SHASTA.

The Romance of a Trail that Was Scented with Roses.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER III.

From my journal, kept regularly all this time, but mostly in the Indian sign, as that was briefer, I read that "on the first new moon of the third month we were camped on snow seventeen feet deep, with flowers only four miles distant." I read further that "on the third day of the new moon we had four fights over my election as captain," Capt. Rodgers being deposed by the popular vote of the roughs "because he wore, or rather had worn, a white shirt." How that I, a boy, sensitive, shy, frail and slender as a girl, was in full command of this miserable squad of humanity, with pickpockets and jailbirds in the majority—and, indeed, to these I owed my election. I set to work at once to descend through the fast melting snow and open an aggressive war even before the arrival of re-enforcements from the south.

A warm south wind had been soughing through the towering pines almost from the moment we set out from the camp of wolves. This singular bit of good fortune saved us, or at least many of us, from being literally eaten alive. For the warm winds and the melting snows drove the wolves back toward the heights of the high Sierras, or at least kept them from crowding us too closely. And now we were beset by a singular bird, the garrulous magpie. This gaudy bird of gray and black and white and particolored plumage had been increasing in numbers from the day we first began this march through the Sierras. And now with the warm weather they were in clouds. From the first this noisy and insolent bird had sat on the backs of pack animals where their backs were sore and literally eaten them alive. And now they had grown so audacious that they would pull on even the best of our animals and peck at their eyes. We had to blanket and blindfold our saddle horses to keep them from being devoured alive by these magpies. I have mentioned the fact that the winter had been one of incredible severity, and this may account in some sort for this plague of birds, as well as wolves. It took us many days to "pull ourselves together" on the summit of that high, bald mountain, with the green sea of grass rolling in billows at its base.

But how glorious was this glad face of Nature, after the long and continued and most miserable and nightmare contact with the face of man! Never shall I forget those for any flowers, the perfume of them that came up to us in the snow from their frank and open hearts. There was a fringe of yellow on the outer line of the great green valley. Buttercups! Millions and myriads of millions of golden buttercups! And the California poppy! Away out in the heart of the valley where the two rivers, surging full from the melting snows, gathered their waters from the lakes that almost environed the valley, lay miles and miles of snow-white hyacinths. This wild hyacinth is not less here, but it is perfect in its beauty. In the heart of this wild white sea of sudden-born blossoms slowly rose the smoke of many wigwams. The Indians had gathered their forces and taken up their defense on one of the many islands. This was to be our battlefield. The plan of campaign formed itself almost instantly in my mind, and that feature of the work before me was dismissed. I did not like to think of that. I had had enough of strife, of hard and horrible enmity with man. I wanted the flowers now. I wanted peace, rest. But above all, wanted to once more see the sad, sweet face of that silent captive who had been brought to me in my own camp only the year before. If I could only find her, only see her face, it seemed to me that the hard campaign with these coarse and brutal men could be forever remembered as a gold day.

It was indeed full-blown spring when we set foot among the flowers at the base of the terrible spurs of Mount Shasta. The men shouted with wild and tumultuous delight. The horses, relieved of their loads, rolled on the knee-deep grass; they threw their weary heels in the air on the third day, and, like the men, began to grow impatient of peace. Four fights I find recorded for the third day. Indians began to hover about us. They were tightening their lines and drawing their numbers in increased strength to a solid circle, as did the wolves back in their fearful heights of snow. The singular good fortune of the little army in escaping all peril thus far had made it insolent. It was ambitious to do battle before the arrival of re-enforcements. That night the mob held another election, and there was a new captain. This time the toughs chose one of their own number, the best of their number, it is true. But that is not high praise of the new captain.

We had fired a good many shots, and we had also gathered up many arrows that had been sent us in return. But what the new captain most desired was not a dead but a live Indian, and who could tell him how near re-enforcements were, and also tell the strength and condition of hostile camps. And with the capture of a live Indian in view, the new captain, not at all a commander, signalled his election to office by taking off his shoes and taking after and attempting to run down and capture an Indian with his own hand. After that discipline was utterly out of the question. Besides we were now on quarter rations. A secure camp was selected and fortified, and we sat down to wait for re-enforcements.

After a ten days' siege, starvation, fights—both in camp among ourselves and outside with savages that hovered unpleasantly close about—the long expected re-enforcements came from the south. And then we feasted. And then we fought a little among ourselves, testing the metal of the new men, as it were, then another election; then bloody work began! For the new company had captured a small camp of Indians.

