of water, and there was wine fetched. The physician said they should put wine in water for her. I went down in the kitchen, and Mrs. Doner put the wine in the water; we went up stairs, and I gave her the drink. Either her mother or Kiehl held her up. She refused it when we fetched it to her, as if she was afraid of taking it. She asked what it was, and we told her it was wine and water. She took a drink of it, and said, it was good. She said, "John, is this of our wine?" he said, "No, Sarah, it ain't; it is wine we got for you." Her lament from that was about the salvation of her soul; she slept a little while, and when she woke up, she said, "where is John?" John leaned over and said, "Here I am, Sarah," and she said, "John, you won't leave me." Then she complained about her sight, and said, "I do not know what ails me; I can't see and I can't hear." She said to her sister, "Mary, were you that way when you were sick?" and Mary told her she wasn't—she could hear and see. From that on I heard nothing but the lament for ice and water, and for the salvation of her soul. I then went home and came back Thursday evening about dark. When I went up stairs, I found her so anxious-looking and so sick that I did not speak to her. All the time I was there she was calling for water and ice, that she was burning. She prayed a great deal; she said, "This was done on Sunday evening, and it was wrong." Her mother asked her what was done, asked what was wrong. She didn't reply anything, but said, "Oh, Lord, am I raving?" I was there after her death; she died Friday morning about three o'clock. I assisted in the baking and preparing for the funeral. We asked John where we should put the pies and bread; he said, put them in the cellar, that was where they kept them. We set them on the ground in the cellar; after they were cool we set most of them on shelves in the cellar. Some of the women wondered whether it was safe to leave them on the ground. Mr. Kiehl was down in the cellar, and I asked him whether it was safe to leave these things stand; he said it was; that there was nothing there to disturb them except the cat would get into the cellar. I know Kate Myers; I saw John and her taking a buggy ride; they told me they were going down to Frankford. They were sitting beside others, as any other body would in a buggy. I heard her laughing so hearty, as they came round the turn near my house; I said, "Kate, in the name of sense, are you going to run off with Kiehl?" and she said, in a kind of joke, "Yes, she was." I said, "Kate, I'll tell Mrs. Kiehl." She said I might, "I like John," and threw her arm around his neck. That was all that was of it—they went on. I knew nothing that there was a suspicion that the woman was poisoned.

Cross Examined—Kate Myers is a cousin of Mrs. Kiehl's; her father and Mrs. Doner are brother and sister. She said, "John, you look so funny," just before she said her sight was failing. Mr. Kiehl was always kind and attentive to his wife. I was looking at John when she remarked that he looked funny. His face bore evidence of sorrow, nothing else. There was not any fear, or excitement, or nervousness in his manner, that I noticed; there was nothing constrained in his conduct. He didn't hesitate to comply with any request she made. He was weeping; I saw the tears rolling over his face. Kate Myers was there attending to the work of the house. Mrs. Waltrich was there on Wednesday when I came; on Thursday evening the two Miss Coovers went with me. We were there to half past 12 o'clock—that was the night she died. Mrs. Doner gave Kiehl a push and pushed him away, not so very rough. I thought it was hard for her to push him away, for he had sorrow enough that his wife was dying. I could not say who paid most attention to her. Mr. Kiehl was at her bedside all that night. Some one else had the fan; she said, give John the fan, and he shall fan me. He helped to raise her up and to lay her comfortable in the bed; he asked her if she was comfortable. I never in my life saw a man more sorrowful, or attentive to his wife in sickness. I never saw a wife more anxious to have her husband by her bedside.

