MY LONGEST DAY.

Orson Parsons and I were months from the first, we did not affiliate as boys in the village school, and so we passed together into the higher studies we became even less friendly. We did not see much of each other, but whatever in each breast there still rankled the remembrance of unmerited and severe. Lavern we believed our affections upon the same lady. Laura Mitchell was not a coquette, but it seemed to take her a long time to make up her mind which one was to be the happy man. When her choice was announced Parsons was furious and we had bitter words before we parted.

About the time of our marriage Parsons and I began business in the same line. This was unfortunate, and but either been aware of the other's intention, it is doubtful if we would have become competitors in a small village as it was we never missed an opportunity to injure each other. It was a fault to feed between us, but such silly quarrels are common in every country village.

I think Laura worried over the matter more than any one else, and often attempted to heal the breach between us, but it widened every day. George, however, was as agreeable to her as he was bitter to me.

One day our townspeople were startled by the announcement that Parsons had disappeared. His business affairs were prosperous and everything in good order. He was a reticent sort of fellow, but had he left of his own accord he would naturally have left some word with his clerk or at his boarding place, but none could be found. As time passed the mysterious disappearance became the one topic of conversation in our village.

On the morning it became known I discharged my servant girl for a frequent neglect of duty. She was indignant at her dismissal and sung spiteful stories that were found at party on hers. My wife had been seen in earnest conversation with Parsons the previous day, and hints of her complicity in the affair were thrown out. Of course I paid no attention to such talk, but it rankled in my wife's heart. It was plain to be seen that public opinion was forming against me, so it became necessary that some one should be suspected to give the gossiping tongues something else to think of.

In less than a week some hers found a man's body in the river just below the village. It had apparently been in the water for at least three days, and had been taken by rats or boats out of the main stream. The skull had been broken by a blow, and the medical examiner proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the man had been killed before being thrown into the water. It seemed to require no effort to identify the remains as those of George Parsons, and it was but natural that my name should follow.

I was so willing as any one that my trial should take place at once, confident that my innocence would somehow be proved, despite the circumstantial evidence which was gathering against me. Accordingly the case was called at the term of court then in session. As I recall the testimony I do not think a single witness, unless it be our Parson, could be induced to anything but the truth.

My wife had fallen ill, but her testimony, even if it could have been admitted, would have proved more against me than for me. It was sworn that Parsons and I were sufficiently that we had quarreled. But I was jealous of my wife for speaking to him, and that it would be to my business advantage and domestic peace to have him out of the way.

Could I have proved that I passed the hours from 8 till 11 o'clock on the night that Parsons disappeared in walking with a lonely woman, all the other testimony would have proved worthless, but I did not remember meeting a single person myself that night after 8 o'clock. When I returned home the streets were deserted. I was stunned about business matters, vexed with my wife and suffering from a headache, but when I explained this it was evident that my story was not credited.

My counsel was an old and tried friend of my youth, but he did not possess the ability to show the jury the flimsy character of the evidence of the prosecution. It was against his advice that the case of less put on trial so early, but so confident was I of acquittal that I did not realize on what precarious ground I stood. I felt that in some way my innocence would be proved, although I stood almost alone in my belief. The trial was a brief one, and the arguments of the lawyers were soon finished. To these and the charge of the judge I listened like one in a trance. The jury passed out, and a few friends came to me with words of cheer and hope.

* * * * * *

Hark! the jury is returning. Surely they cannot have made up their minds so as short a time to condemn a fellow man to life imprisonment. In response to a request from the judge I stand up and face the jury. There is not a friendly countenance among the twelve. I hardly hear the unknown word "Guilty" which the foreman speaks. The clerk is so unexpected that I scarcely realize the meaning of the judge's cruel words as he pronounces the sentence of imprisonment for life. The best he hopes, will be a sentence to hard labor. He has no expectation for me. They lead me back to my cell, and, thanks to some unknown friend who drops a potion in my coffee, I soon fall asleep. Exhausted nature can stand the strain no longer.

I am aroused in the early morning, and a few friends come in to say farewell, they realize the situation more fully than I do. A short ride in a carriage, a ride in a loaded carriage and the prison is reached. I answer a few questions mechanically and exchange my clothing for the striped dress of a convict. Why, as a rule, I know not, I was flight of stairs and through a long corridor, lighted by a single flame. I am passed into a small dark, ill smelling cell, and for the first time realized that the judge's last words to me were, "And the first day thereof shall be in solitary confinement."

