WITH SKULLS AND HATCHETS.

EXPERTS TESTIFY AT LIZZIE BORDEN'S TRIAL.

They Fit the Clawhammer and Hoodoo Hatchets Into the Wounds in the Skulls of the Murdered Man and Woman and Say that the Blows Were Delivered Chopping Fashion—They Agree that Mrs. Borden's Assailant Stood Astride the Body—The Blood Spot on Lizzie Borden's Skirt—Points for and Against the Prisoner.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 13.—If Lizzie Borden is guilty the fact will be found out with a microscope and whatever instruments are used for measuring pin points. To-day the most important witnesses for the Government were sworn and then it was seen that a human hair is as thick as a club alongside of the proofs on which it is hoped she may be hanged. The medical experts reached their findings with microscopes and announced them as infinitesimal fractions. The blood spot on Lizzie Borden's white petticoat was declared to be equal in diameter to one three-thousandth part of an inch. The blood spot was the only physical thing that seemed to connect her with the crime, and it is sworn to as the size of the head of a very small pin. The Government has been describing it as on the front of her skirt, but their own chief expert to-day acknowledged this to be a mistake and said the spot was on the back of the skirt below its opening and six inches above the hem. The expert testimony all went to prove that no blood from the victims would be likely to reach the assailants from behind. Therefore that ought to be the last of that "damned spot."

Once beyond the reach of the microscope the points in the case against the prisoner today went into hypotheses, conjectures, and guesses at to the unproven circumstances. The main points in the testimony are reported in what follows, and the reader will see for himself whether it deals with facts or conjectures. The basis of all this speculation was a ground work of blood, skulls, and bowls. The blood and one skull were brought into court and handed about. Fortunately for her, Miss Lizzie Borden dodged this ghastly thing. It came in the afternoon session, just after she had complained of feeling poorly, and gone out. Her indisposition was due to the extreme heat and closeness following on a morning of sickening and horrible testimony. She had brought in a posy of bachelor's buttons, as an old maid might, and she seemed in fairly good spirits. There were no other notable flowers in the court room, but the pure white carnations were still in the centre of the Judge's desk.

A newcomer among the women spectators had Miss Lizzie Borden pointed out to her, and at the first glance exclaimed, "Why, she is a lady." That was an interesting exclamation. The prisoner is far from good looking, so heavy is the lower half of the face. Yet there is about her that indefinable quality which we call ladyhood. She is said to be generally thought of throughout the country as a brawny, big, muscular, hard-faced, coarse-looking girl. She is, in fact, neither large nor small, nor tall nor short, but is of the average build, and in demeanor is quiet, modest, and well bred—from a country rather than a city point of view.

There is nothing half so surprising as there is about a certain double row of ladies who come every day and study her. These women are more refined looking, more gentle and sweet of face than the prisoner, and yet they are cruel hearted and come to gloat over the lone old maid. They look as sweet and fair and soft natured as so many fallow deer, but when any one speaks to them of the trial they say: "Oh, I do hope they will hang her." Why God has made lovely women so unjust toward her own sex and so prone to think ill of any person in petticoats. He alone can tell. Certainly the women here abandon reason in their zeal for Lizzie Borden, and are in sufficient numbers to create a hostile atmosphere in the court room. In that cruel environment the prisoner sits every day without a woman near her, because all her friends are shut out of court—the loneliest girl of wealth and good social position in all America.

Such has been the case during the eight days of the trial, but horror has been piled upon misery during these last two days. For two days the medical examiner has been going over and over the bloody details of the two murders. He and the lawyers have thrown the sickening scenes of last July before the court as the magic lantern could not begin to do it. On the curtain of the mind of every court attendant the shifting ghastly pictures have slid to and fro incessantly for two days. All the actual substantial bloody accessories have been heaped on the tables and handed around. The only objects not produced have been the bodies, but plaster substitutes for them have been in use, and these have been as realistically dealt with as little girls would deal with so many dolls. A sofa has been improvised—while the prisoner sat by—and the dummies have been put to sleep or stretched out in death, as the facts ordered. The old lady, face bent to her breast, was stretched before her, and eighteen gaping, bloody wounds on the back of her head. The rest of us can but vaguely imagine the actual scene, but Lizzie Borden cannot help calling to mind every detail, every gash, every garment, every pool of blood, even the mute features of the dead woman.