MARY DONER, *sworn*—I reside in Penn township—am one of the sisters of Mrs. Kiehl. I went to my sister's 15th March, and came home 9th April; my brother brought me home; my sister was not very bad; some days she didn't feel so well, but she was around at the work all the time. She did the house work and feeding at the barn; she helped to wash and bake and scrub; all kinds of house work. She dug in the garden, me and her; she fed the cows and hogs and horse. I don't know where John was, when she did the feeding. We helped John carry the harrow out to the field once. She led the horse to plough the potato patch John was ploughing. She said, "John, I can't lead the horse, my heart hurts me." He said, 'Yes, I guess your backside hurts you.' Me and Sarah unhitched the horse; John was cross to his wife sometimes; he was not very pleasant with me. He was in the habit of visiting at Henry Myers', Kate's father's. He often went in the evening, and sometimes it was 9 o'clock when he came home. Sometimes he went there every other evening; Kate Myers was never married that I know of. She has a bastard child. Often John would not speak to his wife, or when he did speak to her he would cut her off short. John asked me and Sarah to go to Myers'.—We refused, and he said we thought ourselves too good to go with him. Sometimes we went with him, but not all the time. One time he asked me to go on Sabbath; we didn't go; he got cross, and hitched up the buggy, and said he would leave, and wouldn't come back any more. He wasn't gone very long until he came back. One evening I was getting supper, and Sarah was out milking. John came in the house, and had an egg in his hand. He asked me if I had supper ready; said if I had I should go out, and look under the hog pen for eggs. When I went out I looked back. John got up, he was sitting on the steps, and walked through the kitchen, toward the cupboard. I looked for eggs, but there was none there; I never found any eggs there. When I came back, he was sitting at the table beside Sarah's plate. I had cream in her cup; he had the table drawer open, and had a little piece of paper out; I think he was writing; then he got up and went out. Sarah came in, and we sat down to eat supper. I poured her coffee out, and it looked black in the cup, when I poured it out. She laid a little piece of bread in her saucer, and poured her coffee out. She took the saucer up to drink coffee, and only got a little in her mouth, when she said, "who put something in my coffee?" and she got up, and went out and threwed up. She said she never tasted anything as bitter as that was. John looked at me, and said there must a poisoned bug got in. He said throw the coffee out; I told him I was going to give the bread to the cat. He said no don't, it will make her throw up. I gave it to the cat, and she ate it. Sarah threwed up for about an hour, and it strained her to throw up. She went up stairs to bed; she said she felt so bad; she said her mouth was so bitter she tasted it for a couple of days; I tasted the coffee in the coffee pot; it tasted like coffee does. I slept in the back room down stairs; they slept up stairs; my sister came home a couple weeks after I got home. I was not at her house until she was sick. I never at that time saw Mrs. Kiehl vomit, only that one time. I saw her again on Wednesday, the 10th of May. I found her up stairs in bed; she was very bad; I asked her how she was; she said she was no better; whenever she lifts her head she faints. She said it hurt her so in her stomach, and she was so hot she would have to smother. She wanted to be fanned all the time. Told me to look down her throat—her tongue was swollen. I could not see down her throat; she said her throat was raw—she vomited—what she threw up was green, and at the bottom was black like coffee grounds. She died on Friday morning. On Thursday evening she said: "John, if you had only went for the doctor sooner—I'd a liked to lived a little longer." He said: "Yes, if I'd knew it."

Cross Examined.—My sister had pain in the heart sometimes—I think it was palpitation; no person lived with them; I don't remember how many cows there were; I think there were five, but I ain't sure. When there was no one else there she had to work about the cows. I do not know that she refused to let John work about the cows. She liked to do her work right, and was a good housekeeper. I do not know she had a strong will. She was a dark-eyed woman, had dark hair. There was no one there but Sarah and me to lead the horse. He did not often speak to me, but we never quarreled; she did lead the horse at first, but he said she didn't do it right; she was crying and went into the house. There was about an acre or little more in the potato patch. I asked him to let me lead the horse; he said I shouldn't; I never had anything against him; he wanted the horse led because there were apple trees in the orchard. Myers lived a quarter of a mile from them; he is a cripple, but a cheerful man, and is about the house most of the time. He asked us to go with him often. One of Myers' sons is at home; he is not grown up; he told me the hen had come out from under the hog pen. I didn't see it or hear it. I was in the house, and the door was shut. When I went out I shut the door. There was a window, and it had a shut blind that came half way down. There was no blind over the lower half of the window. The steps are in the furthest corner of the kitchen, opposite the window. I was ten steps away from the house; when I turned and looked in, I was standing at the yard gate. I turned around to see what John was going to do. I thought he was going to do something. I didn't know what he would do. Sarah told me she believed he would poison her. I never saw any unkind treatment of Mrs. Kiehl, except what I have mentioned. I saw John walking through the kitchen towards the cupboard. I went on to the hog pen—he told me to go—that is the reason I didn't go back; I went to the hog pen, and looked carefully for eggs. I didn't believe he sent me for that purpose; I went back to the house; I put cream in Sarah's cup before I went out; no one drank coffee but her. I didn't see John do anything with the cream or coffee. John was sitting at Sarah's plate. There was a lead pencil lying there; I tasted the coffee in the pot. The cat didn't get sick. I went home with my sister to help her; she had so much to do. There was nobody but John and his wife. When he wasn't there she fed the cows; I didn't see him digging any garden. Mrs. Kiehl was taking medicine all the time I was there from Dr. Zitzer. They were drops and powders. I don't remember what kind of a bottle the drops were in. She had one when I came and got one while I was there. She took the drops in a cup; I do not remember the color of the drops, nor how many drops she took at a time. She never got sick, nor threw up the medicine. The coffee was the only thing that made her sick. Me and her had a good bit to do; we visited Hoffman's; I was there two nights; I ate some apple butter, but did not say it tasted bitter. She never said she didn't expect to live long. She didn't say she never expected to eat the lettuce we planted. I didn't tell Mrs. John Noaker she had said so to me.

