Judge Magrath and Mr. Cohen wil

the argument will be closed by Major

which the case will go to the jury for

The jury is now locked up, and will

The general belief is that the result will

CHARLESTON, June 28 .- The proceed-

"Not Guilty."

Kershaw charged the jury on the law,

One Hundred Pennsylvanians Presen

Major Armes with a Medal.

and Magrath for the defence.

remain locked up until the verdiet is

their verdict.

manslaughter.

rendered.

Armes.

to Washington to-day:

of Wester .. emsylvania.

Farmer Turner's milk.

PITTSBURG, June 26, 1889.

Most truly yours,

JOHN F. BAIR. Treasurer.

DROWNED IN SKIMMED MILK.

Old Toddler.

The people who live in the country

roundabout Septimus Turner's farm

house, two miles from Bristol, Pa., can

not believe that Farmer Turner's grand-

wash boiler full of milk. It is a fact,

though, that Farmer Turner's 15-month-

daughter could. In fact, he had been

walking since he was ten months old.

Mrs. Turner took the child with her on

Monday, and while she attended to some

churning and other work little George

toddled around the spring house. A

After awhile Mrs. Turner was called

reach over the side, dip his fingers it

the milk, and taste it. Then he wanted

to see what it was that tasted so good,

and to do so jumped up and down by

the can, looking over the rim every

time he got his head high enough.

Then the youngster put one foot over

the edge and dipped his head in the

milk to get a drink. This was a fatal

move, for the child lost his balance and

fell headlong into the white fluid, with

his feet sticking out over the edge of

One of Mr. Turner's little daughters

came into the dairy, and seeing George's

feet up ran and tried to pull her little

nephew out, but failed. Then she

called her motther, who lifted the child

A Disappearing Pond.

Cordele, Ga., and is perhaps one of the

most wonderful natural eurosities in

the State. It annually sinks with a roar

about this time in May, and in a few

minutes every drop of water disappears.

One day last week about a dozen Corde

lians left for the pond. They carried

fishing tackle in abundance, and spent a

day and night catching any number of

the finest specimens of the finny tribe.

They met about fifty others who had

gathered at the pond to fish and wait

for the water to disappear. Where the

fishermen dropped their lines to the

depth of ten feet Thursday night there

was scarcel / a drop of ther. Saturday

morning. In a day the water and dis-

liable at any moment to sink. Only a

few weeks ago the bottom dropped out

in one place, and now only the tops of

the trees can be seen above the ground.

Every year large crowds from the sur-

rounding country gather to witness the

A Royal Betrothal.

LONDON, June 28. - Marray's Magazine

Haw Pond is seventeen miles East of

out. He was dead

glee skipped and jumped.

milk.

Little George was the pride

nition of the insight into human nature

which you displayed in forming and so

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1889.

"NEW SPRINGS OF JOY."

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Falmage, D. D.

What Caleb's Wedding Gift to His Daughter Achsah Signifles-No Life on Earth So Happy as a Really Christian Life.

"New Springs of Joy" was the subject of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's recent sermon, the text being: 'Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs"-Joshua xv. 19. The elo-

quent divine spoke as follows: The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity-a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood-bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done. Othniel comes back to claim his bride Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however a woman faint hearted herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash, and the claughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost any thing she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter, a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the descrits of Arabia. swept with some very hot winds. It was called a "south land." But Achsah wants an addition of land; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all; gives her more than she asks. She said to-him: "Though hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs." What a suggestive passage! The fact is.

daughter, a south land, so God gives to us His world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a large portion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is a "south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unappy because the painter sketches too nutely the wrinkles on her face, and she mantly cries out: "You must strike y likeness without any shadows." h, at the very height of his artistic is stung almost to death with chase the painting he had dedicated

that as Caleb, the father gave Achsah, the

Take his trumper, out of my pros-Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words: "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "O, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate only second in wealth says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridge when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no further than your street to find an illustra-

tion of what I am saying. Pick me out ten successful worldlings without any religion, and you know what I mean by successul worldlings-pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you can not find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. False your stand at two o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class-as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed everywhither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that \$50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who can not bear the burden any more, because they have only \$100,000 left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; vet at the close of his life he says:"Behold, eighty three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." O, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrow: and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb, we make this day to our Father God Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs." Blessed be God! We have more advan tages given us than we can really appre-