Such was the nature of this diabolical word painting and parade of sanguinary exhibits that one juror fainted. No one was surprised. Yet what was his strain compared to that of the prisoner? Next the medical examiner threw upon the screen the battered head of the white-haired old man. At the stage, he rolled the old man's coat and put it on a padded chair, and laid a plaster image of the victim so that its head was on the coat, with the right cheek down. With this stage setting arranged, and the prisoner seeing in her mind the actual face of her father, the panorama went on. She heard the doctor tell how the murderer stood in a doorway and brought down ten crushing blows upon the old man's eye and cheek and forehead and hair. Was ever a girl, child of tender training, placed in such a position? Guilty as Judas, or spotless as Cornelia, what torture must she have suffered! Macbeth never quailed beneath worse spectres than must have trailed across the stage of memory. Of course, she exhibited nearly all of her wonderful nerve. The Bordens have been Americans for two hundred and fifty years, quite long enough to develop an ideal American nerve. So it was only once in a while that she bent her head or hid behind her fan, pressing the fan into her eyes, as she habitually does when she wants to shut out a horrible picture. In the main she listened with as much interest as would be shown by her fixing her eyes, wide open, on the witness and by keeping her closed-up fan perfectly motionless. Therefore she can be judged as guilty and hideously criminal, or as an intelligent, self-possessed girl, with as keen and vital interest in proceedings that involve all that a human being holds sacred or worth holding. The reader may take his choice, for that is what the divided audience did.

When the great medical expert and chemist, Prof. Wood of Harvard, went on the stand, Lizzie Borden's interest in his testimony, bloody and hideous as it was, had no shadow of concealment. It amazed this semi-rustic girl to meet with a man who could extract eloquence from mute, insensate things. He viewed bones, had cross-examined half digested food in human stomachs, and was speaking terms with infinitesimal specks of gore that had been spattered during the murders. She had seen the expert before at a previous trial, and it was evident that his species was strange and interesting to her, as it was to most persons in the room. The testimony might have seemed uncanny but that Prof. Wood was built like a heavy-weight pugilist and had an out-of-door, sun-tanned, vastly human countenance.

The handleless hatchet was conspicuous again to-day, and showed, as it did before, that the Government had first constructed its case with the clawhammer hatchet, and went into court with that theory. The examination freed the clawhammer hatchet from suspicion, and that hatchet was then abandoned, and the hoodoo hatchet was fixed upon as the guilty implement. This was shown yesterday by Dr. Dolan's evidence, and confirmed to-day by Prof. Wood. It was a shocking, feverish day for the prisoner, and her antagonists got some comfort out of it. Her lawyers scored some good points for her, and the honors were even. Foreman Hodges fainted while the jury were out for a recess. This attracted attention to the manner in which these men are kept at "some convenient place," as the court orders every day. The convenient place is the Parker House, the best hotel. But the jurors get no intoxicants; they may smoke only when on the streets, and though they have a backgammon board and three packs of cards, they cannot have any liquor. One of the jurors is said to be a man accustomed to several glasses of whiskey a day. Fancy how he enjoys this treat.

The singular pranks that the hoodoo hatchet played to-day took the form of making the Government's own experts admit that certain features of the crime suggested the sex of the murderer to be masculine rather than feminine; for instance, Mrs. Borden's murderer stood astride her body while he dealt the eighteen blows that were rained on her head. Then, again, on both bodies the blows were struck right and left, as a woodchopper swings an axe. It has all along been argued by many persons that only a maniac committed the murders, and now that theory is amended to make the maniac a woodchopper. The Government will conclude its case tomorrow evening. The trial is fast drawing to a close. It cannot last beyond the middle of next week.

The prisoner stayed in the court room only five minutes of the afternoon session, and because, her critics said, she had kept away to dodge seeing the skulls, her behavior was counted against her as if she didn't dare to be present. As a matter of fact her sister Emma had come to town, and the two had a good visit together down in the District Attorney's room.

Medical Examiner Dolan was again on the stand. Mr. Adams, who is capable of cross-examining even in the presence of Mr. Robinson, got the witness to put the plaster cast representing Mr. Borden on a chair, the way Mr. Borden lay on the sofa when he was murdered. It was a big padded chair. The witness folded up a coat, just as Mr. Borden had folded his, and laid the head of the plaster bust on it with the left side of the face underneath.

Then the two discussed the ten blows that were rained on the face and skull. That proved too much for the prisoner, who covered her face with a fan. The perfect willingness of the defence to discuss all the details and particulars of the murders was again markedly apparent, as it has been every day.

Mr. Adams asked Dr. Dolan if the clawhammer hatchet, which was the first weapon that the Government thought the murders were done with, was adequate to make the wound that split the right eye in half. Although Dr. Dolan had previously sworn that this hatchet did the whole business, he now asked to see the hatchet, and then said it could have dealt the blow. Mr. Adams asked a good many questions about whether the blows were left to right and right to left in their delivery. It is interesting to know why he did this. The reason was that the police first thought that the blows were all left-handed. On the very first day they began to watch Lizzie Borden to see which hand she used when she picked up anything. They abandoned the left-hand theory because she isn't left-handed. Now, her lawyers have been thinking about this, and the reader will see to what purpose.

Mr. Adams got Dr. Dolan to say that he had seen the hoodoo hatchet and handled it in advance of the preliminary examination, but he said nothing about it, and was asked nothing about it at that time. The reader knows now that this was because the Government had the hatchet, the clawhammer hatchet in what it considered Lizzie's murderous hand.

