

lie Farnham broke down

Charlie Farnham broke down. He flung himself on his knees beside Will and with the latter's arm around bim brokenly told his story. He had one evening at the club, when he was with Cochran, wriften the signature of Mr. Floyd, the president of the bank in which he was a teller, on a piece of paper. The paper was blank at the time, and he had done this thing more to show he could than anything else. He had no thought of harm, and had forgotten the whole business until a week afterward, when Cochran had shown it to him with a note written above it at sixty days' time, payable to his own order and indersed on the back to Coch-

The signature on the back was as much a forgery as was that of Mr. Now the other side. Yes; that is right," Floyd, but the forgery was very good, and one of Cochran's friends was ready to swear he saw Farnham write the indorsement. Since then they had been there. "I will give this to the man making his life a misery to him, demand- down stairs," he said. "Now, Mr. Coching that he give them the combination ran, I have the honor of bidding you of the safe. He had been so afraid he good day. I think you will be able to of the safe. He had been so afraid he good day. I think you will be able to might yield that he had gone to the find pleasanter places of residence than cashier and asked him to change the Boston for the future," and passing combination, so that now he did not through the door he went down the stairknow it. When he told Cochran of the change that individual had become very angry and had ordered him to find out the new series at once or take the conce-

"Why did you not go to Mr. Floyd and tell him the whole story?" asked

"Because they threatened to have the note discounted in New York, and the bank which cashed it would have held

Will Jackson was silent, marveling in his own soul that men could be so weak.
"Where is this note?" he asked at last.

"I think Cochran has it in his rooms. He says it is in New York, but he is such a liar I do not believe him. Oh, Will, can you get me out of this scrape? I swear I will never get into another as long as I live. For May's sake and little Carrie's you will do it, won't you, Will? "Yes, for Carrie's sake," whispered whispered Will, pressing his arm against the side where the picture rested.

"Where does this man live?" he asked. "He has rooms at 17 Milk street, and

you can always find him before 11." Long and earnestly the two men talked, repentance and his resolve to lead a better life, and the other counseling in that his brother might remain unstainand Charlie, after seeing his brother-inlaw to his room, went to his own with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day. May was awake, and before he slept he had told his wife the story; but they were both happy, for was not Will there?

In the mean time Will Jackson threw himself on his bed and lay there thinking. It seemed to him that the cause for the awful trial he had gone through was so pitiful, so mean! He could see the men together feeling. the men together, foolish Charlie excited with wine and full of a miserable brayado, while the others sat there and lured him into their net. And then, a little courage, a little open dealing, and he would have been left with his oath to his country unbroken. But he was there to save, and through the silence of the night he seemed to hear a dead girl's voice full of gratitude and love!

After breakfast Will Jackson walked down town, and reaching Milk street, rang the bell at No. 17. From a man who opened the door he found out where Mr. Cochran's rooms were, and saying he had business with that person walked upstairs, and knocked at the door. A sleepy voice called out, "Come in!" and passing through the door Will Jackson locked it behind him. The man in the bed sat up at this and stared. Will walked over to him, and drawing a revolver covered him with it.



"I have come here to get that piece of paper or to kill you."

"Mr. Cochran," he began in a voice "Mr. Cochran," he began in a voice which was as harsh as the sound of sharpening a saw, "my brother, Charles Farnham, tells me that you and your recomplices have procured from him by fraud a certain document purporting to be a note signed by John Floyd, the bench to the hand a care to send. Charlie bent his head, the tears falling on the hand he held.

Three months after this Will left the asylum and sattled in Springfield, where he began the practice of the law once more. As his mental power returned more fully he slowly built up for himself a business which gave him more money than he cared to snead. Charlie bent his head, the tears falling on the hand he held. president of the bank, in which my brother is employed. The signature to this note is a forgery, executed by my brother, but the note itself was added

torged to it. I have come to get that note from you

Cochran looked at his visitor, and as he looked it seemed to him that Will Jackson's eyes blazed with constrained, epressed ferocity in their deep sockets. He shuddered as he looked.