From them we learned that there was a white woman prisoner on one of the islands in the great valley. The hearts of Bantry, Garth and myself were in our throats. Was it really she? What dared we for the desolated valley and the dead! Only time and the god of battle could tell.

Let us pass hastily over the three first battles by land, or rather massacres. Their bloody details would sicken you. At length we detected the hiding-place of one vast gathering of women and children (hiding, perhaps, where they had hidden for generations while the men went to war) by the smell of

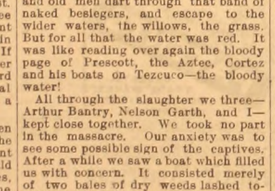
STORMED THE ISLAND ON HORSEBACK.

burning yew wood. The Indian stronghold was more than twenty miles above us on the river. One night as we sat by our guns waiting for dawn the pleasant smell of burning yew wood, the sandalwood of old, perhaps, drifted down the deep waters of the river from the camp-fires of the Indians. This scent was followed up, the Indians found and butchered. But we could find no trail of rose leaves.

The melting snow had made the Indians on the islands more than secure up to this time, for we had no boats; but now the waters had flowed on, and the low and fast subsiding condition of the spring freshet was making the place accessible to horses. On the last days of April we surrounded and "stormed" the island on horseback. In most places the water was too deep, and the men only lost their arms and their temper while floundering in the water. But two places were found where horses could keep their footing. A second charge was ordered, the mounted men taking only a single pistol this time in hand or on head so as to be secure from water, and at the same time many men firing at long range out of the tall grass. This second charge was repulsed also, and not at all by the continued storm of arrows, but because our horses suddenly came upon spears and elkhorns and sharp sticks that pointed outward from the island. The water was made bloody and ruddy from their wounds, and they refused to go forward. At the third and final onslaught the men stripped to the waist, and waded to their necks, advancing from every side and firing their pistols only, while the men in the grass still kept firing at long range with larger artillery.

As for myself, I sat on a horse a little distance back directing the fight. Suddenly I saw a great commotion. Then boats shot out from every side. It was a cunning and a most carefully planned scheme, and brilliantly conducted on the part of the Indians. It was at once seen that they had lost all hope of defense, and had raised the old cry, "Save who can!" At first our men in the water fell back. Then they rallied and fought desperately hand to hand, often up to their necks in the water. Let it be confessed after forty years that it was a great satisfaction to see so many canoes filled with women and children and old men dart through that band of naked besiegers, and escape to the wider waters, the willows, the grass. But for all that the water was red. It was like reading over again the bloody page of Prescott, the Aztec, Cortez and his boats on Tezcuco—the bloody water!

All through the slaughter we three—Arthur Bantry, Nelson Garth, and I—kept close together. We took no part in the massacre. Our anxiety was to see some possible sign of the captives. After a while we saw a boat which filled us with concern. It consisted merely of two bales of dry weeds lashed together. It held a female figure, which from our distance could only be distinguished as slight and supple. We hurried our horses along the shore and



"I SAT ON MY HORSE A LITTLE DISTANCE BACK."

through the edges of the water in eager pursuit.

"It is Rose—it is Rose!" Bantry shouted. "Or is it my wife?"

The child had grown to young womanhood in the semblance of her mother, as the artist had fancied in his singular portrait, and, in spite of her Indian costume, we all recognized her. There was only one other person in the boat, a bent old Indian. Guided by the girl's strong, sure hand, the strange craft got through the besieging party and came to land a few hundred yards from where we were, the girl landing first, stooping low, running forward leading the decrepit man, almost dragging him in her swift run through the long, green grass. We plunged forward. Our horses sank to their bellies in the marsh. Then we took to our feet. The old man was badly shot and made the water in which the rank grass stood bloody as they ran. He fell on his back as a fierce pursuer came up, and kicked at him, trying to keep him back for the girl to escape.

"Spare her," Bantry yelled.

His outcry seemed only to alarm her afresh, and, realizing that she could do no more for her dying companions, she fled. We saw her standing irresolute for a moment, evidently making up her mind which way to likeliest escape from her father, her lover, and me, whom she mistook for enemies. Before we could regain our horses, and on their backs renew the pursuit, she was out of sight, and we were dismayed by the probability that we might never see her again. But we rode furiously through the woods, clear away from our comrades of the expedition, but without overtaking the object of our chase.

