A PAIR OF SLY ROGUES

Swindling Exploits of Edward Howe and Martha Stiles.

THEY HAVE A CLEVER SYSTEM.

He Swindled Harvard Graduates All Over the Country While She Worked the G. A. R. Posts With a "Drummer Boy" Story. They Come to Grief at Last.

The recent arrest in New York city of Martha E. Stiles, alias Kate Clayton, was the means of throwing full light upon the operations of the cleverest pair of swindlers known in American police annals. The other member of the precious duo is Edward Robbins Howe, whose arrest in Chicago for defrauding various Harvard alumni last December caused a sensation and who now languishes in the Cook county jail awaiting trial on 13 indictments.

The methods of Howe and his wife—for such has Martha Stiles proved to be—stand out as the most unique and singularly successful ever employed by cunning rogues. Their victims are numbered in every large city in the United States, and for 20 years they have lived in luxury from money obtained of obliging collegians. Howe made the study of the Harvard alumni his life work and has the history of every graduate since 1860 at his tongue's end. He has richly profited from his close knowledge of the Harvard body graduate and has traded upon its generosity and good nature to the extent of thousands of dollars.

Howe was well acquainted with members of Harvard clubs in towns the country over, and he glided from one to another with the facility of a drummer and always left victims behind. He was in the habit of registering at the best hotels in the places he visited and then calling upon the Harvard men there. The story he would unfold was invariably like this: He had just arrived in the city and was on his way to a distant town, where pressing business engagements were already overdue. The first night of his stay he

EDWARD HOWE.

had been robbed of $300 at his hotel and had not enough to proceed upon his journey. He asked for funds to carry him to his destination and always obtained the sums he wanted. These amounts he would repay in a day or two, but here ends the chapter. The money was never returned. The list of victims was increased.

In Chicago, however, Howe met his Waterloo. He "negotiated loans" until his creditors became as thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa. He piled up his "angels" three rows high, and finally they came together and concocted a plot to put an end to his game. J. C. Bartlett of 40 Sidney court had him arrested, and Dec. 7 Howe was thrust into the county jail.

When Howe was placed behind the bars in Chicago, his wife went to New York and commenced to gather in a harvest in order to secure money for her husband's defense. Her work met with a decided hindrance by her arrest, but she had won away large sums from Gothamites before being detected. Martha Stiles was born in Amherst, N. H., in 1848, and is of an excellent New England family. Her sister is married to one of Chicago's most prominent business men, who bailed Howe out in December.

Martha began her career of crookedness soon after the close of the war, fastening her clutches upon the G. A. R. posts as the first experience teachers. She told a romantic tale to the old soldiers. She said she had enrolled in the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts volunteers as a drummer boy and served until the battle of Lookout Mountain. There at her post of duty she was wounded and her sex discovered. This fable was very productive until punctured by a suspicious Ohio veteran. Then Martha, who called herself Kate Clayton, vanished. She married Howe, and they went "a-starring" and found the west a good market. In 1885 they went on the stage and at Boston appeared in Mme. Modjeska's company. They were all the while continuing the Harvard scheme to the detriment of about 800 graduates' purses throughout the entire country.

In the Harvard 1864 classbook is a long sketch of Howe's life up to 1889, which he wrote himself. Howe was born in 1843 and belongs to a respected Cambridge (Mass.) family. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter academy. After graduation he entered the Lawrence Scientific school as a student of engineering. In 1867 he left for Freiberg, Saxony, where he remained as a member of the Royal School of Mines for two years. After considerable European travel he returned to the United States early in the seventies. He was superintendent of the Pomeroy (O.) rolling mill for 10 months and then went to San Francisco and was assistant auditor in the Western Union Telegraph office for a short time. He then engaged in the refining of lead and silver and the examining of mines in western Nevada. He next occupied a prominent position with a San Francisco hardware firm. He came east and worked with several railroads in Massachusetts, but went back to California and was appointed a state commissioner to the New Orleans exposition by the governor.

His history has been one of remarkable ups and downs, and his ability, if directed in a proper channel, would have won him a good position in the world of science. His family have made repeated efforts to reclaim him, but have utterly failed.

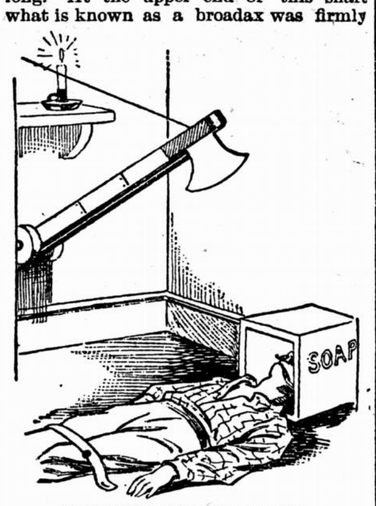
As to the ultimate punishment of Howe and his wife, there are enough indictments against them to give them prison homes for a century to come should they escape the clutches of the law now.

