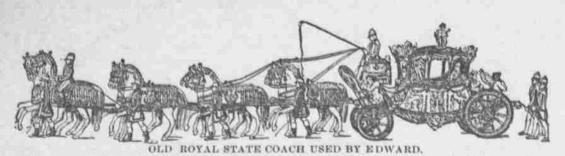
#### OLD ROYAL STATE COACH USED BY EDWARD VII.



The gorgeous state coach of the royal family of England, used in the recent procession to Parliament, is now aged and time-worn. This illustration is reproduced from an old German print of 1830. The coach was the royal property of George III. and George IV. From the latter monarch it passed to Victoria and was used at the time of her coronation, and then, as history goes, did not make its appearance again until the of her coronation, and then, as history goes, did not make its appearance again until the marriage of the present King and Princess Alexandra. The coach is of a German design, quite popular at the close of the eighteenth centory and the opening of the nineteenth. It is constructed of the finest woods and overlaid in gold. Symbolical figures adorn its exposed parts. There is Neptune, War, Peace, Music, Poetry, all portrayed and serving to indicate the delights and attributes of the empire and ruling monarch. It might be thought that it was comfortable to ride in, but report has it that no royal personage ever cared to sit in it except as custom required. Horses of the noblest breed are always used in hauling it about at functions, and they are covered with trappings of costly make. Footmen guide the horses, and once there were outriders. Footmen also preceded it with horses, and the entire show was put up a century and more ago to impress strangers with the power and magnificence of monarchs. The coach is exceedingly heavy, but, owing to the style of manufacture in the olden days, is inclined to roll and present a rather undignified appearance if not carefully handled. In the days when monarchs could only travel by horse the state coach was a great and important affair, but now it has become only a curiosity of times gone by, taken out as a memory and nothing more. 

Miss Mandy wur the keerfullest house keeper, high or low! Warn't no one in the country could make

a dollar go As fur as she could make it, in purchas

in' o' things-She pulled the eagle's feathers, an' spread the engle's wings!

The keerfullest housekeeper!-the grocerymen all roun'.
They shook to see her comin' like a earthquake shook the groun'!

They couldn't git ahead o' her-her motto wuz, all times: dimes-they make the dollars, an the dollars make the dimes!"

Well, she'd never been out Billville sence the town wur corporate, some o' them swell friends o' hers

took her to New York State-To the very city of it-the biggest, best hotel.

Whar each minute meant more money than arithmetics could tell!

The waiters thronged aroun' her, all dressed up fit to kill; An' ever' time she went to cat, she asked em: "What's the bill?"

An', lookin' at the bill o' fare, she only shook her head. An' to the great surprise o' all, she hollered out, "Corn-bread!"

It all waz jest too much fer her-to see a

Up thar meant just two dollars, which at home would go a mile! An' so she couldn't stand it; she left that

New York shore: An' she's now at home in Billville, to conomize some more! -Atlanta Constitution.

#### <del>9\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del> BRIARDALE MANOR.

T was the only pear on the tree. and it dangled so perilously over had to exercise the greatest care in cut- and dropping into the garden I manting it off. Reaching forward, until her laged to catch him unawares and when dainty shot feet seemed scarcely to gether smartly.

Setting her red lips, she climbed to the topmost rung of the frail ladder, clutched the wall and looked over. Then she pulled back her head with a startled jerk, for the perverse pear was reclining serenely on the wooden bench below, within easy reach of a dark-haired, well-proportioned young man,

"He was sitting there when it dropped," she thought, "and means to eat It when the coast is clear. The wretch! How dare he?"

Summoning all her courage to her ald, she coughed twice in a semi-apologetic way, leaned over the wall once more and timidly addressed herself to the occupant of the bench. "Do you mind handing me that

pear?" she asked, "It fell over as I was cutting it, and I really can't spare it. There isn't another on the tree." The young man made on answer.

'Asleep," said Cissle, "or shamming. Must I drop stones on his hat, or go round to him? Perhaps the latter course would be the wiser."

The orchard was a long way from the gate, but she ran her hardest and reached the bench. Quick though she had been, however, the young man had taken advantage of the interval to rouse himself, and was gazing at the mellow pear with sleepy wonder in his blg brown eyes.