Suddenly Arthur Bantry made a joyful outcry.

"See that!" he said, pulling up his horse and pointing to the ground.

A roseleaf lay in the grass and fluttered gently in the breeze. The man was distracted by this sign of that scented trail which, years before, had led his wife and daughter away from him. Garth and I were not less agitated.

"Look yonder!" Garth exclaimed; "there's another leaf."

"With more beyond," I said, seeing that, indeed, a roseleaf trail was before us.

We followed it as swiftly as our horses could be guided in and out among the trees and bushes, and soon we came upon the poor frightened girl.

"Rose, Rose," her father cried, dismounting and clasping her in his arms; "don't you know me?"

She understood the name, but no more, for she was ignorant of English. A subtle something in the parent's embrace partially reassured her, however, and she submitted quietly to the detention.

"We are friends," I said, in the Indian tongue. "We will save you from all danger."

In an hour we knew from Rose Bantry that she remembered, very vaguely, her capture by the Indians, but it seemed to have been followed immediately by the death of her mother, and so the girl knew, only in a shadowy way, that she was somehow different from the Indians with whom she grew up. The old man, whom she defended in the boat, had defended her against all harm.

"And why did you scatter rose leaves along your trail?" I asked.

"Because it is nearly all I remember of my mother," was the pensive reply, "that she told me to strew rose leaves in my path whenever peril pursued me. 'I will follow you in spirit,' she said, 'and who knows but the great Spirit might waft the scent of them to your father.'"

"And so it has come true," Bantry exclaimed.

His words, and much more, were translated to her by me. Slowly, yet surely, she comprehended.

Out from the great rich valley of grasses and flowers the army of Cali-

STANDING IRRESOLUTE FOR A MOMENT.

fornia rode on the first day of May, leaving not one living Indian behind. Some of their horses were hung with scalps, as if they had been fringed in black for a funeral. The army of Northern California as it rode through the glorious pines was literally loaded down with scalps. But there were three happier men who brought out from the shadow of Shasta a daughter for Arthur Bantry, and a surely prospective bride for Nelson Garth.

[THE END.]

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An Accomplished Southern Girl.

A Southern paper publishes the following advertisement: "Wanted—By a young lady, aged 19, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, muse his babies, check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theater, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy. Apply in the first place to Miss ——, Hickory Grove, Ga., and afterward to papa, on the premises."

The Proper Course.

Most people are aware, says Life, that it is the custom of turf gentlemen to settle their accounts every Monday at Tattersall's. It was on one of these occasions that a backer, by an oversight, paid his bookmaker a betting debt which he had settled already. This put the "bookie" in a mental fix as to what would be the best course for him to take. "Shall I rob my wife and family," he argued with himself, "and return the money; or shall I keep it and go about with a seared conscience?" Unable to decide the point himself, he sought the advice of a brother professional of greater experience. "Paid you twice over, did he?" said the latter. "Ask him for it again!"

He Was a Citizen.

A certain Desaugiers, at the time of a popular uprising in Paris, when the people took possession of the Tuileries, hastened to the palace at midnight to see what was going on. At the gate he was stopped by two revolutionists of ominous appearance. "Why do you not wear a cockade, citizen? Where is your cockade?" they asked. A mob gathered about him and demanded, fiercely: "Citizen, where is your cockade?" Desaugiers took off his hat, turned it around and around, looked at it on all sides, and then said, in a tone of mild surprise: "Citizens, it is strange, very strange! I must have left it on my nightcap."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

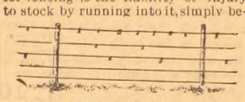
Value of Farm Improvements—Lifting Jacks for Vehicles—Care of Bees and Honey—Making Wire Fences Visible—Boarding Farm Help, Etc.

Farm Improvements.

