that, if I was there when he comes to die, he can look me in the face as he does now, and say, 'I have kept my promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier, then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?' "

Scott did promise and did keep his promise. He soon earned the reputation of being the bravest man in his regiment, the faithfullest and the kindest. If any man were needed for the most exposed service, Scott was always eager to be called upon. If any other man were in trouble, Scott was his good Samaratan. If any soldier were sick, Scott was his willing nurse. He was ready to volunteer for any extra service or labor. Nevertheless he steadily refused promotion, saying that he had done nothing to deserve it.

The end came in March, 1862, near Yorktown. The federal forces were on one side of the James river, the confederates on the other. General McClellan had ordered General Smith to assault and capture the works on the south bank. The confederates, however, were too strongly intrenched. They drove their assailants back across the river. Scott was almost the first to reach the south bank, the first in the rifle pits and the last to retreat. He was carrying one of his wounded comrades across the stream when the fire of the enemy was concentrated upon him. He staggered with his living burden to the shore and fell. "He was shot all to pieces," said an eye witness. "We carried him back out of the line of fire and laid him on the grass to die. But his strength was great, and such a powerful man was hard to kill." They carried him to a cot in a nearby tent. Just at daylight the word was passed that Scott wanted to see all the boys. They went into his tent and stood around his cot. His face was bright and his voice cheerful.

" 'Boys,' he said, 'I will never see another battle. I supposed this would be my last. I haven't much to say. You all know what you can tell them at home about me. I have tried to do the right thing. I am almost certain you will all say that.' Then, while his strength was failing, his life ebbing away, and we looked to see his voice sink into a whisper, his face lighted up and his voice came out natural and clear as he said: 'If any of you ever have the chance I wish you would tell President Lincoln that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me at the Chain bridge; that I have tried to be a good soldier and true to the flag; that I should have paid my whole debt to him if I had lived, and that now, when I know that I am dying, I think of his kind face and thank him again, because he gave me the chance to fall like a soldier in battle and not like a coward by the hands of my comrades.' "

Then he closed his eyes, crossed his hands on his breast, and that was all.—From the New York Herald.

"LET'S MEASURE," SAID LINCOLN

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger: During the civil war, when I was a little boy, there came to visit my parents in this city a young English officer who was the bearer of some private dispatches to President Lincoln from one of the queen's ministers. He was of superb physique and appearance, being over six feet tall, straight as a ramrod, broad shouldered, full chested and of unmistakable military bearing even in civilian dress. He had just fulfilled his delicate mission in Washington and was returning home. On the morning after his arrival at our house, while we were all at the breakfast table (my parents and several youngsters out of a family of ten children) he gave such a vivid, indeed dramatic, account of his first interview with Abraham Lincoln that it made an indelible impression on my memory. His words, as nearly as I recall them, were as follows:

"I expected, you know, of course, that certain formalities would be necessary before my introduction to your president. I supposed, you know, that I would first present my credentials to an under secretary, then perhaps be referred to the vice president or the secretary of state, and finally be conducted into the august presence of the chief magistrate, but there was nothing of this sort. I handed my card in at the door of the White House and in a moment the messenger returned and said, 'Mr. Lincoln says you're to walk right in.' So I walked right into his office, the door being open. He was seated at a large flat table piled up with newspapers and documents. He looked up and exclaimed, in quaint colloquial phraseology, 'My lands! where was you raised? I guess you must top me.' He then stood up, stretched his tall form, grasped me by the hand and said, 'Let's measure; stocking feet, mind!' So he pulled off his boots, stood up straight against the white painted door, put a book on his head, and said: 'Now, my good boy, play fair; mark my height with this pencil and I'll mark yours.' We did this and the two marks were so close together we could not tell which was the taller of the two. Then, after a little more pleasantry, the president asked my business, read my documents and in the afternoon himself handed me the answer in a large envelope, which I am carefully guarding, to be delivered to Lord ———. I tell you frankly that Mr. Lincoln is the greatest of nature's noblemen that I have ever seen or ever expect to meet in my life." O—.

