

POOR ELIZABETH HOWARD

Old-Time Circus Queen Died a Pauper in New Orleans.

"LONG, LONG AGO."

Once a Society Girl of Montgomery, Ala.—Met a Circus Clown, to Whom She Lost Her Heart—Saved Dan Rice's Little Niece from a Death by Fire.

The death occurred recently in New Orleans of the old-time "queen of the circus," Elizabeth Howard, who forty years ago died with honors with Dan Rice. In the old days Miss Howard was easily the most popular woman performer in the sawdust ring, but the last twenty years of her life were spent selling newspapers in the streets of the southern city, says the Chicago Tribune. Time was when Elizabeth Howard received \$150 for forty minutes' work each night. And the success of the entire performance depended upon her whim as much as the singing of a grand opera does upon the humor of a prima donna. During her life in New Orleans "Old Miss Howard," as she was known to the newsboys and street urchins, earned about 60 cents a day, and to do this she was forced to rise at 2 o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, and be at newspaper row at 3 o'clock, when the morning papers sent out their city editions.

It is said that Miss Howard arrived in New Orleans about twenty years ago. One cold winter's morning a sweet-faced, white-haired old woman was seen selling papers at the intersection of Customhouse and Royal streets. She had a rude little table with uncertain legs. When it was time to close her "shop" she asked permission of a nearby storekeeper to allow her table to remain over night in his establishment. Then she trudged home to a bare, cheerless little room somewhere in the French quarter. After a while she returned, passing the corner on her way to the levee for a walk. She was followed by six dogs, her friends and companions. This was the history of each of the last days of the old woman's life. She never selected any other corner, and she was never absent from her little stand. She always went for her walk accompanied by a half-dozen dogs.

Sometimes a change was noticed in the personnel of her canine body-guard, some of them falling victims to age, accident, or the dog-catcher. But there were always six of them. There are times when the most cheerful and willing of souls will rebel at the idea of going out into the darkness of a bleak morning, and standing in the face of a stiff, icy wind that blows straight from the gulf, but Miss Howard was always patient and gentle. While she rarely smiled, she gravely faced life and the change it had for her, and when her work was done she folded her arms and went away.

Miss Howard is held by many to have been the most dashing, the most daring circus woman the world ever knew. She was the first person, man or woman, to tumble through paper hoops while her horse was going at a mad gallop. She could perform on the horizontal bars, too, and as a dancer she rivaled Carmenita. She had a voice of richness and power. Miss Howard deserted the circus for a single season, when she started in a comedy of the sort in which Lotta was successful. She achieved a triumph, her singing of "Long, Long Ago" being still fresh in the memory of many an old man. But the stage was not to her liking, and she soon returned to her old love, the night on which she reappeared under the big tent being an event to amusement seekers. It was in Pittsburg, and admirers from Cincinnati and Detroit made pilgrimages to the Pennsylvania city to give her a welcome. Before the "grand entry" there was an accident in one of the dressing rooms. A candle was overturned, and some flimsy gowns were soon ablaze. Dan Rice's little niece was sleeping on a pile of canvas trunks, and the flames had reached the child when Miss Howard went to the rescue. The "queen's" left hand was badly burned, but the little one was unharmed.

Miss Howard bowed to the big audience that night, but she could not ride her horse or leap in midair. She sang "Long, Long Ago."

Miss Howard was once a society girl of Montgomery, Ala., and just before the civil war she visited Richmond, where she led the cotillon at the season's most notable affair. It was during this visit to Richmond that she met a circus clown to whom she lost her heart. There is no record of her marriage to him, but at any rate the members of her family, one of the oldest in Alabama, were shocked the following year to learn that she had gone into the circus business.

Impediment to Plain Speaking. Senator Berry, of Arkansas, is one of the story tellers of the Democratic cloak room. "Down in Pike County," he said, "we had a trial I attended once where a man named Johnson was on the stand. Johnson was for the defense, and the way he was setting things straight was a caution.

"Here," said the attorney for the prosecution when he took Johnson in hand, "I want you to stop prevaricating. Don't you know you are under oath?" "Stop what?" asked the witness. "Stop prevaricating." "The witness drew himself up with great dignity. 'Well,' he said, 'I'd like to know how a man can help prevaricate when he's lost two front teeth.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

HOW HIS VOTE WAS SOLD

It Had Been Paid for, Too, but the Senator Did Not Know It.

