Pages 9 to 16. PROGRESS. Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1901.

A Sad Tale of the South.

In a cell in the little stone jail at Sigourney, Ia., under a life sentence for murder is a woman not yet 20 years old. A jury have found her guilty of poisoning her crippled husband, and unless the court of appeals grants her a new trial she will spend the rest of her life at hard labor in the state penitentiary. She is perhaps the youngest of her sex in this country under such a sentence, and since her trial a strong revulsion in the public feeling as to her guilt has taken place. Her lawyers are confident of being able to prevail on the court to reopen her case. The county prosecutor declares, however, that in his opinion the verdict will stand.

Sarah Kuhn is the woman's name now. She is of English parentage and her maiden name was Crane. She is quite pretty. She has the average education of a girl born and brought up on an Iowa farm; that is to say, she can read and write and has a smattering of other knowledge picked up in an irregular career at school. 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 now accused of murdering came into the story.

Charles Kuhn was wofully deformed. Inflammatory rheumatism had twisted his legs so as to bring the knees together no matter how he stood, and he walked with a cork screw gait. Besides this the 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 he was past middle age the wags of the district often amused themselves by suggesting that he take to himself a wife. As often as they did Kuhn would point to his gnarled legs.

'Who would have me with these!' he would ask and then his tormentors would laugh.

Nevertheless 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.

'I want a pretty woman,' Kuhn told others afterwards 'that he said to Smith, 'and she must be single, young and strong.

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, 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, for neither has told, 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 again. They kept their word till she 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 husband 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 Sigourney.

'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 [illegible] own to my wife,' was the reply.

A month later the old man was dead. 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 concerned.

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, a neighboring village. 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, 'Charlie 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 I 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 Snider's house he began to cry that I had poisoned him. Then I shouted, too, and Snider came out into the road.'

Snider was the principal witness against the woman at her trial. He testified that when the buggy reached his house Mrs. Kuhn was crying 'Come quick, my husband is dying.' He went 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 matter with him, but he'd been drinking beer and eating bologna, so I climbed into the buggy and drove towards the doctor's. When we got pretty well 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. 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, Snider; she did. Then she would say again that she did not, and for awhile 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 had driven there was discovered a small phial half filled with strychnine. It bore the name of a New York firm. At 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 defence 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 poison 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 inadmissable. The jury composed of solid farmers, however, regarded it as the essential feature of the testimony. To the last the wife has protested her innocence.

The verdict of the jury brought no tears to the woman's eyes. She walked as if dazed out of court and to the jail. In the crowd, on the corner of the street as she passed, stood a broad shouldered male on-looker. It was Andrew Smith, now married to a girl he knew when Sarah Crane and he were sweethearts.

HE WAS TRACKED BY A DREAM.

Clergyman's Deserted Wife Causes His Arrest—500 Were Engaged in the Chase.

A wonderful story of the capture through detective work done bya woman in a dream is involved in the arrest at Ogden, Utah, of Rev. W. H. Springfield, a Baptist minister of Dunton, L. I., who, it is said, deserted his wife last July.

At the time Springfield went away his wife's niece, Mary Frances Kershaw, a beautiful school teacher, 22 years old, disappeared. She had with her $3,000, her own money.

The missing clergyman, whose movements were revealed to his wife in dreams, was run down with the help of the Rebekahs. They tracked him from state to state. Five hundred women in all worked on the case and succeeded in locating the man.

Springfield is in the hands of the police at Ogden. Where his missing niece, Miss Kershaw, is, was not known to his wife. It has happened that several members of the Kershaw family have been murdered, and her cousins fear that she has been killed for her money. There is nothing, however, on which to base such a belief.

In February last Miss Kershaw's uncle Samuel Wansey, died, leaving about $3,000 to her. The following month Mr. Springfield announced that his health had broken down, and suggested that the three of them travel through the west.

'We went to Oklahoma City,' Mrs. Springfield said, 'and there my husband bought a prairie schooner and horses. We went out on the plain to rough it. We trekked through Oklahoma, Indian territory, the northwestern section of Texas and finally reached Wyoming.