A SELF ACTING GUILLOTINE.

How an Ingenious Drummer Cut Off His Own Head.

The recent unsuccessful attempt of a Chicago man to commit suicide by means of a clumsily constructed guillotine reminds a St. Louis Republic correspondent of the self decapitation of James Moon, a traveling man, in a hotel at Lafayette, Ind.

When the man came to the hotel, his trunk was overheavy. In it he carried the instrument of death, which he had constructed for that purpose. The shaft supporting the ax was made in three sections to fit snugly in the trunk. These were taken out and bolted strongly together, making the piece perhaps 7 feet long. At the upper end of this shaft what is known as a broadax was firmly



THE SELF ACTING GUILLOTINE.

bolted. In order to give the ax sufficient weight to carry it through his neck, Moon had placed bars of inch iron 3 feet long along the sides of the ax.

The lower end of the shaft was fastened to the floor with a hinge. On the side of a window frame was placed a little shelf large enough to hold an old fashioned candlestick. A small eyehook was fastened to the window frame, through which a stout cord was run and fastened to a similar eyehook in the ax shaft. This cord was double or endless and ran on either side of the candle in the stick an inch or two from the top of the candle, so that when it was burned through the ax would surely fall, the shaft having been fixed at an angle of 45 degrees.

To the east of the shaft, but in direct line, was a soapbox, with one side removed for the purpose of admitting his head. Moon was desirous that his features should not be marred by the ax in its fall and had arranged the box at such an exact spot that the ax should not miss his neck while preserving his face from disfigurement.

Beneath his neck, at the point where the ax would strike, he had screwed a billet of wood, which exactly fitted the hollow at the back of his head, thus insuring a clean cut of the ax.

When all was ready, Moon lighted the candle, lay down and strapped his feet and body to the floor by means of leather strips and eyehooks. He had provided himself with a vial of chloroform and some cotton batting. He saturated the batting with the anæsthetic and awaited the end. The candle soon burned down to the cord, releasing the ax, and Moon's head was cut from the body with remarkable precision. Not a scratch was made upon the chin. Whether he was unconscious when the ax fell is, of course, a matter of conjecture. The blood, which saturated the floor, was the only "muss" made by the self execution. When found, Moon had been dead several hours. The guillotine is now in the museum of Perdue university.

PICKED POCKETS IN CHURCH.

The Occupation of a Grandmotherly Old Lady of Eighty-five.

When Jane Wherty attended early mass at St. James' Catholic church in New York city on a recent Sunday, a venerable and rather attractive woman, attired in a neat black dress and bonnet, followed her into the pew and sat down beside her. Mrs. Wherty noticed the elderly woman particularly because the latter seemed very devout. The old woman seemed inclined to be friendly. She smiled at Mrs. Wherty, and they shared the same hymnbooks. The white haired old woman pressed closely against Mrs. Wherty several times during the services, but Mrs. Wherty thought nothing of this until afterward, when, as she was leaving the church, she missed her pocketbook. Then she called an usher, who, when he saw the elderly woman, tapped her on the shoulder, said he knew her and demanded Mrs. Wherty's pocketbook.

MARY FITZGERALD.

The old woman protested that she knew nothing of the purse, but Policeman Dust, whom the usher summoned, found it where the old woman had sat. The usher explained that he recognized the suspected woman as Mary Fitzgerald, a notorious pickpocket, who had been arrested many times and whose picture has long adorned the rogues' gallery. The policeman took Mary to the Oak street station, and later she was arraigned in the Tombs police court and held in default of $1,000 bail.

"How are you, Miss Fitzgerald?" exclaimed one of the keepers, who recognized her. "So you are with us again?"

"Yes, I'm with you again, but it's none of your business if I've been here 150 times before," snapped Mary.

The elderly woman had given her age as 85 years, and it was truth, although she is so well preserved that she does not look more than 60. While her hair is silver white her face is plump and rosy, her frame vigorous and her eyes keen and restless. She does not have to wear spectacles.

Prisons Run by Women.

The management of the Austrian female prisons is in the hands of female religious orders.

A CHAPTER ON BAGS.

THEIR USES ARE VARIOUS AND THEIR NUMBER LEGION.

Pretty Affairs Especially Adapted to the Extravagant Purposes of the Day—Party Bags, Shopping Bags, Opera Bags and Bags For Fancy Needlework.

Any one who has ever kept house, first with bags and then without, must appreciate their undoubted worth. Among those who have never known them the bag enthusiasts certainly have missionary work to do. Ragbags, piecebags, stringbags, duster bags, party bags, fanbags, opera bags, shoebags, ringbags and stocking bags—what more of a text can any one desire to preach from than that? On this present occasion attention is called to three handsome varieties of bags recently illustrated in The Housewife and suitable for any of the pretty extravagant purposes of the day, none of them being made on the disks, which, by the way, are emphatically not proper for bags to be carried on the arm.

