

man this time sure. When her father came in to dinner, she said, he was very angry, though not, she believed, over the morning's occurrence, for when she informed him of the prisoner's departure, he had laughed and said, "He'll be back by supper-time." Her father had then said perhaps he had been too hard on the prisoner that time, but excused himself for his conduct by saying he was angry and scarcely knew what he was doing. She remembered he had complained of having much trouble with some people and declared they had better let him alone and not cross his way again. When asked by the lawyers if she knew to whom he referred, she replied she did not, for her father seldom made her his confidant. He went back to the field soon after dinner, and she had thought no more about the matter until she heard the shot. She was standing by the kitchen window washing the dishes. The window gave her a full view of the field, though at a distance. When she looked through it, hearing the shot, she saw her father throw up his hands and fall backwards. The man who shot him turned to run. She saw he wore blue cottonade overalls, a dark coat, that he was bare-headed and his face was black. He was tall and slight of figure, like the prisoner, but the distance was too great for her to distinguish his features. She had run out into the field but before she reached her father he was dead, and his murderer had disappeared. It was apparent the girl was telling the exact truth, and it was remarked by all her sincerity and her entire freedom from bitterness or animosity toward the supposed murderer of her father, for whom, it was very evident, she entertained deep love and filial devotion. She was shy in the presence of

so many people, but the questions put to her did not disconcert her, nor was there ever the shadow of a variation in her story.

The prisoner was allowed to go on the stand and the story he told was, in substance, what he had related to the minister. He admitted he had said he was going to "fix the ole man," but that his meaning of the phrase was he intended leaving him then, and without help, in the beginning of the tobacco season. He had seen the negro employed at the hotel, and it was acting on his advice he (the prisoner) had finally concluded to return to Mr. Sharkley's house. After parting with the young farmer, whom he had met on the road, he said he had sat down on a rock to tie his shoestrings and that he had remained there for, perhaps, half-an-hour. Then, he had re-commenced his journey. When within a short distance of the Sharkley farm he heard a pistol shot, but attached no importance to it, until, a little further on, a man emerged from the bushes edging the road and shouted to him to run, as old man Sharkley had been killed, and people would fasten the blame on him, because of the quarrel that morning. Frightened by the announcement, and fearing the people of the neighborhood, he had immediately thrown away his bundle, which contained his working clothes, and struck out through the fields, not knowing to what point his route led, his only desire being to put miles between himself and Sharkley's friends. He, also, said the man had worn blue cottonade overalls and a dark coat, but that when he met him, he was carrying a straw hat in his hand, and that the brim of it was lined with red. But he repeated his assertion that the man was not a negro