Philadelphia, January 29, 1909.

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to e here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

WHAT IS IT?

The New York Evening Post pretends to be a reputable newspaper, yet it prints this editorial:

"Mr. Bryan declares that, after one more defeat, he will retire from politics and enter the ministry. But has he not heard of the 'ministerial dead-line,' beyond which he will have passed if he delays four years? 'Why do you wait, dear brother?' "

There is not a "country editor" who would believe that Mr. Bryan ever made such a statement; yet the New York Evening Post prints this absurd story, giving its authenticity editorial endorsement.

Is the editor of the Evening Post as simple as the publication of this editorial would make him appear? Or does he wantonly lay himself open to the application of "the shorter and uglier term?"

Or is the New York Evening Post striving to win the place accorded the New York Mail by Charles A. Dana when the great editor dubbed that fearfully and wonderfully made publication "the wild ass of American journalism?"

GOVERNOR HASKELL'S INDICTMENT

As foreshadowed rather regularly by the literary bureau that seems to be in charge of Governor Haskell's enemies the federal grand jury in session at Muskogee, Okla., has indicted the governor and six others for alleged frauds in connection with the scheduling of town lots in Muskogee. The Associated Press says that immediately upon hearing of the governor's indictment fifteen of the wealthiest men of Muskogee called at the United States marshal's office and signed the governor's bond for $5,000, also that many more asked to sign it but there was no more room on the document.

Through the Associated Press Governor Haskell issued the following statement:

"I have just heard of the indictment for conspiracy coupled with seven or eight of the oldest and highest charactered citizens of Muskogee, men who developed and built up that country by their unselfish efforts. From now on the proceedings will be open to both sides. Hearst's crooked manipulations will be at a discount. I am satisfied the interior department has been misled by false statements. I am confident there has not been a dishonest act done by any of the indicted parties and that good citizens in general regardless of politics, feel the same way."

Every accused person is entitled to the benefit of the doubt and in all cases it should be the rule that men reserve judgment. But in the case of the governor of Oklahoma it is particularly true that he should be given the benefit of the doubt in any federal proceedings brought against him. This is so because Governor Haskell was long ago marked for slaughter by the president of the United States. Ever since the governor's tart replies to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign documents every effort has been made by certain federal authorities, aided by an eastern newspaper publisher, to blast Governor Haskell's career. Governor Haskell has already shown that the lawyer who was sent to Guthrie to carry on the crusade against the governor, was at one time a convict in the Michigan penitentiary. The Associated Press reports show that the federal grand jury at Muskogee was surrounded by the Roosevelt secret service system. Under the circumstances it must be clear that this federal indictment brought against the governor of Oklahoma comes before the American people in a cloud of suspicion.

It goes without saying that if Governor Haskell has been guilty of wrongdoing he should be held to account and it may not be doubted that with all the facilities at Mr. Roosevelt's command he could not escape unless he was innocent beyond all question. But the governor of Oklahoma is, also, entitled to fair play. Call it "a square deal" if you please—although Mr. Roosevelt has made that high and honorable term obnoxious within the hearing of fair men.

Assailed by the president of the United States in the very midst of a presidential campaign—and assailed not because of any wrongdoing but because he was an official of the party to which the president was opposed—there was nothing for the governor to do but to retire in order that the national ticket of his party might not be embarrassed. He did retire. He discharged his duty like a man. Since then he has made a gallant fight against the dark lantern methods of a national administration that has, in many instances, protected wrongdoers who were the personal friends of the president yet who had dishonored their public office.

Under these circumstances, then, Governor Haskell has the right to ask the American people to withhold judgment. He has the right to ask for a square deal. Not from the man who, posing as the apostle of the square deal for lo, these many years, has shown himself to be quite willing to do cruel injustice to helpless men; but to the great mass of the American people the governor of Oklahoma has the right to appeal. To the real lovers of fair play, to the genuine apostles of the square deal, Governor Haskell may, in perfect confidence, address his appeal that judgment at the bar of public opinion be reserved until the facts are related in an open court.