

Man's Inhumanity.

[New Orleans Democrat.]

Some days ago information was received that in a house near Broad street there was a girl chained hand and foot, and had been for some three months, and in pursuance of this the reporter started on his quest accompanied by Judge Southworth and A. DeFonblanque, the British consul at this port, who volunteered out of pure humanity. The reporter got out of the Canal street cars at Dorgenois street, and going up that stopped at the corner of Palmyra to look for the habitation wherein it was said that the girl had been confined. On Palmyra, two doors from Dorgenois street, it stood. From a hasty glance at its exterior and surroundings, it might have been taken for one of Quilp's retreats. It was a dilapidated one-story house containing two rooms, standing back a short distance from the street. The front door was found to be locked, but a window adjoining was easily opened, and through it an entrance was gained to the house. While the party were endeavoring to get admission into the back room, the proprietor appeared, and, on being informed of the mission, opened the front door. The front room bore out the impressions formed from a view of the outside. In confusion around were the remnants of what had once been a set of mahogany furniture. The whole room looked like some store-room of a Krook who went off in Bleak House in a blaze of spontaneous combustion.

Passing through this the door to the other room was opened. The party started to enter it, but instinctively drew back. A stench such as only can be smelled drove them back. The fetid odor of

THE CHAINEL HOUSE,

with an addition of a forgotten vault, could only approach it. It was sickening, and the party could only endure it after a side window had been opened and a partial ventilation obtained. The proprietor ushered them in. He was a man of about sixty-five years, with hair of light gray and a face that seemed to have lost every trace of the softer lines. Bright gray eyes threw out now and then flashes of light that soon faded away, whilst nervous, tremulous lips betrayed much excitement and emotion. He said his name was Samuel Barnes, and he had at one time been a prosperous merchant on Poydras street. He had two sons, one Charles R., and the other Alfred S. Barnes. When questioned he made a statement in which he frequently contradicted himself. He said his daughter was thirty-one years of age, and had been crazy for some time. About three months ago he went to the city insane asylum and found that she was well and took her out. After he had taken her out she used to go to market with him and help him at his vegetable stand at Poydras market, but he found he would have

TO CHAIN HER.

So he went to the asylum and borrowed a pair of handcuffs, and chained her in the room to cure (?) her. He couldn't exactly state how long she had been so chained. At one time he said it was only a month, and at another it was five months since he borrowed the handcuffs. When asked who cared for her he said he did. He went to market very early in the morning, and it was sometimes 3 o'clock in the afternoon when he got home. During this time she was chained up in her room, with no ventilation but a half opened window, and without a soul near her. When questioned about the bruises on her back he said she must have gotten them by falling down on the floor. He never had whipped her—only kept her chained.

The reporter, after light had been admitted into the room, in company with Mr. DeFonblanque and Judge Southworth, examined the surroundings. In the far corner, firmly nailed against the wall, was a small wooden bench about four and one-half feet in length and very narrow. From a hole in the wall hung a chain not more than three feet in length, which would allow the prisoner to stand upright, but not to lie on the floor. About eight feet from the bench was an old mahogany bed, on which was piled a mass of

PURIFYING RAGS

and an old mattress. Here within a circle of three feet had this unfortunate girl passed the last three months, naked and without anything to lie on, and if she had had it without the power to reach it.

While the party were examining the room so great was the stench they had to withdraw to the open air, the lungs not being able to stand the noisome effluvia that came from the rags and floor. On the ceiling there were broad splashes of filth as high as a man's head and covering a space ten feet square. The room had been washed by the father that morning, as he said he wanted to clean it up after the girl had been carried back to the insane asylum, but all of his labors had been ineffectual in removing the results of the girl's long confinement.

The way that the condition of this girl was discovered was this: A Mrs. Grimes happened to notice that no one had been coming in or going out of the house for days. She went to the house, and no one answering her calls to open the gate she entered, but could gain no entrance into the house. Passing along the side gallery she managed to open a side shutter, and then a sight greeted her eyes that caused her to step back in horror. Standing like a statue on the floor, in manacles, nude as when first born, was Sarah Barnes. The chain that bound her was stretched its full length, but would let the terrible figure go no further. The face was not visible.