Upon many farms there are mowing fields presenting a spotted condition, made so by cold, wet pockets needing drainage, gravel ridges or knolls; sour slopes, whereby surface water in descending from higher levels, keeps the grass too wet for health, and other conditions that tend to reduce the productiveness of the farm or increase the labor upon it as is the case in those fields where rocks and stones abound. To remedy these evils is afforded the opportunity for labor at a season of the year when there is no pressing need in any other direction. Regarding clearing of stones, there are many acres that had better be abandoned to pasturage than make the attempt at clearing, reserving the energies to be expended upon more favored fields. In other words, it is more profitable to improve good land and bring it into a condition that will pay a handsome profit than to expend labor upon fields that will only return a moderate yield of crops even after the labor performed. An amendment of such conditions as were first mentioned is productive of far more satisfactory results. A few weeks labor in the drainage of a wet pocket, the correction of sandy or gravelly knolls by cartage and mixing with the soil that has been kept cold by moisture all tends to a changed condition that gives great and large returns. Upon the question of drainage an enthusiastic farmer of New York who practiced it, claimed that he could get pay for all necessary labor in the increase of the first successive crop, and even went so far as to recommend the adoption of a system of drainage upon all fields unless it was absolutely sandy soil.

Making Wire Fences Visible to Live Stock.

One great objection urged against the use of both barbed and plain wire for fencing is the liability of injury to stock by running into it, simply be-



WIRE FENCE WITH TIN SCRAPS.

cause the wires are so small as not to be visible until the animal is entangled in the fence. This objection is overcome by the free use of scrap tin, as shown in the engraving. It is best, however, to take the scraps from the shop and at your leisure cut them into the desired form. Many of them will be found of the triaggle shape, with one end slenderly pointed, all ready for attaching to the wire by at a time at first. "Little and often" is its rule, and it must eat very slowly. But while suckling it gets its food warm. This partly releaves the difficulty of digesting it. Neither of these conditions is found when milk is fed. It is often given cold, and if the calf, sticking its nose into cold milk, refuses to eat, the feeder loses patience and withdraws the milk pail, so that after the calf becomes ravenously hungry it will swallow a large quantity of cold milk in the shortest possible time. Is it any wonder that digestive organs thus treated refuse to work, and the calf has "the scours"? Give the milk always warm, and encourage the calf to eat slowly. But after a calf is one month old, twice a day feeding is better than oftener. Digestion goes on better if the stomach is comparatively empty before new food is given. Give a little clover hay to the calf between meals, and it will learn to eat that.—American Cultivator.

Dairy Notes.

THE cow that stops chewing the cud and pricks up her ears when being milked cannot be depended upon to give all of her milk.

HENRY TALCOTT, formerly dairy commissioner of Ohio says: "I can make from $50 to $75 a cow easier in winter dairying than I can from $25 to $40 in summer. Consequently I have my cows come in in October, November, and December."

THERE is much good evidence that the more water cows can be induced to drink the more milk they will give; and some dairymen feed extra amounts of salt to accomplish this end. But the cream and butter product cannot be increased by such means.

THERE is no season of the year when the stock needs better food or closer care than in the early spring. Both the weather and the first succulent feed that they crop in the freshly starting pastures have a relaxing effect, and some grain and good dry fodder is needed to counteract this.

WELLS located near a barnyard are very proper objects of suspicion. The chance is good that they are contaminated by the drainage of the barnyard, and the milk or butter from cows drinking water impregnated with barnyard drippings cannot be regarded as first class. The milk consumer who buys his dairy products is justified in asking the milkman some pointed questions on this matter.

GOOD dairy cows adapted to the business, well fed with suitable foods, and all their other wants and comforts looked after in a manner that such cows are worthy of, cannot fail to pay good dividends wherever there is a market for dairy products; better, perhaps, than for any other branch of farm economy involving an equal investment, and the more care and intelligence given to developing the industry the greater the rewards.

Mineral Manure in Potato Hills.

When mineral fertilizers are applied to potatoes in the hill the object is two-fold. First, to give a vigorous start to the crop, and second, by the sulphuric acid usually employed in making the manure to destroy fungus germs and make the crop free from scab or rot. It is much better for potatoes in the hill that is any form of animal manure. So far as feeding the crop in the later stages of its growth is concerned, that is best done by mixing manure all through the soil between the rows, rather than by placing it near the seed.

Lifting Jacks or Vehicles.

