

a room at the left as I went in. This was a little after nine in the morning.

*Rodolphus C. Edwards.* Was at Flagg & Dodd's tavern the night of Stiles' death; saw De Wolf about half past ten in the bar room. He said there was a man at the barn drunk, and he wanted some salt and water to give him. De Wolf, myself, Nathaniel Watson, and a man from Boston went out together. We found Stiles lying on a cot bed. De Wolf went for Dr. Heywood, and he came in about ten minutes after us. De Wolf told us before Dr. Heywood came, that he had been with Stiles to Bartlett's and Cobleigh's, that Stiles drank once at Bartlett's and twice at Cobleigh's; noticed a red streak on one side of Stiles' neck; Stiles was still warm.

*Nathaniel Watson.* Was at Flagg & Dodd's the evening of Stiles' death; went to the stable with Mr. Edwards, Mr. Mason and De Wolf; thought Stiles was dead when we first went in; De Wolf stepped to the bed and was going to give him some salt and water he had in a dish. In a very few minutes he went for the doctor.

*Alfred P. Bartlett.* Saw Stiles about twelve o'clock at Whipple's; had hired a horse to go to Holden, and returned about twelve o'clock at night; found no one in the stable, and went up stairs to call the hostler; saw a man lying on the bunk, called to him, and shook him, but received no answer; saw that he was dead—thought he died in a fit. I saw a red streak about his neck, which frightened me. In a few minutes Mr. Matthews and Mr. Hillman came from the east, and

soon after De Wolf came from the same direction; asked who the man was—De Wolf said Mr. Stiles. I asked what Stiles—Mr. Matthews said, "the hump-backed man." I asked what the matter was—De Wolf said the doctor supposed he was chilled through; asked where he found him—he said he found him in the yard by the side of a sleigh, with his hat in one place, and his coat in another. Mr. Matthews asked if he gave him anything—he said, nothing but some salt and water.

*Dr. Benjamin F. Heywood.* Reside in Worcester—have been a practicing physician about 30 years. De Wolf called me to see Stiles late in the evening of 14th January last; said there was a man dead at Fessenden's tavern; told him if he was dead there was no use in my going to see him. He said he didn't know whether he was dead or not; asked him who it was; he said Mr. Stiles, that he found him in the street—he didn't know whether he died by intoxication or was frozen to death. I dressed myself and went down—about eleven by the clock on the stairs. I found Stiles; he had a curvature of the spine; felt of his pulse and heart, and made sufficient examination to ascertain that he was dead. De Wolf showed a silk handkerchief which he said he had taken from Stiles' neck, because it was so tight he didn't know but it would choke him. He asked what he should do with the body, and said, "I don't want it here." I told him he should go for a coroner, and he would do what was necessary; told him Timothy Bancroft was a coroner, and he rode away, but soon re-