ANNA DONER—*sworn.*—I am a sister of Mrs. Kiehl; reside in Penn township; I saw her on the 15th of January; then I didn't see her again till I went up. I went the 6th of January and staid until the 15th. I know Kate Myers and John Kiehl. Sometimes he would speak to Sarah kindly and sometimes not; she baked, swept house, milked and cooked. Kate Myers was there twice while I was there; Mrs. Kiehl and I went to Mrs. Kulp's. When we returned we found Kate Myers and John there. John was sitting on a step, and Kate was sitting beside him in the rocking chair; she staid a while and then went home. I visited Myers' with John and his wife. Miss Rosa Long and my brother Emanuel were with us. We went on the 14th of January. It was between 8 and 9 o'clock when we got there. We occupied the dining room first. Then Jane Myers and I wanted to go out on the porch, and had to go through the kitchen. There was Kate Myers and John in the kitchen, sitting behind the table, on a bench, with their arms around each other. We staid out on the porch about twenty minutes; when we came in, they were still sitting there yet, in the same position.—John staid in the kitchen with Kate till we started home, between nine and ten. We went through the kitchen to go home, and he walked after us. One evening he said if Kate and her daughter had no home, he would take them and keep them. I saw my sister again on the Thursday before her death. She was very sick and said her throat burnt her so, and her tongue was swelled so. She said she was burning inside like fire. The vomit was green, and below was like coffee grounds. I was present when my sister was raised at Centreville, and saw Drs. Kieffer and Longsdorf there. I saw my sister, Sarah E. Kiehl, in the coffin, when it was opened.

Cross Examined—We went through the kitchen to get into the dining-room. The door from kitchen to dining room was open while we were there. There was a light in dining room and in kitchen. Parties were not passing to and fro between the rooms. We could see from one room to another. Mr. and Mrs. Myers and Maggie Myers, and our party were there. Mrs. Kiehl was troubled about religious matters one time, not very much distressed. I would have liked to have stayed with her, but had arranged to visit some of our friends. I didn't tell Mrs. Thumma I went away because my sister carried on so.

SAMUEL DONER, *sworn*—I am a brother of Mrs. Kiehl. I saw her on the first of May last. Kiehl was married to my sister in November, 1863. They moved near Shippensburg in the spring of 1870. I visited them seven or eight times. I found Kate Myers there, in the fall of 1870. I was at Kiehl's, and she was speaking about going home that evening. I told her I would go with her. Kiehl said he would go along also, as he needed some tobacco. We then went. On the road going over I saw nothing improper. On the road coming home, Kiehl said Kate had a piece of his tobacco, and he said he would try to get it from her. He had his arm around her, and was reaching down, and said she had it in her pocket. He did not get any tobacco. She said he had enough and she would not give it to him until what he had was all. He was trying to get it pretty much all the way from Henry Myers' to Kiehl's house. After we got back, I said to Kiehl I did not know Kate Myers was as hard a girl as she is. He said, "Oh she learned a lesson eight or ten years ago, when she had that child." He said she was a nice girl. In the latter part of February, 1871, I was at Kiehl's house in the morning. Kiehl, Kate Myers, Mrs. Kiehl and myself were in the kitchen. Kiehl and Kate Myers were sitting on the steps. Kiehl got up and got on Kate Myers' lap, had his arm around her, and got to combing her hair, and she combed him afterwards. After that Kate went out to the stable with a bucket of slop for the calf, and Kiehl followed. They were out a short time; when I went out towards the barn, I went to the horse stable door. The calf was in that stable. I found Kate and John standing together beside the calf. Kate had just set down the bucket.—Kiehl and I got talking together and she finished feeding the calf. On that day I had a conversation with Kiehl, he said Sarah would hardly get well—that she would be apt to die a sudden death; that folks with palpitation of the heart generally do. He told me the same thing on Easter Sabbath last. I went up Saturday for my sister Mary, and brought her down on Sabbath. I went to Kiehl's house on Thursday, the week she died, about half past three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and found my sister very sick. I went in and asked her how she felt. She said "Oh, I am almost burnt up." She told me she could hardly see, and to speak loud, as she couldn't hear very well. Her tongue was very much swollen, and she complained of her throat being so sore. She wanted ice put in her mouth, and called for water often, and told them to fan her, she was so hot. She was tossing her arms about a good bit—throwing them up and down. The vomit was kind of a greenish color. She didn't vomit very much—almost every time after drinking—but very little at a time.

Cross Examined.—The vomit was middling thin. Sometimes she hardly vomited half a cup full. I was there till after she died. I started home about daylight on Friday morning. None of our family staid there after her death—we all went home. I can't remember who we left there. Father and mother both left. I cannot tell how many persons we left at the house. John was in the room when his wife died, either in that room or the adjoining one. He was in the room most all the time I was there. He did anything he was asked to do. He seemed to be a good bit distressed. I don't remember it was unusually cold in February. It was about 26th February I was there. It was in morning they went to stable, about eight o'clock. Kate was hired there at that time. There was only one calf in stable. I don't remember seeing John doing any feeding. It was about feeding time, Mrs. Kiehl was tolerably well at that time. I didn't see her take any medicine while I was there.—I know she was under Dr. Zitzer's care at that time. She said the Doctor said she had palpitation of the heart. She complained of her heart hurting her sometimes. It was in Kiehl's house we had the conversation; Mrs. Kiehl was present, he said she would be apt to have a sudden death—that people with palpitation of the heart generally die suddenly. My sister didn't keep a girl until she doctored her hands. I couldn't tell of my father ever visiting my sister. He was never there to my knowledge.