Everything but now a dream up to this moment, but the awakening is terrible. As I hear the last echo of the retreating footsteps my heart sinks within me. It seems as if I shall go mad. A feeling of suffocation overcomes me, so to vain I attempt to rise, and call clearly on the Lord Jesus with. My head throbs as if it would burst, the without thoughts crowd in my brain in a confused mass. I do not comprehend them. My blood coursed through its veins like streaks of molten fire, burning the flesh at every pore. How long the paroxysm lasts I know not, as in the morning I am able to rise at my cot, but when I grow calm I think not the events of the night.

I recline my cot the, his cozy spirits my childhood, with the exciting hour, that in the summer days we frolic in the meadows. My mother, I know, is there, and I see her smile at my boyish sports. The vision is so real that I stretch out my hand to grasp hers, but it falls on the cold, damp stone floor of my prison cell.

Again I see wife smile. How long I have slept I know not, but I see her face as I saw it last, as it was which would come out. I grasp a woman's form and I feel her kisses on my lips. I awaken to a consciousness that I have been dreaming. There is a smile of joy on my face I feel that another hour of sleep I should remember I have slept. I know whether the prison cell and coarse loaf of bread, for I take the one and eat the other. I think it is morning, for the accustomed footsteps, which I know, are those of the jailer, are heard approaching my cell door. Why do I know the footsteps, I know not, but I know they impatient are to my solitary cell, and would it become my home. Oh, for the child of adoring love to the world of a loving mother, even if I have but to wipe me an infamous name and imply would I work, if I could only be among other men.

After I have counted but all days of my sentence I have forgotten nothing, or lost the hour of my deliverance, or at least. How long it takes the jailer to reach my cell, he is a stolid creature, the bolts before my door, and the heavy the bolts, the bolts, more slowly, the door swings open and I step forth. I can only offer a mental prayer of thanksgiving. I follow my conductor and soon stand in the presence of the warden, who charges my discharge in signs "Have good news for you—you are free."

I knew not and would have fallen had an officer not assisted me. I cannot recall that my imprisonment is an end. My acquaintance is now passed with George Parsons whom I saw last, but to the kindly inquiries that follows my release I make no reply. I know I am free, I know I am free, I know I am free. I hasten to my home, stopping at the station to see the evening train, but found that without course to a place than for until late to express that that train.

Hardly preparing for the journey so much as a little of preparation for the place, but it was held in a book and not found until the return. He found his uncle dying, but arrived in time to receive his blessing and a fortune. It was because necessary for him to make a journey west, and he left immediately.

I hasten to return home and to both of the surprised tragedy, and in no time in coming to the prison to release me.

"I have telegraphed to the governor," the warden said, "and if you gentlemen will stop in and take dinner with me you may take the afternoon train for home. It will be an unusual sight," he added jocularly.

"What?" I asked. "How can we reach home tonight? There is no train to our place on Sunday."

They looked at me in astonishment.

"How long do you suppose you have been in prison?" asked the warden.

"About twenty-four hours."

"You were in the solitary forty-five minutes," was the reply.

But it was the longest day of my life.—Merchant Traveler.

One of the Worst Things.

It has been claimed by some that the Green mountain grape offered as a new variety is identical with the Winchell, an old and offered many years ago. On this point Professor W. F. Massey, of the North Carolina station, is quoted with the following statement: "A grape called Winchell was sent to us this year with the statement that it is the same grape that has been sold out as Green Mountain. We found it although the Green Mountain carried but four so far it differs widely in the opinion some of the judges from the black Muscatelle."

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN GRAPE.

The Green Mountain would probably have propagated from a single seedling found in a garden on the Green mountains in Vermont as an already of 1,000 feet. The fruit ripens late of medium size, with a compact bunch with berries a little larger than those of the Delaware, greenish white, when fully ripe, with fine and quality fine. It has been with success of as a good early white grape, bearing early in September and with shedding no and with every disease. It is claimed for the Green Mountain that the vine grows in strong or medium soil, and will do equally well in any soil where the Concord grows, and is therefore specially adapted for growth in northern localities where reliable varieties often fail or never ripen.

A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

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NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Jones, Deceased.

ELIZABETH JONES, NANCY C. JONES, [illegible] Petitioners, vs. [illegible] Jones, [illegible] Jones, [illegible] Jones,