Every owner of a wheeled vehicle should have some form of a wagon jack, for raising the axle for oiling,

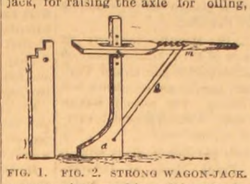


FIG. 1. FIG. 2. STRONG WAGON-JACK.

or convenient washing of the wheels. The very simplest form is shown in Fig. 1, from a sketch in the American Agriculturist, and is simply a board six inches wide, and of the proper length, with two notches sawed out near the top, as shown. For light wagons, one man can use this jack very easily, but for heavy wagons assistance is required: The one in Fig. 2 is cheap, strong, and convenient. The part *a*, is made from a two-inch plank of some tough wood, and is two and one-half feet in length, and should be made from a tough stick 3x4 inches square, dressed to the form shown. The retaining rod *g*, may be two pices of No. 8 annealed wire. The upper end fastens in the serrated edge on the upper side of the lever. This will be found a most serviceable jack, and will easily support half a ton weight.

Feeding Milk to Calves.

Few kinds of food contain a larger proportion of the nutrition required to make rapid growth than does milk. Very young animals find it their exclusive diet at first, and the period when they are suckling their dams is that when they grow fastest. But milk is not easy to digest. It may be, however, all the better adapted to young animals for that fact, because on a milk diet they lay the foundations for a vigorous digestion through after life. The young suckling animal gets very little food at a time at first. "Little and often" is its rule, and it must eat very slowly. But while suckling it gets its food warm. This partly releaves the difficulty of digesting it. Neither of these conditions is found when milk is fed. It is often given cold, and if the calf, sticking its nose into cold milk, refuses to eat, the feeder loses patience and withdraws the milk pail, so that after the calf becomes ravenously hungry it will swallow a large quantity of cold milk in the shortest possible time. Is it any wonder that digestive organs thus treated refuse to work, and the calf has "the scours"? Give the milk always warm, and encourage the calf to eat slowly. But after a calf is one month old, twice a day feeding is better than oftener. Digestion goes on better if the stomach is comparatively empty before new food is given. Give a little clover hay to the calf between meals, and it will learn to eat that.—American Cultivator.

Bees and Honey.

The bee keeper should always have everything in readiness for work before the blossom comes out upon the fruit trees. This having to make or borrow a hive after the bees begin to cluster for swarming often causes the loss of the swarm and most frequently of the earliest and strongest one of the season. And spare honey boxes or sections should be ready, as the bees are the busiest and gathering the most honey at about the same time the bee-keeper is weeding or haying, when he feels as if he could not spare much time to attend to them. There is not much use in putting on surplus boxes after the clover has been cut. The bee hives should be placed where they will be sheltered from the cold north or east winds, and where they will also be protected from the hottest rays of the mid-summer sun. But they should not be where they will be disturbed by the falling of fruit upon the hive, which disturbs them so much that they are apt to get cross. Under a tree which is kept for shade only will do very well if right in other respects, and if there is not such a place, it will pay to protect the bee stand with a simple roof, which can be cheaply done. Foul brood has a disagreeable odor that would not be easily mistaken when the hive was opened by any one at all accustomed to it, but dead bees and mouldy comb also have a very strong smell of foul brood by one not used to the latter. The hives should be examined and the cause of the trouble removed, in either case, as soon as possible.

Cherry Trees on Roadsides.

The fact that cherry trees thrive under neglect, and need no cultivation, particularly adapt them to roadside planting. The traveller also along a country roadside may refresh himself with cherries, and not feel that he is injuring their proprietor as he would if larger and more easily-gathered fruit were placed within his reach. A driveway lined with cherry

LYNCHED AT DECATUR.

TRAGIC EVENT AT MACON'S CAPITAL.

The Negro, Bush, Hanged in the Heart of the City—Gov. Altgeld Offers a Reward of $200 for Each Participant.

Avengers from Mount Zion.

From the time Sam Bush, the negro assailant, was lodged in jail at Decatur Friday at noon, until 3 o'clock Saturday morning, there were hundreds of people around the jail. They were mostly residents of the city, and were attracted there by a desire to see a lynching. Their wish was finally gratified, for as the big clock in the court house marked the hour of 3 Bush was dangling in the air and dying of strangulation.

Deputy Sheriff Harry Midkiff had an armed guard inside the jail. It was about 1:30 o'clock in the morning when Charlie Scott, a big Mount Zion farmer, sauntered leisurely through the crowd of idlers and sized up the jail. The whisper immediately passed that the mob was coming. Scott disappeared as quickly as he came. Fifteen minutes later about fifty determined farmers from Mount Zion swept around the corner, and before the crowd really knew of their presence they were at the jail door demanding admittance. This was promptly denied, and the doors were at once forced. It took nearly an hour to get to the prisoner's cell, four wrought iron doors barring the way.

