

Adventures in  
**ODYSSEY**

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS

24

# THE IMAGINATION STATION



## Rescue on the River

MARIANNE HERING & SHEILA SEIFERT

OVER 1 MILLION SOLD IN SERIES



# ***Rescue on the River***

**BOOK 24**

**MARIANNE HERING AND SHEILA SEIFERT  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGIO CARIELLO**

**FOCUS  
ON  
THE FAMILY<sup>®</sup>**

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This book is dedicated to Dani, a  
woman of courage—MKH

To three amazing young women:  
Jayme, Alyssa, and Lindsey—SS

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*Rescue on the River*

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# ***Prologue***



At the end of the last adventure, *Terror in the Tunnel*, Patrick and Beth met their friend Eugene outside a train station. He had been acting as an undercover spy. But he still looked younger than his real age because the Imagination Station had broken. He would continue to look like a teenager until the Station was fixed.

## **RESCUE ON THE RIVER**

The adventurers helped protect Abraham Lincoln from assassins in Baltimore, Maryland. Beth and Patrick weren't sure Lincoln made it safely to Washington. Beth hoped he had. Patrick wanted to make sure Mr. Lincoln was sworn in as president.

Here's what happened outside that Baltimore train station.



The cousins and Eugene pushed through people to reach an alley across from the station. Behind them, voices in the crowd seemed to grow angrier and angrier.

Beth heard a train whistle. She turned toward Calvert Station. "I have to go back," she said. "I have to know if Mr. Lincoln is on that train!"

The glow of the Imagination Station appeared. Soon the Model T stood nearby.

## *Prologue*

“According to historical documents, Lincoln should have made it through to Washington, DC,” Eugene said. “It’s time to return to Whit’s End. Are you ready?”

“No!” Patrick said. “We still have Mr. Lincoln’s inauguration speech. He’ll need it if he lives long enough to give it.”



Beth lifted the oilskin bag. “May we go to Washington?” she asked Eugene. “We’ll either see Mr. Lincoln give the speech, or we’ll be there for his funeral.”

“Very well,” Eugene said.

This time Beth sat in the passenger seat. She held Lincoln’s black bag tightly. Patrick sat in the rumble seat. Eugene sat behind the steering wheel.

He slammed his fist into the red button.

*Blatt!*







## ***March 4, 1861***



Beth opened her eyes. In front of her was a fancy hotel. The morning sun fought against gray clouds to light the hotel entrance.

Beth climbed out of the Imagination Station. She saw Patrick fumble with the seat belt in the rumble seat. He couldn't get out. Beth thought the Imagination Station was taking him to a different place.

Patrick waved to her as the Imagination Station faded.

## **RESCUE ON THE RIVER**

Beth waved back until it disappeared. She trusted she would find him later. Then she entered the hotel.

Beth wandered through the crowd. She carefully sidestepped many men holding silk top hats. Several ladies also stood in the hotel lobby. They wore poufy dresses. Many had winter cloaks draped over their arms.

She saw Tad Lincoln dressed in a black suit. Tad was Abraham Lincoln's youngest son. Beth had met him on a previous adventure.

"Tad!" Beth shouted.

But Tad walked through a pair of French doors.

Beth followed him.

Willie Lincoln, another of Mr. Lincoln's sons, sat on the floor, playing with his toy metal soldiers. Beth thought Willie looked proper in his black bowtie.

*March 4, 1861*

Abraham Lincoln was sitting on a couch. He had a small writing desk balanced on his lap. Tad sat next to his father.

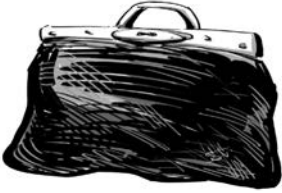
Beth sighed with relief. Lincoln had made it through Baltimore. She was glad to see for herself that the future president was okay.

Lincoln's eldest son, Robert, sat nearby in a high-backed chair. He was reading some papers. Beth guessed it was another draft of Lincoln's speech.



## RESCUE ON THE RIVER

Beth slowly approached the couch. She raised the oilskin bag. “Ahem,” she said.



The Lincolns looked up.

“You’re back!” Tad said. He slid off the couch and hugged her.

“And you have the bag with Father’s speech in it,” Willie said. He stood.

Beth set the bag at Mr. Lincoln’s feet.

Lincoln smiled at her. He opened the bag and took out his old speech. Then he said to Robert, “Read the speech you have.”

