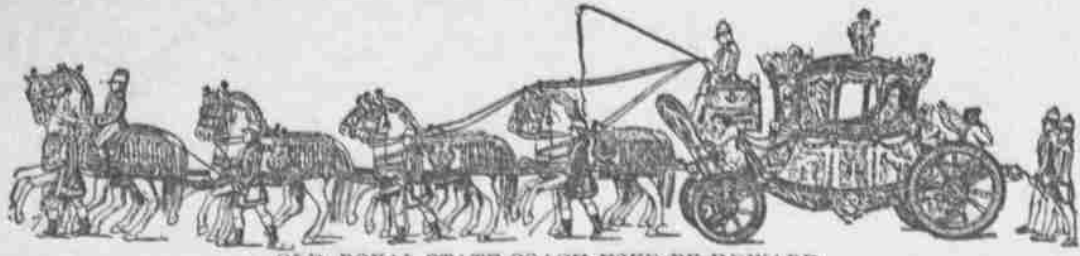


OLD ROYAL STATE COACH USED BY EDWARD VII.



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 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 marriage of the present King and Princess Alexandra. The coach is of a German design, quite popular at the close of the eighteenth century 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'S NEW YORK TRIP.

Miss Mandy wuz the keefullest 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 purchasin' o' things— She pulled the eagle's feathers, an' spread the eagle's wings!

The keefullest housekeeper!—the groceryman all round! They shook to see her comin' like a earthquake shook the ground! They couldn't git ahead o' her—her motto wuz, all times: "The dimes—they make the dollars, an' the dollars make the dimes!"

Well, she'd never been out Billville sence the town wuz corporate. Till 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 eat, 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 holered out, "Corn-bread!"

It all wuz jest too much for her—to see a waiter smile, Up thar meant jest 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 economize some more! —Atlanta Constitution.

BRIARDALE MANOR.

It was the only pear on the tree, and it dangled so perilously over the roadway that Cissie Melville had to exercise the greatest care in cutting it off. Reaching forward, until her dainty shot feet seemed scarcely to touch the ladder, she sandwiched the stalk between two little fingers, drew a long breath and brought the scissors together 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 aid, 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 no answer.

"Asleep," said Cissie, "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 big 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 Briarvale Hall, please? That 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 badly he limped, her heart was moved to pity, and she impulsively called on him to stay.

"Do sit down again!" she cried. "You look tired, and they ought to have told

HUMOR IN THE COURTROOM.

Specimens of Irish Wit that Have Convinced Grave Judges.

The quaint repartee and whimsical humor of an Irish witness give a fillip of excitement to the dulllest courtroom. Quite recently a woman asked for a warrant against a man for using abusive language in the street. "What did he say?" asked the magistrate. "He went foreinst the whole world at the corner of Capel street and called me—yes, he did, yer worship—an old 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 of the witness' testimony, said: "That's a civil action, my good woman." The witness' eye flashed 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 asked the amount of his gross income. "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 wisacre?" 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 sermon on "Grace." "An' me brethren," he said in conclusion, "if ye have waa spark as heavenly grace, wather it, wather it continually."

Another priest who had delivered 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 reverence, 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 reverence's perseverance—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 called 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 heroic resistance, was compelled to surrender. The general, after six months' captivity, was released in October, 1862, and appointed 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 city—than 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.



GEN. PRENTISS.

A MYSTERY IN IOWA.

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 penitentiary.

The young woman's name is Sarah Kuhn. She is of English parentage and her maiden name was Crane. She was born and brought up on an Iowa farm. At 16 she was sent out to earn her own living, and then began the sordid romance which has left her behind prison bars. It began when Sarah fell in love with Andrew Smith, a broad-shouldered young farmer of little more than her own age, who was by no means so much in love with her. For a year or so they went about together and the farmers' wives said no good of the girl. Then the young farmer's attachment cooled; and here the cripple whom Sarah is accused of murdering came into the story.