Re-Examined in Chief.—Mrs. Kiehl strained a good deal, and threw the vomit up in mouthfuls. I never saw him take his wife upon his lap and smoothe her hair, or show any sign of affection, such as he showed for Kate Myers that day.

Rosa Long, sworn.—I live in Penn township. I am not related to Doner's family. On 14th January last, I went to Mr. Kiehl's on a visit, with Emanuel Doner; Anna Doner was there. We went over to Mr. Myers to spend the evening. Mr. Doner and his sister went along, also Mr. Kiehl and his wife. We went through the kitchen into the dining room, and sat there awhile. Kiehl and Kate Myers went to the kitchen. Miss Jane Myers, Anna Doner and I got up to go out to the porch. They went out on the porch. I staid in the kitchen a few minutes, and then went out on porch too. When I went into kitchen I saw Kiehl and Kate Myers sitting on a bench behind the table. They had their arms around one another, and were still sitting that way when I came in. I was out just a few minutes. I stopped in the kitchen a few minutes, talking to some little folks. The table and bench were at side of room, not in front of door. When we were ready to go home we went through kitchen—they were there yet. I don't remember of seeing either of them in the room all the time I was there. Mrs. Kiehl said she was getting better, she didn't complain about her health.

Cross Examined—Emanuel Doner is my beau; John and Kate had a newspaper lying in front of them on the table; they pretended to be reading; they were talking; I was in the kitchen several times; the door was open into the dining room; I think Jane Myers told me whose the pictures were in the album.

B. F. MILLER—*sworn*—I reside in Southampton township, ½ mile from Kiehl's house; I know him and Kate Myers; she lived with us in September 1870; she was there a little over three weeks; Kiehl worked for me at the same time; they were sometimes together in the evening after his work was done.

MR. MARY NOAKER—*sworn*—I live in Southampton township, Franklin co.; I know defendant and his wife; I saw Mrs. Kiehl on Saturday, two weeks before she was buried; she said she was very well and didn't wish to take any more medicine; John wanted her to go to the Doctor the next day; she told me she didn't want to go, they would get complanters and she didn't want to go; he said if you want to do anything do it now; she was doing her own work; I went there on Wednesday when she was sick in bed; she said she was burning in her throat; she was vomiting; the vomit was green, and some very dark green bits in it; I was not there very long before the doctors came; they questioned her very much; they asked her if she was taking medicine before she took sick, and when she took the last powder; Kiehl told them something but I can't remember what he said; she said "Why, no John, you made me take one Sunday evening;" John did not reply to that; I was there until her death; she looked very sad, and was wishing to get well; she complained of her throat; the Doctor felt her stomach, and pressed upon it.

Cross Examined.—Dr. Nevin and Dr. Stewart were there.