All Dr. Dolan's testimony was to the effect that a sharp-edged hatchet had been used. He said he thought the handleless hatchet now has a sharp edge, so that in his opinion chopping two skulls to pieces did not dull the edge a very much.

The woman's body was taken up next and its eighteen wounds were described. Foreman Richards of the jury was used as a pillow and had a sham spread over him while the counterpane was spread over the jury rail. The blood spots on these things were again testified to and these two important questions were asked and answered:

"Where, in your opinion, did the assailant stand when Mrs. Borden was attacked?"

"Astride her body," said Dr. Dolan.

"And the blows have a general left to right direction?"

"Yes."

"Though some were from right to left?"

"Yes."

The witness showed how the blows were dealt by taking a hatchet in his hand and whacking away at the head of the stenographer, who sat below him writing away for dear life and utterly unconscious of how the Doctor was swinging the hatchet around him. The cross-examination of the medical examiner went on as follows:

"Did you point out in the pocket of the prisoner's blue dress a place that had the appearance of blood?"

"Yes."

"Now you understand that it is not?"

"I haven't heard."

"Did you have her shoes and stockings?"

"Yes."

"Did you find blood on the soles?"

"Yes."

"You claim it was blood?"

"Not human blood."

"I don't ask you what kind."

"I don't know."

"Did you see a pinhead spot of blood on her white skirt."

"Yes."

"What about that?"

"It's blood, whether human or not I don't know."

"Didn't you say Mrs. Borden was dead an hour and a half before you saw her?"

"I am not sure. I may have said an hour and a half before Mr. Borden died."

The question was repeated, and then the Doctor's previous testimony before the lower court was read to him. He had said that she had been dead an hour and a half when he saw her.

"Do you desire to change your answer?"

"I desire to say that the difference between the deaths of the two bodies had to be an hour and a half to account for the coagulation of her blood."

The defence wants to remove the impression that the woman was killed long before the man. The theory for the prisoner is that the unknown murderer came into the house and did the murders and got away committed them both close together. The Doctor was asked if it were safe to form any opinion as to blood coagulation on a hot day fifteen minutes after the murder.

"No, sir," said he, "not as to coagulation alone."

The Doctor, in answer to more questions, said that, in reference to the murder of Mr. Borden as he lay on his lounge, the upper part of the assailant would be spattered with blood. In reference to Mrs. Borden, the lower part of the assailant would be bloodied. Mr. Knowlton, for the Government, asked a few questions. As he spoke about an instrument with a three-and-a-half-inch cutting edge, the reader needs to know that the hoodoo or handleless hatchet had a blade that length.

"Is anything in the length of the wounds inconsistent with their having been dealt by a weapon with three and a half inches of cutting edge?"

"No, sir."

"How could a three and a half inch edge make a two inch wound?"

"By not having the whole edge brought into play."

"And how could it make a four inch wound?"

"By sliding or being drawn along."

"Where were the bodies when the heads were removed?"

"In Oak Grove Cemetery."

"After the funeral?"

"Yes."

Mr. Adams, for Miss Borden, wanted to prove by the witness that the wounds could not determine the length of the hatchet blade which made them. He succeeded.

"A blow so many inches in length," said he, "would be the natural probable result of an instrument having that cutting edge, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"But the length of the wound would vary according to the angle at which the instrument was used?"

"Yes."

"So we would hardly be warranted in determining the length of an implement by the length of a wound?"

"Hardly."

District Attorney Knowltop brought on the Government's star expert, Edward S. Wood, Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University. He is a red-faced, gray-haired, stalwart, and handsome man, who looks like an army officer burned brown by a long life on the plains. He started right in with a recital of the most repellant, bloody, and altogether unpleasant things that even a Borden trial could be expected to bring out.

He minutely described the contents of the stomachs of the dead bodies and, as if that wasn't enough, produced a vial containing a piece of meat from Mrs. Borden's stomach and a sample of fruit skin pressed between two pieces of glass, as he had prepared it after taking it from the other stomach.

He said that Mrs. Borden died two or three hours after her last meal, which was in process of digestion. Of course that was with the proviso that digestion went on normally. There was no evidence of diseased condition in either stomach or of any poison or irritant. In the case of Mr. Borden the greater part of solid food had already passed out of the stomach, and the digestion was nearly completed, making it four to four and a half hours from his last meal, if digestion was uninterrupted. Both the stomachs were immediately tested for prussic acid because, that being a volatile acid, it would be easy for it to dissipate quickly after exposure to the air. There was no sign of prussic acid. He also tested the stomachs for irritant poisons with the same results, also the milk without finding anything.

Prof. Wood next took up the claw-hammer hatchet with which it was at first supposed that Miss Borden slew her parents. He had subjected this to chemical and microscopic tests, but was unable to detect any blood on the handle or blade. He had the same luck with the two axes and the second hatchet. That shows why the Government set out to find a new weapon, and came across the hoodoo hatchet.