"Your pardon," said Cissie, approaching him with sudden shyness, "but that pear belongs to me. I am clumsy and allowed it to slip through my fingers."
"Another disappointment," he said,

restoring the fruit gallantly. "I was half under the impression that some good fairy had developed a penchant for me and sent me this as a special mark of favor, but it seems I was a little premature. How much farther is it to Briardale Hall, please? That hand fall pleadingly on hers, "unless stone over there says three miles, but I sincerely hope it's laboring under a delusion."

Cissie reluctantly confirmed the milestone's declaration, and the stranger rose with a stifled sigh. She thought him lazy at first, but when he commenced to walk and she saw how bad- pling smile. ly he limped, her heart was moved to pity, and she impulsively called on him

"Do sit down again!" she cried. "You

MISS MANDY'S NEW YORK TRIP. you at the station how far it was. They never will, though, for they don't like the trouble of hunting up a fly. See, uncle is coming up the road, and I'm sure be will gladly give you some

> Longing with all his heart to accept this generous invitation, and yet doubtful of the propriety of it, the young man hesitated, and while he did so the rector came within sight of him and gave a joyful cry of recognition.

These two, it seemed, had known each other years before-indeed, the versatile rector had himself coached the young man for the army and had danced for Joy when his pupil came off well-and the unexpected meeting so delighted them both that they talked and laughed like schoolboys at a plenic.

"Run in, Cissle, and get Capt, Clinton some lunch," said the rector fond-"Don't wait for an introduction. You'll be like old friends when you've known each other five minutes, take asked the amount of his gross income. my word for it."

The pleasant little lunch was almost ver before Percy spoke of the errand which had brought him to Briardale. Then be told the rector that he had come to see the owner of Briardale Hall, with a view to purchase the manor house, a pretty building which, for want of a better tenant, had long since been turned over to the rats and spi-

Percy Clinton paid a remarkable number of visits to the Melvilles after that, and nowhere could be have found a more cordial welcome.

One beautiful morning in August, the captain came into the garden and sat down beside Cissie. He seemed to be strangely excited, and the girl's heart gave a throb of apprehension as she looked at him.

"You have seen old Williams, of Briardale?" she said, as carelessly as she could, though she fervently hoped his answer would be "No."

"I have," he replied, with a nervous the roadway that Cissie Melville little laugh. "By climbing the wall he saw there was no possible escape touch the ladder, she sandwiched the for him he held out his hand and said stalk between two little fingers, drew a be was delighted to see me. Did you long breath and brought the selssors to- ever know such bare-faced hypocrisy? After I'd spent the best part of the summer in hunting him too."

"I think it was nice of the old man," said Cissie, wishing he would tell his news without beating about the bush. Was he so scrupulously polite all the

"Almost too much so," responded Percy gloomlly, "If he had stormed about the place and torn his hair, I think I could have bargained with him better, but he was so suave that my own courtesies sounded blunt and stiff. In short, he refused to let me have the manor.

"What a sname!" cried Cissie, with a flash of girlish petulance, which gave an added loveliness to her face. "There is Just one hope for me, Miss

Melville," said he, leaning forward in his chair and lowering his voice a little, "but I fear it is rather a forlorn one. Old Williams objects to me because I am a bachelor. If I will agree to marry and promise to give no noisy parties, he will sell me the house."

Some of the color left Cissle's cheeks and all unconsciously she gripped the Ince that fluttered above her palpitating bosom.

"It should not be hard to fulfill a condition like that," she said, trying to smooth a telltale catch out of her voice. "Noisy parties are not fashionable in Briardale, and men can always get married.

"So they can," he responded earnestly, "but not always to women they most desire. I am ambitious, Miss Melville, and I want to marry the sweetest, loveliest and kindest girl in all the world. If she will not have me, I shall remain a bachelor for the rest of my life."

"And the manor will be doomed," said Cissie in a hurried undertone. "Exactly," be replied, letting his

you will it otherwise, Miss Melville." "It is a beautiful house, Cissie," he went on, ready at the lightest sign to clasp her in his arms. "Don't let it go to rack and ruin when one little word will save it. Speak, darling." She looked at him with a happy dim-

"If the manor depends on me, Percy, it will not be desolate long," she murmured. "I love the dear old place, and I love fts future owner, toof'-Chicago look tired, and they ought to have told Times-Herald.

