

hoped to inherit from him. Still others said that they had come simply because Goodrum had recommended the climate.

If this last conjecture were true, the recommendation must have been made through his daughter, for the old man could neither read nor write. He knew figures and sold his books—they were mainly text-books—by the marks his daughter put on them for him. He transacted all business that required the use of pen, ink and paper through her. He was in the habit of lending out money at interest, but he kept no accounts of these business matters nor of his daily trade, trusting wholly to his memory which was a remarkably good one.

His habits and his companions were coarse and low. He lived like a miser, often dining only when his daughter or one of his wife's sisters sent him a covered dish. Otherwise a little cheese and a half dozen crackers washed down with beer sufficed him.

He had quarreled with his brother-in-law, Sanders Mitchell, and with one of the sisters about a month before the period I have mentioned; and his sole friendly intercourse was with his daughter and her aunt Melinda, who visited him with some regularity. His temper was bad, and there were a number of people in the town not on speaking terms with him, among them his daughter's husband, Parker Brown. He had been living alone since his daughter's marriage, but she had lately persuaded him to hire a negro girl to cook for him and to clean up his room.

On the night of the third of July, Goodrum went to the restaurant where he usually got his beer, wearing a