Robert read:

*It follows from these views that no state, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any state or states*

**March 4, 1861**

*against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary.*

Beth wished she knew what *ordinances* and *insurrectionary* meant. But she did know what Lincoln was saying. He believed that no state could leave the Union. But Beth knew seven states had already rebelled and formed the Confederate States of America. They were South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas.

Robert read a few more lines.

Lincoln said, "Stop!"

Robert paused midsentence.

Lincoln smiled and said, "That's the phrase I was looking for!" He picked up a pen from the small desk on his lap. He scratched out words on the paper. Then he wrote down the new words.

## RESCUE ON THE RIVER

Mary Lincoln entered the room. She moved directly to the window.

Beth walked toward her. Outside the window a great crowd of people filled the streets. Beth saw several men in military uniforms move through the crowds.

Beth curtsied to Mrs. Lincoln. "Good day."

Mary nodded. "I see you're dressed for the day's event."

Beth glanced down.

She was wearing a green dress and a blue cloak. They

blue cloak. They

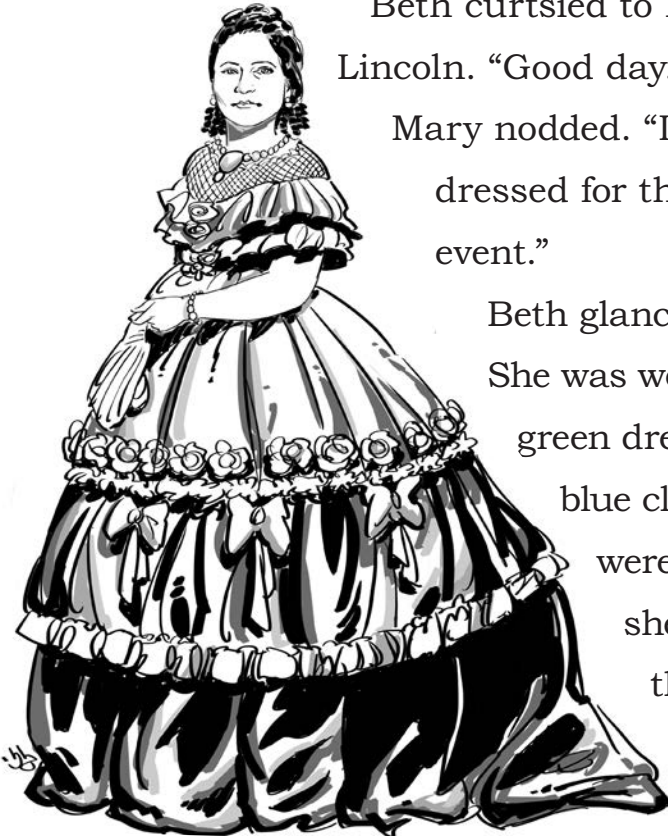
were the ones

she had worn

the last time

she had

seen Mary.



*March 4, 1861*

In that adventure, Mrs. Lincoln had helped them free a slave named Sally at Niagara Falls.

“And you’re also dressed for the inauguration,” Beth said.

“Yes,” Mrs. Lincoln said. Mary Lincoln smiled. The light from the crystal chandelier bounced off her shiny brown hair.

“You look beautiful,” Beth said.

“Thank you,” Mrs. Lincoln said. She glanced around the room. “Where’s your cousin Patrick?”

“He’s with a friend from home,” Beth said.

“I’m glad your time at Niagara Falls was successful. I know because I have a message for you,” Mrs. Lincoln said.

“A message?” Beth said.

Mrs. Lincoln nodded. She said, “I received a letter from Canada yesterday.”

Beth’s heart leaped with excitement. “Is it from Sally Culver?”



## **RESCUE ON THE RIVER**

Mrs. Lincoln fished the letter out of her pocket. "It's from her employer, but the postscript is from Sally."

Beth started to read the note, but a loud voice broke into Beth's thoughts. She put the letter in her pocket. She would read it later.

"Mrs. Lincoln," said a man standing by the French doors. "It's time for you and the children to leave for the White House. Your carriage awaits."

The soon-to-be First Lady turned away from the window. "Come along, boys," she said to Willie and Tad. "This is going to be Mr. Lincoln's finest hour!"

Willie moved toward his mother. "May Beth come with us?" the boy asked.

"That's a splendid idea," Mr. Lincoln said. "Beth can help Mrs. Lincoln watch you boys."

"Yippee!" Tad shouted. He took Beth's hand and led her toward the door.