We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasures of religion? David, unable to describe it in words. played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describeitin language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio O, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole

one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know-angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of Heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, Heaven is his bodyguard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming. are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of Heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn out coat;"

though he may be carried out in a pine pox | that Christ died to save your soul, and that to the potter's field, to the potter's field if you want to be saved you may be saved the chariots of Christ will come down, and "Whosoever will let him come." You the calvacade will crowd all the boulevards

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." O, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! O, nether springs of comfort bursting save you, lest you should lose your soul.

through all the valleys of trial and tribulssatisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and burst ing with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poor house cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap like the hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless relig ion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin the celebrated Puritan, who, in his last moabides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." O, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live: 'Tis religion can supply

Sweetest comfort when we die. But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems, that old father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper O, God, my Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank Thee for the upper springs in Heaven.

It is very fortuate we can not see Heave until we get into it. O, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Sup pose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there, and heard the song, and looked at their raptured faces, mingled in the supernal society, we d cry out: "Let us stay! We are comwould cry out: "Let us stay! ing here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world. We are here now, let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra,

though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from be neath the altar of the temple; another at the door of the "house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs oflight! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." O, Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rain-

bowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a head ache, or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek There is spring in every foot. There is majesty in every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Poor things away down in that world." And when

some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! he is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forbodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" O, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To day,

Florence." "To-day! So soon? Iam so glad!" I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your de liverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor

is only six miles away. Jesus will condown in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not to day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory hereafter?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the

silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does garland of roses. Where there is one groan, is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the there are three doxologies Where there is soul is a mistake that can not be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as one brother put his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put his shoulder under your burden. Do I hear anyone in the audience say: "I mean to attend to that the angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, after awhile; it is not just the time?" ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" It is the time, for the simple rea-Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front son that you are sure of no other;

will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty of religion. It makes a man all right with years. Onsome of you the snow has fallen reference to the past; it makes a man all I see it on your brow, and yet you have right with reference to the future. O, these not attended to those duties which belong nether springs of comfort! They are peren- to the very springtime of life. It is Septemnial. The foundation of God standeth sure | ber with you now, it is October with you, it having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them | is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: if a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. O, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ, who comes to

On Monday morning a friend of mine birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after sunrise. I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her silent form to come in. It was a long journey to take in one week-from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia into the great eternity. What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

#### A TRAVELING MOUNTAIN. One that Might Have Saved Mohammed

the Trouble of a Journey. Such a mountain is found at the Cascade of the Columbia, Ore. It is a huge triple-peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length, where it fronts the river and rises to a height of almost 2,000

feet above the water. That it is in motion is the last thought which would be likely to suggest it-self to the mind of any one passments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow ing it; yet it is a well established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily toward the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades to the Dalles. The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountains hereabouts, long before white men came to Oregon; and the early settlers, immigrants, many of them from New England, gave the above described mountainous ridge the name of "traveling mountain," or "sliding moun-

> In its forward and downward movement the forests along the base of the ridge have become submerged in the river. Large tree stubs can be seen standing deep in the water on this shore. The railway engineers and the track men find that the line of the railroad which skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the roadbed and rails have been pushed eight or ten feet out of line in the course of a few years.

The mountain is manifestly moving upon the river, and geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the basalt which constitutes the bulk of the mountain rests on a substratum of condeep, swift current of the mighty river is is of itself yielding, at great depths, to the enormous weight of the harder material

A ship canal and a series of very expen sive locks for facilitating navigation on the Columbia have been determined on at the Cascades abreast of this ridge, and large appropriations of money from the national masonry of these structures.-Chi

## ADVICE ABOUT DOGS.

How Young Lovers Can Make Friends . With the Dreaded Bull-Dog. A good many people are bitten by dogs, when very few need be. In the first place peo-

ple should not meddle with dogs who do not know them. Every now and then somebody startles a dog by laying a strange hand upon him, pokes him with a stick or pushes him with the foot and "is bitten by a vicious dog." Why not let the dog alone? There are people with the bad nabit of

meddling with what does not concern then and there are children who have been taught no better than to touch, if they can, what ever takes their fancy. These are the people bitten by dogs. Not one in ten thousand times does a dog molest a person who minds his own business, no matter how crabbed the dog may be.

