

# KING EDWARD AND HIS FAMILY.



King, Queen and Princess of Wales in the first row; Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria in the second row. The children are the little "Wailees."

# FAMOUS OLD PRISON.

## NEWGATE, LONDON, AND ITS MEMORIAL HORRORS.

Soon to be razed to the ground—Shocking Scenes in the Days When Executions Were Public—The People Acted Like Demons.

Grim, forbidding old Newgate prison, London, which in the course of its long period of existence has housed so many men and women condemned to destruction, and around which have occurred many remarkable scenes of horror, is at length to be torn down.

Several times before the historic prison's impending doom was announced, but now the work of demolition has actually begun. Old Bailey, the scarcely less famous court house, which adjoins Newgate, will also be razed, and upon the whole site thus obtained new court buildings of a modern type will be erected.

Newgate's history is packed unusually full of horrors, even for a prison which did duty in such cold-blooded times as the early part of the eighteenth century in England. Then an execution was regarded as a sort of diversion—only that there was no good humor about it. When a hanging was



NEWGATE PRISON.

due at Newgate—they were held in the open, just outside the walls—crowds used to camp out all night on the steps of the buildings round about. Gin was sold even on the steps of the scaffold, and it was no uncommon thing when a criminal who had committed some particularly outrageous offense was led out for the mob to fling themselves on him and half murder him before the rope could be put around his neck.

Earlier, when the prisoners who were kept in Newgate were executed in Tyburn, there were even more revolting scenes. Men and women who were being hanged were howled at and pelted with stones and dirt. Others were set upon on the road to the gallows.

Almost Cheated the Hangman. One of these was Mrs. Brownrigg. She was notorious for her brutality to her girl apprentices, but finally eclipsed even her own record by stripping one young girl to her waist, fastening her hands to a ring in the ceiling and flogging her so mercilessly that she died from the effects. While Mrs. Brownrigg, who was captured while trying to get out of the country, was being taken to Tyburn she was pounced upon by a mob of women who came within an ace of cheating the hangman of her.

The scenes around the Newgate gallows were more violent as time went on. In 1807 80,000 people gathered to see the execution of two men, and in the cruel twenty-eight were killed and seventy injured. After the hangings were over the executioner used to sell the rope which he had used to a child or more the inch.

Jack Sheppard was confined at Newgate after his first capture, but soon escaped. He was recaptured, loaded with chains and made fast to a staple in the floor. Even then he got free, forced six doors, burrowed through a wall, and then went back to his cell to get a blanket by means of which he let himself down from the roof to the street.

They captured him again, however, and he was hanged at Tyburn while over 200,000 jeering people looked on. In Newgate Mary Edmonson also was jailed. She was hanged for the murder of her aunt, but many suspected that she was letting herself be destroyed in place of her lover, who was supposed to have done the deed. He was present at the execution and kissed the girl on the gallows. Afterward he confessed that he had killed the woman but was relieved, as the authorities were afraid to let it be known that they had taken the life of an innocent person.

Acted Like Demons. At this young woman's execution, as well as those of Fautleroy, the bank-er, and Greenacre, who murdered his sweetheart, surging crowds gathered and acted like demons. Finally these outbreaks got to be so serious that the public hangings were given up, and since then they have been held inside Newgate, a black flag being hoisted on the roof at the moment when the drop falls. This is the custom still, and on execution days small crowds collect, wait until the flag goes up and then disperse. As for old Tyburn, not only have all traces of the old execution ground been swept away, but its site is now one of the most fashionable parts of aristocratic Hyde Park. Every one of the handsome carriages passing the Marble Arch and entering the Long Drive rolls close to the spot where once stood the busy gallows.

72,000 Hanged in One Reign. How old Newgate is no one knows. It was used as a prison as far back as 1188, and probably antedates that period by many years. Many times it has been rebuilt, the last time following the "no popery" riots of 1789, when the structure was plundered and burned, the prisoners being set free, to join the maddened mob. During the reign of Henry VIII, historians say that 72,000 executions took place at Newgate. Sir Thomas More wrote in his Utopia that twenty thieves might be seen hanging from a single gibbet and hangings were almost of daily occurrence. In these good old days, which some of our misguided moderns would wish to recall, the theft of a loaf or the snaring of a hare on a game preserve was punished with death! Torture, too, was resorted to, and men and women, stripped naked, were put upon the rack until the bones and joints were torn asunder. There were many other methods of torture, and brandings and mutilation were of frequent occurrence.