The Doctor took up Lizzie Borden's blue dress skirt, and said that it had a brownish smutch near the pocket. It did not resemble blood, but to make sure he tested it, and found it not to be blood.

He next exhibited the white petticoat that Lizzie wore on the day of the murder. He brought out the new and very important point for the defense that the little spot of blood upon it was not in front, but was in a line with the opening behind, which all the experts called "the plaquette." The reader will understand that if she committed the murders and was spattered with blood it could not fail upon her anywhere except in front. Prof. Wood examined that spot, and found it to be a blood stain about the size of the head of a small pin. The corpuscles were one thirty-two hundred and thirty-thirds of an inch in diameter. That is consistent with its being human blood. The spot probably came on to the skirt from the outside and not the inside, because it was more distinct on the outside.

The Professor next took up the pieces of bloody carpet. It was interesting to see how he had cross-examined these speechless witnesses. The prisoner was as much interested to see what he had to say as any one in the court room.

"To see if one carpet absorbed blood as soon as the other," said he, "and to see if the blood dried as soon on one as the other, I opened an artery in the leg of a dog and allowed the blood to flow freely on both. It dried equally rapidly on each."

He examined the prisoner's low shoes and black stockings and found no blood on them. The hoodoo hatchet was his next text, and he repeated the time-worn evidence that both sides were uniformly rusty and covered with some fine dust like ashes. He found no blood. Think of it—no blood upon this hoodoo hatchet after all the fuss it has made! But that old Roundhead knight, Hosea Knowlton, was not to be put off making all he could of the hatchet, nevertheless.

"What is your opinion as to whether this hatchet could have been used and then subjected to a cleansing process to remove all traces of blood?"

"I object," said Gov. Robinson, and the District Attorney changed his question.

"Assuming this to have been used for inflicting the wounds, and then subjected to some sort of cleaning process, would that be sufficient to prevent your finding traces of blood?"

"I object," said the ex-Governor.

"He may answer," said Chief Justice Mason. Then the defence asked to have an exception noted—the first exception in this trial.

"It could not unless the cleaning was done before the end was broken."

"Meaning the handle end?"

"I object," said Mr. Adams for Lizzie Borden.

"Why do you say that," Mr. Knowlton asked, going right along.

"It could not very well be broken first," said the witness, "and then have the blood entirely washed off the ragged fracture of the wood."

"We object," said Mr. Adams, and asked that an exception be noted.

"He may answer," said Chief Justice Mason.

The tendency of this testimony, which was so disagreeable to the defence, was to prove that if the murderer used that hatchet, it could have been washed clean, provided the murderer did not break off the handle until after washing it.

The prisoner's luck deserted her when that testimony was admitted, for where all is purely circumstantial evidence every little thing helps and helps mightily. Then came more questions that Mr. Knowlton put to Prof. Wood:

"What is prussic acid?"

"A poisonous acid."

"How soon will it cause death?"

"In from one second to two minutes."

"What condition must it be in to do that?"

"Any solution that contains one grain of the acid—less than a teaspoonful—as it is ordinarily used in drug stores."

Mr. Adams got back to that white skirt again with the pinhead spot of blood. He asked if the character of the blood was satisfactory for the determination that it was human blood, and the Professor said he never was peculiar.

"If it is satisfactory at all, it is," said he, an answer with which the prisoner's lawyers were well satisfied.

Mr. Adams next asked a question which left the Professor free to say that the spot might have been Miss Borden's blood, and he did say so. In all likelihood that is the last that will be heard of the only blood that was found upon anything belonging to the prisoner. By further cross-examining Mr. Adams got the period between the two deaths down to one hour.

Mr. Adams then turned the witness's attention to the little hatchet blade that hoodooed the Government's case. He got the Professor to say that the hatchet might look as he first saw it if it had been on a damp cellar floor among ashes some time before it was found.

The Professor qualified his answer in a minute by saying that what was on the hatchet was so lightly adherent to the notches and roughness that he could not say whether the dust would have got there in that way.

"What wood was the handle made of?"

"Oak."

"Ever see any other piece of the handle?"

"No."

"Comparing the fresh splinters with the broken end, would you say how long it was since it was broken? Two months or six months?"

"I should say any number of months, for the broken end is darker than the fresh splinters."

"Are you willing to say when that break was made—whether one year or two years ago?"

"I would not dare to form an opinion."

"Not even within years?"

"No, sir."

It will be remembered that one of the Government's police witnesses who had been a carpenter was equally unable to say how long a time had passed since the hoodoo hatchet had its handle broken off, and now came this learned man and close observer saying that he would not dare to say how long the handle was broken. And yet the Government must prove that it was broken on Aug. 4, 1892.

Mr. Knowlton took hold of the witness and made a point against the prisoner. It was that in Prof. Wood's judgment the handle of this hatchet was broken before the blade got all covered with stains of blood.

