AT THE TABERNACLE

DR. TALMAGE DELIVERS A SEASONA BLE SERMON ON BIRDS

This is Pre-eminently the Month to Consider the Ministry of Nature-How the Sougs of the Various Birds Show Forth the Family

BROOKLYN, June 25 .- Rev. Dr Talmage this morning chose for the subject of his sermon "The Songs of Birds." This, like many of his sermons, is suited to the season of the year in which it is preached. It is well fitted to be read under the trees and has in it the health of outdoor life. habitation, which sing among the branches."

There is an important and improving subject to which most people have given no thought, and concerning the Lord only can impart to you, my which this is the first pulpit discussion -namely, "The Son of Birds." If all that has been written concerning muic by human voice or about music sounded on instrument by finger or and bassos and baritones and sopranos breath were put together, volume by whose brilliancy in concert halls has the side of volume, it would fill a hundred alcoves of the national libraries. debaucheries. But there is a kind of But about the song of birds there is song which, like, the song of birds, is as much silence as though a thousand divinely fashioned. Songs of pardon. years ago the last lark had with his Songs of divine comfort. Songs of wing swept the door latch of heaven, worship. "Songs in the night" like and as though never a whippoorwill those which David and Job mentioned. had sung its lullaby to a slumbering Songs full of faith and tenderness and forest at nightfall. We give a passing smile to the call of a bobolink or the chirp of a canary, but about the origin, Songs of a broken heart being healed. about the fiber, about the meaning, Songs of the dying flashed upon by about the mirth, about the pathos, opening portals of amethyst. Songs about the inspiration, about the re- like that which Paul commended to ligion in the song of birds, the most of the Colossians when he said, "Admonus are either ignorant or indifferent. ish is one another in psalms and hymns A caveat I this morning file in the and spiritual songs, singing with high court of heaven against that al- grace in your hearts to the Lord." most universal irreligion.

FEATHERED CHOIRS.

First-I remark that which surprise many, that the song of birds is a regulated and systematic song, capable of being written out in note are apt to think that the sounds are sobbed out, "Oh, Christ!" extemporized, the rising or falling tone is a mere accident, it is flung up and down by haphazard, the bird did The musician never put on the music predetermined rendering.

The oratorios, the chants, the carols, lads, the canticles, that this morning sing amid such perils? Besides that, daughter. The oriole has a loud song. were heard or will this evening be heard in the forest have rolled down through the ages without a variation. Even the chipmunk's song was ordained clear back in the eternities. At the gates of paradise it sang in sounds like the syllables "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" just as this morning in a Long Island orchard it sang "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" The thrush of the creation uttered sounds like the word "Teacher!" "Teacher!" "Teacher!" as now it utters sounds like "Teacher!" Teacher!" "Teacher!" In the summer of the year 1 the yellowhammer trilled that which sounded like the word "If" "If" "If" as in this summer it trills "If?" "If?" "It!" The Marvland the vellowthroat inherits and bequeaths the tune sounding like the words "Pity me, pity me, pity me!" The white sparrow's "Tseep," tseep," woke our great-grandfathers as it will awaken our great-grandchildren. The "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the birds in the first century was the same as the "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the nine teenth century.