Executions at Newgate were carried out often in a bungling manner. Often the condemned would not be strangled and the executioner would catch hold of the victim and add his own weight to that of the suspended unfortunate. This usually made the crowd hilarious.

Nor was it the rabble alone who enjoyed the degrading spectacle. People of fashion would pay as high as \$25 for a good vantage point in a window opposite and frequently would spend the night there so that no detail of the spectacle might escape.

It was a ribald, reckless, combative, brutal mob who witnessed the executions. Fights were common and spectators often had their limbs broken and their teeth knocked out! These dreadful public executions were carried on until 1868.

Queen Victoria's Husband. Writing of Prince Albert in an article in the Century, on "The Royal Family of England," Professor Oscar Browning says: "From the first the Prince identified himself with the Queen in all her labors. They had one mind and one soul. Rising every morning with the dawn, the Prince went into his work room, where their two tables stood side by side, and read all their correspondence, arranging everything for the Queen's convenience when she should arrive. He knew all her thoughts and assisted all her actions, yet so adroit and self-sacrificing was his conduct that all the merit and popularity came to her. The people had no idea that he interfered with public affairs, yet, had they reflected, they must have known that it was inevitable. Once during the Crimean war, when the notion got abroad that the Prince had intervened, there were talks of treason and of sending him to the Tower; yet on the day of the Prince's death, on that cold, ice-bound Saturday, Charles Kingsley said to the present writer: 'He was King of England for twenty years, and no one knew it.'"

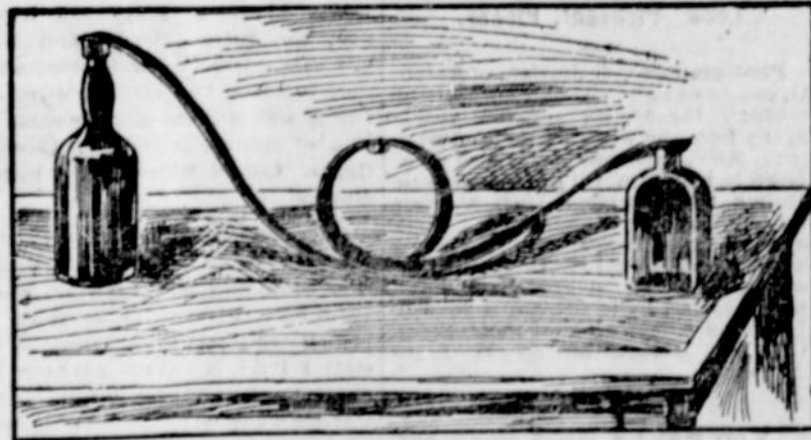
Furniture Plans. For all important houses nowadays a careful plan is drawn up for the proposed position of every important piece of furniture, with color drawings where necessary to show the effect, and by this means Edward and Alexandra were able to judge of the result beforehand. It was Mrs. Astor who first introduced the interior plan idea among Americans with splendid household furnishings, her own Newport and New York mansions always being thus arranged to a dot. Having once determined on the most advantageous position of a drawing room, for instance, we bettle the servants who misplace an article or "discompose" the harmony of the tableau.—Boston Herald.

Stopped by Caterpillars. A railway train was recently stopped near Rhelms, France, by the number of caterpillars that fell on the track. The rails grew too sticky and slippery for the wheels to adhere until cinders were thrown on them.

Usually, we feel an oppression because of a lot of little things we have neglected, but which might have been easily disposed of.

Many a man would be glad of the opportunity to chew all he could bite off.