A former distinguished Senator, and a man who died poor although he spent his entire life in public affairs, once told a very interesting story of how his vote was sold without his knowledge. Possibly other Senatorial votes have been sold in a like manner. In a Pullman car one day the Senator renewed the acquaintance of a prominent railroad man he had met in Washington and whom he knew was interested in a land grant bill which had become a law and had received the Senator's support.

"Well, your bill got through all right," remarked the Senator, "though you were so very uneasy about it."

"We had a right to be uneasy," responded the railroad man. "In these times of anti-railroad sentiment many public men feared to vote for a railroad bill."

"Well, I voted for it because it was a just measure and no amount of prejudice could have scared me," remarked the Senator.

"Oh, yes, we knew we had your vote," the railroad man remarked with a peculiar look.

"How did you know it," asked the Senator sharply.

"Because we paid \$3,000 for it," answered the railroad man firmly.

The Senator gasped, got his breath, demanded an explanation, and the particulars of the affair then came out. It developed that when this bill was pending the railroad man received information that there was danger of its being defeated, and came to Washington to see about it. Soon after his arrival he met a man whom he knew slightly as a legislative promoter, and a number of Senators said to be doubtful were named, but added the promoter, their votes could be had for a consideration. The price of this particular Senator was fixed at \$3,000.

"Now, he is a little peculiar about these things," said the promoter, "and you had better let me see him first; then later in the day you can call on him and see if he promises his vote."

It seems that this promoter did call on the Senator and mentioned the railroad bill and said that there was a man in the city who would be glad to know that the Senator would support the bill; and might they call later and hear him say so?

"Oh, yes," said the Senator, "it's a good bill and I'll vote for it, but I have no time to bother with this man."

Nevertheless, in the afternoon the railroad man and his friend were ushered into the Senator's committee room and the promoter said:

"Senator, this is the gentleman I spoke to you about this morning, interested in that land grant bill. He will be glad to know it is all right."

"Yes; it's all right," said the Senator. "The bill ought to pass, and, as I said this morning, I am going to support it."

The incident apparently closed until renewed upon the train.

"Upon the strength of that interview," said the railroad man, "we paid that promoter \$5,000 for your vote."

"Well, it's needless for me to say that I never knew anything about it. But tell me, why did you go about anything of that kind? Why didn't you come to me first, without any negotiation, and find out how I stood and what I would do?"

"Well, we were so scared we didn't take any chances on anything," was the reply.

Telling the story afterward the Senator said:

"I had often looked at some of my colleagues whose reputations had been impugned and asked myself, Are they knaves or fools? but after this incident, when I felt like criticizing a fellow member for being a knave and taking money for his vote or placed in a position where he was suspected of it, and therefore a fool, I would check myself, as some one might be asking, 'To which class do you belong?'"—Washington Correspondence Charlotte Observer.

NYE'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

How the Humorist Introduced Himself to Major Pond.

The late Major Pond managed Bill Nye for several lecture seasons, but their first meeting was rather informal. Nye was one day walking down Fourth avenue with a friend, when he spied the Major's modest sign in the window of the Everett House.

"Here's the man that invites the lecturers," said Nye; "let's go in and see if we can't induce him to lead a better life."

Entering, Nye removed his hat and ran his hand over the hairless expanse of his head, and after staring about for a moment said:

"This is Major Pond, I believe."

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" answered the Major.

"I want to get a job on the platform," returned Nye.

"Ah—yes," said the Major slowly. "Have you had experience?"

"Well, I've been before the public for a couple of years."

"Yes! May I ask in what capacity?"

"I've been with Barnum. Sat concealed in the bottom of a cabinet and exhibited my head as the largest ostrich egg in captivity."—Saturday Evening Post.

Criminals' Eyes.

A Russian savant lays claim to a discovery for detecting criminals. According to M. Karloff, the scientist in question, you can tell a criminal by the color of his eyes. Murderers and thieves have maroon or reddish-brown eyes, tramps light blue, and so forth. M. Karloff has classified eyes into families, and has drawn up rules which he declares to be infallible. Honest folk have dark gray or blue eyes.—London Globe.

PIT BROW WOMEN.

They Work Like Men, But Get Less for Their Labor.