ALL THAT COULD BE SEEN

were two vacant eyes and the mouth. All the features, everything that would show the form to be that of a human creature, were hidden in a mask of filth. Her hair was matted and stood out on end, while over her body the vermin leisurely crawled. At that time there was nothing in the room but a wash tub, but later it seems the father had moved an old bed in to give a semblance of comfort to the apartment, as thus it was found when the reporter visited the place. Mrs. Grimes called in a police officer and then with her own hands prepared the girl with a covering so that she was fit to be seen. She was taken to the insane asylum and cared for. Thither, in order to gain the full particulars, the reporter went. After the party had entered the gate of the asylum they were met by Capt. Monnier and his assistant, Henry Hamilton, who willingly escorted them through the building, although the hour was quite late. Sarah Barnes was asked for, and, after passing down the broad gallery the female department was entered, and in a clean and well-

kept cell she was found, standing, as described by the ladies who had first seen her, with her eyes closed, whilst on her countenance there was a most placid expression. The keepers approached her tenderly and called her by name, without getting any response. Perfectly immovable she stood, her face pale and without expression, whilst her limbs seemed to be barely able to support her. She was, both in figure and face, what, under other circumstances, would have been a beautiful woman, but long suffering had wrought

TERRIBLE CHANGES.

The reporter approached her and called her by name, but there was still no response. Mr. De Fonblanque then, to touch some key that might vibrate in her memory, called the name of Mrs. Grimes. There was a relaxation of the muscles, a softening of the lines of the face, and something like vitality began to show itself. The expression of the face was for a moment almost beatific, and when she was asked whether she wanted to go home, from her pale lips, in a musical, low undertone, she uttered the words: "No; don't take me where I'll be covered with vermin. Don't!"

She relapsed into her former state, and so remained for some time, but after repeated calls she revived, and when asked again what was the matter, feebly responded: "Evil will always conquer." A deathly pallor then overspread her face and she looked the picture of death itself; but she soon recovered enough to be led away. The assistants at the asylum, when asked about Sarah, said that (when her father had taken her away) she was as healthy a looking girl as could be seen. She was fat and hearty, and could converse rationally on any subject. So kindly were her feelings toward the keepers and mates of the asylum it was her habit every Sunday to visit there and bring fruit and cakes to her late unfortunate companions. She repeated these visits frequently, and seemed to enjoy the delight of the unfortunates at her presents.

Capt. Monnier stated that she was perfectly rational during these visits, and he thought she would never again become an inmate of the institution.

A Man Who Was Hanged.

[St. Louis Republician.]

A gray-haired and decrepit prisoner arrived here from the West Thursday night in charge of Detective R. A. Kincaid, of Olney, Ill., and J. Stone, ex-Sheriff of Putnam county, Ind. The old man was lodged in our city jail, and last evening he resumed his journey toward Perryville, Boyle county, where he is wanted for having murdered an old and helpless lady in cold blood on the night of the 12th day of April, twelve years ago.

In 1866 John Taylor lived near Danville, Ky., and enjoyed the luxuries of good health, little care, a fair means of living, and a large family. His son, William Taylor, was indicted by the grand jury of Boyle county for robbing a country dwelling and stealing some goods. One of the principal witnesses in his case was Mrs. Mary Bolton, a widow, who lived in a farm-house, with no other companion than a little granddaughter. On the morning of the 13th of April, that year, the old lady was found dead in her bed, with a bullet hole in her head and the bedclothes drenched with blood. At first the horror rendered likely to remain a mystery, till the little granddaughter, whom fright for a long time rendered mute, said that she awoke about 12 o'clock the night before, and saw two men in the room whom she readily recognized as John Taylor and his son William. She knew their presence meant mischief, and she quietly covered herself up with the bedclothes. She heard the rifle shot that killed her grandmother, but was paralyzed, and so gave no sign. The men did not discover her.

