

nurstered in the village of Norton, East Tennessee, and the nuthorities arrested a stranger named Alfreds. Of course Aifreds had no business in the community, and this of itself partook of the nature of a erime; but.

aside from this, evidence of serious intport was not venting. Here is the case briefly set forth. Alfreds and a man named Jenkles were seen together one evening walking along the road, and the next macning Jenkins was found, with his head crushed in, lying in a patch of brines. At the preliminary trial before a justice of the peace Alnear the bear patch where the hody had been found, but as this declaration was not admitted as evidence Affecds was banded over to the grand jury and was, as everyone expected, indicted for murder and imprisoned to await the action of the circuit court.

The jailer in an obscure village is often a leader in society, and the jailer's daughter is naturally a person of much moment. Old Lins Springer had, during many years, been jailer in Nor-ton, and his daughter Buth had declined several good offers of marriage. She was exceedingly bright of countenance and it was the mysterious



SHE PRETENDED TO POUT.

boast of the neighborhood that she could parse anything. I say mysterious, for parsing was a vague mystery to many people who were glib in repeating this bit of commendable brag. Ruth, from the first moment of Alfreds' anment, showed a sympathetic interest in him. He had dreamy eyes, waving chestnut hair, and was therefore innecent. In the afternoon, when the jail corridor was lighted by the sun. she often placed her rocking chair near the door of Alfreds' cell, and sitting there sewed and talked to him.

"Would you let me out if you could get the key?" he asked, one day.

She pretended to pout. "Why should 17 You'd run away and then Pd not have anybody to talk to."

"But if I stay here to talk to you I shall be hanged."

Yes, but a woman would rather talk to a man, even if he is to be hanged for

it, than not to talk at all."

What an odd little creature you are Hiss Ruth.

"Oh, you think I'm odd, do you? That, it very kind of you. I was in hopes that I was something besides odd. Anybody can be odd."

But anybody can't have your sort of

"Oh, then, I've got the oddest sort of oddity. I don't know whether to like that or not. Do you know that you are the only man I ever met that didn't try to flatter me?" "I didn't know it, but if I am, why, I

must be thankful for the distinction. "Oh, you must, must you, Mr. Sarcasm? Why don't you tell me something about yourself?" she asked, after a moment's pause.
"I have—I have told you that I am

innocent."
"Oh, that isn't anything. Anybody can be innocent. Where do your people

live?"
"I haven't any people."

"Weil, where do you come from?"
"I have come from a place where there was no happiness to a place where nothing but misery and disgrace can be expected."
"You make me sad when you talk

that way, Mr. Alfreds."

"And would you expect me to inspire gayety, Misa Ruth?"

"No, I don't think I ought to expect that. But you are not without friends, Mr. Alfreds. Most all the ladles in this town are interested in you."
"Women are ever interested in a man

who is about to be hanged," he replied. "Oh, don't talk about being hanged. I don't see how they can hang you, you are so nice." He laughed. "I don't: I really don't. Now if you were some ugly, good-for-nothing thing, it would be different. You follow my advice: When you are taken into court look just as pleasant as you can." "Unfortunately, Miss Ruth, the jury

will not be composed of women. "Well, don't you fear. I think it will

come out all right."

But did it come out all right? The court met three days later, and after a very short trial Alfreds was sentenced to be hanged. It was no surprise to him. He was to meet death sixty days later, on the day after Christmas. It was dark when he was taken back to his cell, and he clung to a hope that Ruth might come to console him; but the might come to console him; but the weary hours passed and loud-mouthed dogs bayed the turn of night. Morning, and still no sympathetic face, no voice of soft encouragement. Weeks passed. Buth was away on a visit. Christmas morning. The day was bright. A man came in with the prisoner's breakfast.

"Do you think the weather is likely to change between now and to-morrow morning?" Alfreds asked.

"Because if it should cloud to-day will give me my last glimpse of the sun. Has the young lady returned?" 'No, not yet.'

"When do you expect her?" "Don't know. I'm hired to chop was and work about the place and not to listen to the news of the family." "Will the banging be public.

"As public as out of doors can make

"Do you think there'll be many people present? "Oh, certainly. People look for amuse-

ment during the holidays." "I must say that you are cold-blooded." "And why shouldn't I be: why

shouldn't I hate every man that's unforting to ? "Why should you is the question?"

"Because I served a term in the pen-"What had you done?"

"Told the truth."

"What, they sent you to the penitentiary for telling the truth?"

'Yes, they asked me if I committed the forgery and I said that I did.