## A TABLE LOOP-THE-LOOP.



Here is a simple experiment, and one which admirably illustrates the working of centrifugal force. Take a long strip of cardboard and, after bending it in the middle, fasten the upper end of it by means of a peg or pencil to the cork of a wine bottle. Next fasten the lower end in a similar manner to a bottle which is only half the size of the other one. The loop in the middle of the cardboard must be perfectly uniform and the cardboard itself must be of precisely the same breadth throughout. Now have a railroad, and the next thing is to make use of it. This is done by allowing a little wooden roller of castor to run over it. The roller, which must not be broader than the cardboard, will run swiftly from the highest point of the road to the very end, passing safely through the loop and never swerving a hair's breadth from the proper course. If we want to run a car, all that is necessary is to turn up the edges of the cardboard so as to prevent the wheels from running off and to place on the track a vehicle instead of the roller.

# LET US ALL LAUGH.

## JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"I notice," said the wrathful musician, "that in your review of my performance last evening you speak of my technique being faulty. Will you be kind enough to tell me what you understand to be the meaning of 'technique'?"

"Surely, sir," replied the golf editor, who had acted temporarily as musical critic, "you don't expect me to tell you in the presence of these two young ladies!"—Chicago Tribune.

Learned His Mistake. Farmer Haybill—Did you ever buy a gold brick? Farmer Oatland—Never did! But, begosh, I bought what I thought was one once.

A Real Veteran. "Hey, where's that valise I gave you or quarter ter carry for me?" "It's all right, mister. Me little brother's cousin' wid it just as fast as he can."

How Cruel of Him. Mrs. Mann—William, why do you race off to the club every evening right after dinner? Mr. Mann—I want to make up for all the evenings I lost while I was courting.—Chelsea Gazette.

Neighborly Advice. Mrs. Nixdore—My daughter's getting to be quite an enthusiastic piano player. Mrs. Pepprey—Yes; why don't you get her to join a union? Mrs. Nixdore—Join a union? Mrs. Pepprey—Yes; she wouldn't work more than eight hours a day at it them.—Philadelphia Press.

Answers the Door. Mrs. Throop (excitedly)—Bridget, there's a policeman ringing at the front-door bell. Bridget (coolly)—Well, ma'am, you can tell him O.F.M. not in.

Police. Mrs. Jones—John, there are burglars down stairs! Mr. Jones (sleepily)—You go down, dear. They wouldn't dare strike a woman.

A Low Death Rate. "You may talk as you please," said the public-spirited suburbanite, "but our town is all right. Why, look at our remarkably low death rate. That's an argument."

"Yes, that's an argument," interrupted the caustic city man. "It shows how very few people would care to be found dead there."—Philadelphia Press.

The Unattainable. Woman—These fish don't seem very fresh. Fish Hawker (growlingly)—Wot you wants is fish caught to-morrow and 'ave 'em to-day.

Helped Himself. "When I came to this town eighteen years ago," said the leading citizen, "I had only 18 pence in my pockets." "However," the cynic kindly added, "there were other pockets."—The Bits.

He Knew. Teacher—James, you may tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed. James—Please, ma'am, at the bottom.—Indianapolis News.

Boston Streets. "Haven't been in Boston lately, have you?" "Nop." "We've been making some big improvements there. Widened one of our streets two inches! Yes, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Among the Nobility. Mr. Upperton—I suppose you saw a great many old ruins while in Europe? Mrs. Neurich—Yes, indeed. And several of them had the nerve to propose marriage.

Tempus Fugit. I don't like the man. "Why not?" "I hadn't been talking to him five minutes before he said I was an idiot." "Why the delay?"—Judge.

A Timely Aftair. "You are charged with loitering," said the repairer to the tired watch. "What have you to say for yourself?" "Nothing," replied the watch. "You should judge me by my works." "Well, I will look into your case," said the repairer, "and if I find you guilty."

"What will you do?" queried the watch. "Set you to work doing time, probably," replied the repairer, who had a license to pose as a judge.

A Valid Reason. "You refuse to saw wood for your dinner?" "Yes, lady—not that I object to the work, but I don't want to establish a precedent."—Judge.

Wrongly Named. Mrs. Crimsonbeak—What kind of a cigar are you smoking? Mr. Crimsonbeak—That's the latest, dear; it's called a Ping-Pong.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Well, I can't understand why they call it that (with her hand at her nose); it certainly is not adapted to the house.—Yonkers Statesman.

