

True left the house with almost a liking for this bandit of the marketplace, who aimed greatly and succeeded greatly, independent of scruple or restraint, and who now seemed to be aiming the greatest of all.

Before going to bed, Ward asked the nurse to hand him an iron box, from which he drew the miniature of a child's face with long black curls, a lock of hair framed in ebony and a broken string of corals such as little girls used to wear. They were childhood keepsakes of his wife. He placed them under his pillow. Then he bade the nurse draw her cot outside the door, for he knew that he could sleep better alone in the room.

Twice during the night the doctor tiptoed up from the library, and looked in hopefully at the sleeping face.

"It's odd how such a splendid body doesn't respond to the stimulants! It's against all science," said one physician, "but that sleep is natural!"

But so is Death natural, and against it no remedies avail, for when the nurse looked in at four in the morning the president was sitting up in bed with hands clenched to the counterpane in the tensivity of their struggle. Like the Norse heroes, he had fought to the end, and no one had witnessed his defeat. The great Force was dead.

The doctors announced an elaborate diagnosis of exactly what heart complications had caused Ward's death. Sermons and editorials moralized on the