

trial. The court had assembled and the proceedings were about to commence when the booming of cannon announced that the Federal troops were storming the fort. At once the court room was deserted and Stevens was left alone. Now he was alone and escape beckoned him on. But no, with a bound he reached the door, crossed the yard, and once more met his gallant company. He led them in a most courageous sally. The enemy were driven back with great loss and Stevens marched back with his little band now nearly decimated.

Just inside the fort, he saw the form of a soldier writhing in the agony of death. He stopped to comfort the poor fellow, and as his eyes met those of the soldier he saw

it was Stafford. "Oh, is it you Frank, give me your hand and say I am forgiven. Ah! thank you. No, no, do not move me. It was I who forged your name to those letters. Ah! had I followed your example I might not now be here. But say once more you forgive me." Tears dimmed Frank's eyes, and a sob choked his voice as he said "Bob, I forgive you."

A smile lighted up those features fast becoming rigid in death and he gasped "Thanks, give my love to my poor old father. Now once more your hand. Goodby forever." When Frank tenderly raised the lifeless body of Bob, he saw his commanding officer with uncovered head, holding out to him his sword.

JEROME.