The goldfinch has for 6,000 years been singing "De-ree dee-ee-ree." But that has it the hardest sings the these sounds, which we put in harsh sweetest. The lark from the shape of words, they put in cadences, rhythmic, her claws may not perch on a tree. In soulful and enrapturing. Now, if the grass her nest is exposed to every there is this order and systematization | hoof that passes. One of the poorest and rhythm all through God's crea- shelters of all the earth is the lark's tion, does it not imply that we should have the same characteristics in the pect her to render the saddest of music we make or try to make? Is it threnodies. No, no she sings exultnot a wickedness that so many parents | ingly an hour without a pause and give no opportunity for the culture of mounting 3,000 feet without losing a their children in the art of sweet note. Would God we all might learn sound? If God stoops to educate the lesson. Whatever perils, whatevery bluebird, oriole and grosbeak in ever bereavements, whatever trials are song, how can parents be soundifferent yet to come, sing-sing with all your about the musical development of the heart and sing with all your lungs. immortals in their household? While If you wait until all the hawks of God will accept our attempts to sing, trouble have folded their wings and though it be only a hum or a drone, all the hunters of hate have unloaded if we can do no better, what a shame their guns and all the hurricanes of that in this last decree of the nine- disaster have spent their fury, you will teenth century, when so many orches never sing at all. David, the pursued tral batons are waving, and so many of Absalom, and the betrayed of scademies of music are in full concert, Ahithophel, and the depleted of sores ransacks our entire nature with a holy ately on leaving one's bed. This is foland so many skilled men and women that ran in the night," presents us the are waiting to offer instruction, there best songs of the Bible. John Milton, in the nursery or by the family hearth are so many people who cannot sing not able to see his hand before his with any confidence in the house of face, sings for us the most famous God, because they have had no culture poem of all literature, and some of in this sacred art, or while they are the most cheerful people I have ever able to sing a fantasia at a piano met have been Christian people under many of you will go out pass days or elaborate curry, in the preparation control in the country. Research have amid the fluttering fans of social adphysical or domestic or public tormirers nevertheless feel utterly help-ment. The songs of Charles Wesley you treat the birds. Remember they less when in church the surges of an which we now calmly sing in church are God's favorites, and if you offend "Ariel" or an "Antioch" roll over we'e composed by him between mobs. them you offend him. He is so fond them! The old fashioned country singing school, now much derided and caricatured-and indeed somesign into the culture of the soft emotions rather than the voice-neverthe- goldfinch joyous, and the grosbeak auditor-the Lord God Almighty. less did admirable work, and in our prolonged of note. But the libretto He builded those auditoriums of leaves churches we need singing schools to of nature is voluminous. Are you sad, and sky and supports all that infinite fore, of embarras de richesses. prepare our Sabbath audiences for you can hear from the bowers the echo minstrelsy for himself alone. Be prompt and spontaneous and multipo- of your grief. Are you glad, you can careful how you treat his favorite In the first place it is quite possible, in did not testify ought not to influence tent psalmody. This world needs to be stormed with halleluiahs. We will plunge you into deeper maks. From hearing a blind beggar sing Martin Luther went home at 40 sing Martin Luther went hom years of age to write his first hymn. birds are administrative in all circumthey be young ones or eggs, thou in the autumn I hope to have a constances. And we would do well to shalt not take the dam with the young,

as a hundredfold of more volume to sacred maraic

THE DIVINEMELODY. Further, I notice in the song of birds that it is a divinely taught song. The rarest prima donna of all earth could not teach the robin one musical note. A kingfisher flying over the roof of a temple a-quake with harmonies would not catch up one melody. From the time that the first bird's throat was fashioned on the banks of the Gibon and Hiddekel until to-day on the Hudson or Rhine, the winged creature has learned nothing from the human race in the way of carol or anthem. The feathered songsters learned all their music direct from God. . He gave them the art in Text, Psalms civ. 12, "By them shall a nest of straw or moss or sticks and the fowls of the heaven have their taught them how to lift that song into the higher heavens and sprinkle the earth with its dulcet enchantments. God fashioned, God tuned, God launched, God lifted music!

And there is a kind of music that

hearer. There have been deprayed, reprobate and blasphemous souls which could sing till great auditoriums were in raptures. There have been soloists has not been more famous than their prayer like those which the Christian mother sings over the sick cradle. Songs like Moses sang after the tragedy of the Red sea. Songs like Deborah and Barak at the overthrow of Sisera. Songs like Isaiah heard the redeemed sing as they came to Zion. Oh. God, teach us that kind of song which thou only canst teach and and staff and bar and clef as much as help us to sing it on earth and sing it anything that Wegner or Schumann in heaven. It was the highest result or Handel ever put on paper. As we of sweet sound when under the playpass the grove where the flocks are ing of Paganni one auditor exclaimed holding matin or vesper service, we reverently, "Oh, God!" and another

THE SONGS OF HOPE.

