

able to get any information as to who killed Annie

huntin' this matter up, and that I shall not give it up until the last horn blows. Peo-ple who say I don't want to investigate this thing don't tell the truth. I always tried to discover the murderer. There are people claiming to have been friends of mine who testified that I refused to assist in ferreting out the matter. They are no friends of mine. They needn't come around and tell me pretty things now. Thank God, about all of my neighbors stuck by

further light into the tragedy?" "That's something that I can't talk about

the liberated man, as he looked toward his tragic home, "and am trying to earn enough to get my bread and butter. The State has ruined me, and maybe I'll never get on my feet again. I didn't begin to do any work until about three weeks ago, because the prison left me very weak. I was fat and had no strength whatever. I suppose I weighed about 175 pounds at the time of the trial. Now you see I am thinner-reckon about 20 pounds less. For the first three weeks after the trial I remained about the house, afraid of catching my death of cold if I went out to work. After that I began to do something about the mill, and just lately I started to work hard. I have plowed two potato fields, and I want to see if I can't pay some of my debts off. Being put in jail made me late in my farm work, but has especially hurt my mill business. In the winter time I used to do all my grinding. So the mill is now not so well stocked as it was. I have, consequently, lost a few of my old cus-tomers, but my neighbors have all come back, and are buying a good deal of grain. Yes, my arrest will always be a stain on my life. I don't think I will ever regain all the good will that I once held. Annie was a good girl, and I loved her. I don't see how people could imagine that I could kill her. I shall stick to this old farm, and here's where I want to be when I die."

Chalkley then returned to his plow and continued his work. Since the trial the continued his work. Since the trial the Leconey farm has been a lively place, and the liberated man has plenty of company. Chalkley's brother James and his wile are still there, besides his sister, Mrs. Joseph Vance, and her husband. James is a very elderly man and is not very strong. He assists Chalkley considerably about the mill, however, and the two are almost in-senarable. The terrible ordeal through which his brother had to pass has had the effect of making James contented and happy when he is with Chalkley.

home at Waverly, O., to live, although it has been arranged that he and his wife will only remain until the year is out. Mrs. Leconey, the mother of the murdered girl, attends to most of the household duties. She feeds the chickens, and says that this she recost in chickens, and says that tors is her happiest duty to perform, because Annie loved the chickens. The "half-drowned chicken," which figured so con-spicoously in the trial and saved the life of Chalkley, still wears the red ribbon badge around its left leg, and is the pride of the farm. of the farm

the dead body recently found at Terre Hante has been recognized here by Mr. Neukam as of his son Robert, who was a broom-maker, and who leit home last Janu-ary because of a drunken fight in which he was involved. The family had not since heard of him.