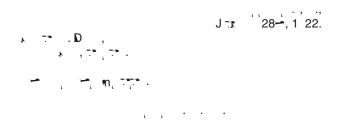
morning the sheriff came to see me and I had a friendl chat and soon came to a perfect mutual understanding hich as ne er once iolated on either side. From that hour George Eckert as m friend and I as his, and though 27 ears ha e passed, not one of them brought its holida s ithout the e change of mutual greetings and remembrances. This morning there came to me the follo ing telegram:



This sad message came to me from his daughter, the daughter he adored, and I and all of our famil feel as if our on household had been stricken be the sorro ful berea ement. Onlea feels ago hile I as in the sanitarium at Elmhurst, Mr. Eckert and his

daughter Georgie dro e 50 miles on a cold, gust da to pa me a isit and to comfort me ith their s mpath and companionship. The isit as to be the last ith m lo al old friend, and I shall ne er forget ho touched at the parting.

George Eckert had been a true friend to me hen friendship is possible onl in the heart and soul and conscience of a genuine human being. I recalled to him the ans er he made to those of his constituents ho anted him to subject me to rough treatment; ho kind he and his ife and daughter had been to m ife and famil, and ho the tears of gladness and regret stood in his e es as ell as mine the da I left his

When last e e changed fare ells e ere clasped in each other's arms.

George Eckert has passed on to his ne t beautiful ad enture, lea ing to his friends, his neighbors, and to the orld the memor of a man.

M

custod and started for home.