Further, I remark in regard to the song of birds that it is trustful and when upon her come the cares not care whether it was a long meter without any fear of what may yet motherhood, and the agenies of pealm or a madrigal. What a mistake! come. Will you tell me how it is beyeavement, and the brutal treatment rack before him Mendelssohn's chickadee, to sing so sweetly when that he would cherish and protect. "Blish" or Beethoven's "Concerto" they may any time be pounced on by Do not waste the best hour for makin G or Sophr's B flat symphony with a hawk and torn wing from wing? ing an impression upon your little one, more definite idea as to what he was There are cruel beaks in thicket and the hour of dusk the beach between doing than every bird that can sing at in sky ready to slay the song birds. the day and the night. Sing not a all confines himself to accurate and Herods on the wing. Modocs of the doleful song, but a suggestive song, a the overtures, the interludes, the bal. down the heavens. How can the birds in the eternal destiny of your son and supper. Would it not be better to or long or short, be a Christian song. gather its food for the day before are abroad. Bang! goes a gun in one where you were born will go into the direction. Bang! goes a gun in an- hands of strangers. The garments tract the shot and add to the peril. cloud, and there may be hurricane one of the family. The lock of gray and hail to be let loose, and what then hair may be lost from the locket, and may be smitten down before its gets to the tropics. Have you never seen the snow strewn with the birds belated in their migration? The titmouse mingles its voice with the snowstorms as Emerson describes the little thing he found

> in tempestuous January: Here was this atom in full breath Hurling defiance at vast death: This scrap of valor just for play

Fronts the north wind in waistcoat gray. For every bird a thousand perils and disasters hovering and sweeping round and round. Yet there it sings, and it is a trustful song. The bird nest. If she sing at all, you will ex-

THE VOICE OF MANY MOODS.

ful possibilities.

SONGS OF FAMILY LIFE. Further. I notice that the song of pirds is a family song. Even those of the feathered throng which have no song at all make what utterances they do in sounds of their own family of birds. The hoot of the owl; the clatter of the magpie, the crow of the chanticleer, the drumming of the rouse, the laugh of the loon in the dirondacks, the cackle of the hen. the scream of the eagle, the croak of the raven, are sounds belonging to each particular family, but when you come to those which have real songs, how suggestive that it is always family song! All the skylarks, all the nightingales, all the goldfinches, all the blackbirds, all the cuckoos prefer the song of their own family and

never sing anything else. So the most deeply impressive songs we ever sing are family songs. They have come down from generation to generation. You were sung to sleep in your infancy and childhood by songs that will sing in your soul forever. Where was it, my brother or sister, that you heard the family song on the banks of the Ohio, or the Alabama, or the Androscoggin, or the Connecticut, or the Tweed, or the Raritan? That song at eventide, when you were tired out-indeed too tired to sleep, and you cried with leg ache and you were rocked and sung to sleep -vou hear it now, the soft voice from weet lips, she as tired, perhaps more tired than you, but she rocked and you slumbered. Oh, those family songs!

The songs that father sang, that nother sang, that sisters and brother something of Christ and heaven. It is the cathedral of nature That temptation.

Better have it in something that will people. help that daughter 30 years from now the pulpit. Again the Jorde possible for that wren, that sparrow, of one who swore before high heaven sky. Assassing armed with iron claw. Christian song, a song you will not be Murderers of song floating up and ashamed to meet when it comes to you how is the bird sure to get its food? and the chewink a long song, and the Millions of birds have been starved. bluebird a short song, but it is always Yet it sings in the dawn without any a family song, and let your gloaming certainty of breakfast or dinner or song to your children, whether loud

These family songs are about all we vocalizing? Besides that, the hunters keep of the old homestead. The house other direction. The song will at that were carefully kept as relics will tract the shot and add to the peril. become moth eaten. The family Besides that, yonder is a thunder-Bible can go into the possession of only will become of you, the poor warbler? in a few years all signs and mementos Besides that, winter will come, and it of the old homestead will be gone forever. But the family songs, those that we heard at 2 years of age, at 5 years of age, at 10 years of age, will be indestructible, and at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 years of age will give us a mighty boost over some rough place in the path of our pilgrimage.

THE CAPTIVES' SONG.

Many years ago a group of white children were captured and carried off by the Indians. Years after a mother had lost two children in that capture went among the Indians, and there were many white children in line, but so long a time had passed the mother could not tell which were hers until she began to sing the old nursery song. and her two children immediately rushed up, shouting, "Mamma! Mamma!" Yes, there is an immortality in a nursery song. Hear it, all the mothers-an immortality of power to rescue and save.