MRS. BARBARA ANN WALTRICK, *sworn*—I live in Southampton township, quarter of a mile from Kiehl's; knew him and his wife. I saw Mrs. Kiehl a week before she took sick. I took her down to her father's; she told me she was getting better; she said it was the last time she thought she would go for medicine. She was then coming to Carlisle for medicine; she said she was better, for she had washed and dug garden, and it didn't hurt her. I brought her home on Monday afternoon, and didn't see her again until she was sick; I went there on Monday evening about dark. I went into the kitchen; Kiehl was there; she was up stairs in bed. I asked him how she was, and he said she was poorly. He asked me to milk for her, and went with me to the stable. I done his milking, and went up stairs to see her. I asked her how she was, and she said she was very ill—her heart hurt her so. I told her I would make her some strong coffee to stop the vomiting; she said I should. Mr. Kiehl said it would just give her the head ache, she had better not take it. I told her then I would make her some mint tea. I made it for her; she drunk it, and it didn't seem to help her any; she just throwed up again. She said, if this don't soon stop, she didn't know what she would do. He said if she wanted him to go for the doctor, he would go and fetch him. She said, "John, if you don't soon do something for me, I can't stand it." I told him if he wanted to go for the doctor I would stay until he came back. He was lying behind on the bed, and he did not go—said he would leave it till morning, and see whether she was any better. I staid till ten o'clock, and then went home. I told him I would come back and do the milking in the morning.—There was nobody then in the house but Mr. and Mrs. Kiehl. The vomit was green; sometimes it was thin, and sometimes it was slimy. When she would throw up a good bit it was then slimy, with a chunk of green stuff in it. She vomited every half hour; she complained of burning in the throat and being bloated up in her stomach; she said her heart hurt her so. On Tuesday she told me she was so dizzy and her eyesight failed her. There was no person there but herself; she was lying on the floor in the kitchen; Kiehl wasn't there; she told me he was at Mr. Noaker's planting corn. She was very sick, vomiting and purging. The purging was a green slime, very offensive. I went to the stable to do the milking for her and part of the feeding he had left her to do. I staid with her all day, till four o'clock in the evening. She was very sick all day. John came home between eight and nine o'clock; she asked him to go for the doctor. He told her he would have to go back to the corn field; she asked him what he would have to go back for; he said to tell Mr. Noaker he couldn't stay. I told him Mr. Noaker wouldn't say anything if he did not come back. He said he would have to go back to fetch his coat. He said Mr. Colby told him corn tea would stop the vomiting. He got the corn and I parched it, and made her tea; that was what he told me to do. He started off to the corn field to fetch his coat. She drank of the tea; it didn't do her any good; he was not away a long time. When he came back, I wanted him still to go for the doctor. I told him if he wouldn't go for the doctor I would go home; he told me I should go home, he wouldn't go for the doctor till dinner time. I went home, and left Kiehl and his wife alone in the house. I came back directly; he was at the barn talking to Martin Coover. He said he would go to town and tell the doctor; I told him he should bring the doctor along. I thought he ought to know what kind of medicine she had been taking. He said he could take the medicine along and show it to the doctor. He did not take it though. He went in, and came back without the doctor. I said, you did come back without the doctor. He said yes, the doctor had been away; and just come home, and was going to go away again. He said he had brought three powders for her, and if they didn't do her any good he was to go and let the doctor know. He said it was Dr. Nevin who gave him the medicine. He gave her a powder directly, and told me at 4 o'clock I should give her one again; and the other one she should take at 8 o'clock. I was there till after 4. I made her some soup, and then went home. On Wednesday morning I went back. She was still very sick, and I just staid a few minutes, then went home. On Tuesday morning, she said he always asked her whether she took her medicine; when I was out milking she tried to take it but threw it up directly. I asked her whether she had much of the medicine to take yet. She said he said there were two or three doses of her powders yet. Mr. Waltrick said I should get a little bit of the medicine. I went to the cupboard and put a few of the drops in the vial; I wanted to get some of the powders too, but when I got the box it was empty. There was only one bottle of drops in the cupboard. They were kind of red like. There were no other red drops in the cupboard; I was at the cupboard more than once.—The powders were in a round wooden box. I told John I couldn't stay; Mrs. Kiehl told him to go for Ginnie Myers. He went and returned, and said she refused to come. I told him to go for one of the Miss Hoffman's. He said they were planting corn and could not come, it was hardly worth while to go. I went back Wednesday, but didn't stay; I found Kate Myers and Mr. Kiehl there, and nobody else. Mrs. Kiehl was very poorly. I asked John how she was, and he said she was poorly. Kate Myers told me she told him he should go for her mother. I went back in the afternoon, and was there an hour and a half. She was very ill all the time. Her mother was there; she came at dinner time. I was there again on Thursday morning, and staid until between three and four o'clock; I was not up stairs with her that day; went back about sundown or dusk, and found her getting weaker. She was vomiting; the vomit was green. In the afternoon she spit out some yellow on a handkerchief. She complained of burning in her throat, and her eye sight was failing her. I was there when she died—it was about three o'clock Friday morning. Mrs. Hoffman and me were sitting at the breakfast table that morning; I asked Kiehl to come and sit down and take breakfast. He said he didn't want any, he wasn't hungry. I told him to come and take a cup of coffee. He sat down to the table; said Sarah was dead and gone now, and God knows whether he would be there to see her put under the ground. I then left the breakfast table. He said he would go up stairs to shave himself. He went up; I went up too, and was in the adjoining room. He came to me and said he wanted to ask me one question; he wanted me to tell him whether Doners were going to have him arrested or not. I told him I couldn't tell him that. He said, for God's sake tell me, I'll never tell on you; I told him I couldn't tell him, for I did not know. He asked me whether I didn't hear them say anything about it. I told him I did not; I told him it was a bad thing for him spilling those powders. He said, God knows I could not help it. This was on Friday morning after she was a corpse. I staid there till after the funeral, and done up his work for him. He then took me home in a buggy. On the road going home, he said to me, "God knows who'll have pity on me, to come and keep house for me." He said if people had held their tongues, he would have his house-keeper in the neighborhood. He asked me whether Mrs. Kiehl had ever said anything to me about Kate Myers and him. I told him she was now dead and gone, and I would tell him if he wished to know. He asked me what she said about him. I told him she told me he had been very cross to her. He didn't say anything; we had just reached our gate; he got out to open the gate. The pies were put in the cellar on the ground; they were not disturbed. The conversation I related was on Saturday, the day of the funeral.

Cross Examined—Mr. Doner's family came on Wednesday; I can't tell whether Doner talked to Kiehl or not; Doner was around among the neighbors; Mrs. Kiehl told me Kiehl said the box of powders fell out of the cupboard and spilled; he manifested the usual grief and sorrow that persons do; he was attentive and kind to her while I was there.