The minute Bush was outside a man stepped up with a rope. The lynchers took Bush about eighty feet from the jail to the corner of the Grand Opera House, and just opposite the Brunswick Hotel. The first attempt at hanging was by using a telephone pole guy-wire for a scaffold, but the wire broke. The rope was then thrown over a wooden arm near the top of the pole, and with a ten minutes the victim died by strangulation.

The crime for which Bush was lynched was committed on Tuesday. On Monday a negro attempted to assault Mrs. Hubbard Dills, who lives just south of Decatur. The following day the same negro assaulted Mrs. Vest, Mrs. Vest was sitting in the home sewing. No one was about except her little daughter, not quite two years old. The woman fought desperately, but was choked almost into insensibility. Mrs. Vest finally managed to reach a neighbor's—John Hornbeck's. A hundred armed farmers began a search, and on Friday Bush was captured near Whitmore. The principal mark of identification was two big black patches in a light pair of trousers worn by Bush. When the negro was captured he acknowledged that he had assaulted the woman. He said his home was Macon, Miss.

Governor Altgeld telegraphed for Marshal Mason, Sheriff Midkiff and State's Attorney Mills to go to Springfield. As a result of this conference, and being fully advised in the premises, Governor Altgeld issued the following proclamation:

"Being authoritatively advised that a mob broke down the doors of the jail at Decatur, overpowered the officers of the jail, took from his cell a negro confined there, dragged him out and killed him by hanging him to a post near by, I hereby denounce this cowardly and diabolical act as not only murder under laws, but as a disgrace to our civilization and a blot upon the fair name of our State. The prisoner was accused of assault, but stoutly protested his innocence. He was already in the custody of the law, and no matter with what crime he was charged and no matter whether guilty or innocent, he was entitled to a trial—a fair trial according to law. It must never be said that the laws of a great and proud State do not afford protection to all without regard to color or condition.

"I therefore call upon all officers of the law, and especially of Macon County, as well as on all good citizens who respect law and cherish the honor of the State, to do all in their power to bring the leaders of this great crime to justice.

"I hereby offer a reward of $200 each for the apprehension and conviction of every man who helped to break the doors of the jail, overpower the officers and drag out the prisoner, or who assisted in killing him."

State's Attorney Mills assured the Governor that the parties concerned in the lawless assault on the jail and in the hanging of Bush would be prosecuted with the utmost vigor.

The lynching is not so much the cause of excitement at Decatur now as the action of Governor Altgeld took. Most people think that Macon County officers can enforce the law without any help from the Governor. The officers commend the Governor for promptly offering a reward, and say there will be no play about this prosecution; identification will be easy. The Mt. Zion men who participated are quoted as saying they don't want only the leaders indicted, they want the whole mob indicted, and they also want the men who pursued the negro indicted. The object is to have so many implicated that conviction will be well-nigh impossible.

The negro element is worked up, and Wilson Woodward, a young colored attorney, has issued an inflammatory address standing the lynchers as red-handed murderers, and calling a mass meeting of colored people. This will be held, but will not result in anything much beyond endeavoring to furnish help to the officers in the prosecution.

To Mark Battlefields.

Gov. Altgeld has appointed the following commissioners to mark the positions of Illinois troops on the battlefields of Chickamauga and Chattanooga: Gen. John M. Palmer, of Springfield; Col. J. E. Everest, of Chicago; Maj. L. M. Buford, of Rock Island; Col. H. E. Rives, of Paris; Maj. W. E. Carlin, of Jerseyville; Gen. Smith D. Atkins, of Freeport; Gen. J. B. Turchin, Col. E. D. Swayne, Maj. E. A. Blodgett, of Chicago; and Maj. James A. Connolly, of Springfield.

WHILE her father was out collecting Nathalie Rautenkranz, the 11-year-old daughter of a dyer and cleaner at 884 West Lake street, was suffocated by the fumes of gasoline. She had been left in charge of the place. The room where the accident occurred is used as the drying-room. In it was hanging a quantity of clothing that had been dipped in gasoline, and a wooden receptacle containing a small quantity of the liquid was standing on the floor. The girl had been in the habit of inhaling gasoline fumes for toothache, and the theory is that this practice led to her death.