Charles Kuhn was woefully deformed. Inflammatory rheumatism had twisted his legs so as to bring the knees together no matter how he stood, and he walked with a corkscrew gait. Besides this disease had left one of his long arms entirely useless. He was known as a miserly, hard-working German, who toiled early and late in his shoemaker's shop for sheer love of the money his labor brought him and once

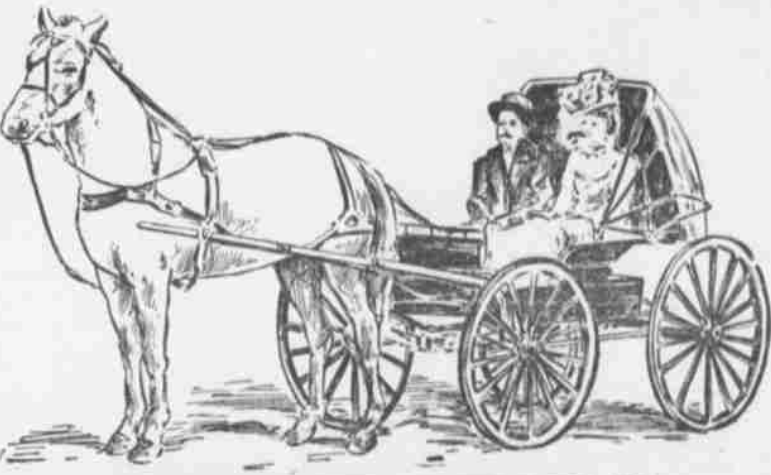
At her trial the will was made to tell strongly against his widow, though it was not shown that she inspired, urged or sanctioned the action by a single word and it was pointed out by her lawyers that under the laws of the State of Iowa, where a will is made and the wife is the beneficiary in whole or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

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 later, while he wandered about the streets. Then they started home. What occurred on the drive only the wife has told.

"When we were a short way out of town," she told the sheriff afterward, "Charley opened a bottle of beer and we both drank some. He was in a good humor and after finishing that bottle he asked me to sing him a German song I knew. I held the reins and sang while he opened the second bottle. He joined in the chorus. He drank from the second bottle and then he passed it to me, saying that it tasted bitter. I drank a little, but not much, and he drank more. Then he set the bottle down, and I saw that something was wrong. He lay on his side mumbling. I thought the beer had gone to his head. When we got near old man Snyder's house he began to cry that I had poisoned him. Then I shouted, too, and Snyder came out into the road."

Snyder was the principal witness against the woman at her trial. He testified that when the buggy reached



KUHN AND HIS WIFE AND THE FATED RIG.

he was past middle age the wags of the district often amused themselves by suggesting that he take to himself a wife. The old man did begin to think of marrying. Two years ago he asked his nearest friend to find him a wife, and the friend he asked was the broad-shouldered young farmer, Andrew Smith.

The request came at a time when Smith was growing tired of Sarah Crane. He thought over it and finally promised to help the old man to a wife. A month later he told him that he had found him a girl and at a Fourth of July celebration at Delta,

his house Mrs. Kuhn was crying "Come quick, my husband is dying." He came to the buggy and Kuhn told him to take the reins and drive as fast as he could to the doctor's, because he'd been poisoned.

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

"Well," said the witness, "I hesitated about taking the reins. His wife said she didn't know what was the matter with him, but he'd been drinking beer and eating bologna, so I climbed into the buggy and drove toward the doctor's. When we got pretty well down to the place where you turn I asked whether we should go to the doctor's or home, and his wife said it would be better to take him home. Then he cried, 'No, take me to Dr. Bussy's; she's poisoned me!' I thought not, and 'old 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 asked: 'Why did you do it?'"

The doctor was not at home and the cripple, still crying that he had been poisoned, died in the buggy on the way to his cottage. An autopsy revealed traces of strychnine in his stomach and in the beer 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, poisoned 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 hailstorms is said to amount to about \$5,000,000 francs. From 1873 to 1895 the figures varied from 40,000,000 to 134,000,000 francs.

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

"Not guilty" isn't necessarily an innocent remark.

Forewarned, Forewarned.

The liability to disease is in good condition 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 nerves.

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 cleanses 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.

Mr. B. H. Kelly, 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 soaps and salves without benefit. S. S. S. cured 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 S. S. S. cured her of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless.

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, S. C., suffered for years with Boils. Two bottles of S. S. S. put his blood in good condition and the Boils disappeared.

Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case. Medical 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'Soque—Yes; I treated a blind man to a drink yesterday, and he said: "Here's looking at you."—Philadelphia Record.

Not Hard to Suit.

Executive—I would appoint your man, but he is too ignorant for the police force. Heeler—Den put him on de school board.—Moonshine.

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 sting is caused by a poison injected into the wound and so instantaneous in its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow 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 largely 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 appropriating of Africa, territorially six-sevenths of the continent.

No Sunday Shines in Boston.

Bootblacks may not do business in Boston on Sunday.

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-Box.

"Why, Madge, where are all the tassels on your new box?" "Oh, I stepped on some of them and other people stepped on the rest."