Then Miss Borden's counsel, Mr. Adams, got this Government witness to say as Dr. Dolan had said, that the murderer must have got all spattered with blood. The more blood the prisoner's counsel can put upon the murderer the better they are pleased, for they hold that no blood was found on Miss Borden or any of her dresses.

As for the dress she burned up, the tale of that will be told when the witnesses are produced.

"Assuming that the assailant stood behind Mr. Borden," said Mr. Adams to Prof. Wood, "is it reasonable to form any opinion whether he would be spattered with blood?"

"I don't see how he could avoid being spattered from the waist up."

"Assuming that the assailant stood astride Mrs. Borden as she lay with her face down, and taking into account the spatters you saw, have you formed an opinion whether the assailant would be spattered?"

"I don't see how he could avoid being spattered from the lower portion of the body down."

Dr. Frank W. Draper was called. He looks like the late Marcus Cicero Stanley.

He has been twenty-four years a physician, is one of the medical examiners of the city of Boston, has been called upon in nearly 3,500 cases, and has had to testify about such cases six or eight times a year since 1887.

He is the professor of medical jurisprudence in the Harvard Medical School.

He assisted in the autopsy upon the Borden bodies. He put up the plaster casts and began to verify the marks that showed the wounds upon them.

The sable-gowned prisoner did not relish what he was doing and so put her head down almost against the back of her kind-hearted friend, the ex-Governor of Massachusetts, whose counsel she is. This is one of the prettiest accompaniments of the trial.

He brings her books. He shows her the letters he gets. He laughs and chats with her, and when he is too busy to do anything else he turns and smiles upon her as a kind father might. The new medical expert simply rehashed old testimony in the morning.

In the afternoon the prisoner came in and took her seat, and soon after asked for a glass of water. Within five minutes after tasting it she left the room and did not return.

Mr. Knowlton said that he was sorry that he was obliged to send for one of the skulls of the murdered couple, but he must do so. It was brought in and handed to the witness. Dr. Draper laid it on his left knee. It was done up in a white handkerchief, and looked like a bouquet, such as a man carries to his sweetheart. A pile of law books was arranged high on the table in front of the jury and made a stand for the skull to rest upon. The Professor uncovered the skull and put it on this heavy support, but the jaw came separately in his hand.

It was an uncommonly heavy jaw. When the Doctor put it in its place by lifting the rest of the skull, he moved the two parts so that the mouth opened and shut like the silent jaws of a ghost. To see that jaw wag made the spectators wonder what it would say if it could talk.

If the skull could speak it would tell who it was if he saw that it was his daughter would he say so? THE SUN correspondent wrote that question and sent it to a lady in the court room. Her answer came back, "No, not if he was a good man."

The new expert had a cheery way of fitting the different hatchets into the wounds in the skull. Occasionally he would leave one sticking in and then parade it round in front of the jury. The big gash that cut the right eye in half let the light through the skull like a little gothic window, but most of the time it had some hatchet or another stuck in it.

The new expert said that the cutting edge of the weapon that made the wounds was 3½ inches long. Asked if such blows could have been dealt by a woman of ordinary strength, he said, "Yes," precisely as every Government witness has said, who has been asked that question. Like Prof. Wood, he thought Mrs. Borden's murderer stood astride and Mr. Borden's assailant stood in front of his victim. As standing astride a body is not a feminine trick, the defence likes to dwell upon it.

Mr. Adams brought out a brand new hatchet of the same kind as the hoodoo hatchet. He asked the expert to fit it in the big wound. If it had fitted he would have seen a great point for the defense. But it had not been ground as much as the hoodoo hatchet, and it wouldn't go in. The hoodoo hatchet, by the way, fits the wound exactly.

The handle of the new hatchet is found to be twelve and a half inches long. It was taken for granted that the missing inches of the hoodoo hatchet was the same length. That would make the murderer stand close to his bloody work. The defence eagerly brought out that fact. Mr. Adams had the witness say that the murderer stood astride Mrs. Borden.

"Would not the assailant of necessity have been spattered with blood?"

"I should think so."

"What part of the body would have been spattered?"

"The front part of the dress."

"Do you say dress," said Mr. Adams, "you mean the clothing worn by both sexes?"

"Yes."

"If the handle of the handleless hatchet was 12½ inches long, the assailant must have been very close to his victim, and so have got spattered with blood?"

"I should think so."

"Assuming that the surface of the hatchet on a hot day in August was smeared with blood and had rust on it and then remained an hour, would the blood be well dried in with the rust?"

"I should think so, on a hot day."

"Under such circumstances could the blood have been readily washed off?"

"Not so readily as on a bright polished surface."

"Would you expect to get the blood off before the rust?"

"I think the blood would come off before the rust."

"Do you think the blood could be removed so as not to be found by a chemical test?"

"I think so."

"But it wouldn't be easily done, would it?"

"No, sir."

This was not testimony to the liking of the prisoner's counsel, but all title worse was to come, for to Mr. Knowlton this expert said that in his opinion the wounds were caused by the handleless hatchet.