If, however, you are bound to approach and touch a dog, do it properly. There is only one way. It is this: Put out your hand easily and confidently to the dog, so that he may smell it. Put it to his nose. If he sniffs at it and wags his tail or otherwise shows friendliness then you may speak to him and pat him on the head if you like and perhaps use other familiarities; but if, when you offer your hand, the dog remains | and sullen and passive, the sooner you take your hand away the better. Never approach a strange dog with either timitidy or menace; but, as we have said, the best way is to let al strange dogs alone, and get any desired information about them from those who have the honor of their personal friendship. Our Dumb Animals.

-A good average of character is bette than a lower level of character; but a good average of character is never reached by a man who is satisfied with a good average. Only the man who persistently strives to be at a high level of conduct will reach the plane of the average well-doer. An average is made by the balance between the slips and the successes. The slips will come of themselves. The successes are a result of effort. He who aims no higher than an average, will be sure to fall below it .- S. S. Times

## Chemical Sugar.

It is generally known that chemists can produce in their laboratory from rags a substance very similar to sugar and having the same sweetening pro-The Germans are, however, hard at work trying to produce artificial sugar on a large scale, and although its production for practical purposes has not yet been realized considerable advance has been made and a step has been taken towards successful results.

Her Emil Fisher has succeeded in ob-

taining a true sugar, which is capable of undergoing alcoholic fermentation by means of yeast, just like ordinary sugar. There is only one thing wanting in this new chemical sugar which causes it around in the streets with him, a marto differ from natural sugar, and that is ried man and a father. that it is optically inactive; it will not rotate a beam of polarized light either to the right or left. They call this new sugar "acrose." Glycerine, that sheetanchor of so many recent investigations, is the starting point in the preparation of acrose, which must not be confounded Why let your tongue be consumed with with "saccharine", which is not a sugar and can never take its place as an article of diet. The discoverers of acrose are sanguine of making a perfect sugar at no distant day, and their work is watched with interest by the scientific as well as the industrial and commercial world.

## DEATH OF MRS. HAYES.

A Former Mistress of the White House

Succumbs to a Stroke of Paralysis. FREMONT, O., June 25-Mrs. Haves ied this morning at half-past six clock, after passing the night quietly. At 8 o'cleck last night she became much worse and gradually sank until the hour of her death. At the bedside were members of the family, together with Mrs. Mitchell of Columbus, a cousin of General Hayes: Mrs. Huntington, a cousin of Mrs. Hayes; Lucy Keeler, Mrs. A. H. bad. steps;" the doorkeepers of Heaven cry: and God sends you here this morning and the physicians. Mrs. Hayes will be buried Friday afternoon. the kingdom!" When he comes to die, with this message; and you must hear now will be buried Friday afternoon.

M'DOW ON TRIAL.

THE SLAYER OF CAPTAIN DAWSON BROUGHT BEFORE THE COURT.

Jury Quickly Empaneled-Strong Counsel on Each Side-The Testimony for the State and for the Defence.

The trial of Dr. Thos. B. McDow for the killing of Capt. F. W. Dawson began in the Court of General Sessions for Charleston on Monday, the 24th ult., Judge Kershaw presiding. The State was represented by Solicitor J. St. Julien Jervey and Mr. H. A. M. Smith tion! When you see, you of the world, what started from New York to celebrate her of the Charleston bar. The attorneys said she knew what was in the book, the room while his victim was alive; for the prisoner were ex-Judge A. G. Magrath and Mr. J. Barrett Cohen.

After several challenges the jury was as foreman. It was composed of five not a case for me, because the single white men and seven colored.

The testimony for the State the first day brought out little but what is already familiar to the public. Dr. M. Michel, who examined the dead body, expressed the decided opinion that the shot must have been fired from the rear -the ball entering behind the middle line of the body on the left side. The other testimony covered only the discovery of the body, McDow's surrender and some parts of the evidence at the coroner's inquest. The subsequent proceedings are given below.

CHARLESTON, June 25 .- [Special to The Register. |-The sensational denouement in the McDow murder to-day was the appearance of the Swiss maid, the moving cause of the tragedy. She was kiss. on the stand for two hours and was subjected to the most searching cross-examination, and, although forced to tell of McDow's villainy and her own shame, convinced many of the spectators of her innocence. How the colored jarors will view it is another matter.