At once the father and son were placed under arrest. The prisoners were forcibly taken from the officers, carried to the woods, and hung to a tree. The crowd remained only long enough to complete their work, as they supposed. By some agency—possibly through a defect in the rope—the old man was allowed to fall to the ground shortly after the mob left, and there he lay for several hours. He finally recovered the use of his limbs, but not of his mind, and went a wandering. He was recaptured and escaped. He made for Illinois and found safety in the swamps of Egypt for nearly a year. Thence he went to Cooper county, Mo., thence to Kansas, thence back to southwest Missouri, thence to Burbank county, Kas., thence to Vernon county, Mo., where he made his final settlement, near the town of Nevada, Vernon county. At each of the above places he spent a year or two, leading the wretched life of a squatter, but at the last place he met with some success in tilling a patch of ground. There he was detected. He has a daughter living in Kentucky, and five sons-in-law, some of whom live in Missouri.

A Dublin Disaster.

A telegram from Dublin, April 28 says: On Saturday afternoon a most disastrous boiler explosion occurred in Mr. Strong's foundry, Hammond Lane, at the rear of the Four Courts, by which a number of lives were lost and a large number of persons seriously injured. The foundry and iron works of Mr. Strong are situated in a narrow thoroughfare, and are surrounded by tenement houses of the poorest class. The boiler, which was used for the purpose of driving powerful machinery, was a very large one. The greater number of workmen had fortunately gone to dinner when the catastrophe occurred. The boiler exploded with a great roar, and was shattered into fragments, one end of it being imbedded in a house on the opposite side of the street, and portions of it crashed through the roofs of adjoining buildings. The part of the foundry in which the boiler was placed was completely demolished; while a public and two tenement houses which stood beside it were also blown into the air, carrying with them nearly twenty persons, including several women and young children. A large number of other houses in the street were shattered, and some of the occupants injured. Stones, slates, etc., were hurled a great height into the air and some of them fell into the yards of the Four Courts, and the greatest consternation prevailed in the district, as other houses in which there were many tenants, threatened to fall, and the inhabitants fled in terror. The news of the calamity spread rapidly, and the streets adjoining were soon crowded, many of those present being relatives of the unfortunate people who were buried beneath the mass of masonry, furniture, and machinery. The scenes witnessed were heart-

rending, as mothers, wives, and children came wildly in search of lost ones. Several priests from an adjoining chapel directed the people what to do. About a hundred at once set to work removing the debris, in order to extricate the sufferers if possible. This was attended with great risk and difficulty, and at one time fire broke out. The arrival of the fire brigade, however, put an end to all fears of that kind. Both the people and the firemen worked with great courage and energy. The lord mayor and a large force of police arrived twenty minutes after the explosion. The police found great difficulty in restraining the relatives, and when the first mutilated body was recovered the excitement was intense. The remains were so blackened and bruised that they could not at first be identified, and as they were driven away to the hospital a large number of people rushed after them. These scenes were repeated as body after body was brought to the surface. The narrowness of the thoroughfare greatly impeded the work. The crowds were in great danger, owing to the tottering state of the adjoining buildings, and it was found necessary to send for soldiers to assist the police. A detachment of the 73d Highlanders quickly responded to the summons of the lord mayor, and they rapidly set to work on the ruins with hatchets and pickaxes. Several workers were injured by falling materials, and others were overcome by their exertions and the suffocating clouds of lime. Others quickly took their places, cheered on by the spectators. Several hours elapsed before the victims were reached, and it was not until late in the evening that what was supposed to be the last body had been recovered. Many of them were in a frightful condition, and some of them, although alive when the work of excavation began, and able to cry for help, were dead before they could be recovered. In the case of one poor man, he was partially extricated alive and the men were busily at work trying to extricate the lower part of his body when they were obliged to desist, owing to the falling of a wall beneath the ruins of which the poor fellow was buried; the owner of the public house, a person named Duffy, and his daughter were killed. The latter was taken out alive, but died soon afterward. Four others were dead when discovered. A large number are in the hospital suffering from broken limbs, fractured ribs, etc. It is feared the wounds, in several cases, will prove fatal. The partition wall of the adjoining house was blown away, leaving all the apartments exposed. There were several persons in the rooms, and, as the staircase was carried away, they were rescued with great difficulty. Some of them were injured, and one fell with the wall. There were several persons drinking in the public-house when the explosion occurred.