What an occasion that must have been in Washington Dec. 17, 1850. when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet, Home." the author of those words, John Howard Payne, seated before her! She had rendered her other favorite songs, "Casta Diva' and her "Flute Song," with fine effect, but when she struck "Home, Sweet Home" John Howard Payne rose under the nower, and President Fillmore and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and the whole audience rose with him. Anything connected with home roll on after the lips that sung them are forever silent and the ears that

of their voices that there are forests the guest has to select the materials where for a hundred miles no human which, together with the rice upon the as to the effect of defendant's conduct are looking fine and growing rapidly. Further, in the sky galleries there foot has ever trod and no human car soup plate before him, are to constitute and statements. They were not to are songs adapted to all moods. The has ever listened. Those interminable his curry. It is also to as well know meadow lark is mournful, and the forests are concert halls with only one

righteousness, there must be added a power of song. The multitudinous bundredfold of more harmony as well utterances of grove and orehard and frighten the winged songsters into si.

garden and forest suggest most delight- lence or flight, and put on your more sober attire and move noiselessly into the woods, farther from the main road, and have no conversation, for many a concert in and out of doors has been ruined by persistent talkers, and then sit down on a mossy bank .-

Where a wild stream with headlong shock Comes brawling down a bed of rock.

And after perhaps a half an hour of intense solitude there will be a tap of a beak on a tree branch far up sounding like the tap of a musical baton, and then first there will be a solo' followed by a duet or quartet and afterwards by doxologies in all the tree tops and charge of murdering her father and amid all the branches, and if you have her stepmother. a Bible along with you, and you can without rustling the leaves turn to the one hadred and forty-eighth Psalm He again recurred to his theory of David and read, "Praise the Lord, quietly to my text and read, "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have the branches," or if under the power of the bird voices you are transported, as when Dr. Worgan played so powerfully on the organ at St. John's that Richard Cecil said he was in such whether you hear his voice from the one of his blumed creatures.

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES. While this summer more than usual sang. They roll on us today with a out of doors let us have what my text reminiscence that fills the throat as suggests -an out of doors religion. well as the heart with emotion. In What business had David, with all our house in my childhood it was the advantages of a costly religeous always a religious song. I do not service and smoking incense on the think that the old folks knew anything altar, to be listening to the chantresses but religious songs. At any rate I among the tree branches? Ah he never heard them sing anything else. wanted to make himself and all who It was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or should come after him more alert and 'Rock of Ages," or "There Is a Foun- more worshipful amid the sweet sounds tain Filled With Blood," or "Mary to and beautiful sights of the natural the Saviour's Tomb." Mothers, be world. There is an old church that careful what you sing your children needs to be dedicated. It is older to sleep with. Let it be nothing than St. Paul's or St. Peter's or St. frivolous or silly. Better have in it Mark's or St. Sophia's or St. Isaac's.

Better have in it something that will is the church in which the services of help that boy 30 years from now to the millennium will be held. The bear up under the bombardment of buildings fashioned out of stone and brick and mortar will not hold the Again the Mount of Olives will be

> haptistry. Again the mountains will be the galleries. Again the skies wil be the blue ceiling. Again the sunrise will be the front door and the sunset the back door of that temple. 'Again the clouds will be the upofstery and the morning mist the incence. Again the trees will be the organ loft where "the fowls of heaven have their habitation which sing among the branches." Saint Francis d'Assisi preached a sermon to birds

and pronounced a benediction upon

them, but all birds preach to us, and

their benediction is almost supernal. While this summer amid the works of God let us learn responsiveness. Surely if we cannot sing we can hum a tune, and if we cannot hum a tune we can whistle. If we cannot be an oriole, we can be a quail. In some way let us demonstrate our gratitude to God. Let us not be beaten by the chimney swallow and the huming bird and the brown thrasher. Let us try to set everything in our life to music, and if we cannot give the carol of the song sparrow take the plaint of the hermit thrush. Let our life be an anthem of worship to the God who created us and the Christ who ransomed us and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies us. And our last songmay it be our best song! The swan

sing except when dying. In the time of Edward IV no one was allowed to own a swan except he were a king's son or had considerable estate. Though one or two hundred years of life that bird was said never to utter anything like music until its last moment came, and then lifting its crested beauty it would pour forth a song of almost matchless thrill resounding through the groves. And so, although the struggles of life may be too much for us, and we may find it hard to sing at all when the last hour comes to you and me, may there be a radiance from above and a glory settling round that shall enable us to utter a song on the wings of which we shall mount to where the music never

was thought by the ancients never to

ceases and the raptures never die. "What is that, mother?" "The swan my love He is floating down from his native grove. No loved one, no nestling nigh-