It was noon when she took the stand immediately there was a crush forward of the dense crowd in the court room, so that the Judge, lawyers, witnesses and reporters had scarcely room to move. Several attempts were made to move the solid wall of humanity back, but without avail. Her name is Marion Durbeyon. She is

A PRETTY GIRL of exquisite form and strikingly beauti ful features; dark eyes and hair; an olive complexion, with the faintest blush of glomerate, or the soft sandstone, which the roses on the cheeks; large, lustrous eyes, which boldly looked in the face of the wearing away; or that this softer subrock examining counsel. She has a most captivating manner of making little moves and of shrugging her plump shoulders when answering questions. Attired in a close-fitting, clinging cosume of black cloth, with a tight-fitting olačk Jersey, which outlined a bust fit for a Venus, with a black chip bonnet, treasury have been made for the work by trimmed with jet and black ribben-this Congress. It remains to be seen how maid sat on the witness box for two

but the efforts to have an Court sustained defense objected ar the objection

THE SWISS MAID'S STORY Her story was drawn out by repeated frank and delivered in the most piquant and delighful of pigeon English. This is her statement, condensed: "I live in Charleston wiz Dawson family for three years. Born in Geneva and come to Amerique wiz Mees Dawson. I haf father; ees in Geneva, wiz my two brothers; one brother ees in London." She met McDow on the first of February last, in the street. Knew him . but not to speak to. He asked her

TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM to France the first time. "What did you tell him?"

"I say no, I would not lef Mees Dawson for anyzing in ze world." It seems that the acquaintance or flirtation continued from February 1st, 1889, to the day of the murder. During this time the girl admitted that she had frequently met McDow on the street and at Captain Dawson's house. He gave her flowers and a gold watch and chain,

WROTE POETRY TO HER. The burden of his talk with her was to run away with him. She knew he was married and a father, but he always said that he would get a divorce from his wife; that he had only married her for her money. His wife was a German woman, and he found it impossible to live with her any longer.

house, where the two remained in the at a time. The following is ibrary for two hours, and at another me when they met in the cook's house on Captain Dawson's premises. This was while Mrs. Dawson was away.

ON THE MORNING OF THE MURDER she met McDow in a street car by appointment. They rode up to the outskirts of the city and walked around for some time. Finally they got in Nunan street, where there was a small house occupied by a colored woman. McDow cross-examination why she entered the vard, she tried to explain that McDow told her there was a detective after them, and be desired to avoid him. On returning McDow asked her to see him that night, but she refused. She finally consented to see him in Captain Dawson's garden. She told him then that he had ruined her reputation, as her duty was to Captain Dawson's family, and not to be running

# M'DOW FOLLOWED HER

almost every day when she was coming I had my pistol in my hip pocket. from school with the children. It was always the same thing—"He wanted me to leave Charleston with him and go away." She gave him some good advice. She told him he must have patience. He was not the only man who was not happy with his wife.

SENSATIONAL CROSS-EXAMINATION. The witness was cross-examined by Judge Magrath, one of the oldest lawvers in the State, and it was during this cross-examination that the story became exciting. She remembered the first day of February, when she met McDow first, because she had written it down in her diary.

"What did you write?" "I wrote, 'I will remember dis day. "What caused you to remember it?" A MEMORABLE DAY.

"I remember it because I think it was my life: now I've taken your's"-the memorable day when a married man asked a poor girl to run with him and to have heard 125 yards away. lef her home." [Sensation.]
"What did you think of his offer?"

"I think it was very bad. If he get divorce from he's wife den dot not so down and felt his pulse. Next I dragged jury, and made a good impression. The him by his feet, so as to get his body in audience applauded when he denounced "If you considered his proposal wrong, him by his feet, so as to get his body in addicate approach and thought of McDow for sneaking around to Car why did you allow him to repeat it?"

"I don't know. It was wrong; but I calling for medical assistance; but I saw Dawson's house when he was absent. name of God to lef me alone, and will not do it.

It was pitiful to see this girl, when pushed by a question she vaguely under-stood, look around for help, and when asked a question that tended to compromise her, answer: "I don't know; l

can't tell She said she did not know what love was, and she did not love McDow. She believed he thought he loved her.

"TWIXT LOVE AND LAW." The lawyer produced a copy of Jesse Anness Miller's sensational novel, "Twixt Love and Law," and she admitted that she had lent it to him. She but could not be made to admit that the parties in the novel were in the same relation as she and McDow. In the book she said the single woman is in organized, with Mr. Arthur Middleton love with a married man; "but it was after the shooting.

