

ED BIDDLE'S DUPE.

Strange Case of Pittsburg Jailor's Wife.

HER AMAZING FOLLY.

What Power Made Her the Murderer's Slave?

Her Action in Helping the Biddies to Break Jail and Joining Them in Their Desperate Flight a Tragedy Almost Without Precedent in Some Aspects—Ed Biddle's Mysterious Influence Over Women Shown With Fatal Force in Her Case—Her Surprising Desertion of Husband, Children and Home—Biddle's Conquest of Her Begun With Looks and Continued by Chats at His Cell Door—Their Codes of Signals—Miserable Ending of the Drama.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 8.—It is only now, with the first thrilling excitement of the event over, that people are beginning fully to grasp the astounding character of the Biddle tragedy and to marvel at the psychological conditions which made it possible. With probably every material fact and incident that led up to it at present revealed, there still remains a certain dark, unaccountable something to be accounted for—some power in itself undiscoverable to reason, but none the less startling in its manifestations.

There are in it the manifestations of strange influences—influences which do not submit themselves to satisfactory analysis or explanation. With every minute fact of the beginning, the growth and the climax of this strange woman's infatuation revealed, there still remains a certain dark, unaccountable something to be accounted for—some power in itself undiscoverable to reason, but none the less startling in its manifestations.

The more people ponder over it, the more inclined they become to yield to that sort of vague uneasiness natural to the ordinary run of mankind when brought face to face with that which seems unaccountable under any known laws of nature. And of one thing all are convinced, and that is, that as the like of this story never was known in real life before, so, in all human probability, it will never again be matched within the experience of anybody now living. It stands alone and apart, a very epoch in the psychology of crime.

It is only when told in its continuity that the astonishing character of the story can be fully appreciated. As the thrilling incidents of the closing act came tumbling over each other's heels from the telegraphic wires, until the bloody climax of the battle from the sleighs—during all this swift whirl of action it was only the extravagantly melodramatic character of the affair that held the attention. With this all over now, and the two turbulent spirits who were the cause of it all asleep in one grave in Calvary cemetery, the other side of the strange story—the side that involves the mystery in the absorbing feature.

People for the first time are going back over the whole marvellous narrative and trying to put it all together in some sort of logical sequence. Furthermore, by the light of what she is saying from day to day as she approaches convalescence, they are trying to fathom the character of the unhappy creature who is the most astonishing personality in all the drama.

Since the tragedy on the highway which ended the lives of Edward and John Biddle, many things have been discovered at the jail by the aid of which the full story of the infatuation of Mrs. Soffel, so far as outwardly manifested, is pretty minutely known. By what mental process she was transformed from a decent wife and mother into the mere dumb, driven slave of a scoundrel and murderer whom she had only seen through prison bars while he was awaiting the hanging that had long been his due, how this change was wrought is something which the woman herself probably would find it as hard to explain as do others.

Leading up to this dark region of mystery in the story, every fact and incident known must be set down in due order and sequence in order to understand how really marvellous the entire story is.

THE BIDDLE BROTHERS.

In the first place, who were these two criminal brothers, Edward and John Biddle? As with most of their class, their origin is more or less uncertain.

Since a romantic interest had begun to attach to them, the stories have varied somewhat to suit their newer and more interesting attitude. When they were plain burglars roaming through Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania and leaving a wake of pillage and probably murder behind them, the commonly accepted story about them was that they were the sons of a low character who lived at one time at Amherstville, near Windsor, Canada, and later near Detroit, where he kept a drinking resort which rejoiced in the name of "Biddle's Hell."

Out of this "Hell," according to this version of their lives, the two boys, Edward and John, and still another brother, likewise a criminal, emerged and began their depredations on society when they were barely in their teens.

After their trial and conviction here for the murders of Kahney, the grocer, and Fitzgerald, the detective, and coincident with the morbid interest which their fate at once aroused in the minds of a surprising number of women—coincident with this, there was published a story to the effect that the young men were of excellent family, but had gone wrong and had concealed their real name. There is absolutely nothing to support this latter theory, save the fact that Edward was an easy and fluent talker with a quick knack for acquiring the use of language that suggested more or less refinement, and that he had a certain cleverness in sketching and in turning verses.

The plain fact of the case is that the Biddies were of low origin and did come from Amherstville, Canada, originally. They were of pleasing appearance and Edward was a man of quick mind and decided force of character.