'We lived in a tent and in the wagon having the kind of time gypsies might have. On July 4 last we were at Rawlins, Wyo. Our money was nearly gone, and we were tired of our prairie schooner life.

'Mr. Springfield said the best thing he could do was to go up to Cape Nome and make his fortune, I cried and said he'd get smallpox there and not gold, but he said he was determined to go. He wanted me to stay at Rawlins, but, as I knew no one there, I said I'd go back to my friends at Dunton.

'When Miss Kershaw said that, as we were breaking up the party, she'd go to Ogden and get a position as a school teacher. We separated five days later.

'When I came back to Dunton, I had a dream that my husband was in California. I saw him riding on a wagon. Then I remembered that Miss Kershaw had left a box of her effects at Centreville, Penn. I wrote to the women there who had them, and she replied, saying that a few days before she had sent the box to Antioch, Calif., at Miss Kerskaw's request.

'I am a member of the Rebekahs, a woman's society. I wrote to the noble grands of the order in Antioch. Rawlins and Ogden, asking men to try and find some trace of the missing ones.

'At this time I had a remarkable dream. Miss Kershaw came to me in my sleep—pale, with long hair streaming down her back. She said that she had lost all her money and that her life was wrecked. She cried piteously and asked me to take compassion upon her.

'At the same time I saw a stout man in my dream arresting my husband.'

When a reporter told Mrs. Springfield that her husband had been arrested she wept bitterly. She did not know what the charge against him could be. A few days ago she sent to the chief of police of Ogden photographs of both the missing ones, saying that she would like to have them found.

The Man Behind the Mules.

An echo of the South African War comes to us by the way of Collier's Weekly:

During General White's sortie from Ladysmith, the British battery mules on the left were stampeded. The captain of one of the batteries, seeing his first sergeant flying by with, the first gun, shouted angrily:

'Hi, sir! Where are you going?'

To which the gunner curtly replied: 'Hangen if I know! Ask the mules!'

She Knew The Queen.

In a country home near Goshen, N. Y., lives a little old lady who knew Queen Victoria as no other woman in the United States knew her. For years she was the Queen's constant companion and her devotion to her mistress was sincere; yet to day she is not mourning. The news that once would have meant bitter grief for her cannot reach her heart through her clouded brain.

Mme. Boeringer, nee de Lanois, was a mere slip of a girl when she met Queen Victoria in 1840. In those days the young Queen cared more about toilette than she did in later years, and bowed her royal head to the supremacy of French fashions. Visiting Paris on frivolous thoughts intent, she noticed a charming French girl employed at the dressmaker's. The Queen was a young woman of quick impulses. She conceived a violent fancy for the pretty girl, talked to her and found that she was well educated and of good family, and ended by carrying her off to England as French companion and personal attendant.

The change was a striking one, but Mlle. de Lanois had good French blood in her veins, and fitted into her new nich with the utmost grace and composure. From the time she left Paris until she was married to M. Boeringer in 1845 she was never separated from her royal mistress for longer than a day or two, and even when her Swiss lover loomed up on the horizon and she fell in love with him at first sight, she could not make up her mind to leave the Queen, whom she adorned.

The courtship hung fire until the queen, who was never too queenly to be womanly, saw that something was bothering her companion, and asked questions. Then the murder came out. Mme. Boeringer never tired of telling how good her mistress was about that old-time love affair. The queen grieved at losing a devoted friend, but urged the friend to marry and be happy. Mlle. de Lanois wept and protested, but finally decided that she could get along without Queen Victoria better than she could get along without M. Boeringer.

So she was married and came to America carrying with her good wishes and a handsome wedding present from the queen. She promised to revisit England in a few years, but she never went back. She lived in Orange county and had several children, to whom she told wonderful stories, all about courts and queens and kings.

'I was brought up upon Queen Victoria Mrs. Alonzo H. Coleman, Mme. Boeringer's only living child, said to a Sun reporter. 'She was my ideal of all the virtues—a wonderful, perfect, far off saint. Mother was always talking of her goodness, gentleness and consideration for others, no matter what their station might might be.

'In all the years I was with her she used to say: 'I never knew her to do a selfish, ungenerous, or even a discourteous thing.'