Another Good Way. Chimney—Wot's de best way to teach a girl to swim? Johnny—Well, yer want to take her gently by de hand, lead her gently down to de water, put yer arm gently 'round her waist and— Chimney—Oh, cut it out. It's me sister! Johnny—Oh! Push her off de dock!—Puck.

End. "I think I have heard," said the tenderfoot, "that the man you called Rattlesnake Sam came to an unfortunate end—hanged for horse-stealing, or something of that kind."

"Wuss than that, pard," replied the cowboy, shaking his head with ineffable sadness. "He was killed by being thrown fr'm a hoss."—Chicago Tribune.

Saw Him First. Mrs. Dimpleton—I am to see the doctor to-day, and I know he will insist upon my going abroad. The Hon. John—No, he won't. I met him yesterday and told him if he sent you abroad I couldn't pay his bill.

Fansing. "Hey, where's that valise I gave you or quarter ter carry for me?" "It's all right, mister. Me little brother's cousin' wid it just as fast as he can."

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## HE WHO KNOWS A BOOK.

With staff in hand and dusty shoon, I walked from morning till high noon; Then rested for a little while Upon the green grass by a brook, And with a morsel and a book Forgot me many a mile.

And then upon my way I strode, With bending back beneath the load, Until the night beset my way With cheerful thought on song and tale, And so I fare by hill and vale, Contented day by day.

For he who knows a book to read May travel lightly without need And find sweet comfort on the road. He shall forget the rugged way, Nor sigh for kindly company, Nor faint beneath his load, —Laird's Monthly.

## THE EVOCATION.

WE had been talking of spiritualism, telepathy and black magic; the conversation turned to apparitions and mediums. Among us all, men and women, assembled in the drawing-room after a long and formal dinner, there were several who were skeptical, two or three vaguely credulous, without certainly one way or the other, and my friend Francois, who was an ardent believer in what we not of the faith agreed to call spiritualism. In his mind there were vast differences in the meanings of terms, but for me spiritualism covered them all. One of the young women, making allusion to the recent experiences of an English medium, asked:

"Is it true that M. Crooks has seen and touched the spirits, or, rather, the material forms of the dead?" M. Crooks is a very learned man, they say. If he has not been the victim of an illusion or an imposture, I must confess that his testimony would have great influence on my own faith."

"It is certainly a mystery," said Francois, thoughtfully, "and a mystery which those who have never had any experience are willing to deny existence to. But if this man has not been mistaken or deceived; if he can, as he says, prove scientifically that souls survive bodies, preserve their identity, their personality, their memory, and have the power to become material and visible to living people, what a revolution it will make in philosophy!"

"Oh, how I wish I might have some experience of the kind," sighed a young girl.

"Well, I don't," responded one of the men. "I would fear for my reason if I should see the phantom of my mother come at the call of a medium. And, on the other hand, I resent the idea that my own soul, when it is freed from my body, must be obliged to clothe itself in visibility at the command of a living person."

"One of my friends," said Francois, "tried the experiment, and it cost him dear."

"Tell us about it," cried the women, drawn by the instinctive delight in the supernatural.

to him with all the force of a new experience, and she had nothing to lose by being compared to former objects of adoration. She was the first to enter his heart, and she took entire possession. She returned his love and accepted his proposal of marriage.

It took Pierre some time to talk his family into consenting to the match, but after they had seen and talked with Madeline they succumbed to the charm of her personality. They were married and he took her away immediately to a house he owned in the country, where they lived alone and reveled in the pure and happy love they had found in each other.

Then, suddenly, death broke the dream. Mme. Franckel died without any preparation for death, without suffering, while she was seated at the piano playing a sonata of Mozart's, on a beautiful moonlight evening of summer. Her husband stood leaning against the window listening to the music and breathing the fragrance of the night. The music stopped at the precise moment that the soul left the lady, and Pierre, surprised at the pause, turned to find his wife dead, a smile on her lips, her head resting against the back of her chair and her fingers still touching the keys of the piano.