"Oh, you are a satirlat."
"Well, I must go and split a piece of knotty wood. Fires must go even if Christmas do come. I suppose you can take care of yourself to-day, and as for to-morrow, why, the sheriff will have to take care of you.'

He passed out and a merry voice was heard. The prisoner's blood leaned. Huth had returned. All smiles and airs of gayety, she entered the corridor; and she was not alone; the sheriff and the jailer were with her.

"Mr. Alfreds," she cried, "I have brought you a Christmas present. Here is your pardon."

"Open the door," said the sheriff. Pefore Alfreds' swimming eyes the iron bars were shadow lace work.

"Come on into the sitting-room," said the girl; and she led him out. He sat in a rocking-chair. A long

time passed before he said anything. "And have they discovered my inno-

cence?" he asked.
"No," she answered. "Let me tell

you what I did. I made all the jurymen and the prosecuting attorney and the judge and hundreds of other people sign a petition asking for your pardon, and then I went all the way to Nashville and made the governor sign your pardon. Don't you think I'm smart?" "I think you are an angel.

"No you don't-you think I'm a haphazard rattle-trap. I told the governor about your hair-think of talking about a man's hair-and I said: 'Governor, he's got the loveliest eyes you ever saw,' but I must not talk this way, for you ain't in prison now.

He got up and stood with his face turned toward the door. "I must go,"

"Are you going very far away?"

"How far?"

"I am going to stay here until I prove to you that your mercy-"
"Excuse me," interrupted the jailer,

stepping into the doorway, "but you are no longer shut up."

"But he can stay to dinner, can't he, papa?"

"No, he'd better go."

Alfreds did not leave the neighborhood. He was shunned by men and frowned upon by women, now that he had the disgrace of murder without the romance of hanging. He did not attempt to see Ruth, and had sent her



word not to attempt to see him. A detective came from a distance and after a time an arrest was made. A man was brought to trial, and the proof was so atrong that he was convicted; and, given to frankness and the truth, he acknowledged that he had committed the murder. Shortly after sentence had been passed upon him he turned to Alfreds, who stood near him, and said: "I thought you suspected me when I

brought your breakfast to you last Thristmas morning, nearly a year ago."

It was another Christmas morning and the day was bright. "May I come in?" Alfreds stood in the

"Oh, surely, if you are not afraid of

He sprang toward her and caught her "I bring you a present now," he said, "the present of my soul."

The jailer stopped into the doorway and said: "Come on now, you young folks. Dinner is ready."

OPIE READ.

CHICKEN SEASON IN DARKEYVILLE.



"Great Scott! I've done lost my Christmra dinner."-Judge.

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Capt. T. W. Mason was in town Mou-

Capt. J. M. Grizzard, of Halifax, was in town Monday. Mr. John A: Spivey, of Ringwood,

continues quite feeble. Mr. Robert Skinner, formerly of this

place, spent Sunday in town. Miss Susic Timberlake, of Raleigh, is visiting Mrs. T. H. Chavasse.

Miss Mond Alley, of Petersburg, is visiting Miss Alice Anderson

Miss Kate Prescott attended the German at Littleton Thursday night.

Mr. R. Stanford Travis, of this place, has been appointed notary public. The Rev. Mr. Harriss and wife or La

Grange, spent Tuesday night in town. The Revs. S. D. Adams and J. A. Green returned from Conference Monday

Mrs. T. N. White, who was here on a visit last week, has returned to Rich-

Mr. Paul Garrett and Mrs. E A. Harrison have returned from a visit to Ripg-

The Rev. J. M. Rhodes, of Littleton, spent Monday in town, the guest of Mrs. Ida Wilkins.

Mr. W. H. Summerell, of Winston, was in town Monday. He contemplates going to California to live.

The Rev. J. A. Lee, of Murfreesboro, spent Monday night in town at the resi dence of Mr. H. C. Spiers. Dossey Battle, the genial, made us a

pleasant call a few days ago. He is the same whole souled fellow as of yore.

Mr. John Harrison, of Brinkleyville, is in Baltimore having his eyes treated. It is reported that he lost one of his eyes.

Dr. R. H. Stancell went up to Greensboro Monday to attend a meeting of the

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peared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well. "Early in 1886 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I road a book, "A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

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M. A. HILL. dec 8tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of William G. Harper, deceased, late of the county of Halifax; this to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me for payment on or before the 15th day of October 1893, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery, and all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 4th day of October 1892. N. M. HARRISON, W. C. Thorne, Atty. Executor.

10 6 6t

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