# HUMOR IN THE COURTROOM.

#### Specimens of Irish Wit that Have Convolse. Grave Judges.

The quaint reportee and whimseful humor of an Irish witness give a fillip of excitement to the dullest courtroom. Quite recently a woman asked for a warrant against a man for using abudid he say?" asked the magistrate. "He went foreninst the whole world at the corner of Capel street and called me-yes, he did, yer wuship-an ould ex-communicated gasometer." "He called me out of me name," said a witness in a case of assault. The judge, trying to preserve the relevancy the witness' testimony, said: "That's a civil action, my good woman." 'The witness' eye flushed fire as she looked up at the judge and retorted: "Musha, then, if you call that a 'civil action' 'tis a bad bla'gard ye must be yerself!" A witness was once 'Me gross income, is it?" he answered. 'Sure, an' ye know I've no gross income. I'm a fisherman and me income is all net."

"No man," said a wealthy but rather weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said a witty and eminent Irish lawyer, "how many acres make a wiseacre?" The element of the unexpected, which characterizes Irish fun, crops out in other places besides the courtroom. It may be an old story, but is as perennial as its subject, of the priest who preached a ser-mon on "Grace." "An' me brethren." he said in conclusion, "If ye have wan spark av heavenly grace, wather it, wather it continually."

what seemed to him an excellent and striking sermon was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock. "Was the sermon to-day to y'r liking, Pat?" he inquired of one of them. "Troth, y'r riverence, it was a grand sermon entirely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further. "Was there any one part of it more than another that seemed to take hold of ye he inquired. "Well, now, as ye are for axin' me most was y'r riverence's parseverance-the way ye wint over same thing agin and agin and agin."-Green Bag.

# THE HERO OF SHILOH.

Gen. Benjamin M. Prentiss, Who Died Recently in Missouri.

Gen. Benjamin M. Prentiss, who was called the "hero of Shiloh," died at Bethany, Mo. He was 81 years old. As a young man, in



Illinois, he organized a company of volunteers who did service when Smith and the other Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo and who also fought in the Mexican war. When Lincoln call-

ed for volunteers in 1861, this company enlisted almost to a man. Its captain, Prentiss, was made a colonel of the Seventh Illinois infantry and soon thereafter a brigadier general. He marched to join Grant at Pittsburg Landing, arriving there three days before the battle of Shiloh. Prentiss was given command of a new division, which entered the battle with only two brigades. He maintained his ground for several hours, steadily fighting. One of the brigades was beaten back, and the other, after a herole resistance, was compelled to surrender. The general, after six months' captivity, was released in October, 1862, and appoint- again. They kept their word till she ed a major general the following month. He was a member of the court martial convened to try Fitz John Porter. In 1863 Gen. Prentiss resigned his commission and devoted himself to civil pursuits.

New York to Have a Fine Library. Sixteen out of the 129 largest cities have a greater sum invested in public libraries-that is, owned by the citythan New York. During the next two years, however, there will be erected in New York city the finest library building, excepting the congressional library at Washington, in the United States.

Red Wood for Pavement. Red gunwood is being used extensively in London for paving purposes.

# 

GREW OUT OF AN UNNATURAL MARRIAGE.

A Pretty Girl's Union to a Crippled Miser-His Changed Nature-A Mysterious Death - Life Imprisonment for the Young Wife.

From Sigourney, Iowa, come the details of a tragedy growing out of a union of lives in which there was not a union of hearts. A young woman not yet 20 years of age has been found guilty of poisoning her crippled husband and sentenced to spend the rest of her life at hard labor in the State penitentlary.

The young woman's name is Sarah Kuhn. She is of English parentage and At 16 she was sent out to earn her own living, and then began the sordid ro- told. mance which has left her behind prison

known as a miserly, hard working Ger-Snyder came out into the road." man, who tolled early and late in his Snyder was the principal witness money his labor brought him and once testified that when the buggy reached

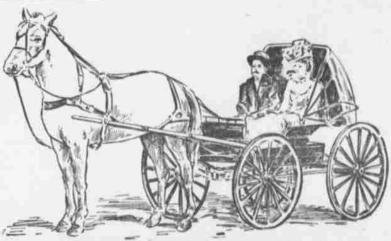
At her trial the will was made to tell strongly against his widow, though it was not shown that she inspired, urged or sanctioned the action by a single word and it was pointed out by her lawyers that under the laws of the State of Iowa, where a will is made and the wife is the beneficiary in whole or in part, and it is proved that she took the life of the testator, the will becomes inoperative so far as she is

#### A Fatal Trip-

Labor day, about a month after the will was made, was the cobbler's last. On that day he and his wife drove to an entertainment at What Cheer. Nothing was developed at the trial to show that the wife planned or suggested the trip. While the couple were in the village the husband purchased a dozen bottles of beer, which he placed in his buggy. He left his wife alone in it her maiden name was Crane. She was later, while he wandered about the born and brought up on an Iowa farm. streets. Then they started home. What occurred on the drive only the wife has