He is floating down by himself to die. Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings. Live so, my child, that when death shall come. Swanlike and sweet, it may waft thee home!"

It Is the First Substantial Meal of the

In Java, as in most really warm countries, it is customary to rise early and to take a cup of tea or coffee, together with a biscuit and some fruit, immedilowed by a more substantial breakfast; served at half-past twelve and is the equivalent of the French dejeuner a la fourchette or the Anglo-Indian tiffin. first heard them forever cease to hear. This meal is called rice table frys-

The peculiarity of the rice table consists in the number and variety of dishes presented. From these dishes beforehand that one is not required to lunch solely on carry, but that the rice table is succeeded by courses of ordi-nary luncheon dishes. It is a case, there-

There are two dangers to be avoided sented singly, to may nothing of an oc-te youal tray containing a separate ing is easier than, after saying "Nein" to a succession of frivolous compounds to dismiss the one solid and palatable gregational singing school here during the week, which shall prepare the people for the songs of the kely Sabinto peace and rouse your joys into greater altitudes. Upon every condition that the peace and songlet upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. Upon every condition to peace and rouse your joys into the church of God univergreater altitudes. sal is going to take this world for tion of body and soul let us try the go forth and attend the minestrelsy. beefsteak or for any of the other solid

LIZZIE BORDEN GOES FREE

ACQUITTED BY A JURY OF HER COUN-TRYMEN The Atrocious Murder of Mr. and Mrs

Borden Still Enshrouded in Mystery -Closing Scenes of the Great NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 20.

Miss Lizzie Borden breathes the air freedom again. A jury of her countrymen has pronounced her innocent of the horrible

The district atterney resumed his argument at 9 flows this morning. motive for the murder as shown beasts and all cattle, creeping things the relations between Lizzie Borden and flying fowls," and then turn over and her stepmother, from which he said: "We can suspect even the malice existing. I have called their habitation, which sing among attention to the way in which they lived under the same roof. It impressed me deeply, as I am sure it did you, The malice was all before the fact. The wickedness, the ingratitude had gone on under that roof for many. blessed bewilderment he could not many months. Because the lips of find in his Bible the first chapter of those who do know are sealed in Isaiah, though he leafed the book over death, we don't know but that some and over, and you shall be so overcome new phase had come up in the family with forest harmony that you cannot life, adding to the feeling of malice find the Psalme of David. Never and jealousy existing in this woman mind, for God will speak to you so No strggestion could be made by that mightily it will make no difference poor man in favor of his wife but would fan the flames into unquenchprinted page or the vibrating throat of able fire. There may be that in this case which shows that Lizzie Andrew Borden did not plan to kill her father: and I hope so. But it was not Lizzie

Andrew Borden who came down those stairs to meet her father, but a murderess transformed from the ties of affection to the most consumate cruelty ever known. She came down to meet that stern old man who loved his daughter, but who also loved his wife. and the one man above all who would know who killed his wife; and when she came down stairs, she came to meet her nemesis. He knew too much of the family relations, and she did not dare to let him live. When she came down stairs it was her father she met, but it was also the husband of the stepmother she had hated. There was no escape from the crime but to complete the bloody work. The second murder was not planned, but was done as a wicked and fearful ne- to the station, where she took the got beyond their depth and would cessity. And I say this to relieve my train for Fall River, her home no

Mr Knowlton then analyzed the testimony as to what went on in the Borden house during the short time between Andrew Borden's arrival at the home and Lizzie's announcement of the murder. The story of Lizzie ironing clothes he discredits, and the visit to-the-barn alibi he said would not stand. Officer Medley's story, which went to show that nobody had been in the barn, Mr Knowlton held

The prisoner watched Mr Knowlton fixedly during his argument. He declared the silk dress produced by de fendant was not the dress worn at the time of the murder as shown by Mrs. Churchill, Doherty and Dr Bowen. The search the day of the murder was insufficient, but put the defendant on her guard, and Saturday's thorough search failed to disclose the dress: therefore he claimed it was concealed. A paper would have protected the dewas found in the stove. The two age. versions of the burning of the defendant's dress were irreconcilable.

