The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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1 Returning:
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Leaves Corvallis.....11:30 a. m
Arrives Albany.....12:15 p. m

3 For Detroit:
Leaves Albany..... 7:00 a. m
Arrives Detroit.....12:05 p. m

4 from Detroit:
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Arrives Albany..... 5:35 p. m

Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with S P south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S P north bound train.

Train No 2 connects with the S P trains at Corvallis and Albany giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.

Train 3 for Detroit, Breitenbush and other mountain resorts leaves Albany at 7:00 a. m., reaching Detroit at noon, giving ample time to reach the Springs the same day.

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All Shirt Waists 20 to 30 percent Reduction.
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to as high a standard as our desire would promote us, but see that you make no mistake in the house that keeps the highest standard of Groceries that is the place to BUY

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HENRY AMBLER,
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Proposals for Lumber.

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned until 6 o'clock p. m. July 10, for supplying the City of Corvallis with lumber for one year from date.

The right to reject any or all bids is hereby reserved.

June 29, 1903.

E. P. Greffoz,
Police Judge.

New Dressmakers.

After July 7th, the Misses Marie and Christena Dahlmann, dressmakers, will be found on Fifth street, second door north of the M. E. church South. Fancy dresses, tailor made suits, French designs are among their specialties. They are also teachers of the Mme. Kellogg French Tailor system. Instruction in sewing and dressmaking given to young women. Dressmaking and sewing done at the homes of patrons.

DIED IN POVERTY.

AT ONE TIME HER SALARY WAS A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PER NIGHT.

A Circus Queen's Melancholy story—Greatest Female Rider of All Time—Something about Her Daring Feats on Barebacked Horse.

New Orleans, July 11.—There recently died in New Orleans the one time "queen of the circus," Elizabeth Howard, who 40 years ago divided honors with Dan Rice. In the old days Miss Howard was easily the most popular female performer in the sawdust ring, but the last 20 years of her life were spent selling newspapers in the streets of the Southern city.

Time was when Elizabeth Howard received $150 for 40 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 news boys 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 20 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 down town in the French quarter.

After awhile 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 dogcatcher, 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 bravely faced life and the changes 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 Carmencita. She had a voice of richness and power.

Miss Howard deserted the circus for a single season, when she starred 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 is not to her liking, and she soon returned to her old love, the night in 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 canvass 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":

"Let me forget that so long have you roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved, long, long ago."

Miss Howard was once a society girl of Montgomery Alabama, and just before the civil war she visited Richmond, where she led the cotilion 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 signed a contract with a circus manager and had begun what was to be a most notable career. She was forbidden ever to enter her home again.

Miss Howard sold papers the day she died. The last morning she spent on earth was bright and warm. She left off selling papers about 10 o'clock and went to Newspaper Row to settle her weekly bills. Then home, dinner for the dogs, a two hour "nap," and her daily walk. As she was returning home she had a coughing spell and swooned. A hemorrhage followed, and she was taken into a dwelling at 730 Orleans street, where she died a few minutes later.

Miss Howard had been a member of a co-operative benevolent association which assured its members a Christian burial upon payment of 10 cents a week during life. She had neglected to pay the current week's dues, and so the "queen of the circus" was laid to rest in Potter's field.—Chicago Tribune.

New York, Feb. 10.—Whatever the result to the minds of Sir Lipton and Designer Fife, there was nothing about the work of the Shamrock III, Monday, to cause Yankees to fear. The two Shamrocks sailed a thirty-mile course in a breeze varying from eight to ten miles an hour, the challenger finishing in 3 hours 8 minutes and 20 seconds. Assuming that she would allow the Shamrock I ten minutes, the time would be reduced by that extent.

But the test was calculated to bring out the top speed of any fore and aft rigged vessel. The sailing was merely a broad reach out and a close reach home. Another "But" (and a bigger one)—the Reliance covered a similar course, under as near the same conditions as it is possible to judge, in better than 10 minutes less time.

This does not mean that Reliance is ten minutes faster than Shamrock III exactly, but it is as significant as can be of their relative abilities. Yachts don't race by the clock for cups.