Pit brow women are among the most remarkable women workers in the world. They work as hard as men and dress almost like them. Five thousand of these women find employment in Lancashire, England, in the coal mines. Their work lies on the pit brow at the surface, and not down below. Once women were employed in the coal seams, but in 1842, in the face of great opposition from colliery owners, an act was passed prohibiting women and children from being employed below the surface in coal mines.

At present the duties of the pit brow women consist in dealing with the coal as it comes up the shaft to the pit head. When the cargo reaches the top they haul out the wagons, which contain several hundredweight of coal each, and run them on the rails to a sort of tipping machine, which shoots the coal down below the screen of the riddling machine. Among the other duties of the women is the leveling of the coal on the wagons which receive it as it drops from the screen.

They start work at 6 o'clock in the morning and finish at 4 in the afternoon. They receive two shillings or less a day, and men that do the same work get four shillings. Their costume consists of trousers and clegs and often enough a cape which has at one time been worn by a brother. When going to and from work the girls and women wear petticoats, which they roll up around the waist while engaged on the pit brow. The hair is closely covered with a handkerchief, on top of which is a soft bonnet.—Exchange.

FASHIONS OF OTHER DAYS.

Decorations Were Started Before Garment Was Cut Out.

On taking the other day a bird's eye view of a collection of old English garments of the eighteenth century we noticed a particular lack of real lace and the use of very homely trimming in smart feminine attire. Round the elbow sleeves of a dress limply hung two frills, consisting of straight bands of cane stitch knotted with its or mohair wool. In another instance the frills were formed with borders of crocheted work in the elementary open stitch with scalloped edgings in probably fine Shetland wool. This modest British style of knitting strangely contrasts with the showy work of Italian women of about the same period, who used to put their pride in reproducing with the smooth knotted work the glorious designs of some of the Southern brocades, shimmering with gold thread. With this rich tinsel the knitter was wont to depict her pattern on a dark silk ground, which, like the powdering, was in plain knitting for dressy men's waistcoats, ladies' tight fitting jackets and loose canes. Across two handsome gowns ran two straight or slanting lines of slits nearly two inches long, with raw edges save in one case, when they appeared to have been slightly crimped. Climbing plants in natural colors were then also lavished both by the painter and the embroiderer all over the most fashionable garments. Their lovely effect was generally marred by unsightly breaks resulting from seams and gores of the dressmaker, an evident proof that workers of that period did not consider it necessary to have the dress cut out before starting with their decoration.—Queen.

WOMAN'S MORNING JACKET.

The Design is Simple and Can Be Utilized for Washable Fabrics.

Capes or cape collars mark the season's simpler garments as well as yet of formal wear. This stylish yet simple morning jacket includes one of exceedingly graceful shape and to be commended both from the standpoint of style and comfort. As shown it is made of blue challie, figured with black, and is trimmed with frills of



JUDGE JOHN H. REAGAN. (The Only Surviving Member of Jefferson Davis' Cabinet.)

bill, which, modified by amendments by Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is still in force. Judge Reagan made his now famous remark about the retrogression of popular government in this country in connection with an argument against the division of Texas into four states, a privilege which was accorded to it when it was admitted to the union. He wants Texas to remain one great state so that when the collapse he fears shall come it will be strong enough to perpetuate its existence as an independent republic.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

1847 Rogers Bros. Silver Plate That Wears

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MARINE BAND MENACED.

Famous Naval Musical Organization May Be Forced to the Wall by Union Labor.

The famous Marine band, after an existence of 100 years, may be forced to fall to pieces. The Federation of Musicians, having affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, attempted last year to get a resolution through congress the effect of which would have been to forbid any member of the Marine band to play at any performance in civil life for pay. The resolution failed, but the musicians, with the backing of the Federation of Labor, are going to try it again next year.

The unions object to the Marine band because its members are employees of the government, but Lieut. Santelman says that of 27 members of the local musicians' union, which instigated the war on the band, 17 are government clerks drawing



LIEUT. SANTELMAN. (Director of the United States Marine Band at Washington.)

more than \$1,000 a year each and the pay of some of them runs up to \$2,000 a year.