Re ex in Chief—I examined and found no traces of powder spilled on the carpet at the cupboard; the box was empty.—When Mrs. Doner pushed Kiehl he laid his face on her, she had her arms around his neck; Mrs. Doner pushed him back and said she was too weak to hear it; she just gave him a little push; Mrs. Pilgrim said that was too hard; she just pushed his head up; I don't remember she said he shouldn't "hough" in her face that way.

DAVID S. WALTRICK—*sworn*—I live in Southampton; am a farmer; lived quarter of a mile from John Kiehl; I am uncle by marriage of Mrs. Kiehl; I saw her frequently; I saw her on Sabbath, when we went to church; saw her in through the window; she appeared to do all her work. I saw her again on Monday. I was to haul hay for Henry Myers, my brother in law; I started in the morning; didn't get there very early; I had employed Kiehl to help me load it; he wasn't there; they sent for Kiehl and he came back. While we were loading the hay he told me his wife had been taken sick with vomiting in the evening; he said a hog had got in the lot, and she ran after it, and he thought that caused it. Then I went to town with the load of hay; when I came back she was sitting on the back porch, her head reclining on her hands; I asked her whether she was sunning herself. I went home, put my horses away and got dinner; told my wife Sarah was ill and she should go and see her. I next saw her on Tuesday about four o'clock; she was kind of "boking" and throwing up; she complained of burning in her throat and breast like; I talked to John; I told him if my woman was in that situation I couldn't rest without going for the Doctor; he said she did not wan't the Doctor; I had asked her if she wanted a Doctor, and she said she couldn't stand it long this way; I talk him what his wife had told me, and he said "I just now came down and she don't want a Doctor;" I told him I would go if he said so; he did not say I should; then I went home. I saw her again on Wednesday, about the middle of the day; she appeared to be very ill; her mother came and I didn't go; her eyes looked dim and glaring like, and she looked wild. Last April, when I was rolling my oats, John was fixing fence between my farm and Myers'; he came to me, and we got to talking; he told me there had been a talk about him; I asked him if it was me, and he said not, but some person down the country; he said he was three times seven, and paid his debts, and kept who he pleased; said his wife had taken sudden ill at the table one evening; it made her throw up, he jumped up, he told me, and took the apple-butter and stirred it round to see if a poisonous bug hadn't got in it. He said several times he thought she would die sudden some time; I think he talked to me about that time about it. I know Kate Myers; I saw her and John together at a haystack. I didn't go out to field at dinner time as early as I should; I go to the field about two o'clock, and I saw his wagon alongside of the hay stack; I saw no person about; I started my horses and hallooed at them; then Kate Myers got up into the wagon, and he began to throw hay off the stack. That was on his farm. They weren't at their work when I came there. The stack was about five hundred yards from the house.

Cross Examined—I've known Kiehl since his marriage; he was not penurious with me; he was a close, saving man; hard working and industrious; always worked well for me. My wife and Kate Myers where there on Tuesday when Dr. Nevin came. I wasn't there; Kate was building hay for him on wagon; she built hay at her father's. I maybe said I'd give $50 to be out of this case; I talked about it. I have no feeling against Kiehl, and would do any thing in the world for him. I saw no ill feeling between John and Doner.

DR. W. W. NEVIN, *sworn.*—I reside in Shippensburg. I am a practicing physician, have been practicing twenty three years. I know John Kiehl; I know Mrs. Kiehl. On Tuesday, May 9, about noon, John Kiehl called at my house.—He said my wife is sick again; she has that old palpitation of the heart; you can hear it beating all through the room, and she has some vomiting and purging. She was taken sick on Sunday evening. She had taken a powder, and went out to chase the pigs out of the garden, and came in sick. He said the powders she got were from Dr. Bixler. They were not like the powders she received from Dr. Zitzer, but Bixler said they would have the same effect. I prescribed for her—gave her tannic acid and opium. He did not ask me to come out to his house; he said he wanted powders. I did not make any suggestion about going out. I spoke about the impropriety of prescribing without seeing the patient. I do not know that he made any answer. He did not ask me to go out to see his wife. I did not say I was going away and it would be impossible to go out with him. I had not just returned from the country—had not been away for several hours previous to that. On Tuesday afternoon, about five o'clock, Kiehl called at my office, and said the women want you to go and see my wife. I visited Mrs. Kiehl, a little after five o'clock. I found Mrs. Kiehl in bed, with a quick, irritable, almost indistinct pulse. The tongue was dry, coated and swollen; there was great tenderness over the region of the stomach, with a burning sensation in the stomach, extending up into her sophagus and throat. Her extremities were cold and covered with a clammy perspiration. She had a disposition to faint or swoon, when her head was elevated.—She had violent vomiting and purging. The matter ejected was a yellowish brown fluid. I gave her pills of calomel and opium, applied a blister over the region of the stomach, and mustard applications to the extremities. Early on Wednesday morning Kiehl called at my house, and said his wife was no better. I visited her, and found her in about the situation I had left her the evening previous, and renewed the blister and mustard application. In the afternoon about three o'clock, Dr. Stewart visited her in connection with me, and approving of my treatment, it was continued, with the addition of ice in the mouth and port wine. On Thursday we visited her twice. She had great oppression of breathing, and an intense burning in her throat, with the greatest possible difficulty in swallowing anything. There was almost a total suppression of the secretion of urine. Another symptom that attracted my attention was the contraction of the pupil; it was contracted to a remarkable degree. She died on Friday morning. I was there at four or six o'clock Thursday afternoon—that was my last visit to her. She would throw up anything that was taken into her stomach. During my presence she made frequent applications for water. She said at one time that she could not see me; it was all dark before her eyes.