Dr. J. W. Cheever, another medical expert, was next called. He is professor of surgery in the Harvard Medical School. He was asked if, in his opinion, all the wounds on both bodies could have been inflicted by a hatchet of ordinary size wielded by a woman of ordinary strength. His answer was:

"Judging by the nature of the wounds and the skulls, and the sharpness of such an instrument and the weight of it, I think they could."

The hoodoo hatchet was then shown to him, and he was asked whether with such a weapon, having an ordinary handle, he thought an ordinary woman could have done the murders. He said:

"With a handle of ordinary leverage, I think so."

"What would be the ordinary leverage?"

"A handle of from twelve to fourteen inches."

To Mr. Adams he said that a hatchet with an edge longer than three and a half inches could not make some of the wounds, yet a smaller hatchet could make them.

"In making surgical operations are you spattered with blood, as a common and ordinary thing?" Mr. Adams asked.

"Yes."

"Your clothes, hair, beard, face, hands?"

"Yes."

"The blood spurts from two to six feet?"

"Yes."

"Is it easy to wash it out of your hair and whiskers?"

"If it dries there it needs to be softened with water."

The witness explained that if he performed fifty operations he would have to change his clothes after each operation.

"In the case of the murder of Mr. Borden," Mr. Adams asked, in behalf of the prisoner, "suppose the assailant stood in the doorway, as has been said, would he have been considerably spattered?"

"Yes."

"Is it improbable that he would have blood on his face, hair, and beard if he had been using a handle a foot long?"

"No."

"He would have had to stoop to reach him and would have been spattered on his hair and beard, wouldn't he?"

"He would be likely to be."

Asked to describe the direction in which the blows were dealt the witness said some were left to right and some were right to left. At Mr. Adams's suggestion he said: "The blows fell right and left, chopping fashion."

That testimony already gotten from the other experts, when added to this witness's repetition of the chopping blows in murdering Mrs. Borden when her assailant stood astride of her body, made two important gains to the prisoner. They made the Government's witnesses admit that the murderer might easily have been a man instead of a woman.

If the murderer stood astride the body would you expect to find blood on his shoes?" Mr. Adams asked.

"That is very uncertain; they might have been protected."

"Can you form any idea by the coagulation of the blood as to the time when the murders were committed?"

"No, not until the coagulation has progressed and the blood have begun to shrink. That would be in a considerable time."

With the prisoner poorly in health and one witness recovering from a fainting fit with the help of a fan and frequent draughts of ice water, the day's proceedings came to an end, none to soon.

The SUN has had too much that was more important to be able to devote adequate space to the extraordinary high Sheriff of Bristol county, who acts as executive officer of the court in which Miss Lizzie Borden is on trial for her life, but today he has forced himself into the front rank as an object of interest. He hates the sight of a New Yorker, and has allowed none from that city to enter the court room except when the Chief Justice has ordered them in. To-day an artist employed by the New York *Herald* was invited to occupy the seat of the reporter of that paper in order to make a sketch of an important witness. The Sheriff saw the artist out of his place, as he supposed, and without warning had him forcibly removed from the court room. Thrown out is the only phrase that describes the manner in which he was expelled.

The extraordinary little creature, in his shad-bellied coat of blue, pointed out the artist to a deputy. The deputy was about to throw out the reporter of THE EVENING SUN when the Sheriff corrected him, and again pointed to the artist.

The deputy then, without a word in advance, tore the artist from his seat and desk and dragged him with violence through the crowd in the court room. The people started from their seats with fright, and for a time the impression was that the man was suddenly stricken with an illness, there was such a crashing of timber and other noize.

The artist is said to have been advised by the lawyers on both sides to bring suit in the Federal courts for damages. All who saw the assault speak of it as brutal. Thus the Sheriff, who at first seemed only a ridiculous cocoomb has developed into a dangerous character, who is the first to mar the dignity and decorum of this otherwise model court.

EUROPEAN SPORTING GOSSIP.

French Rowing and Irish Lawn Tennis Championships.

The French amateur rowing championships were decided on the Seine, at Neuilly, May 22, under the auspices of the Union des Société Française de Sports Athlétiques. The contests included races for pairs, fours, and eights, and the crews representing the Société Nautique de la Basse Seine won them all, besides extra four and eight-oar races in tub boats.

The winning crews, and other French oarsmen, will be strongly in evidence at the Henley Royal regatta, the first week in July. They have made the following entries: Grand Challenge Cup, Société Nautique Basse Seine; Stewards' Challenge Cup; Société Nautique Basse Seine; Silver Goblets, Jacques Boudin and Francis Boudin (sec. le d'encouragement du sport Nautique); Diamond Challenge sculls, Francis Boudin and Charles Fenwick (Société d'encouragement du Sport Nautique).

