

pocket. Turnham, paying no attention to him, came up immediately to the gate, and while passing through into the yard, Edmonds put his left hand upon Turnham's shoulder, and said, "You are my prisoner." Turnham immediately drew his long knife and brandished it in Edmonds' face, and Edmonds as quickly presented his six-shooter at Turnham's breast. They eyed each other for an instant, but Turnham, mad to desperation, exclaimed, "Shoot and be d—d;" and commenced throwing himself backwards and forwards, from one side of the yard to the other, for the twofold purpose of evading the bullets, and of placing himself in a position to enable him to make a successful drive upon his antagonist. Those who witnessed the affray, have no doubt but that he was bent upon the death of Edmonds. Some one within the house was heard to cry out to Edmonds, "Why don't you shoot?" At this Edmonds commenced his fire. The first two bullets missed Turnham altogether. The third wounded him in his knee, the fourth in his neck, the fifth in his face, and during all this time he was rushing forward upon Edmonds with the utmost vengeance.

When the fifth ball hit him, he clapped one hand to the wound, and cried out, "Oh!" and hesitated a moment as if he would yield; but gathering himself up for one more struggle, while making his last and most desperate effort to plunge his knife into the heart of Edmonds, the sixth ball pierced his temple, he fell and instantly expired.

This case was of such a nature, as in the estimation of the Supreme Judge, to demand an investigation by the Grand Jury. Accordingly, Edmonds gave bonds for his appearance at Court, and, though his enemies labored hard to convict him of murder, yet, when the matter was thoroughly investigated by the Jury, it was pronounced to be a clear case of justifiable homicide.

THE END.