"I-I know nothing," he stammered, involuntarily shrinking away from those

"Do not give yourself the trouble of lying to me, Mr. Cochran, because a man of the world like yourself will recognize the uselessness of it. I repeat,

I am here for that paper."
"It is in New York," began Cochran eagerly. "For God's sake, Mr. Jackson,

don't point that thing at me!"
"It is in New York," repeated the visiter slowly. "Then I am sorry"—
"It is in New York, I swear it is!"

"Because its absence from Boston will cost you your life within five minutes time, Mr. Cochran.

"What-what do you mean?" asked the other quaveringly.

"I mean this. I have come here to get that piece of paper or to kill you, and I will have it or your life before five minutes. I shall not look at my watch; you can trust me not to make the time too long," he added grimly.

Cochran gave one look at Will Jackson's face, saw murder there, and knew it was death to refuse.

"If you will wait until I get up," he said hastily, "you shall have it." "Very good; that is what I want."

The man climbed out of the bed, and going to a desk in the corner opened it. "Be careful. Don't touch that revolver or I will press the trigger," came in cold, harsh tones from the visitor.

"I wasn't going to," hastily replied Cochran. "I only want to get the note. Ah, here it is," and turning he held a alip of paper out.

"Hold it up so that I can read it. and taking the paper Will Jackson put it in his pocket. Then walking over to the desk he picked up the revolver lying way, rang the bell and gave the revolver to the servant, and then walked quietly home, where he played with little Carrie and chatted with May until Charlie

"There, Charlie," he said, "is your note, which you had better burn. Remember it has cost a great price, and

you will be careful for the future." "How on earth did you get it?" asked the brother-in-law, after many protecta-

tions of gratitude and promises. "Mr. Cochran listened to argument," replied Will grimly, and that was all they ever heard.

As might have been expected, Will Jackson announced his intention of returning to his regiment the next day. where he proposed to face the inevitable trial, confess his desertion and submit to his punishment. But it was not to

The next morning, after a sleepless night, he complained of pain in his head. and when the physician came the patient was in a raging fever. Before fortyeight hours had elapsed it was evident that brain fever had him in its clutch. The trial and suffering, the mental strain the one protesting again and again his for him, and it became a question whether repentance and his resolve to lead a better the had not in fact laid down his life

At last they separated, ed. Day after day and through the long watches of the night he tossed and talked and tossed again. Charlie Farnham and his wife learned to know the sacrifice which Will Jackson had made as they listened to his pitiful pleading to be spared. During that time, too, Charlie Farnham had an impression produced on him which never wore away; there was little fear that he would again put himself in jeopardy.

When the patient recovered from the mind had received a shock from which it would take years to recover. He was not exactly insane, but he seemed dull and stupid, and he remembered nothing at all of the past. The physicians who attended him prescribed absolute rest from every kind of labor, and a home was found for him in one of those asylums where kindness rules the application of scientific treatment. Here he remained four years, patient and uncomplaining, and gradually his mental power came back to him. With it came memory, faint at first, but clearer and stronger as the days went by. Had it not been for the deeply religious nature of the man it is probable that with the recollection of the sacrifice a relapse would have driven him back, and this

was greatly feared by his physicians. One day when Charlie was with him a chance paragraph in the newspaper telling of the arrest of Cochran in Chicago caught Will's eye. He seemed dazed for a moment and then, like a flash, he remembered it all. And with the memory an expression came over his face that made Charlie cry out. Will rose, paced hurriedly up and down the walk, his features working violently, and when Dr. Armstrong hurried up to him and took his arm he shook him off with a gesture of intense anger. The physician watched him carefully and Charlie sat there almost sick with apprehension.

At last Will paused, and thinking deeply, stood for a moment. Then coming up to his brother-in-law he held out his hand.

"God saw fit to humble me, Charlie," be said solemnly, "and who am I that I should question his wisdom or his love?"

The physician gave a sigh of relief as Charlie bent his head, the tears falling

than he cared to spend. Charife and May and little Carrie and other little ones that came to them lived happily, and there was no other lapse on the husband brother, but the note itself was added after the signature was written, and the indorsement has my brother's name been done well and thoroughly, and as

he looked back at it all he was able to say in time he was glad. And this is the story which Mr. Abner K. Gardiner, the chairman of the Demoeratic county committee who prided himself on the nomination of William Truesdale Jackson, never heard told. THE END.