Defendant's conduct since that time was discussed, and Mrs Regan's story was declared to be true. The production of the hatchet was no part of the government's case, but it was part | where the plant is sickly and lousy, will of its duty to produce all it knew be abandoned. In parts of Orangebearing on the case.

the evidence as to the handleless County report cotton beginning to put hatchet, and discussed its bearing on on fruit. the case, dwelling on the significance of its fitting the wounds and being and wheat are encouraging from all broken short, as if by design. Mr Knowlton briefly but powerful-

v summarised his entire argument. was confined to Greenville, Lexington claimed that the defense amounted to nothing, and closed at 12:05 with an Berkeley, and Beaufort. This storm eloquent appeal to the jury to decide blew down considerable corn, washed as their consciences should direct. The lands, tangled uncut grain, spoiled court then took a recess. At 1:40 the court resumed its ses-

sion, and the defendant was given an opportunity to speak. She said: "I am innocent, but I will leave my case in your hands and with my counsel." Judge Dewey then charged the jury. years. He told them to disregard previous

hearings, and defined the different de- work and may receive some damage grees of murder. He stated the pre- by plowing after standing so long sumption of innocence, which was in- without. Darlington County reports i creased with defendant's character, as tasseling and silking in many motive. Judge Dewey charged the County. jury to weigh the evidence so as to see | Fruit-Graps, berries and melons whether defendant's permanent state are generally reported as looking fine, of mind showed a motive for the and a large crop. Some peaches are crimes. Every material allegation in rotting, but from reports they are an the indictment must be proved beyond early variety Peas and plums are good moral certainty. He compared the in Colleton County on the 14th direct and circumstantial evidence. Marlborough County says apples and and said that failure to prove an essen peaches are best in years. but the first really serious meal is tial fact would be fatal, but failure to Peas -- A large amount of stubble prove a helpful fact might not be. land is being sowed in peas in al Lizzie's statements about the note localities. were discussed at length, and he said they must be satisfied they were false. County. Orangeburg County reports Every fact proved must be reasonably potatoes splendid and vines being transment did not show that anybody else had the opportunity to commit the crime, but must prove the defendant committed it. The jury must reason conclude by expert testimony, but were to apply to it reasonable judgment. They may convict, if satisfied the act was done by another party, Terrible Fate of an Oil Well Shooter in Penbut that defendant was present aiding and abetting. The fact that defendant

them against her. The justice concluded his charge to the jury at 3:15.

The jury filed into their seats at 4:30 p. m., and were polled. Miss Borden was asked to stand up, and the foreman was asked to return a Guffey Station, a wheel struck a large verdict, upon which he announced stone and the wagon was overturned. "Not guilty."

been decorous and in keeping with the around and the people in the vicinity dignity of the most dignified court in were severely shocked.

the country. But when the verdict of "Not guilty" was returned, a cheer went up which might have been heard half a mile away through open windows, and there was no attempt to check it. The stately judges looked straight ahead at the bare walls. Sheriff Wright was powerless to wield the gavel which lies ready for his use. and not once during the tremendous

excitement, which lasted fully a minute, did he make the slight sign of having heard it He never saw the people rising in their seats and waving their handkerchiefs in unison with their voices, because his eyes were full of tears and completely blinded for

Miss Borden's head went down upon the rail in front of her, and tears came where they had refused to come for many a long day, as she heard the sweetest words ever poured into her willing ears, the words Not your guilty."

Mr Jennings was almost crying. and his voice broke as he put his hand out to Mr Adams, who sat next to him and said: "Thank God!" while Adams returned the pressure of the hand and seemed incapable of speech.

After the verdict had been received the district attorney moved that the other case against Miss Borden be nolle prossed, and the order of the court was to that effect.

