

rough sort of dressing-gown and on his head a cap of the kind called fez, though much larger than the genuine oriental fez and of knitted texture. This was about ten o'clock. There were a few others there sitting on stools, broken-legged chairs, and empty goods-boxes; and Goodrum sat down with them and joined in their talk.

About half-past ten, on some one's calling for more beer, the person in charge stepped back into the room in rear to get it, when a voice unknown to him asked through the window if Goodrum were there. To this question an affirmative reply was given without hesitation, and, on the voice's further request that he would ask Goodrum to step to the door a moment, the bar-tender said, yes, he would, and on his return to the front room, did so. Goodrum had not left the door a minute when those within were horrified at hearing loud groans outside. They rushed out and found the old man lying a yard or so from the doorway in a pool of blood, with a deep gash in his head. Not far off his cap was picked up and found to be cut through as if by some sharp instrument.

The old man, though very weak from his wound, was not insensible, and kept muttering, "wicked dog! wicked dog! with the hatchet!" He was asked over and over again, if he knew who had done it, but made no answer, though each time he opened his mouth as though intending to speak.

He was carried into the restaurant, that being the only house open in the sleepy old town at that time of night, and Dr. Bates was at once sent for. Meantime, as he kept saying, "My daughter! my daughter!" Mrs. Brown was