

bitterness from year to year. One day, when business had brought both to the same place it came to blows between them, and his foe drew a knife, and gave Arne severe wounds in the hand and arm, the marks of which he wears to this day. There were many other aggravating circumstances, among which may be mentioned, as the worst, the fact that upon the farm, of which his enemy had gotten possession, Arne's father lived and received his annual allowance, according to Norwegian law. When the father lay upon his death-bed, Arne visited him, and learned that he had been ill-treated, and that his death had probably been hastened by the cruelty of the owner of the farm. This so enraged Arne that revenge was a mere question of time and opportunity. The opportunity was not easily found, for the fellow feared Arne, and shrewdly avoided meeting him. He never went out alone. One morning early he had, however, deemed it safe to go a short distance from home with his team. But it so happened that Arne, too, had gone out that morning with his ride to hunt, when, on returning, he saw his enemy, and at once determined to give him a mark at least as severe as the one he bore himself. He raised his gun to take sight. He was one of the best marksmen in the country, and had brought down many a bird on the wing; but, unfortunately, as his enemy was walking by the side of his team, he happened to stumble just at the moment when Arne pulled the trigger, and, instead, of giving him a severe wound in the arm, as he intended, the bullet entered his breast, and he soon after expired.

Arne was convicted of murder and sentenced to death. This was in the lower court. The case was appealed. Mark now the remarkable incident which occurred. Having been sentenced to death by this lower court, he was to be transferred to an adjoining bailiwick. The bailiff who had

him in charge, knowing his prisoner's honesty and truthfulness, did what, probably, no other bailiff ever did. He was very busy, and Arne, knowing this, told him that there was no necessity of his going with him or sending any guards, for he would go alone and place himself in the hands of the officers in the next bailiwick; and such confidence had the bailiff in Arne's uprightness and integrity that he unhesitatingly sent him alone without any guards, and Arne promptly did as he had agreed.

The sentence of the lower court was confirmed by the Supreme Court, without any recommendation to pardon. He was locked up in prison, and in a few days was to be beheaded. The young and enthusiastic poet, Bjornson, was at this time in the capital. He had heard of the case, had read all that had been said about it in the press, and had become so interested in it that he went to the prison, partly to see this remarkable criminal and partly out of curiosity to see a man who stood at the threshold of execution. He had a long talk with Arne, and was much affected by his manner and by his story of the aggravating circumstances which had led to his crime. As he was about to leave the prison-cell, Arne arose, stretched out both arms to Bjornson, and besought him, in tones of deepest agony, to save him. His words rang in the ears of the poet, and he determined to move heaven and earth, if this were possible, to procure a pardon. He immediately set himself to work, and wrote for the press what he still considers the most masterly article of his life; indeed, such an article as but few others than Bjornson could write. It set the whole community—the whole land—in commotion. The wives and daughters of the judges who had pronounced the sentence, and the wives of the members of the King's Cabinet, were the first to sign a petition to the Government for his pardon. The death sentence was