"There is not a foreign government which does not permit its crack bands to take concert engagements and go on tours," said Lieut. Santelman. "Many of the famous bands of the world have visited America and have been received with ovations by our people, but whenever I have desired to play an engagement in or outside of Washington I have been met with a storm of protest from local musicians' unions. Why do not the unions object to foreign bands that come over here and play long engagements? They do not. But they object to our organization, though we are the representatives of the United States government, carrying the flag of our country with us in the best sense."

Some time ago the musicians of the Marine band applied for membership in the local musicians' union. Their applications, fees, etc., were returned to them without any explanation. It appears that the Federation of Musicians has a clause in its by-laws which forbids members to play with any enlisted man of the United States army or navy.

TAKES GLOOMY VIEW.

Ex-Senator Reagan of Texas Thinks the Days of the Republic Are Numbered.

Hon. John H. Reagan, who stated in a speech recently delivered in his home state that the United States is destined to become a monarchy, has been a confederate congressman, United States congressman and a United States senator from Texas. He was born in Tennessee, October 8, 1818, served in the Texas army against the Indians, became a judge, and later was postmaster general and secretary of the treasury of the confederacy. After the close of the war between the states he was held prisoner of war for a time, but upon his return to Texas was elected to congress and served as United States senator from 1875 to 1887. He is the author of the interstate commerce



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bill, which, modified by amendments by Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is still in force. Judge Reagan made his now famous remark about the retrogression of popular government in this country in connection with an argument against the division of Texas into four states, a privilege which was accorded to it when it was admitted to the union. He wants Texas to remain one great state so that when the collapse he fears shall come it will be strong enough to perpetuate its existence as an independent republic.

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THE CAMEL'S HEAD.

"Where the camel's head goes his body follows," says an Oriental proverb. It's the same way with disease. A small opening will give it an entrance and when disease once has a place in the body a large number of ills may follow it.

The opening for disease is often found in a "weak" stomach. When the stomach is "weak" the body also becomes weakened by lack of nutrition, and disease attacks the heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and other organs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the weak stomach strong. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and so enables the body to resist or throw off other diseases.

Men and women who are sick are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so obtain without charge the opinion of a specialist on their ailments. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"For the past two years I have been a very sick woman," writes Mrs. Chesley, of 108 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. "I tried medicines from doctors and to no avail. At last I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When I started I was all run-down and had a very unpleasant taste in my mouth. Was checked up, and at times it was very hard for me to breathe. I had severe headaches and cutting pains in my knee joint. Was so weak I could not attend to my work nor walk up or down stairs without the assistance of my brother or some friend. I am now taking the fourth bottle, and am happy to say I feel like myself again. I can go up and down stairs and perform my duties as well as any one. Everything seems to be brighter, and I can assure you that life is worth living."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing just as good for dyspepsia or debility. Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

There are twenty-seven hundred actors and actresses in New York City looking for jobs. There are quite a number of "would-be's" in Bloomsburg.

In Heart Disease it works like magic. "For years my greatest enemy was organic Heart Disease. From uneasiness and palpitation it developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave instant relief, and the bad symptoms have entirely disappeared. It is a wonder-worker."—Rev. L. S. Dana, Pittsburg, Pa.—33 Sold by C. A. Klein.

The man who would keep his friends must occasionally forsake the truth.

Doctored Nine Years for Tetter. "Mr. James Gaston, merchant, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: 'For nine years I have been disfigured with Tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured.'"—34 Sold by C. A. Klein.

No, Maude dear; the cowcatcher is not confined to cattle trains.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. "Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering spells, Pain in left side, and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces."—35 Sold by C. A. Klein.

A woman is not necessarily a bandit because she holds up a train.

Cinnamon-Coated Pills. "Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are coated like a cinnamon drop, very small and delightful to take. One pill a dose, 43 in a val for 10 cents. Their popularity is a whirlwind, sweeping competitors before it like chaff. No pain, no griping, no inconvenience."—36 Sold by C. A. Klein.

There is one rule that every actor is fond of, and that is the pay roll.

LET ME SAY I have used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims. Very truly, (Rev.) H. W. Hathaway, Elizabeth, N. J.

I TRIED Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured of catarrh. The terrible headaches from which I long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cts. or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

Life's April showers often follow a wedding march.

MANAGER WANTED.

Trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage business in this County and adjoining territory for well and favorably known House of solid financial standing. \$20.00 straight cash salary and expenses, paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced; position permanent. Address Manager, 610 Monon Building Chicago, Ill. 9-10 18t

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