With regard to the race to take place next week between the record-smashing celebrities, W. G. George and Charles Thomas, the latter writes as follows to *Land and Water* of June 8:

"Allow me to say that I should be pleased to run W. G. George if the A. A. A. will grant me a permit, and would suggest that Mr. Gordon C. Innes put it before the ruling body with a view to promoting an exhibition race at the charity sports next week, and the other gentlemen are so unselfish, interested in.

"So much for Mr. George's kindly offer. Now, as I am of opinion that the A. A. A. would be unable to give its sanction to the race, I myself have a suggestion to make, and that is that Mr. C. B. Wilers and I make a match and leave it to the committee of the charity sports to decide a handicap distance would create a good race between us at level weights.

"I propose that both should be presented with a framed certificate to commemorate the event, and I know Mr. Wilers would agree with me that such a presentation would keep ever green in our memory the fact that we had done what we could to alleviate the sufferings of our poorer brethren."

A high class professional lawn tennis tournament held in Dublin during the last week of May a remarkable amount of interest was created by the meeting of the three rivals, J. Pim and F. Renshaw, in the final of the single championship. Renshaw had won last year and was expected to retain the title, but Pim, the native celebrity, beat him decisively by three sets to one.

With F. O. Stoker as partner Pim again came to the front in the doubles champ ionship. Lewis and Mesers. the English team, who won last year's championship, did not appear to defend their title, but it went in the challenges by default. Miss Stanwell beat Miss Pope for the ladies' championship singles, while the doubles were arranged by Mr. Carr and Mrs. Shaw. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant presented the prizes.

English professional oarsmen hail the arrival in their midst of Tom Sullivan, the Australian sculler, as likely to interest rowing men for the season. They tendered the visitor a dinner and reception at Putney on June 1. The *Sporting Life* of June 5 outlines the new arrival's movements as follows:

"When asked if he intended to take part in any races while in England, Sullivan said that he would like to row in the Nations Regatta, providing that a suitable purse was hung up. It is hard to likely that any one but locals from abroad will take part in the affair unless the advertised £50 is augmented. Doubtless the executive will take this into consideration, as it is within the bounds of possibility to get representatives from England, Australia and America to take part in the race.

"When asked what he thought of forming part of a four-oared crew, Sullivan said:

"I think it would be good for George Bubear and myself would give any set of rowers a hard tussle."

"It is Sullivan's intention to remain in London for some time, after which he will go to the United States, taking part in some of the regattas in America. There is one thing which must favorably impress every one with whom Sullivan comes in contact, and that is his frank and manly bearing. He has a manner of looking straight into your eyes, conveying the impression that everything he does is fair and above board. Sullivan is still a very young man, but he has rowed many professional races, and in his youth he was a well-known amateur."

Yachting Notes of Interest.

W. R. Hearst's steam yacht Vamoose returned to South Brooklyn on Saturday after a six weeks' trip South. Capt. Percy and Engineer Heilbron in charge.

Arthur Gibb's new Herreshoff 30-footer Bonnie Doon seems to be a flyer in light weather, judging by the way she held the Wenonah at Saturday. There is some question, however, as to whether she is a cabin sloop or an open one.

W. Gould Brokaw, the good-looking young owner of the Vidar, who divides his attention about equally between high wheelers and yacht racing, was happy on Saturday, when his schooner defeated her old rival, the Azalea, by 56 seconds in the Larchmont regatta.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.—Adv.

No visit to the World's Fair complete without a trip on the Exposition Flyer—New York Centrale wonderful 20-hour train.—Adv.

Police Commissioner McClave says Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills cure all who try them.—Adv.

Why buy an imitation or substitute, when the genuine **Pears' Soap** is so cheap and lasting. Wears to thinness of a wafer.

DELAWARE'S MILITIA.

No More Will it Lead in National Parades—It Is to Disband for Lack of Funds.

Any small nation in need of a neat military outfit should apply promptly to the State of Delaware, as the militia of that commonwealth is about to go out of business, and will have no further use for a variety of military accoutrements. After Delaware's little Senate of nine members had almost contemptuously rejected the bill to increase the annual militia appropropriation to $5,000 from $2,400, and the Board of Officers had unanimously petitioned the Legislature to repeal all laws creating the militia, the Legislature adjourned without giving itself any further concern about the matter. When the officers sent their neglected request to the Legislature they informed that body that should no legislative steps be taken for the disbandment of the National Guard of Delaware they would resign their commissions and arrange for the honorable discharge of the enlisted men. Since the adjournment of the Legislature the officers have canvassed the situation with the enlisted men and found an almost unanimous sentiment in favor of disbandment. Adjt.-Gen. Garrett J. Hart will, therefore, shortly issue an order for a general inspection, and this will be made the occasion of disbanding the militia, unless there shall be a hopeful movement among the citizens toward supporting the militia without the official aid of the State Government.