For several years the poor man shut himself up and would see no one, hiding his suffering from the world as he had hidden his joy. One day I called to see him, and on account of our old friendship I was admitted. I found but a shadow of the young man I had known. His hair was gray, and his movements betrayed him to be suffering from a nervous disease. He soon spoke of his sorrow and gradually opened his whole heart to me.

"The question of immortality is constantly in my thoughts," he said. "For five years I have searched philosophy, studied hypotheses and questioned religion, and I am still divided between faith and doubt, which is killing me. If Madeline's soul exists it will haunt itself to me. I look for her constantly, waking and sleeping, and I feel that she must come. I would give all the years of life that remain to me to see her for one instant in all the sweetness of her youth and beauty."

I tried to turn my friend's thoughts from this idea, for I feared his reason would give way. But he persisted in his hope. One day he asked me if I knew a certain Claymore, a Scotchman, who had made quite a stir in Paris as a medium. He was a peculiar man, undoubtedly sincere, and I had enjoyed meeting him several times.

"You must introduce me to him," said Pierre. "He has evoked spirits into material form, and if he can bring Madeline's to me I will owe him more than my life."

I used all my power of persuasion against this decision, but he was firm, and finally I gave in. I first went to Claymore, however, and told him my friend's history and begged him not to abuse a credulity brought about by extreme suffering.

"I can give him what he wants," replied the Scotchman. "Take me to him. You may trust me."

"Will you permit the presence of a witness?" "Certainly." The next day Claymore, accompanied by a medium, entered the house where Mme. Franckel had died five years before.

the spirit of the dead woman to manifest itself.

"Oh, my sister," said he, "my unknown sister, departed from this earth, come back for one instant in the material form you once took on. Appear, evoked by faith and love. Come! Madeline!" His voice rose and grew ardent, while the medium became convulsed with trembling movements.

"Listen! Listen! The sonata of Mozart!" A harmony, light and soft as a sigh, floated from the motionless keys of the piano, which stood just within the pale stream of moonlight.

"She is coming," said Claymore, solemnly, stretching out his hand. "Madeline! Madeline!" cried Pierre, falling on his knees.

I am telling you what I saw—or thought I saw. The room was dark save for the one thread of moonlight which touched the piano and traced a line upon the floor. Suddenly the mysterious music ceased and in the moonlight, before the piano, the whiteness seemed to thicken and slowly to form itself into the contours of the human body. More distinct it grew until I saw sitting there a woman dressed in a long, flowing gown of white, her head back against her chair and a smile on her pale lips.

Pierre had sprung to his feet. "It is you, my beloved!" he cried, and with outstretched arms he moved toward the white figure and fell at its feet.

At the sound of the fall I threw off with a great effort the spell which held me and ran to him. The figure vanished and I raised my friend, to find that he had breathed his last at the feet of his dead wife. He had paid the price for the vision. On his face was an expression of purest ecstasy. There was a long pause when Francois finished his story, which told the deep effect he had produced upon his hearers. Finally the young woman who had been most eager in her request to hear the tale said, in a low voice: "Please let's talk of something else."

## MORGAN BUYS VALUABLE PORCELAINS



FROM THE GARLAND COLLECTION. J. P. Morgan purchased the Garland collection of oriental porcelains, the finest collection in the world, which has been an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York for many years. It was announced that a London dealer had purchased the collection from the Garland estate for \$300,000 and would take it to Europe. Morgan decided that the collection should remain in America. What he paid is not known, but it is supposed that he gave considerable more than the amount offered by the London dealers.

Particularly Out. An acquaintance called on some ladies who had been much worried by an endless succession of callers. The door was opened to her by Pompey, the faithful old servant.

"Are the ladies in, Pompey?" said the young lady.

"No, ma'am, they're all out, ma'am," responded the old retainer.

"I'm so sorry I missed them," replied the visitor, handing in her cards. "I particularly wanted to see Mrs. Bell."

"Yes, ma'am, thank ye, ma'am. They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Bell is particularly out, ma'am," was the reply that greeted her hearing as the visitor opened the gate and the front door closed.

Short on Houses. The Brazilian coast city of Bahia has about 200,000 inhabitants, who live in 17,000 houses.