Has Been Fattened for Soup.

A man with a remarkable story has turned up in Dallas. His name is W. F. Yates, and he says he is the son of J. C. Yates, a missionary who went out from Jacksonville, Miss., in 1848, and was devoured by cannibals in 1873. He was reared in missionary camps, and as he grew up he took to the work himself, and has been engaged at it twelve years in Africa. He relates stories of personal

adventure of thrilling interest. In 1876 he went on an expedition to Lake Albert Nyanza, where he and two others were captured by cannibals. They were imprisoned in a hole in the ground and covered with logs. Here an attempt was made to fatten them for the feast day by throwing them human flesh and bread fruit. Eight days they were thus confined, when Henry M. Stanley came up with a posse, routed the natives, killed forty of them, and freed the captives. He then joined the Stanley party and went with them to Livingston river, where he took charge of the Rodves Grove Baptist mission.

Here he remained until 1878, when the natives suddenly formed a dislike for him and confined him in a mud house to fatten. One day they took him out to exercise, and he began amusing the two guards by playing tricks. He snatched the club of one and brained them both, and again cluded the soup. Afterward he engaged in exploring and establishing missions on the Congo river. He speaks thirty-six of the languages of that country, and he claims to have had a personal acquaintance with David Livingston. He was born in Tankatango, in the southern part of Congo, and was raised principally on Lake Morocco.

His story is credited, as there are peo ple in Dallas, among whom are Dr. S. A. Hayden, editor of the Texas Baptist and Herald, who are acquainted with his Mis sissippi connections.—Texas Cor. Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

An Idea for a Country Place.

The points of the compass are always a mooted question at country houses, par-ticularly on the shores of bays or lakes, where each curve and indenture of the land changes the frontage to the water. Really acrimonious discussions have been held by near neighbors on their respective verandas, where, without a reliable compass to guide them, each man held to his own opinion with dogmatic

"I have lived in four different country houses with you," said the wife of one of the disputants laughingly, "and in every place there has always been this discus-

"It is always a much argued question," answered their visitor; "some one invariably starts it every summer wherever there is an idle group of people. There is always a decided difference of opinion; and oddly enough no one ever seems to have a compass.

Well, this is what I mean to do," said the lady, "and I think it will be a very pretty decoration as well as a useful one. I intend to draw on the floor of the veranda a large and clearly marked compass in red outline, verifying it, of course, by the real instrument. It will be the greatest convenience, and will Mutual Benefit Associ- \$2.50 PER DOZEN look very well, too, if neatly done. New York Tribune.

The Best Recipe for Rest.

There is nothing which will give a chance for rest to overtired nerves surely as a simple religious faith in the overruling, wise and tender Providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chafing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasur ably. It is in being anxious about things which we cannot help that we often do the most of our spending. A simple physical sickness it was found that his faith in God which practically and every moment, and not only theoretically and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that he cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest.

Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis, in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal, and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm. Put yourself in the great everlasting currents, and then you can rest upon your oars, and let those currents bear you on their strength.-Anna C. Brackett in Harper's.

Cats Cause Ringworm.

"The ringworm is doing well in this city," said a prominent physician to a able terms. reporter. "And if this peculiar form of skin disease is not checked and people are not very cautious it will spread rap-

"What is the cause of this skin affect tion?

"The cat is the principal promoter of it. Children love to carry kittens around with them. The former are often covered with certain fungi or parasites which, when brought in contact with a human being's skin, act similar to poison oak, although the eruptions are of a different character. I have ascertained that in every primitive case I have at-tended there is always a kitten or cat in the household, and this feline is petted and fondled not only by the children, but by the adults. Let me give a bit of advice to young ladies who hold their complexions at any value when I say don't handle the cat, whether he be the sweetest of kittens or the most valuable Maltese."—San Francisco Examiner.

Devoted to and absorbed in business. Mr. C. H. Pratt, the late Emma Abbott's manager, has never sought in ordinary recreations and avocations that refreshment, repose, inspiration and encouragement invariably found so delightful and so beneficial by most men. The curious character of the man may be judged by the circumstance that he makes his boast that he has never read a book!-Chicago

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