

as lived quite across the town from the railroad. His friends explained his uneasy manner as a result of a natural nervousness, increased on this occasion by the horror of so dreadful an accusation.

Strangely enough, however, a blood-stained hatchet was found in the kitchen of Elias Murray. He stated, and his wife corroborated the statement, that it had been used some days before to chop off the head of a fowl that was cooked for dinner. Dr. Bates and the professor of chemistry at the university, who had just returned from a trip to New Orleans, examined the bloodstains on the hatchet, and swore positively, or rather said they were willing to swear in court, that the blood was not human blood.

At about 3 o'clock on the morning of the seventh of July, Basil Goodrum died.

In spite of the declaration of experts that the blood on the hatchet was not Goodrum's, suspicion rested most strongly now on Elias Murray. When the coroner's inquest was held he was of course brought in for examination.

This man had shifted from trade to trade, unsuccessful in all, until at last he had bought a piece of ground on a hillside just beyond the town and had taken to raising grapes. He was doing very well in that business; but it was remembered against him that he had spent his wife's and his sister-in-law's fortune before the vineyard venture. He had been brought into the room where Goodrum lay the day before his death, and there asked if he knew him. To this he had replied at first that he did not, and immedi-