"When we were a short way out of bars. It began when Sarah fell in love town," she told the sheriff afterward. with Andrew Smith, a broad-shoulder- "Charley opened a bottle of beer and ed young farmer of little more than her | we both drank some. He was in a good own age, who was by no means so humor and after finishing that bottle much in love with her. For a year or be asked me to sing him a German so they went about together and the song I knew. I held the relus and sang farmers' wives said no good of the girl. while he opened the second bottle. He Then the young farmer's attachment joined in the chorus. He drank from cooled; and here the cripple whom the second bottle and then he passed Sarab is accused of murdering came it to me, saying that it tasted bitter. I drank h little, but not much, and he Charles Kuhn was wofully deform- drank more. Then he set the bottle Inflammatory rheumatism had down, and I saw that something was twisted his legs so as to bring the wrong. He lay on his side mumbling. knees together no matter how he stood. I thought the beer had gone to his head. sive language in the street. "What and he walked with a corkscrew gait. When we got near old man Snyder's Besides this disease had left one of house he began to cry that I had polhis long arms entirely useless. He was soned him. Theen I shouted, too, and

shoemaker's shop for sheer love of the aganinst the woman at her trial. He



KUHN AND HIS WIFE AND THE FATED RIG.

he was past middle age the wags of his bouse Mrs. Kuhn was crying "Come the district often amused themselves quick, my husband is dying." He came of marrying. Two years ago be asked to the doctor's, because he'd been polhis nearest friend to find him a wife, soned. Another priest who had delivered and the friend he asked was the broadshouldered young farmer, Andrew Smith.

The request came at a time when Crane. He thought over it and finally with him, but he'd been drinking beer wife. A month later he told him that the buggy and drove toward the doc-

MRS. SARAH KUHN

near where the cobbler lived, he introduced him to Sarah Crane, Six months later Kuhn asked the girl to marry him. She told him he was crazy and ordered him away. The cobbler appealed to his friend Smith again. What persuasions Smith used to his sweetheart nobody knows, but three months later Kuhn and the girl were married. Smith's father, who is a justice of the peace, married them, and the only witness was Smith. Sarah's parents, when they heard of the match, declared that they would never see their daughter was in jail.

With the marriage the cobbler's habits changed. He bought his wife everything she asked for and her neighbors began to say that she had not done so badly after all. The only thing that troubled her crippled husand seemed to be the fear that she might leave him. One day she lightly threatened to do so. He sought his friends and asked them what more they thought he could do for Sarah. The next day a villager met him coming out of a lawyer's office in Sigour-

ney. "I've just finished the best Job I ever did in my life," said the cobbler,

"What was that?" asked the villager, "I've just willed all I own to my wife." was the reply.

A month later the old man was dead. nocent remark.

by suggesting that he take to himself to the buggy and Kuhn told him to take a wife. The old man did begin to think the reins and drive as fast as he could

"What else did he say?" said the county prosecutor.

"Well," said the witness, "I besitated about taking the reins. His wife said Smith was growing tired of Sarah she didn't know what was the matter promised to help the old man to a and eating bologna, so I climbed into he had found him a girl and at a tor's. When we got pretty well down Fourth of July celebration at Delta, to the place where you turn I asked sting is caused by a poison injected whether we should go to the doctor's or into the wound and so instantaneous home, and his wife said it would be is its effect as to cause the attack of better to take him home. Then he this insect to resemble a violent blow ried, 'No, take me to Dr. Busby's; she's poisoned me!' I thought not, and told him so, and she said: 'What makes you talk so, Charley? What will people think of you talking that way?' He kept saying: 'She poisoned me, Snyder, she did.' Then she would say again that she had not, and for a while he wouldn't say anything. One time during the drive he turned to her and ask-

ed: 'Why did you do it?' " The doctor was not at home and the cripple, still crying that he had been polsoned, died in the buggy on the way to his cottage. An autopsy revealed traces of strychnine in his stomach and in the heer left in the bottle in the roadway was found enough strychnine to kill a dozen men. On the roadway over which the couple was driven there was discovered a small glass phial half filled with strychnine. It bore the name of a New York firm. On the trial it was brought out that this was found on the side of the roadway on which the wife had driven. No evidence of a purchase of poison by either husband or wife was discovered.