> woman there, she loved the married THE KISSING ACT. There was an explosion in the court house when the venerable counsel elicited from her that McDow had kissed her twice during their liason. "Did he ever kiss you?" asked the

aged lawver. "Yes," with a move and a shrug. "How many times?" "Two times - and two times too

"Only twice?

"Yes," very pointedly. "You want some more, eh?" The counsel declined, but persisted in making her describe the kissing. It was on the occasion of the meeting in the library. She admitted that McDow had his arms around her, but there was no

intimation of anything further than the The defendant produced a carte de visite, which she acknowledged giving washed the blood from the face of the

him, and on which was written: "MARIE, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL. Nothing could be got out of the wit to take her into the house up town on the day of the murder. Her answers were perfectly frank and apparently equally innocent. She said, in answer to the question, "I don't believe he

knows himself." Asked if she thought McDow loved her, she answered: "I thought so, but not in the right way-not in an honest

When the witness was finally dismissed, it was difficult to say what impression she had made. It was altogether one of the most remarkable examinations ever held in a court room.

FACTS ESTABLISHED BY THE STATE. John H. Devereaux, Henry Oliver and Mike Hogan were examined by the State to get around to my desk and get my to establish McDow's attempt to bury Japt. Dawson's body after the shooting. The evidence on this point was overwhelming. The State, thus far, has es- who interviewed him, that he had tablished beyond question the fact of the taken the pistol killing, the fact that McDow shot Dawson in the back, and the fact that he look good for him in print, and he had tried to bury the body.
The trial will probably last two-

three days longer. CHARLESTON, June 26 .- | Special The Register.]-The horrible story of the killing of Captain Dawson was told on

questions, the answers being always the stand to-day by the only living eyewitness of the tragedy, Dr. T. B. McDow, for its fair and truthful statements. He The Curious Fate That Met a 15-Monthhis slayer. The court convened at 10 o'clock, the State having closed its testimony the day before. The defense first put up G. W. Harper, a negro coach driver, whose testimony was to the effect that

he had seen the decased enter McDow's office and four five or thereafter heard a utes This was you would take my life, now I've taken his lawyer, Judge Magrath. yours." On the cross-examination he admitted that he heard no scuffling before the pistol shot. Three or four minutes after the shot McDow appeared on the piazza of his residence and looked over to the outside of his office. He also saw an old ground-nut-cake woman peeping into McDow's office. She was run off by McDow's cook. A moment after McDow's coachman ran

back in the yard, got his hat and coat and went down the street. Then Judge Magrath put up McDow on the stand to testify. After giving the details of his age, etc., he procceded to relate the horrible details of the tragedy. His counsel would not permit him to give a connected narraive, but led him on gently with ques- rather disappointed the counsel by deny-

She saw him at Captain Dawson's tions, allowing him to answer only one MCDOW'S STATEMENT.

I was sitting in my sitting room; heard the office gong ring; went down stairs, and opened the office door. Dawson asked if this was Dr. McDow. I replied yes, and invited him in, closing the door. Dawson said: "Dr. McDow. I have just been informed that you have been guilty of ungentlemanly conduct to one of my servants." I replied: "It is untrue." Dawson said: "I give you and surgeon and at present Dean of the led her into the yard and asked the old to understand that I am responsible for woman to let them have the use of a that girl, and you must not speak to her again." I replied: I they walked out. When asked on the would speak to her as often as I demony corroborated the view of Dr. sired, until I was convinced that he had authority to prevent me. "Then,"

said Dawson, "if you do so, I will publish your conduct in the papers." "And if you do, you infernal scoundrel," I replied, "I will hold you personally responsible. Get out of my office!" that time he struck my hat off with his cane and hit me with his hand, knocking me down to the lounge. The two that while on the way to the jail blows were almost simultaneous He McDow, who was handcuffed, told him followed me up and struck me again. I to look at his hat, where Dawson's cane drew my pistol, and, rising,

FIRED AT HIM. habitually carry a pistol; have done so ever since I entered the practice of my