It was he who led John into evil ways. He was of the light and airy and flippant type of criminal, the most hopeless so far as any reform is concerned, and yet the most plausible and convincing in their expressions of desire to reform.

EDWARD'S POWER OVER WOMEN.

Edward's humbugging of people was by no means confined to women in this respect. In the face of damning evidence against him and his brother in the Kahney and Fitzgerald cases, he convinced men and women alike of his innocence of the particular crimes in question, but of his earnest desire to repent his sins and lead a better life.

Probably early in their acquaintance he convinced Mrs. Soffel that he was an innocent man under an unjust sentence of death. She says he did, and there is no reason to doubt her word; although later on she became so completely under his influence and so blindly led by him that she could have followed him like a faithful dog, even though she knew him to be the vilest murderer and scoundrel unhung.

And right there we come to the border-land of the mystery which hangs over this strange case, and that is the extraordinary influence which Edward Biddle undeniably had over women. Old or young, of high or low degree, women who came in contact with this criminal, who even came into his presence, seemed to be from that moment more or less under a spell. Wherever he has been traced in all his outlaw career there has been found a wake of women, all devoted to him to the death.

During his trial here and subsequent thereto women rallied to his support in swarms. To their influence, and to their influence alone, is to be attributed the fact that he and his brother escaped tangling at the dates in mid-January first fixed for their execution.

The crime for which the brothers were condemned was an atrocious one. They invaded a home in the dead of night and there shot to death a crippled man in the presence of his wife. Traced to their hiding place they murdered one of the officers who came to arrest them and wounded several others.

The evidence against them was damning, and was clinched by the testimony of their accomplice, Walter Dorman, who saved his neck by turning State's evidence. All three were in the Kahney burglary and all three, in the eye of the law, were equally guilty of the murder which it involved.

A jury of twelve men convicted them without hesitation, and a jury composed of all the women who saw them in the courtroom, or who since the trial have even remotely come in contact with Edward, without dissenting voice reversed the verdict of the courtroom jury and elevated the two worthless scoundrels to something like a pedestal for saints and martyrs.

MRS. SOFFEL'S INFATUATION.

It is an old story, of course, that women of a certain type have an overmastering fondness for that quality of strength and recklessness in the male character which goes into the make-up of a thorough-going desperado. The weakness of good women for murderers, when once they are caged murderers and under sentence of death, is notorious and has resulted in many distasteful demonstrations of morbid sentimentality. But over and above all these reasons for feminine sympathy, there surely was something in the personality of Edward Biddle which drew women's sympathy and affection to him as a magnet draws a steel needle.

And yet he was not what would be called a handsome young man. So far as contour of face and regularity of features are concerned, John was the better looking of the two. Yet for John no woman had a second glance, while from Edward it seemed hardly possible for them to turn their eyes.

Perhaps it was a certain smiling, light-heartedness of bearing; perhaps it was a suggestion of something akin to effeminacy imparted by the long front hair that dropped about his sloping white forehead from the even part straight down the middle—a boyish, laughing, effeminacy, yet known to be combined with the depravity of a very devil. Maybe it was this, maybe it was a combination of half a dozen things which could so overwhelm the reason of a respectable woman of good social standing that she would journey all the way to Harrisburg to plead with the Governor to grant the murderer a reprieve that he might avoid the earth a little longer with his presence.

THEIR ACQUAINTANCE.

But there is no use in trying to analyze what it was women gave Edward Biddle his power over them. That power he had to a degree that many believe was that much exaggerated thing called hypnotism.

Surely over the wretched Mrs. Soffel the influence he wielded was of a kind to suggest the wildest yarns of hypnotism. From all the evidence thus far developed there is every reason for the belief that his influence over her began before she had even spoken to him or to her brother by his simply turning his face toward her as she sat in the sitting room window of the warden's residence, which commanded, not only a window of Biddle's cell, but the high-walled well, or court, in which the prisoners exercised, the Biddies among the rest.

It seems to be clearly shown that Mrs. Soffel first came under Edward Biddle's spell through an exchange of glances from this window which quickly grew into an unmistakable flirtation. Her husband, a woman 25 years old, the wife of a good husband, the mother of four children whom she loved, degrading herself almost from the first time she set eyes upon him by flirting with a condemned murderer who was in her husband's keeping.

die alone, but she went on Sundays and holidays and in broad daylight. Soffel, the husband, had not the remotest suspicion that there was anything back of it all save the natural sympathy of a properly organized woman for fellow-suffering human beings about to die a dreadful death.

