"VOODOO" MADE HIM
CONFESSION HIS GUILT

Man Accused of Crime Cut His
Throat When His Shotgun
Sweat Blood.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov 21.—Tried by
an old "Vooodoo" ordeal, Louis
Hursch's inexorable conscience con-
vinced him of the cowardly murder of
Sam Haywood.

Hursch was his own executioner. Ash-
en faced, quivering from fear, he cut his
throat so desperately that he died with-
out a groan.

Haywood lived on "Doo" Wood-
en's place, four miles north of
Baxter, Green county, in southeast
Arkansas. Haywood, his wife,
and their brother, Edward, were about
to go to bed when he was called to the
door of his cabin. He opened the
door. There was a flash, a report
and a load of shot tore Haywood's
left leg clean off.

News of the murder was telephoned to
Monticello, the county seat. Justi-
tice of the Peace Henry Lewis,
Deputy Sheriff Tom Biggs and a couple
of officers rode to Haywood's cabin, and
a coroner's jury was impaneled.

No direct clue to Haywood's assassi-
nation could be produced, but a report
was afoot that Hursch had met and quarreled
at Dermott, a hamlet near Baxter, last
evening. Hursch was arrested but
established a perfect alibi.

There was not a particle of
evidence of Hursch's guilt. The jury
was about to bring in a verdict of
"Death at an unknown party.
A negro juror, shaken by
the memory of frightful
scenes he had witnessed or which
had been described to him, said:
"Judge, your honor, if you want
the truth; if you want to know
if this man put a load of shot in
Mister Haywood, bring this man's
shooting gun here, load it and fire it.
"If he killed Mister Haywood the
gun will sweat blood, just as sure as
the devil's is after you all."

His fellow negroes on the jury
chorused: "Try him by vooodoo, judge.
Voodoo never lies."

Incredulous, of course, only to
gratify its jurors, Justice Lewis said
to the deputy sheriff:
"Go ahead, Tom."

Biggs found that Hursch's shotgun
was loaded. He fired it in the air;
then, with it at his shoulder still
turned its muzzle toward Hursch.
Its barrel glistened as clean as a
hound's foot, but on the very tip of
the muzzle flecks of rust, which
Hursch could never have seen before,
shone red in the sunlight.

"It leaks blood," he yelled. He
 dashed into a log chicken house,
whipped out his knife, and cut his
throat before the deputy sheriff could
jump through the door.