The counsel tried to get McDow to state that when he shot Dawson the latter was facing him, but the witness either didn't understand the object of the question, or aidn't hear it. He said all e knew was that Dawson was in front

of him when he fired. He fired the shot, he said, because he Michel was recalled, and testified anew didn't know but the next blow would hurt him seriously. After hesitating a while, he added that he thought his life was in jeopardy. Immediately after he shot him, Dawson turned and began to stagger, saying in broken language and an almost inaudible voice,

"YOU HAVE KILLED ME."

identical words that Harper is supposed Dawson, he said, fell with the back of his head to the ground. "I stood for a moment, then stooped

can't tell. Each day I ask him by de death approaching, and wondered if I could do anything to resuscitate him. He was dead, however,

speak for the defense to-morrow, and Witness characterized Dawson's manner in addressing him as arrogant and Julian Mitchell for the prosecution.

Judge Kershaw will then charge, after

domineering. The story of the horrible ATTEMPT. TO CONCEAL THE BODY.

burial and disinterment, was brought out in startling and appalling reality on the cross-examination. During its recital the slayer sat as cool and collected as if he was telling a fairy tale. He denied the statement made by him just after the tragedy that his vie tim had lived for half or three-quarters of an hour. He said he did not leave didn't remember how long he remained

there after Captain Dawson's death. He professed to have a most indistinct recollection of what took place He remembers seeing Foliceman Gordon when he rang the gong. The body was at that time in the closet. He had removed it: He had two hours they returned into Court with no difficulty in getting the body into the a verdict of "Not guilty." The ancloset. He broke the nails off and tore nouncement was received with cheers, open the door. As soon as life had left which were promptly checked by the the body he closed the windows sheriff and his deputies. The usual taking order of discharge was signed by the office, and, of his and Judge, and Dr. McDow retired amid the dead man's hat the cane, threw them in the privy. Got a | congratulations of his friends. spade and returned to the office. He picked the body up under the arms and FOR PULLING A GOVERNOR'S NOSE.

dragged it out of the office through the hallway to the closet and

PUT IT IN THE GRAVE. There were no bruises on the dead man's face when he put it in the hole. Then he tried to take the body out again, but it was too heavy. Then laid it down in his sitting room, to rest awhile. Went out and bought two candles, and then, returning, succeeded in getting the body out. He raised the body up, dragged it back, brushed the dust from the clothes,

corpse and

Then he went and fished the cane out of ness as to McDow's intention in trying the vault, washed it off and put it on the sofa. He hunted for the hat, but couldn't find it. When he had arranged everything, he went out to surrender himself. He gave as a reason for removing the body from its grave that he wanted the benefit of giving up the corpse at the same time.

McDow swore that he had the pistol in his hip pocket; had it there all day; and always carried it there. He was confronted with an interview with him, published in the Charleston World, in which he told the reporter, F. W. Miller, that "while trying to recover myself, and seeing him Dawson) in the act of aiming another blow at me with his cane, I managed pistol and fired." Being asked to explain this, McDow said it was not the truth. He had told Miller, the reporter from pocket; but Miller told him that wouldn't better say that he got the pistol from his desk. He agreed to this, and it was so published in the Charleston World. He admitted that the interview was read

over to him before it was published. He was next confronted with an interview with him, published in the same paper, thanking the paper

said that there were some errors. CALLED TO SEE THE MAID AFTER THE

KILLING. McDow admitted that he had gone to Captain Dawson's house on the evening | child, George Dwyer, was drowned in a of the shooting, but didn't send word to the family that Captain Dawson's body pistol was lying in his office. He asked for followed the governess, but she was not there; by two awful groans and by the voice of she was with Captain Dawson's children a man (meaning McDow), "As you said at dancing school, and he went off to

## . TO CONTRADICT DR. MICHEL.

The defense next Dr. Forrest, to contradict Dr. Michel's autopsy of the body. The testimony. however, was rather unintelligible to non-professional ears, the witness forming his opinion from the position of the bullet hole in the breeches of deceased. Dr. Forrest also testified that McDow had a very slight abrasion of his head on the night of the tragedy, but he

didn't think it worth attending to. W. W. Sale was the next witness. His testimony was intended to prove that the deceased was a bully and a domineering sort of man. Major E. Willis was called for the same purpose, but ing all that Sale had said.