He raised not the slightest objection to her visits or to her taking fruit and delicacies to the prisoners. How was it possible for him to be suspicious? How was it possible for any human being to conceive such a nightmare of treachery as that which was working out before his very eyes?

It must be borne in mind before condemning Soffel's blindness that no such a thing as this woman planned and executed in that prison was ever done before in the world. There were no precedents to shed a warning light.

Soffel went the routine of his duties, probably not sorry to see in his wife that sympathy for the afflicted and the suffering which is so lovable an attribute in all womankind.

THE FLIRTATION KNOWN.

But things meantime were moving swiftly in the relations between Mrs. Soffel and Edward Biddle. They had to move swiftly if the murderer was to reap any advantage from his conquest.

The woman very soon increased the number of her visits from once a week to once a day—or rather once a night. Her husband knew nothing of these nightly visits.

It so happened that it was on Tuesday night that Mrs. Soffel was in the prison for the night guard came on, for her father, William Dietrich, was one of them. The father, moreover, was more or less sodden with drink at times, and this facilitated matters. He became, for one thing, the medium through which notes were exchanged between Edward Biddle and his daughter.

It became matter of common notoriety with the other keepers that the warden's wife was smitten with the murderer. No one, however, felt like taking it upon himself to warn the warden of the nocturnal visits of his wife to the Biddle cell. Soffel loved his wife, and there was risk in hinting to him of indiscretions on her part.

Besides, what harm could come of it? The Biddies both would be hanged by the neck in a few weeks until they were dead, and that would be an end of them and of the silly flirtation. It was far better in the opinion of the judicial authorities to let nothing stand in the way of their jobs rather than to ward a good turn and take the certainty of his wife's hatred and the probability of being kicked out for their pains.

The parent, Dietrich, did on one occasion remonstrate with his daughter, but she flouted him to his face, so he said no more and did his errands to and from the prison as he was told.

ARMED THE MURDERERS.

The desperate Biddies needed no urging. For weeks Edward had been fretting and fuming and alternately cajoling and brow-beating the woman who was liberally bestowing her own life and bringing everlasting shame and misery upon those who should have been dear to her, and all for this complaining, half-bullied murderer who asserted his power over her as imperiously as though she had been his slave.

She had hastened matters as rapidly as she could, and now at last not only was everything ready, but action swift, immediate, was perceptibly necessary. She gave Edward the key to the warden's residence door. He and John already had their loaded pistols and a supply of cartridges which she had smuggled in to them some days before.

It has been said, on what authority is not known, that Mrs. Soffel exacted a promise from the Biddies that they would not use the pistols on her husband or her father, in case either or both of them got in the way. If she did exact such a promise she was never allowed to know that it was a promise she made to be broken.

She certainly knew enough about the desperate character of these murderers to know that in their last reckless break for life and liberty they would not stop to discriminate between persons, if anybody got in their way. She knew as well as she knew anything that when she put the loaded pistols into those scoundrel's hands she put them there to shoot down her aged father and her husband, the father of her children, if they attempted to stay the flight by no means a moment.

Mrs. Soffel is not a handsome woman, nor even physically an attractive one to look at, yet if there is anything in her plain face that tends to counterbalance the plainness it is a distinct expression of womanly kindness and gentleness. There is not so much as a hint of a harsh or cruel line in all her features.

She is old enough, too, for the mask to take on some suggestion, however faint, of the character that she behind it. A woman of her age and motherly woman is what anybody would say seeing her for the first time and before the terrible ordeal which she has just gone through.

McKeessop and get the saws as directed and that she there also bought the revolvers which Edward and John Biddle used in their final flight from the prison.

Shortly after this letter was written came the news of the reprieve under which the dates of executions was changed from Jan. 14 and 16 to Feb. 25 and 27. There was also the move to get the cases before the Board of Pardons, but in this Edward Biddle had no faith. He consequently again began pressing Mrs. Soffel to hasten the arrangements for the flight.

MRS. SOFFEL'S PLAN.

