

THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT

Everything was altered. The houses where I had once been intimate had mostly changed hands. The men I had once known well had died or become absorbed in matters to which I was indifferent. The women I had admired had grown old and fat—or lean. It was altogether a sad visit for me, and the saddest part of it all was to feel that I, myself, had changed. I determined, therefore, to cut the visit short, but, having learned that my old friend's court was in session, and that an interesting case—the trial of a young woman for murder—was before him, which appeared to cause considerable excitement in the town, I sauntered up to the court-house and entered the room soon after the case was called.

“The room was filled with the usual nondescript—mainly morbid crowd that packs a court-room on such occasions with the bodies and stench of humanity. A little extra civility, however, coupled with the statement that I was a friend of the judge's who had called to see him, and proposed to send him my card at the first recess, secured