This ended the testimony for the defense. No allusion was made during McDow's examination to his relations

with the governess. CHARLESTON, June 27 .- [Special to The Register. | - The McDow murder trial is rapidly approaching the end. The tes timony in reply offered by the State today may be briefly summed up. Dr. R. A. Kinloch, for forty years a physician Medical College of South Carolina, took Michel, who made the autopsy, that the ball had been fired from behind, and is confirmatory of the general opinion that McDow shot Captain Dawson when his back was turned and when he was leaving McDow's office.

John Hogan, the detective who took McDow from the police station to the jail on the night of the murder, testified had struck him. Then, looking down, he said: "It's bad-bad-bad; but I shot him, and would shoot him again, or any man who attempted to cane me. In reply to a question from Hogan as

to where he shot him, McDow said: "I shot to kill, and I know where to shoot to kill. My profession teaches me that." This evidence of the detective is considered important, in view of the statenent made by McDow yesterday that he did not take any aim when he fired on Dawson, and would have preferred to appeared completely. For miles around disable rather than kill him. Dr.

about the wound. The State then announced that it had no further evidence. Solicitor Jervey requested that the jury be sent to Mc-Dow's office, for the purpose of obtaining a clear idea of the scene of the murder, but McDow's counsel objected. on the ground that the jury might be Witness replied: "You tried to take unduly influenced by persons who had no proper connection with the case, announces that Prince Albert Victor, Judge Kershaw sustained the objection.

oldest son of the Prince of Wales, has been affianced to Princess Victoria of Solicitor Jervey then announced, the Prussia, sister of the Emperor of Gercase closed, and requested the court to charge the jury on certain questions of many. With this announcement the mlaw. He then proceeded to address the formation is given that the Queen will Prince a marriage settlement, iament will not be asked to ovision for him.

disappearance.

HE MUST BE MAD. Mr. Jervey spoke for two hours

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN MAKES LOVE TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Says He is Insane.

She Refuses to Speak to Him and He Kills Her in the Presence of Her Brothers-He Gives Himself Up, and

NO. 30.

MEDINA, N. Y:, June 25,-Last night about .8 o'clock at the little village of Oak Orchard, six miles North of Medina. be a mistrial, though it is possible that the prisoner may be found guilty of Eugene Emery, a farm laborer, 40 years of age, murdered Cora Grimes, the 13year-old daughter of John Grimes, a ings in the McDow trial to day consisted well-to-do-farmer. Emery had fallen only of the arguments of Messrs. Cohen in love with Cora, and had of late continued to force his attentions upon her, Charleston, June 29.—The argument much against her wishes and those of in the McDow case was closed by Julean her parents Last evening, when the Mitchell, Esq., for the State. Judge girl's parents were away and the only occupants of Grimes's residence were Cora and two small brothers, Emery entered and made a last appeal to her for her love. She would not speak to him and he left the horse and returned shortly armed with a heavy club, and attacked the defenseless child. She eried out for help, but the man did not cease his blows until his victim lay dead at his feet. The little brothers looked on in horror. After the murderer had, left

the house they ran for the neighbors, who immediately summoned the parents The police at Medina were notified, and arrived as soon as possible with PITTSBURG, June 26. -- A number Coroner Munson of Medina. When the individuals of this community neighbors arrived at the scene of the firmly believe that they have ex crime, the poor girl's body lay on the pressed their disapprobation of Goverfloor bathed in blood. The surrounding nor Beaver in a manner that cannot but country was scoured for the murderer impress that gentleman with a sense of all last night, but nothing of him could their displeasure. About the time that be found. This morning, about 6 o'clock there was considerable talk in this vihowever, he gave himself up to the pocinity concerning the Executive's alleged lice at Gaines, from whence he was tardiness in looking after the Johnstown immediately taken to Albion, and placed

sufferers, John F. Bair, of the Wheeling under the custody of Sheriff Searles. Soap Company, started a subscription Emery is very communicative and is to secure a medal for Major George A. willing to tell all he knows. He is of medium height, slight build, and dark Amounts ranging from five to fifty complexion. He says he saw the men cents were received until enough was hunting for him with lauterns, but he raised to purchase a bandsome gold evaded them. Had he been found, he medal, on which is engraved the followwould undoubtedly have been lynched. ing inscription: "Presented to Major Speaking of the murdered girl he said: George A. Armes by one hundred sub-"She was the sweetest girl I ever scribers, in approval of his pulling Gov-ernor Beaver's nose." This medal, with knew, but she was ugly to me, and that

