

his face, two and a half or three miles off. Have since then seen Worrell in St. Louis jail. I recognized him, and he recognized me. This was the first time I saw him after he left my house. When I entered the jail two friends went in with me. I walked behind them, they went in first. Worrell was then in the large hall, not in the cell. I saw the catch of his eye. Worrell at once stepped round, shook hands with me and said, "How d'ye do, sir," and asked me if I was well. I asked him if he was, telling him I was. He did not speak to the other gentlemen. I asked him, "Do you know me, sir?" He said, "Do you know me, sir?" I said I thought so. Whereupon he asked the jailor to let him go back to his cell. He would rather go back to his cell. I then went with the jailor to see Bruff. The cells are opposite sides of the jail. I recognized Bruff and he me. He was the same man that was at my house. While I was there, the jailer who had left me, mentioned to me that he, Worrell, wanted to see me before I went out. I went; Worrell remarked I looked fine and healthy. I said I was. He then asked if my family was all well. I said yes. He did not appear to want to talk much, but he asked me if the roads were good. I told him I supposed they were. He said, I suppose the roads are pretty good. I asked him then before I left, "How far did you go that day when you left my house?" I am a little too fast. Then says I, "Did you call on those men you decide to call at and get your dinner?" He said, "I went to St. Charles." Then said I, "I suppose you did not call on

those men you said you was going to call on?" "Did you call on Dr. Mellheny and Dr. Watkins?" He said, "No." At my house, in conversation, before they started, Worrell had most of the chat. It was very cold. He asked me if there was a good house about thirty miles off, where they could stay all night. They were going to St. Charles. I told them Dr. Mellheny kept a good house just 30 miles from my house. Then he wanted to know if there was a good half-way place to get their dinners. I told him Dr. Watkin's. It was a very good place just 15 miles from my house. Worrell did most of the talking, though Gordon and all agreed to stop at Dr. M. all night, and at Dr. W. at dinner. It is 36 miles from my house to St. Charles. Worrell took down their names on a piece of paper so as to recollect them. In jail, W. said they went to St. Charles that night.

When I first saw the body it was in the snow, the face partially uncovered; he laid in a kind of a twist, one arm under him, his head to the west. He had on an overcoat, and a fur of some animal, and leggins. There was a wound, a hole, right in the back part of his head. A young doctor ran a stick about as big as the Judge's penholder, about 4 inches into it, just like a bullet hole. Saw no bullet. I saw no other wound, except his nose was to one side. When I first came, his face was the only thing uncovered. The rest was covered with snow and brush, which appeared to have been brought there. It appeared to have been cut before and laid over him. The gully was not very deep. Any man