It was at first arranged that Mrs. Soffel should go first in advance of the Biddies on the night fixed for the escape, proceed straight to Toronto, go from there to Montreal and await the arrival of Edward. Yet over this plan there seems to have been a curious vacillation and Edward himself urged Mrs. Soffel to wait and go with them when they broke out, although he must have known that encumbered with her the chances of escape would be greatly diminished.

She herself has said in one of her statements in the Butler Hospital that she did not intend to go away with the Biddies, until they came bursting into the room in the warden's residence where she was breathlessly awaiting the result of the attempt to break out. Then, she says, Edward insisted on her going and there, and she yielded to him as she had come to do in all things that he commanded her to do.

It was on Thursday morning at a quarter to 4 o'clock that the Biddies broke out. The night guard was on duty as usual. Mrs. Soffel visited the prisoners at their cells and sat for hours in a chair close outside the cell doors, the place she habitually occupied in talking to the prisoners.

It is believed that it was on the occasion of these last three visits that the prisoners saw through the bars of their cell doors Mrs. Soffel's skirts as she sat close by the door completely concealed their movements. If any guard happened to pass, something, very rarely, ever, occurred during Mrs. Soffel's visits to the prisoners.

The woman nonchalantly chewed gum while the Biddies worked away with their saws, nominally for her own delectation but in reality to furnish the prisoners with the gum to solder up the severing lines in the iron bars made by the saws.

When she came as usual on Wednesday night she brought some startling information. She had heard the warden say that morning the cells would be thoroughly overhauled and the iron bars of the doors examined. This meant certain discovery of the sawed bars and through that probably the unearthing of all the plot to escape. Whatever was to be done must be done that night or never.

ARMED THE MURDERERS.

The desperate Biddies needed no urging. For weeks Edward had been fretting and fuming and alternately cajoling and brow-beating the woman who was liberally bestowing her own life and bringing everlasting shame and misery upon those who should have been dear to her, and all for this complaining, half-bullied murderer who asserted his power over her as imperiously as though she had been his slave.

She had hastened matters as rapidly as she could, and now at last not only was everything ready, but action swift, immediate, was perceptibly necessary. She gave Edward the key to the warden's residence door. He and John already had their loaded pistols and a supply of cartridges which she had smuggled in to them some days before.

It has been said, on what authority is not known, that Mrs. Soffel exacted a promise from the Biddies that they would not use the pistols on her husband or her father, in case either or both of them got in the way. If she did exact such a promise she was never allowed to know that it was a promise she made to be broken.

She certainly knew enough about the desperate character of these murderers to know that in their last reckless break for life and liberty they would not stop to discriminate between persons, if anybody got in their way. She knew as well as she knew anything that when she put the loaded pistols into those scoundrel's hands she put them there to shoot down her aged father and her husband, the father of her children, if they attempted to stay the flight by no means a moment.

Mrs. Soffel is not a handsome woman, nor even physically an attractive one to look at, yet if there is anything in her plain face that tends to counterbalance the plainness it is a distinct expression of womanly kindness and gentleness. There is not so much as a hint of a harsh or cruel line in all her features.

She is old enough, too, for the mask to take on some suggestion, however faint, of the character that she behind it. A woman of her age and motherly woman is what anybody would say seeing her for the first time and before the terrible ordeal which she has just gone through.

THE FLOOT.

From the warmth and comfort of her home, from the love of her husband and her children, Mrs. Soffel, when she closed the door behind her and her two murderer companions that bitter winter morning, went to the life of a hunted mad dog, to cold and hunger and misery, the whole to end with her two companions shot down by a bullet through her breast to lie in a hospital until she was strong enough to face the trial that will end in putting her a convict behind prison bars, with her name a thing of horror to her husband and a shame and disgrace for all time to come. But the murderer for whom she did all this had a pair of "souful eyes," and in that fact presumably lies her consolation.

When darkness came and the Allegheny house could shelter them no longer, the three fugitives stole out into the keen cold and started on their desolate wanderings. First they took a street car and rode to the end of the line, far out in the country. Then they trudged on over the the snowy country road toward Perryville.

might not disturb him in the morning. She did not undress. She merely slipped her nightgown over her clothing to deceive the children if any of them woke up.

And one of them did wake up and left his bed to get a drink of water. Furthermore, his sharp eyes detected the queer way his mamma was wearing her nightgown without undressing, and he sleepily spoke about it, but he soon was fast asleep again, with the incident to remain in oblivion until recalled by questions about his mother's movements on the night she deserted him and all the rest of them to flee with the murderers.