is why I killed her." After the nist the accompanying letter, was forwarded blow, he says, she put her hand to her head and said: "Oh, don't." He said he struck her twice more and then Major George A. Armes, Washington, started North and East, through the woods and fields, till he came to the DEAR SIR: We have the honor to forrailroad, which he followed to Clark's ward to you by this mail a gold medal, Mills bridge, when he took the road to purchased from a popular subscription Gaines village. of one hundred of our citizens, in recog-The neighbors have expressed grave doubts as to his sanity for some time

forcibly expressing, so early as March came to Albion for the purpose of having the Sheriff take him to the But-14, an opinion of our alleged Governor. James A. Beaver, which we, in common falo Insane Asylum, but was afraid that with the rest of humanity, only arrived the Sheriff would laugh at him, and at some three months later. Your action thought the physicians would do the was, of course, intended simply to show same if he said anything about it. your supreme contempt for the indi-In his cell at the County jail Emery vidual, and we can assure you that it is smared by a common my of the citizens appears much depressed. it was better than lying in the woods or

past. He says that on Saturday last he

swamps for two or three weeks. He said he had not been feeling well for three or four weeks and had been troubled with pains in his head and neart. He says that he has lived in Orleans County all his life and has a mother and seven brothers.

\_\_\_\_\_ THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER.

Latest Estimate of the Number of Lives

Johnstown, Pa., June 28.—The timeseepers in the Cambria office estimate old grandchild was found drowned, and that from 400 to 500 of their workmen in the Gautier and Cambria Iron-Works that he was drowned in a boiler full of were lost. Counting the women and children dependent upon them, they put ner's farm, he being the kind old farmtheir loss of people at 2,000. They estier's youngest grandchild. The youngmate the entire loss of life at 10,000. ster, only fifteen months old, was Mr. Haws, a fire brick manufacturer, stronger than most infants at that thinks this guess is about right. He age and could romp among the daisy believes at least 500 strangers were in

patches as well as Farmer Turner's town at the time of the flood. About 200 deposit books of the Johns town savings bank are reported lost by depositors or their heirs. There were her regular morning trip to the dairy \$774,000 on deposit, and much of this is the property of people having no heirs. The Fourteenth Regiment will be paid this afternoon, and, with the exception big wash boiler of skimmed milk was of three companies, will leave to-mordrawn off in a churn and placed on the row. They have about 500 men, and floor, around which the child in boyish the pay roll will amount to \$20,000.

BROKE HIS NECK DIVING.

to the barn and went there, leaving the boy to play with the boiler filled with A Remarkable Surgical Case in a New When he was alone Georgie York Hospital. quieted and every few seconds would

New York, June 27:- There is a remarkable surgical case in St. Vincent's Hospital. Patrick McConry, a 16-yearold boy, while diving into the river at the foot of Horatio street yesterday, struck his head against the bottom in a shallow spot, and broke his neck at the fitth cervical vetebrae. His companions fished him out of the water, and an imbulance took him to the hospital, and he is still alive, though the whole of is body below the neek is paralyzed. The surgeon in charge of the case says: He complains a little of the pain in his neck, but his body is perfectly insensible. The neck was broken at the fifth ervical vertebrae. He was conscious when he was brought here yesterday and has been conscious ever since, though he was dazed when he first broke his neck. The respiratory nerves and the sensory nerves of the upper portion are still active. The pain is not evere, and it is quite possible that he may survive some time. I treated the fracture by extension, and shall put the neek in a plaster cast. Extension is bringing the muscles into their proper position by stretching.

A Tomato Trust to be Formed. The very latest of all business combinations is a tomato trust, which is about to be formed by the packers of Bridgeton, N. J. This little city puts up in tin cans about one-third of the enire tomato crop of New Jersey every season, and the packers have come to the conclusion that they can secure bet-

ing. An association will accordingly b the ground is said to be unstable, and formed within a week or two, Niatory steps having already been taken. The association will regulate the price for raw material, and also the price to be paid for canned tomatoes by the

er results from their work by combin-

A Discouraging Report.

The report of Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian who crossed Greenland last year near the latitude of the Arctic Circle, will hardly encourage further exploraion there. He found the country simply one immense sheet of rugged ice, with out animal or vegetable life. The land is elevated, his route once taking him to an altitude of 12,000 feet. The thermometer on one occasion recorded 90 degrees below zero.