

sound, natural sleep. When Edwards returned and learned what had occurred, a legion of devils seemed to possess him.

He flogged the Chinaman unmercifully and cut off his cue. Then he ordered Keith to strip almost to a state of nudity, kneel down and beg for her life, calling her the vilest names his vile lips could frame. For herself, death would have been preferable to such an existence as this, but she must live to rescue her child. She obeyed him, repeating what he ordered her to say, and bided her time. Then Wong Kee was ordered to bring a bucket of cold, mountain water, which Edwards proceeded to pour on Keith in a steady stream till she fell in convulsions.

I am well aware that many who read this story, will doubt that such an inhuman monster as Wilson Edwards ever existed in this civilized and christian country. For their benefit, the writer states, here, that there are living witnesses to-day, who will attest that he not only existed, but is living to-day, in the neighborhood of a large town in central Ohio; that the act of fiendish cruelty toward his child, recorded above, was a veritable fact; and that toward his wife was only one of the many acts of inhuman brutality of which she was the innocent victim. I will state, further, that through some of these same witnesses, he was brought to trial for his cruelty toward his child, and at this trial, his fiendish brutality to his wife, some of which was too horrible for any printed page, was disclosed to an indignant public. But through the corruption of court and jury, a compromise was effected, and he was allowed to go free, though the verdict of the people was, that lynching was too good for such a wretch. Retribution, however, in a measure, followed him. He married, for his second wife, a high-stepping creature, who took the reins in her own hands and scarcely per-

mitted him to have a soul of his own. In short, the spider was caught in his own web.

The question may also be raised, why he married Keith, when his only object was revenge. That is best known to himself. It is surmised, that, having guessed Hepworth's secret love, and also knowing that he would leave no means untried to find her, Edwards had married her, hoping the law would protect him in keeping possession of her as his wife. I have thought this digression necessary. We will now go back to Wong Kee's narrative.

From the day of the outrage, Keith had been ailing, and was now failing fast. And from that day, too, Edwards seemed to be in constant fear, both of his wife and the Chinaman. He had tasted the sweets of revenge, and if he read the signs rightly, his forest home was not the safest place for him just then. Besides, supplies were getting low, and he made that a pretext for going to the settlements the morning of the day they encountered Wong Kee. The latter instantly proposed to Keith to aid her in making her escape. She at first doubted his sincerity, but he finally convinced her that he was in earnest, and together, they formed a plan, which the Chinaman straightway proceeded to put into execution, by starting, that night, for Devil's gulch, "hellee camp," as he stytied it, to find "Melican man Ben."

During the entire narration, Hepworth had stood like a rugged statue in bronze, every muscle rigid and set. Only his eyes glowed like living furnaces, and told of volcanic fires within. Now his words whizzed thro' the air like bullets—

"By the mother of G—, you moon-eyed devil! We'll square accounts shortly, and you'll 'pass in your checks.' Now climb on behind my coolie and ride like h—l, I say."