The prosecution argued that the woman, tired of her crippled husband, polsoned the beer in the wagon in the few moments when she was left alone by him in the village. The defense showed that she had no means of uncorking the bottle and argued that Kuhn himself, fearing that his wife would carry out her threat to leave him, had bought the strychnine contemplating murder and suicide on his way home. It was urged that Kuhn's dying declaration was an opinion rather than a statement of fact, and therefore inadmissible. The jury. composed of solid farmers, however, regarded it as the essential feature of the testimony. To the last the wife protested her innocence.

# Costly Hailstorms in France.

The annual loss to France caused by the ravages of hallstorms is said to amount to about \$3,000,000 francs. From 1873 to 1805 the figures varied from 40,000,000 to 134,000,000 francs.

One trouble with the world is that the fool-killer is gullant, and when he meets some women he raises his hat instead of his club.

"Not guilty" isn't necessarily an in-

# Forewarned, Forearmed.

The liability to disease is greatly lessened when the blood is in good condition, and the circulation healthy and vigorous. For then all refuse matter is promptly carried out of the system : otherwise it would rapidly accumulate -fermentation would take place, the blood become polluted and the constitution so weakened that a simple malady might result seriously.

A healthy, active circulation means good digestion and strong, healthy

As a blood purifier and tonic S. S. S. has no equal. It is the safest and best remedy for old people and children because it contains no minerals, but is made exclusively of roots and herbs. No other remedy so thoroughly and

effectually cleances the blood of impurities. At the same time it builds up the weak and debilitated, and renovates the entire system. It cures permanently all manner of blood and skin troubles.

of blood and skin troubles.

Mr. E. E. Helly, of Urbana, O., writes:
"I had Eczema on my hands and face for
five years. It would break out in little
white pustules, crusts would form and
drop off, leaving the skin red and inflamed. The doctors did me no good. I used
all the medicated scaps and salves without
benefit. S. S. oured me, and my skin
is as clear and smooth as any one's."

Mrs. Henry Siegfried, of Cape May, N.
J., says that twenty-one bottles of B. H. S.
oured her of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless.

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, B. C., suffered for years with Boils. Two bot-tles of B. S. S. put his blood in good con-dition and the Boils disappeared. Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case.

cal advice free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

#### For Telephone Girls.

Shower baths are being put in the Paris telephone exchanges for the use of the telephone girls. It is thought that this will aid them in keeping their health. In America the girls in many telephone exchanges have long enjoyed this comfort.

#### Absurd Sayings.

De Tanque -- Conventional salutations are absurd. A man will often say absent mindedly that it's a nice day, when it's raining cats and dogs. O'Sonque-Yes; I treated a blind man to a drink yesterday, and he said: 'Here's looking at you."-Philadelphia Record.

# Not Hard to Suit.

man, but he is too ignorant for the police force. Heeler-Den put him on de school

board .- Moonshine.

Executive -- I would appoint your

# To Increase Governor's Salary.

A proposition is being urged in Tennessee to increase the salary of the governor to \$5000 a year. It is now \$4000. It is thought also that the state should supply an executive mansion for his use.

# Pain From a Hornet's Sting.

The pain produced by a hornet's in the face.

# New Zealand War Medals.

The New Zealand government intends to strike 140,000 war commemoration medals, and to distribute them among the school children of the colony. The cost will be about £12,000.

# Circumference of England and Wales.

If a cyclist were to ride around the coast of England and Wales, he would cover a distance of about 2500 miles

#### Manufacture of Glucose. Glucose is now manufactured large-

ly from corn starch. Its commercial value lies in its use as an adulterant of cane and beet sugar.

#### Spheres of Influence. "Spheres of influence" embrace

pretty much all that is worth approprinting of Africa, territorially sixsevenths of the continent.

#### Bootblacks may not do business in Boston on Sunday.

No Sunday Shines in Boston.

Negro Official In a Trade Union. It is the custom of the Alabama district of the United Mine Workers to elect a negro as vice-president.

# Ahead of Time.

Hostler-What was that man talking about?

Livery Proprietor - He said he merely came in to ask if we were going to have any automobile sleighs to hire out.-Indianapolis Journal,

# The Smallest Salary Paid a Governor.

The smallest salary paid to any governor of a state in the United States is that of the governor of Vermont, who receives only \$1,500 a year.

# The Art-Bos.

"Why, Madge, where are all the

tassels on your new bou?" 'Oh, I stepped on some of them and other people stepped on the rest.