Five more dead bodies were recovered today, making thirteen in all, and three persons are still missing, and are supposed to be in the ruins. Ten are in hospital, eight of whom are so seriously injured that they are not expected to recover. The total number of killed and injured is about fifty. Excavating parties worked all last night, and today the district is in a great state of excitement, most of the people have remained up all night. The priests rendered much service in directing the relief parties. As the excavators came upon one of the unfortunate men he could only be reached through a hole, and through this aperture the priest put his hand and anointed him. Dr. O'Leary, M. P., who was present, also administered some whisky. The man was subsequently got out alive, and none the worse save for the fright. He turned out to be Mr. Duff's cellar-man, and was in the cellar at the time, and was only reached by making a hole in the wall of an adjoining house. His few hours' confinement made him look almost twice his real age.

The Negro Astronomer.

[Washington Cor. Telegraph and Messenger.] I have seen and heard him. I mean the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, who has been kicking up such a row among his folks down there. He spread himself Monday night, at Lincoln Hall. John is well set up, coal black, about six feet high, well built, partly bald, and sports beard and moustache. He was dressed in black, with a white cravat. Age somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-five. He has a good delivery and fair voice, which runs at times into the sing-song yee, ah! and no, ah! He commenced his services by lining out a few verses of a hymn, in which he requested all present to join, after which he plunged into his subject, commencing with the remark that he had never been to school in his life, and nobody need expect any grammar from him. What he was had "arrove" at by "de grace of God," and he had come to prove that "de sun do move," and that "I will do befo I lef you." John then tackled the battle wherein Joshua was told to command the sun to stand still. "If," said he, "de sun don't move, what was the use of Joshua commanding it to stand still? Why didn't he tell the earth to stand still, if that was the one that moved?" Our fathers believed in the bible, and he said, we should accept their belief. The bible is recognized throughout the land. Every witness in court is sworn upon it to tell the truth. It is a divinely inspired volume, and to be believed above all other books, or the words and scientific doctrines of all men. "Turn to the Psalms," said the lecturer, "and you will find, 'From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same the Lord's name be praised.' If the sun don't have to move, to rise and go down, why, then, I'm mightily mistaken. You will admit that Solomon was a wise man, a cultured gentleman, and a Christian. Now, he says in Ecclesiastes, 1st chapter and 5th verses 'The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.' I don't know any grammar, but I know that while teaching your children in your grammar schools, when you come to the word arise you tell 'em it means to get up, not to lie down. You also tell 'em that to go down is a movin' action. am sho' no one will say that hasteth don't mean movin'. Therefore, takin' that verse from Solomon, and de meannin' of de words in it, if de sun don't move then my name ain't Jasper" (triumphantly). He quoted a number of similar passages from the Old Testament, always concluding with "therefore the sun do move." If the earth turns around, then all the people, the houses, the rivers, the creeks, the trees, the lakes, and the surrounding territory would be mixed up

together, and we would certainly all be drowned. We don't have any little trap in our feet by which we can hold on to the earth, like the fly on the ceiling. The sun do move and not the earth. When the angel sounded his trumpet and the earth moved we would all know it, and that sound would be unwelcome to lots of us."

The lecturer was well received, and was frequently greeted with shouts of laughter and hearty applause, especially when he wound up a syllogism with "therefore the sun do move." One of the audience asked him at the close of the lecture how the sun got back to its starting point after rising in the east and setting in the west. He said he hastened back, for the bible said: "The sun goeth down and hasteneth to the place where he arose!"

Dothegirls Hall.

In the pages of the *Christian World*, an English religious paper, and similar journals, there lately appeared an advertisement setting forth the many merits of a certain school for young ladies. The bait tempted several to write for the prospectus, and, in one instance at least, a lady was induced to see the proprietress, with a view to placing a daughter in the establishment as "governess-student." What followed is told by the *London World*: Before quoting from the prospectus, it may at once be said that the terms were arranged; the explanation as to the "college" not being then quite prepared for habitation, being in process of redecoration, was satisfactory, and on the 19th of February last the young lady duly entered on the engagement. From the prospectus before us we learn that the principal of "The College, Mount Pleasant, Sunbury-on-Thames," is, or rather was, Mrs. Pate. The principal "is assisted by six resident English and foreign governesses and an efficient staff of masters." The terms indicate that the scholars belong to the fairly well to do middle class, ranging from forty guineas per annum for young ladies over 15 years of age to thirty guineas for those younger. Governess students, i. e., pupils who give so many hours weekly to assist in the tuition of juniors, are charged from twenty-five guineas for the first year to fifteen for the third. "The college is delightfully situated. * * * The ground consists of nearly seven acres of garden and pasture land, affording ample space for out-door recreations. It contains hot and cold baths. * * * A pony kept to ride or drive. * * * Home-baked bread: a plentiful supply of milk: diet unlimited, and of the best quality."