There has never been much fire in Delaware militia excited much interest or affection at home, and the members of the National Guard have always found it necessary to pay for a great many things out of their own pockets. A single company, the only one organized in the State seventeen years ago, attended at Philadelphia in 1876 the centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence and paid its own way, save for a small appropriation unwillingly granted by the city council of Wilmington. The Delaware troops on that occasion led the column of the National Guard, that honorable place having been accorded to Delaware as the first State to adopt the Constitution of the United States. At every gathering of the National Guard since that time Delaware has claimed and received the head of the line, so that the Delaware militia has come to be better known abroad than at home. The flattery of the occasion, however, appears to be in Delaware, has never betrayed the little State into extravagant appropriations to her citizen soldiery. "If those young men wish to play soldier, let them pay for it," said Gov. Hall in his inaugural address, looking down on the little band of volunteers who had come out of their own pockets to do him honor. Two years later, in 1881, the soldiers obtained from the Legislature an appropriation of $1,200 a year for military affairs. In 1885 this amount was accidentally increased to $2,400 per year, and successive Legislatures neglected to correct the mistake by reducing the first appropriation. At the same time provision was made to permit the National Guard of the State to hold annual encampments, but no appropriation was made for the purpose. Soon after, however, the State recovered an old military claim against the Federal Government, and the proceeds were applied to form succeeding annual encampments. These meetings were held at Rehoboth, the little watering place that gathers at some time during the summer all that are distinguished socially or politically in the Commonwealth. As the people of Delaware are a good deal like one family, these annual encampments were like a family gathering, and the militia seemed likely to become popular. But the Legislature cut short all this by repealing the law that gave the annual encampment official sanction.

The National Guard of Delaware had now grown to a regiment of eight infantry companies and a battalion of two cavalry troops, numbering about 500 men, the total strength of the organization now about to be disbanded. There were plenty of honorary offices of all ranks in Delaware, but the highest official actually engaged in the military administration was and is the Adjutant-General. His predecessor, S. M. Wood, Colonel, commanding the First Regiment, Delaware Militia, had held a salary of $200 per year, and an allowance of $800 a year for clerical work, the transportation of military stores, general inspection, and rifle practice, has managed to keep the little army going after some fashion, but every body has had to help out with his own funds.

The guardsmen have grown so tired of business a thoroughly disgusted with the little legislating, but it is not likely that Delaware will choose two years hence a Legislature to undo the work just done. Chronic economy or a delicate sense of what is due from those who handle other people's money, makes the Democratic legislating sparing of appropriations. The majority that makes the appropriations is chosen by a minority of the people paying only a small fraction of the taxes. Public economy is valued in Delaware partly because the community is not a rich one, partly because the people are much under the old-fashioned Democratic tradition that calls for a simple Government careful of public expenditure, and opposed to public display. The need of a militia organization has never been felt. Wilmington is the only important city in the State, and the sole instance of alarming riotous disorder in the history of the city occurred before the National Guard of Delaware was organized. In other parts of the State there has been no occurring half a half century any disorderly demonstration that a constable armed with a baton could not have quelled. The Legislature meets biennially. In legislative years the whole State salary list is under $50,000. In other years it is under $30,000. The entire expenses of the State Government for 1892, including nearly $30,000 interest on a debt that remains unpaid only because it is not mature, was but a little over $180,000. The school appropriation for the year was $138,000, and that came in part from interest-bearing assets. The little State is well able to support its militia in first-rate style, but the love of glory is not sufficiently active in Delaware to make her people willing to pay $5,000 a year for the honor of leading in national parades.

Pratt Institute Tennis Tourney.

The prizes won at the annual spring field sports of the Pratt Institute Athletic Association were presented by President W. A. Meadrow at the institute, on Ryerson street, on Monday, the class winners each receiving a great send-off as they came to get their hard-won trophies. J. E. Whitton won the greatest number of points and events, and 94 gave him a royal send-off. Miss Edith H. Allen, the Chairman of the tennis section, completed the recent tennis tourney for the season and furnished these details of the playing in each class:

First Class, Gentlemen's Singles—First round: J. C. Stebbins defeated J. S. Wheelock, 6—3, 6—1; Lovell defeated F. M. Robertson, 6—2, 6—0; J. Howatt defeated M. H. Moses, 6—4, 5—7, 4—6; A. C. Hartrich defeated W. E. Mitchell, 6—2, 6—2. Second round: C. P. Lovell defeated J. C. Stebbins, 6—3, 6—4; J. Howatt defeated A. C. Hartrich, 6—1, 3—0, 6—4. Final round: C. P. Lovell defeated J. Howatt, 6—2, 2—6, 6—2.

Second Class, Gentlemen's Singles—First Round: W. Gregory defeated H. Martin, 6—1, 6—4; H. Hardee defeated H. Whittemore, 6—3, 6—2; W. Whitton defeated C. Saie, 6—0, 6—0; J. H. Lecour defeated E. Lowenthal, 6—2, 6—3; Bernard Gardner defeated H. Fardee, 6—1, 2—6, 6—4; W. Whitton defeated H. Lecour, 6—1, 6—3. Final round: W. Whitton defeated W. Gregory, 8—6, 7