

for while his face was very black, his hair was yellow.

Two days were consumed in the examination of witnesses and on the morning of the third, the prisoner's lawyer arose to make his address to the jury. Much depended on his words, but he antagonized his hearers at the very start, by a bitter denunciation of Southern methods of administering justice to that race to which his client belonged. Harry Earle, then, bowed his head, knowing, as his friend had hinted, the man was too little for the occasion. His adversary's plea was a burst of eloquence that surprised the house. He threw light on all the doubtful points, forcibly brought forward the suspicious aspects, tenderly referred to the anguish and loneliness of the faithful and loving daughter, chivalrously dwelt on her desire to see justice done; which held back the indignation that naturally swelled from her daughter's heart, as she stood face to face with the treacherous servant, who had deprived her for ever of her one and only protector; passionately referred to the sufferings of her brave marshal and undaunted minister, who had imperiled their lives, not for the sake of that brutal criminal, but in vindication of the eternal rights of the law; and, with an eloquence that fairly swept that audience off their feet, he appealed to those twelve jurors not to dare falter in the execution of their sacred duty, for the blood of a foully murdered man demanded justice, the justice it was in their power to give!

With a few words, the Judge dismissed the jurors and Harry Earle's face had settled into hard lines, and those who knew him best understood

their significance.

The minutes wore into hours, mid-day waned to afternoon, and afternoon to crimson-lighted evening; but the low door of the jury-room remained closed and bolted, while the people outside impatiently awaited the verdict. Night came and the Judge dismissed the Court, the prisoner was returned to his cell, and reluctantly the greater portion of the audience quitted the house. When the evening meal was over, numbers returned, but still those twelve men sat, in the light cast by one small lamp, in solemn silence, or animated dispute. The long night hours passed, but, fascinated by the unusualness of such an occurrence, the crowd remained. Some dozed, some talked, but the brows of all were anxious. At length, word was sent the Judge the jury had reached its decision. He hurried to the court-house, the prisoner was roused from his fitful slumber and returned to the dock, the lawyers, who had been mixing with the crowd, resumed their posts, while the dark-browed hill people pushed forward, peering anxiously toward the jury-room. A few lamps shed their feeble light over the gloomy building, with its rude seats and desks and piles of heavy law books, while the silence of the tomb hung over the scene. The door opened and in single file the men passed out; and it was noticed that the face of Harry Earle, while it had lost its hard lines, was whiter than the collar he wore. The Judge watched them silently as they took their places, and when the last one was seated, he asked:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," was the reply.

"Mr. Clerk, read the verdict," said the Judge.