

with the man impressed me. Did ever another respectable lawyer in all the world have such an experience as mine?

Pocketing the five hundred dollars I went to Chipaloo but not to the jail at first. It was easy to get full particulars of the case for nothing else was talked about. The prisoner had arrived in town the day previous to the murder and had got into a fight in one of the saloons with three men. He had fought like a demon and knocked and hammered the three fellows all in a heap but was arrested and fined the next day. Then he disappeared until evening when he paraded the streets, half-drunk, and meeting the constable who had arrested him the previous evening set upon him with a knife. He slashed his body beyond recognition while a dozen horrified onlookers stood speechless, but a man ran out of a hardware store with an axe and with a blow stretched him alongside his victim.

And now he was in jail awaiting trial. A feeling of loathing towards the man began to possess me and I decided not to see him. His crime was too cold-blooded, too much like the act of a fiend who revelled in slaughter. If he had killed one of those men while engaged in an uneven fight with the three of them it would not have been so bad: something I would not care to have on my conscience, yet I have shaken hands with men guilty of manslaughter committed with less creditable particulars.

A lawyer was engaged and guaranteed any reasonable sum of money to put up the best possible defence. He saw no chance unless we could establish Mark's insanity: but the prisoner positively refused to conduct himself wildly. Nothing would induce him to roll his eyes and talk at random. He wanted to see me, but I would only treat with him through the lawyer. He sent me word to buy the judge and jury and if his five hundred was not enough, then I would

only be doing the fair thing in spending my savings during the past seven years towards this end. Of course this was absurd, for the judge was simply unapproachable and such was public feeling that no jury dare acquit that man or they and he would have been hanged on the same tree.

I did everything possible, arranged for certain comforts for the prisoner and returned home to attend urgent business. The result of the trial was telegraphed me and of course Mark was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged a month later. The lawyer wrote me that Mark desired me to be present during the ceremony: and the day previous to the execution I reached Chipaloo.

The hour appointed for the final scene was 8 o'clock in the morning, and at 6 o'clock I entered the jail along with the sheriff, a minister and the lawyer. We were ushered into the condemned cell.

Mark had changed greatly since my two previous encounters with him: he was much stouter and had a full beard.

"Now look here, we are not going to have any revival meeting business here this morning, Mr. Whiskers," said he irreverently to the good preacher, "and if we did you would be disappointed at the amount put in the collection plate. As for lawyers, they are an all-fired greasy crowd and it makes me shiver to touch one of them. They are mighty useful when you get into a quarrel over a line fence, but they are no good when your life is at stake. How much of my five hundred dollars has been wasted on this jay?"

"About two hundred dollars," I replied.

"Well, take the balance and send it to Mrs. Mark Snyder, Bloomington, Illinois."

"Is she your wife?"

"It doesn't matter whose wife she is, nor whether she is anybody's wife—you send it to that address, that's all you've got to do."

This was pretty cool, but there was