THE ESCAPE.

From the very first of their plottings there appears a curious vacillation and incoherence in all the plans of the conspirators, for their movements after once getting clear of the jail. First Mrs. Soffel was to go with them and then she was not. She was to precede them in her flight to Toronto, and then again she was to lie concealed in Pittsburgh somewhere and go dressed as her in a fictitious name. Then again Edward, in the letter which was found upon his person, which, it would seem, he never gave her, urges her to go with them.

And so it went, with first one plan and then another, until when the crucial time came and they found themselves free and in the streets, there they were aimless wanderers, with no other plan arranged than to get a long distance between them and Pittsburgh as quickly as possible.

They were on the streets for the actual escape from the jail were concerned, they had studied them down to a nicety and they were executed exactly as they had calculated. With the bars of their cell doors sawed through they got one of the guards who had the keys to the cell room on his person near them on artful pretext.

Then they broke through their cell doors seized him and in the struggle he fell over the gallery railing to the floor below, but not until they had taken his keys from him. Of the other two guards one was shot and then intimidated with a pistol at his head, and the other was similarly intimidated without being shot. All three were bundled into cells and locked up.

Meantime all the other prisoners were raising pandemonium, which Mrs. Soffel heard and knew the meaning of, but which her husband and her children slept through from beginning to end. Soffel has since said that he is confident he was dragged by his wife and there are others who do the warden's jail duty until he was aroused and told of it a morning watchman, who came to breakfast at a little before 7 o'clock.

The imprisoned watchmen, two of them badly but not mortally injured, were released, the police were notified and then poor Soffel for the first time found that his wife was missing and began to suspect something of the full nature of the disaster that had fallen upon him. He had gone to bed serene and contented with things bright and clear in his worldly surroundings. He awoke to find himself and his children disgraced, his home wrecked, his wife worse than dead, and the office from which he derived his support no longer tenable.

BOUGHT AN ACCOMPLICE'S LIFE.

And while this chaotic scene was going on at the prison the three fugitives, two of them separated from the deaths of dogs by barely forty-eight hours, were hidden away over in Allegheny in a house where they were more than suspected and where they obtained temporary shelter only by paying a heavy ransom. In their wild scramble for liberty after overpowering the guards they lost the key to the warden's door, which Mrs. Soffel had given them and burst in the lock by sheer force, as she has since related.

Edward, she says, insisted on her going with them, and she went. They had omitted to do one thing before leaving the jail which there is reason to believe they had planned to do. In one of Edward's letters to Mrs. Soffel he said that if things were much longer delayed he and John would break and kill everybody, including Dorman, the former accomplice whose testimony convicted the Biddies and he was in the jail with them awaiting sentence. Even in the wild excitement of their hurry to be away and following their struggle with the three guards they did not forget Dorman.

They called his name several times and had he answered and they located his cell there is little doubt they would have done it. Dorman wisely did not answer, and as there was no time to lose in hunting him up, he escaped with his life from what undoubtedly was a moment of imminent peril to him.

THE FLOOT.

From the warmth and comfort of her home, from the love of her husband and her children, Mrs. Soffel, when she closed the door behind her and her two murderer companions that bitter winter morning, went to the life of a hunted mad dog, to cold and hunger and misery, the whole to end with her two companions shot down by a bullet through her breast to lie in a hospital until she was strong enough to face the trial that will end in putting her a convict behind prison bars, with her name a thing of horror to her husband and a shame and disgrace for all time to come. But the murderer for whom she did all this had a pair of "souful eyes," and in that fact presumably lies her consolation.

When darkness came and the Allegheny house could shelter them no longer, the three fugitives stole out into the keen cold and started on their desolate wanderings. First they took a street car and rode to the end of the line, far out in the country. Then they trudged on over the the snowy country road toward Perryville.

At the White Horse tavern Edward went in, got himself a glass of beer and some sandwiches and a bottle of whiskey for his party. Then they came to a school-house and climbed in the window, hoping to find warmth there. But it was perishing cold, almost as cold as out of doors.

So they took to the highway again until they came to a barn. They knew that by this time all the country was in hue and cry after them. Their only hope, and that hope next to none at all, was in getting a rig and making a wild dash off somewhere. So with the saw with which Edward had cut his way out of his cell he now cut his way in through the fastenings of the barn.