At the commencement of the term, in February last, the young ladies duly assembled to spend a joyous period in this scholastic paradise at Sunbury. A few, fresh from cheerful homes, were somewhat disconcerted at the baldness of the mansion, at its forsaken look without and barrenness within; but these girlish quibbles were quickly scattered by the principal's assurance that as soon as the plasterers were out and fresh domestics were in, and the school furniture arrived, everything would be perfection. Meantime a considerable number, if not all, the term-fee of the young ladies had been paid in advance. So anxious, however, was the principal to hasten the completion of the domestic comfort, that she negotiated loans with her juvenile clients. Certain it is that the principal borrowed—being temporarily short of ready cash—sundry sums from each girl's pocket money, soaring as high as 28 shillings in the case of a moneyed governess-student, yet condescending to accept an humble shilling from a girl barely in her teens. These transactions were conducted in strict privacy, until circumstances occurred rendering mutual confidences inevitable. One *not-distant* "foreign governess" there was, but then her chief duties were performed in the capacity of kitchen domestic. The tuition resolved itself into mutual instruction by the pupils themselves; but this concerned their happy souls far less than certain statements in the prospectus. It was true that the grounds were excellent for creating an appetite, but there grew a doleful doubt whether the "pasture lands" were intended to foster the practice of vegetarianism, or "the pony," to tempt them to experience in hippophagy. The hours of meals came, but not the "diet unlimited." For breakfast at 7:30 there was a thick slice of new bread, innocent of butter, thrown into bold relief by small basins of tea-tinted fluid. The dinner bell never heralded anything but a concoction, consisting of bone-scrappings, overwhelmed in a mess of potato-squash. Dinner time came occasionally at 2 o'clock; oftener at 4 or 5, or 6 o'clock, and sometimes not until the day after. Tea was a repetition of breakfast, and on one memorable occasion the whole of the forty-five unhappy young lady pupils were massed around Mrs. Pate's private sitting room door, knocking for their tea. It was then 11 o'clock at night. The girls had no pocket-money left to buy their own loaves, as they did at first. All their letters passed through the principal's hands, and there remained, for not one escaped to the postoffice. In a fortnight the girls became weak and spiritless. One fainted four times in one day, and, being unable to rise from her bed on Sunday morning, February 24, the principal sent up a single bit of dry toast, without anything else, saying, "If she was hungry she would eat that." Other girls fainted frequently, and one poor orphan went delirious, repeating, with painful emphasis, "I will have bread, papa said I was to have bread!" Almost crazed with the treatment, one young lady risked her secretly kept last shilling on a telegram to her parents, sixty miles away. No response came. By a desperate strategy she herself crawled with a smuggled letter to the post, and by the earliest train her mother hastened to the rescue. It was 4:30 p. m. on her arrival, and the lady found the forty-five girls clamoring for their dinner, which was not then forthcoming. A ghostly regiment they looked. Mrs. Pate preserved her coolness throughout this scene with wonderful success. On the telegram being mentioned and her charged with keeping the shilling, it was reluctantly returned. The young lady's clothes were out at wash, and would be sent home in due course, but no penny of the prepaid fee for the term could be extorted. Glad to escape the painful scene of the emaciated girls, the lady left the house with her daughter, whose health had been cruelly undermined by that fortnight of starvation and robbery. Her companions shed bitter tears at her good fortune in leaving them.