'All of mother's stories began with 'When I lived with the queen,' and I loved them; but I'm afraid I was a sturdy little democrat and didn't stand properly in awe of royalty. The stories went in one ear and out of the other. If my brother were living he could tell them to you word for word. He simply drank them in and dreamed about thrones and crowns, and always wanted to play kings and queens. He couldn't understand why I wasn't more impressed by mother's old glories, and he used to be dreadfully disgusted with me because my tastes were so low. My oldest daughter, Henriette, has some jewelry that Queen Victoria gave to mother.'

Mrs. Coleman showed two worn morocco cases stamped with the royal arms. In one was a beautiful brooch of turquoises and pearls, that reflected more credit upon the queen's taste than the brooches with which famous singers who sang before her in late years have been favored. In the second jewel box were great turquoise and pearl earrings in leaf design.

'I suppose Henriette will never wear the earrings,' said Mrs. Coleman, 'but it is nice for her to have the things. Mother thought the world and all of them and wanted the oldest granddaughter to have them. She said they were wonderfully becoming to her when she was young, and the queen always wanted her to wear blue and while. It's pitiful, this growing old, isn't it?'

Then Mrs. Coleman repeated the following story of Queen Victoria, which her mother had told her:

'Mother always travelled with her mistress,' she said, 'and in those days, you know, they usually travelled by coach. One summer the queen set her heart upon a trip through Switzerland. Everybody wanted her to go somewhere else, but Switzerland she would have. Mother said the little lady had a fine stubborn will of her own, so she had her way.

'Some of the family went with her to Geneva, but there she shook them off and strrted out with only a few of her personal attendants. Mother said the queen was as irrepressible as a runaway school girl. I can't quite imagine it. It always seemed to me that Queen Victoria's virtues had crowded out her sense of humor, but mother told another story and said the girl was just bubbling over with fun and good spirits whenever she could get rid of the everlasting ceremony and state that belonged to her position.

'On this Swiss trip she was positively larky, and mother entered into her mood. I fancy that was why the two were such good friends. Mother was just French enough not to be easily shocked, and that must have been a tremendous relief to an English queen.

'Of course the queen rode inside the coach, and the servants and attendants had places outside. The queen was travelling incognito, but you know what that means. Everybody enroute was expecting her, and at every village the people crowded round and stared and threw flowers and cheered and kissed her hand.

'It bored the queen dreadfully. After a while she stopped the coach and ordered my mothhr to climb down.

'You are having all the fun, she said. 'and I'm shut up in this stuffy hole where I can't half see or feel, and then the people make me so tired, because the dear things want to pay their respects to the queen of England. Now I positively will not stand it another minute. It's bad enough to be Queen in England. I won't be queen in Switzerland. I am going to ride on top.'

'Every body was shocked ezcept mother. She thought it was beautiful.

'Of course it would scandalize people if they knew it,' said the Queen, 'but they needn't know it. Mile. de Lanois, you can just get in here and play queen. You and I are almost of an age and size, and the poor things who kiss my hand are so embarrassed that they don't know what I look like anyway. You will make a very good queen, and I'll ride where I've been longing to, outside.'

'So into the coach mother climbed, and there she queened it all day. All the villagers stared at her and threw flowers and kissed her hand. and she put on a great many more airs than the real Queen would have dreamed of. And all the while Queen Victoria and the others were shouting with laughter, outside the coach.

'Mother used to tell that story over and over and laugh until she cried. I can see her now wiping tears of mirth out of her eyes, and saying:

' 'Oh, les beaux jours!'

'Well, Queen Victoria had a good deal of sadness in her life, but her 'beautiful days' lasted better than mother's. Mother is four years older than the Queen, but her beautiful days' lasted better than mother's. Mother is four years older than the Queen but her real life ended years ago.'

Queen Victoria's Death.

There never was such interest aroused over the death of one monarch and the accession of another as in the case of Victoria and Edward VII. The Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, is being widely complimented on the splendid way it reported and treated of these two important events. No other paper on the American Continent even approached the Family Herald and Weekly Star in the completeness of its reports and profuseness of its illustrations. The circulation of the Family Herald is increasing by leaps and bounds. It is no wonder. A paper that is so superbly equipped for all emergencies deserves success.