Here they stole a horse and a harness. Out of doors they found a sleigh and that, too, they stole. With the horse hitched to the sleigh and with no lap robe save a thin piece of bed ticking to cover the sleigh when it was in storage, they set out at a swift pace driving north and west—it did not matter where so that they got leagues in between them and that jail in Pittsburgh.

"Buy China and Glass Right" HIGGINS & KEITER. FINE CHINA, RICH CUT GLASS

Clearance Sale of Cut Glass \$5,000.00 worth of rich, AMERICAN cut stem ware reduced one-third to one-half our previous selling price, making this one of the most remarkable sales that has ever been our good fortune to offer. Nine different patterns to select from. We only mention two, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Diamond Border, Olympic Cutting, Goblets, Champagnes, Clarets, Wines, Cordials.

Finger bowls, tumblers, decanters, lemonades and whiskies all at corresponding reductions.

Rich Plates. One thousand dozen rich Limoges plates, including Place, Entree, Dessert, Salad and Bread and Butter Plates, that arrived too late for our opening sale. This is a remarkable opportunity to select from a large assortment of rich Cobalt blue, deep colors of Maroon, pink and light blue effects, delicate colors in Royal Sevres designs. To make selections easy these plates will be divided into three lots.

Table No. 1 will be found place plates and entree plates, in assorted colors and decorations, worth from \$2.00 to \$4.00 each. Selling price \$1.00 each. Table No. 2 will be found entree and salad plates, in assorted colors and decorations, worth from \$1.50 to \$2.00 each. Selling price 75c each. Table No. 3 will be found tea and bread and butter plates, in assorted colors and designs, worth from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each. Selling price 50c each.

DINNER WARE DEPARTMENT. In our magnificent Dinner Ware Department, where we show the finest line of open stock patterns to be found anywhere in the world, there are 150 different designs to select from, ranging in price from \$10.00 per set to \$475.00 per set. The above sets can be purchased in any quantity desired.

51, 53, 55 WEST 21ST ST. 50, 52, 54 " 22D " (Entrance from Carriages on 21st St.) WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY.

ONE PATIENT ASHCART MAN. Episode of an Icy Street and a Well Meaning Young Man.

"If, when the streets are slippery, there is one driver more than another that is called upon to exercise his patience," said the town traveler, "that one is certainly the ashcart driver."

"Other drivers can commonly keep along the crowning middle of the road where the going is best. But the ashcart man is compelled to keep along the sloping sides of the street, where the going is more difficult."

"There is an uptown street where the horse of an ashcart slipped and fell. The harness was all twisted and tangled up so that it seemed as if every strap and chain had been tied up in double bow-knots."

"It was necessary to take the harness practically all apart before they could even pull away from the horse the shafts of the heavily loaded cart. A truckman who happened along stopped his horse and got down and helped as did also the young driver of a delivery wagon, who had chanced to be close by at the time."

"When they had got everything clear, the cart hauled away, and the harness off, the ashcart man spread ashes all around his horse's feet, and pretty soon he had him up again. And in due time, with the help of the others, he got the harness re-assembled and on the horse, and the ashcart hooked up in the cart, and so was ready once more to go on."

"Then the ashcart man sprinkled more ashes around the horse's feet, and spread a broad trail of ashes up to the middle of the street, toward which he now tried to lead him. The horse struggled and slipped, and slipped and struggled, making an inch or two, and then stopping a moment to rest and gather himself."

"The driver of the cart, in his own time about it, and did not hurry him, but walked around him when he stopped, and kicked the ashes in under his feet to give him a better grip. The truckman then the delivery wagon, young man, stood by for a little time to see the outcome of which the promise was good."

"But when the horse, inching along like that, had got about half way up to the summit, everything was upset in a minute. The horse had again set his foot into the pavement and began to pull, and then the delivery wagon, young man, apparently thinking that the horse wasn't doing quite as well as he might, touched him up a little on the hind legs with his whip. The horse started forward, and in doing so, he fell on the pavement, and rolled over on his side, out they went from under him, and down he went again, flat as before."

"I thought, myself, that of all the fool things I ever saw done about a horse that blow was the most foolish; and of course I knew what the ashcart man would think about it; and when I saw him with the whip, where he had happened to be when that blow was struck, to where the young man stood, whip in hand, realizing now, I wonder what a cruel blow it was, why, I wondered what the ashcart driver would do."