Shamrock III kicks up more fuss going through the water than her predecessor, and much more than the probable defender. It is at her bow she tumbles the water most, though her counter wave is of not dispicable dimensions. And this in a smooth sea.

Portland July 11.—In search of his son, William, from whom he had received no message since last March, J. T. Shepard arrived in Portland this morning from Mt Vernon, Ill., and without waiting to register at a hotel, walked rapidly to the police station where he made anxious inquiry of Capt. Geitzmacher. He was told that nothing was known of his son. but if he would return in an hour, an officer would be detailed to go with him, and aid him in the search.

Hardly had the hour elapsed, when the aged father walked into the station, and told the captain that he had located his boy. "He is working in a cannery at Annita, Wash.," said the father. "I met a young fellow on the street, who told me where he is. Before I would believe him, I took him to the sheriff's office, where they knew him. They say that my son is slightly mentally unbalanced, and that, probably accounts for the fact that he has failed to write us."

To Capt. Gritzmacher the father stated that it was through a fortune teller that he and his wife were made aware that his son was not right. He said that when they failed to hear from him. his wife went to a medium, who told him that the boy was is sore distress. After the medium finished, it was quickly decided that the father should come West to seek the lost boy.

ALWAYS IN TERROR,

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK IN DREAD OF BODILY HARM.

His Hand Always Near a Ready Revolver—Often in His Fright He Shoots Down an Unoffending Attendant.

Always the Sultan carries a revolver hidden somewhere within the folds of his robes—and when he is receiving anyone in audience his right hand is never far from the place where the revolver lies. With painful anxiety he watches the movements of anyone who is admitted to his presence. Living in mortal fear of assassination, a brusque movement, a quick step, even a change of attitude, is enough to make him start in terror and to send his right hand to his revolver pocket—and often overcome by sudden fear, he whips out his revolver and shoots some wholly inoffensive man or woman.

And once, when the Sultan was lying in bed, he summoned his chamberlain, Raghip B y, in audience. Leaning over the bed to light a cigarette, at the Sultan's command, he happened to make a movement that sent his master into paroxysms of fear.

The Sultan imagined that his chamberlain meant to strangle him. Seizing his wrists the terrified monarch held them fast until his wild shrieks brought the guards rushing to his aid.

The greatest terror of Abnul Hamid's life is darkness and silence. The night is far spent before he ever retires to rest knowing that the penalty of sleep is haunting dreams and terrifying nightmares.

From the instant when twilight sets in until the sun rises, all Yildiz from the smallest rooms in the imperial kiosk to the futherest confines of the great park, is brilliantly illuminated with artificial lights that rival daylight.

Before he can sleep a soothing voice must read to him to calm his nerves. This duty usually falls to the lot of his foster-brother, Ismet Bey—a little, ugly man, bearing such a resemblance to his sovereign that he is supposed often to impersonate him on state occasions.

Lulled at last to sleep by the music of the band, the tramping of guard's feet and the croning voice of the reader, the Sultan passes a few moments of unconsciousness, only to wake with a start from a terrifying dream, and hastily summon some trusty counsellor who will banish the vague terrors that haunt his uneasy mind, or to call his soothsayer to his bedside to give the interpretation of his dream.

Thus, with slumber, broken by horrible dreams, from which he starts shrieking in terror, the Sultan passes the night watches until daylight comes again.

Washington, July 11.—Advices received today concerning the Kishinef massacre shows the storm of protest from the civilized world had a good effect on Russia.

The Russian government has been moved to vigorous action and 800 arrests have been made and 350 cases have been remanded for trial before the lower courts, while 450 cases have been sent the courts of appeals, of which 53 have been indicted for manslaughter.

Those accused of murder will be tried in September. The service of four distinguished lawyers have been secured to assist in the prosecution of the murder cases and three others equally distinguished will aid in the prosecutien of the synagogue property cases.

Panama, July 11.—A remarkable change is taking place in Columbia, and it is now generally believed in official circles that the canal treaty will be passed. Its ratifications will probably be taken up by the Congress on July 20. Several petitions have been sent the President asking him to favor canal legislation.

What is worth doing is worth doing well, and so in selling coffees, we sell only the best—Chase & Sanborns importations. P. M. Zierolf.