Chief Justice Mason then gracefully hanked the jurors in appreciation of their work and faithful service, and reminded them that the precautions taken with them, which may have seemed irksome at the time, were solely in the interest of justice-a fact which they undoubtedly realized now The jury was then dismissed.

Governor Robinson turned to the rapidly dissolving jury as they filed out of their seats and beamed on them with fatherly interest in his kindly eyes, and stood up as Mr Knowlton and Mr Moody came over to shake hands with the counsel for A BRAVE YOUNG GIRL PERFORMS A

As soon as possible the room was cleared When the spectators had finally gone Miss Borden was taken to the room of the justices and allowed to recover her composure, with only the eyes of friends upon her and the caresses of devoted admirers.

WEATHER CROP BULLETIN.

Showing the Condition of the Crops in South

The following is the weather crop bulletin for the week ending Monday, June 19, issued by Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture for this State:

Cotton has had -but little growth this week on account of the excessive rains and lack of sunshine.

In some localities the land has been badly washed and considerable dam age to the crop resulted. This state of affairs has allowed lice to propagate freely, and with the rapid progress made by grass, hot dry weather will be required the coming week to check | chair, a revolver in each hand, placed fendant's person, and a burnt paper injury in time to avert serious dam-

While the rains have been less excessive in the Piedmont region than else where, their evil effect has been greater than in the coast counties.

Some fields in Barnwell County burg County the prospect is reported Mr Knowlton reviewed at length as the poorest in years. Pickens

Corn and wheat.-Reports of corn counties except where damaged by the storm of the 15th and 16th, which Sumter, Williamsburg, Chesterfield grain on shock and overflowed botton

Wheat is harvested in many sections. and threshing going on; the grains i excellent and vield good. Some coun ties report the best crop in several

Corn is pretty generally suffering for There must be a real and operative places; it is mostly laid by in Colleton

reasonable doubt-that is, to a Some watermelons were reported rine

Tobacco.-Tobacco looks well

Darlington County. Gardens .- From all sections roports of gardens are to the effect that they Labor. Except in Aiken County labor is abundant.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 23.—Early this morning Andy Muldoon, an oil well shooter, was on his way to Goffey to shoot a well. He had two hundred quarts of glycerine in his wagon, and while coming down a steep hill into Nothing was found of Muldoon or the The closing scenes in the trial were horses but a few small pieces of flesh in direct contrast with those which were scattered through the woods.

had proceeded it. Heretofore all had The shock was felt for fifteen miles

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for Infants and Children. HIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing

It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

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OUR NEW 1893 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DARING DEED.

Miss Mamie Bacot, Aged Sixteen, Rescue Mrs. Phinizy and Her Child from Drowning.

BEAUFORT, June 23 .- Yesterday while Mrs Leonard Phinizy, of Augusta, and her little son were bathing At the expiration of an hour she in the river directly in front of the was placed in a carriage and driven Sea Island Hotel, of Beaufort, they mind of the dreadful feeling that there longer, probably, but still the only have drowned, for they had gone is a deliberate parricide in the world. Objective point for the immediate under the second time, had not Miss of G. Cuthbert Bacot, gone to their rescue. Mamie had just commenced disrobing for a bath when she heard Mrs Phinizy gasping for breath. Without waiting for anything she sprang into the river with her clothes on and came very near going under too, for her dress skirt, which she had previously unfastened, became entangled round her feet and it was only by a desperate effort that she got rid of it and swam

> It was a noble act and Beaufort is very proud of Miss Mamie

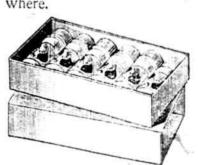
out and rescued Mrs Phinizy and her

Suicide With Two Pistols

LONG BRANCH, N. J., June 21.-Louis Dreyfus, a wealthy merchant of this place, committed suicide today. He selected the revolvers from the stock in his store, seated himself in a a pistol on each side of his head, pulled both triggers and put the bullet in his brain. No adequate reason can be

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Ripans Tabules act gently st symptom of indigestion. iliousness, dizziness, distress atter eating, or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

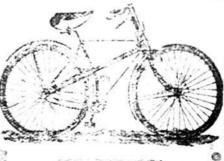
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