The sequel may be told briefly. Upon energetic measures being taken to communi-

cate from without with friends of the unhappy pupils, it transpires that there are not a few orphan girls placed in Mrs. Pate's care, and others whose parents are abroad. These have all paid the full fee in advance. A colonel in Ireland paid 28 guineas with one young lady who was a severe sufferer by the treatment. Upon another parent going to demand the fees and the linen of his daughter last week (March 23), he learned that a day or two before the principal had coolly informed her pupils one morning that the bailiffs were in the house, and that they must collect their things and get out. They gladly did so, most of them without money; and that day the railway station was crowded with careworn young ladies, who were assisted by villagers and tradesfolk to pay their fares home. One or two friendless orphans were taken in charity by residents of the neighborhood. The furniture of the "college" was hired from a London firm, and not a stick remained to pay petty debts for bread and milk and servants' wages. The gentleman paid ten guineas, with his daughter, a few days prior to the crash. On returning to the station he heard enough to make him go back and demand his child and his money. Only ten sovereigns could be mustered, the rest having been quickly spent; but his escape was cheap at the price. A joint reward is offered to any one who will give information that will lead to the apprehension of Mrs. Pate and her husband, who played a subordinate, but astute part in the swindle. Comments may be left to the reader; but the disclosure of "atrocities" of this kind in a charming spot, bordering upon the greatest city in the civilized world, ought to arouse the attention of the public, and move them to take measures by which the bare possibility of the recurrence of such an outrage shall be prevented.

Two Cities.

Side by side rose the two great cities,
Afar on the traveler's sight;
One, black with the dust of labor,
One, solemnly still and white.
Apart and yet together,
They are reached in a dying breath,
But a river flows between them,
And the river's name is Death,

Apart, and yet together,
Together and yet apart,
As the child may die at midnight
On the mother's living heart.
So close come the two greater cities,
With only the river between;
And the grass in the one is trampled,
But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads
Like the disciples meet,
While ever the flowing water
Is washing their hallowed feet,
And out on the glassy ocean
The sails in the golden gloom
Seem to me but moving shadows
Of the white emmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace,
Anon, from early till late,
They come, rich and poor together,
Asking alms at thy beautiful gate.
And never had life a guardian
So welcome to all to give.
In the land where the living are dying,
As the land where the dead may live.

Oh, silent city of refuge
On the way to the city o'erhead!
The gleam of thy marble milestones
Tells the distance we are from the dead
Full of feet, but a city untrdden,
Full of hands, but a city unbuild,
Full of strangers who know not even
That their life-cup lies there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the palace.
They dream not they ever had died;
God be thanked they never will know it
Till they live on the other side!
From the doors that death shut coldly
On the face of their last lone woe,
They came to thy glades for shelter
Who had nowhere else to go.
—Rev. S. Miller Haegerman

That Bloodless Duel.

The *New York Times* prints the true story of the Bennett-May duel, given on the authority of George Wilkes, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, who received it direct from Dr. Phelps, the surgeon on the occasion. The story is entirely creditable to Bennett. Dr. Phelps says it was plain on the morning of the affair that Bennett was there to fight. Both parties had their own pistols. Bennett's were new, with all the latest improvements. May's were very old, and, as it turned out, hard upon the trigger. The one that Bennett got was so, at least. The party took their places, and the word was given to fire. The directions were to fire at the word "Fire!" and not after the word "Three!" Almost instantly upon the word "Fire!" May shot. "One, two, three," followed, and Bennett, who pulled at his trigger evidently with the best will in the world, did not succeed in getting his weapon off. He was baffled by the stiffness of the lock. It was an exciting moment. No one who looked at his eye as it bore straight across the angry wound which his opponent had inflicted upon his face a few days before could doubt what Bennett then meant to do, but the pistol exhausted the "one, two, three," by its reluctance, and dropped harmlessly by his side. His second interposed, and claimed that, as Bennett had suffered his risk and disadvantage, through no fault of his own, he was entitled to a return shot at May. The claim, being according to rule, was allowed, and May took his place empty-handed before Bennett's pistol. The disk of the avenging weapon covered him as the word was given, but Bennett's face changed as he saw his opponent at his mercy, and, before the signal words were counted out, he had forgiven him and fired in the air. This terminated the proceedings. As the party left the ground Bennett said to the surgeon: "Well, doctor, do you think I did right?" "I should have been very sorry to," was the answer. "But," glancing at the shining fresh scar across Bennett's nose, he added: "But with such a pistol hand as yours, I should have been terribly tempted to wing him." "At any rate," said Mr. Wilkes, "his conduct was generous, and his opponents should have been glad to take any responsibility of prosecution, if that is what governed them, to save him from being defamed and branded as a coward. The gift of a life was worth certainly as much as that." It may be added that Bennett still wears the red mark left by the scar on his nose.