Cross Examined.—Kiehl came for me, on Wednesday morning before I was up, to come and see his wife. I gave her one grain of calomel and half a grain of opium in each pill. I left six or eight pills, to be taken one every four hours. I directed John as to the time of taking.—The first time John called, I sent out tannic acid and opium. I presume we prescribed from six to ten grains of calomel while we were attending her. I treated her for *acute gastro enteritis;* inflammation of bowels and stomach.—John Doner visited me on Wednesday, about three o'clock; in company with Mr. Waltrick; he said he wanted me to go out to see his daughter, and bring some person with me; I asked him who his daughter was, not knowing Mr. Doner; he said Mrs. Kiehl; he said you are all right, but I want another doctor too; I asked him why he wanted another doctor; he replied, "Did you see the powders she has been taking;" I answered, "No;" he then said "I wish to God you had; we must have another doctor right away." I asked him who he wanted; and his reply was: "It makes no difference, any person;" I suggested my friend Dr. Stewart, and he went out with me. Mr. Doner went down to tell Dr. Stewart, Mr. Waltrick remaining a moment with me. I said the old gentleman thinks his daughter is poisoned; he replied, "Yes, he does," and then explained about the powders. There were some powders in a box in the cupboard, and when the women went to look for them, they had disappeared. Dr. Stewart and I visited her. I told Stewart of Doner's suspicions, and requested him to examine the case carefully, in regard to her general health previous to the attack, what medicine she had been taking, and what effect it had. His examination was thorough, and we found she had been suffering with dyspepsia or indigestion, for some time back; that she had been taking medicine from Dr. Zitzer, but the last medicine was from Dr. Bixler; the powders from Dr. Bixler, always made her sick in the stomach, and kept her bowels loose. She had been eating pie, on Sabbath, for breakfast, and for dinner, bread and butter and sausage. After consultation we concluded that the symptoms she was suffering from were the symptoms that would be produced by irritant or corrosive poisons, but they might be produced by other causes, and all we could do was to treat the symptoms as they presented themselves. Mrs. Kiehl didn't say anything to me about running after the hogs. Let the cause be what it might, it was nothing more nor less than acute gastritis, and for that we treated her. I would have treated her, at that stage, in the same manner, if I had been satisfied she was poisoned. All we could do, at that stage, was to combat the inflammatory symptoms. I would not have administered an antidote, at that stage of the disease, for I supposed, if she had taken poison, it would all have been thrown up by the violent vomiting. A poisonous dose of arsenic would have caused gastro enteritis. The symptoms were such as would be induced by arsenical poison. They were also symptoms of acute gastritis, let the cause be what it might; and it might come from other causes than poison.

Re-ex. in Chief—I didn't hear Mrs. Kiehl's heart beating; it was very feeble and could scarcely hear it, placing my ear close to her.

DR. ALEXANDER STEWART—*sworn*—I reside in Shippensburg; have been a practicing physician for forty years. I knew John Kiehl partially; and never saw her until I was called to the house; I was called to visit her on afternoon of May 10th, 1871. I went out in company with Doctor Nevin. I found Mrs. Kiehl extremely ill, suffering from what I considered to be acute inflammation of the stomach and bowels. Her prostration was extreme. I had an intimation from Dr. Nevin that Mr. Doner suspected that poison had been administered. I asked her what had been the condition of her health previous to this attack; she said it had not been good. I asked her when she was attacked with the vomiting; she told me on Sunday evening. I asked her where she was when she was attacked; she replied that she had gone to the barn to do some work; she saw the pigs in a lot convenient to the barn; went in to the lot to turn them out, and there vomited for the first time. She did not say whether she ran after the pigs. I was anxious to know whether she had been suffering from indigestion or not; I asked her how her stomach felt after she ate, whether it felt heavy and full; her reply was that it did; I asked her if she was troubled much with wind on her stomach, rifted much; she said she was; I asked her what she had eaten for breakfast that morning; her reply was sausage and pie and cream cake and something else for dinner. I asked her what condition her bowels had been usually in prior to this attack; her reply was she thought the powders she was taking kept them open; asked her how her stomach felt after she took those powders; she replied, it felt bad; asked her if she had ever had attacks of that kind before; her reply was, twice, but not so bad; she articulated with a great deal of effort, and complained a great deal of thirst, and of a burning sensation from her stomach to her mouth, or her mouth to her stomach; she craved cold water, but her stomach retained it but a moment; Dr. Nevin had blistered her over the region of the stomach, the day before I saw her, which produced slight vesication without any redness. I endorsed fully the course of remedial management that Dr. Nevin had pursued, with the suggestion that he should substitute pellets of ice for the cold water. In our conference I agreed with Dr. Nevin fully that it was a well marked case of acute inflammation of the stomach and bowels; and whilst disease of that kind would be produced by irritating poisons, it might be produced by other causes, such as a hearty drink of cold water when the system was heated, or in a stomach of impaired tone, by indigestible food. But our business was to treat the disease as we found it.

