

him acquainted with the confession of Mrs. Poirier. To this end he made use of the notes he had taken while hid behind the curtain, which read as follows :

"Sam Parslow killed my husband with a butcher knife. The knife belonged to my husband.

"Parslow and I wanted to kill my husband ever since New Year's Day, 1897. I had told Parslow that the knife with which the deed was accomplished was not suitable to kill him with one blow. I advised him to buy a revolver. There was a long discussion between us about the same revolver. I was of opinion that the revolver was too noisy and he dared not use it.

"Sunday, the twenty-first, after vespers, while I was still in the house about four o'clock, Sam entered the room where my husband was and had the knife with him then. I did not know before that that he had the knife. I went out then to go to my father's. I did not help him."

Sam Parslow was overwhelmed when he heard the reading of these notes ; he became very pale ; then seeming to take a sudden resolution, he spoke in his turn and made the most complete revelations in the following terms .

"Isidore Poirier was lying down across his bed. I struck him across the throat with the knife, but I did not think I had killed him. She was helping me ; she was sitting at the right and I was on the left near the pillows. I used a butcher knife to cut his throat with.

"After I struck him, I went out. I was afraid. She followed me. I do not remember having struck the man but once."

The prisoner then hesitated a little, then said he remembered nothing else.

The coroner then asked :

"Sam, were you in love with Mrs. Poirier ? "

"Yes," answered he, "but I did not think she would marry me.

"I told her I would give my head in order to save her from trouble. I admit having bought a revolver with the intention of killing Poirier. I killed him because I loved Cordelia, and I thought her husband was in the way. I wanted to rid her of him.

"When I took the knife and started to kill Poirier, I was 'like one magnetized.' I did not want to go, yet I went anyhow. The woman told me :

"'Be brave, Sam, only one good blow and all will be over. Do not weaken.'

"I did not remark whether she held him or not, I only saw that she was on the other side of the bed.

"The knife I used belonged to Cordelia. I had sharpened it myself some days previously.

"There was no question between us of any insurance policy. One day, however, she told me :

"'Should Isidore die, I would be happy and you too ; we could live comfortable, and I would no longer have to bother my head