

"'I—I—took it downstairs,' he said.

"'Why?' I demanded. 'Tell me why you took the gun downstairs and left Willie up here to die?'

"'So—so—no blood would get on it,' said King.

"He was shaken. He began to quiver and shift. I stood looking at him, waiting in silence.

"'Well?' I said.

"He started, hesitated, then burst into tears.

"'Oh! oh! Will I be hung? Will I be hung?' he moaned.

"He writhed as if in physical pain. I called out of the window for Mr. Donohue, the County Attorney, to come up. He came at once.

"'Did you shoot Willie Freeman?' I asked King, in his presence.

"'Oh! oh! I did! Oh! oh!' sobbed King.

"I had him take the stick for a gun, and show us how he did it.

"'I went halfway up the stairs to the left,' said King, on the stairs. 'I stood here, and I aimed like this for his eye. His head was bent over, and he had on an old straw hat. I fired. He fell. Then I went down and told Mrs. Freeman.'

"'What motive had you? Why did you do it?' I asked.

"'They always made too much of him, and I had to do the dirty work, and I thought if I shot him I might get his place,' said King.

"I called in the doctors, and made King show them how he killed the boy. I arrested King. He asked if he could go into the house a minute on his way to gaol. I took him in, and he asked the forgiveness of the Freemans.

"'Oh, Charlie, Charlie! Why did you shoot my Willie?' moaned Mrs. Freeman.

"'I thought I'd get his place,' said King.

"I took him away to gaol. He was tried in St. Thomas in April 1903, a few months ago. Justice Street presided. King's confession to me as an officer was ruled out of court. The defence, however, admitted King did the shooting, but alleged it was accidental, and claimed that King was not