Cross Examined—I did say to Doctor Nevin on our way home, or in the conference at the house, that in view of the condition of the stomach, what she had eaten for breakfast on Sunday morning was adequate to produce inflammation of the stomach and bowels. I mentioned the same thing to Dr. Grove; I didn't at any time say that it was or was not a case of poisoning. I may have said we had no evidence of the fact that there was poison. I was asked for the history of the case, and whether a post mortem examination would develop anything. I wrote Mr. Sadler I didn't think it would. This is the letter I wrote in reply to Mr. Sadler:

SHIPPENSBURG, May 16th, 1871.

W. F. SADLER, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your's I will state that on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., I was called upon by Mr. Doner, and requested to meet his daughter, in company with her physician, Dr. Nevin. On the way to see her, I learned from the Doctor that the friends had some suspicions that Mrs. K. had been poisoned; that she and her husband had not been living pleasantly together, and that he had manifested great reluctance and unwillingness to have a physician called; that she had been violently attacked on Sunday evening, and that he (Nevin) had not been summoned to visit her until the following Tuesday evening, finding her extremely ill, suffering from inflammation of the stomach. When I saw her, she was almost in "*articulo mortis*," and incipient gangrene (as a consequence of the inflammation) had set in. Knowing the suspicions of her friends, I made a rigid examination of her situation, and propounded quite a number of pointed questions. The result of my inquiries was that her health had not been good, having suffered for some time from indigestion; that she had eaten a pretty hearty breakfast and dinner, of food difficult of digestion, the day on which she had been attacked, which in my opinion was adequate to produce inflammation of the stomach and bowels, and whilst her disease was such as might and would be produced by irritant poisons, it might also be by food, difficult of digestion, or even by a hearty drink of cold water, when the system is heated. In my practice it has been frequently my lot to meet with just such cases, the result of imprudence in eating; and in the above case as it was presented to our notice, there was nothing to indicate the administration of poison. As regards an autopsy, in my opinion, nothing could be developed but mortification of the stomach. She vomited very frequently during Sunday night and Monday, and an analysis of what she *then ejected* would alone prove the existence of poison, if it did really exist. If any was administered, it must have been either arsenic or corrosive sublimate (bichlorate of mercury) or of this class, as the brain and nervous system were not involved.

I saw Mrs. K. again, in company with Dr. Nevin, on Thursday morning and evening, and that night she died. That her husband was censurable for the indifference he manifested by his unwillingness to summon medical aid, when not only his wife, but his neighbors, also, urged it will be admitted by all, and that there is a strong feeling against him, in his immediate neighborhood, evidently produced by the above cause, in connection with the unkind treatment, which chiefly leads to the suspicions.

Yours, very truly,

ALEX. STEWART.

Re-examined in chief—If a person with impaired stomach had eaten the indigestible food mentioned, I don't think she would have felt comfortable through the day—it would naturally have oppressed her. I examined her tongue—it was red, smooth and dry—with the absence of the papillæ. Her face presented a pinched, contracted appearance, expressive of extreme suffering. The matter vomited was brown mucous, tenacious. The burning in her throat was the only indication her case presented to my mind, that I couldn't reconcile with the view that the disease might have been produced by indigestible food or cold water—this in connection with her difficulty in swallowing. The pupil of the eye was very much contracted. The opium, given by Dr. Nevin, would have produced a contraction of the eye. I do not know that arsenic would produce contraction of the eye. There was no puffiness about the eye; I didn't detect anything else remarkable about the eye; the eyes were sunken.

DAVID CRISWELL, *sworn*—I reside in Shippensburg; am an undertaker. I prepared Mrs. Kiehl for burial. She was buried in the graveyard of the Lutheran church at Centreville. I used no arsenic in preparation of body for burial. I never used arsenic in preparation of bodies.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER, *affirmed*—I reside in Carlisle; have been practicing medicine for twenty years. I was employed by the Coroner to make the post mortem of Mrs. Sarah E. Kiehl, on 20th day of May, 1871. Performed the post mortem at Centreville, Cumberland county. The body was identified by her father, John Doner. We first noted the general appearance of the body. I was assisted by Dr. Longsdorf, of Centreville; the body was full; the skin was of a purplish color, very much mottled, with greenish tints at points, here and there. The blood-vessels immediately under the skin, especially over the chest and arms, were patulous and much discolored—very flat and somewhat irregular. The abdomen was somewhat distended, but not extensively so. The eyes seemed protuberant; there was considerable purging of half-bloody matter from