The large bag of brocade with its soft silk lining is a party bag made to carry slippers, fan, handkerchief, bang comb and such unconsidered trifles. Done in black silk or satin, either plain or self figured, this bag, 15 inches in depth, is just right for a shopping bag or to carry for any similar everyday purpose.

The second is of rich brocade and lace and is distinctly an opera bag to contain glasses, handkerchief, salts bottle and

PARTY BAG. OPERA BAG.

so on. The third is distinctly a fancy workbag, made to leave about one's own house with the particular bit of frivolity in it which occupies odd minutes, or to contain that, with silks and scissors and thimble, when one goes visiting. A helpful detail is also given of the ribbon work decoration, which adorns the otherwise plain silk bag.

For single gifts a bag is incomparable if the wants of the recipient are studied. A little chamois bag to hold her rings, or a beautiful fanbag just large enough to hold and protect a party fan, is a delight to a young lady just indulging in any of these treasures for the first time, while, as for boys and girls, the very name is suggestive of marble bags, shoebags, schoolbags and the like. Does a friend intend to marry—a complete set of household and toilet bags would never cease to remind her pleasantly of the giver, especially if the giver is thoughtful enough to eschew any particular style of decoration and to choose beautiful materials, which are not stamped with any distinct epoch of color or design.

For handkerchiefs and stockings and such things the prettiest foundation is a circle upon which the bag itself is gathered. A really beautiful stocking bag was made in this way: Two disks of light cardboard, about 4 inches in diameter, were each covered with a bit of white flannel. Cover these always by

A FANCY WORKBAG.

cutting a disk an inch wider than the cardboard. Run a stout gathering snugly over the cardboard, tying the string close to the edge and draw it thread. Cut the silk and draw it over the cardboard in the same way. Punch holes thickly in the cardboard, and, after the two disks are sewed over and over, stitch, placing between them as much sachet powder as will go without making the bottom rounding or lumpy. The cardboard will protect the scent, while the pinholes will let it out a little at a time.

Bathing Apron For Mothers.

Wherever there is an infant there ought to be a bathing apron. The best one for the purpose is a double flannel one, with a piece of rubber cloth between. Take two yards of soft flannel, scantily gather one end of flannel on a band and sew four buttons on the band. Extend the ends of band sufficiently to button around the waist; also gather the other end of flannel scantily and face. Work four buttonholes in the facing to correspond with buttons in the band. Work buttonholes in one end of rubber cloth, button this to the band, then fold up the lower half of the flannel and button this to the band also. When necessary to launder, the rubber cloth can easily be removed. Flannel is preferable to any other goods for such aprons, as it readily absorbs moisture and is not cold and clammy to the touch when wet, as is cotton goods.

Excellent Cookies.

Excellent cookies may be made using 2 cups of sugar, a cup of butter, 4 eggs, a teaspoonful of soda, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Flavor with nutmeg and add enough flour to roll out. Do not roll too thin.

TURF PHILOSOPHY.

The rules need less changing than enforcing.

No man knows the limit of the tendency to revert to ancestral types.

It is the "purse proud" meetings that draw the horses that draw the people to the grand stand.

The nations richest in horses are the Argentine Republic and Uruguay—in quantity, not quality.

The loss sustained by bad roads in Illinois has been "moderately" figured at $16,000,000 annually.

The polo pony should simply be a thoroughbred in miniature, while the weight carrier ought to be a dwarf hackney.

A well posted devotee of St. Anthony says, "I think there should be a law forbidding some men from shoeing horses."

He who thinks a 4-year-old is too young to work on account of shedding an occasional tooth cannot have "shed his own colt teeth."

If it is true that Harriet Clay was faint hearted, her daughter Harrietta cannot be said to have inherited such characteristic. How do our "pupil teachers" explain this?

A rule should be made by all associations that no rider or driver in a race should look backward. No horse that is in the lead is expected to get out of the way for another.

It might be suggested to arrange a set of mirrors in front of the driver to see that he might have the advantage of "looking backward" without the necessity of taking his attention off what is in front of him.

The unqualified assertion that speed begets speed is untrue. It is not the demonstrated speed acquired by cultivation that is transmitted, but an inherited capacity that admits the development of speed through training.—Horseman.

THE STAMP OF STYLE.

Crushed strawberry red is the favorite color in wash silks used for the blouse waist.

Plaid silks are usurping the place which moire has held so long and have become very popular for dressy gowns.

White dresses are effectively trimmed with yellow lace and insertions and are particularly pretty made over yellow silk

A shoe which bids fair to become popular for outdoor dressy functions is a Louis Quinze with a cut steel buckle. It is made in different kinds of leather.

Parasols to match the tiny checked silks so much in fashion now are the proper thing, and give an opportunity to possess a simple parasol which is not extensively duplicated.

Openwork embroidery is fast gaining favor and is now done on colored chambray as well as white and ecru mull. It is used extensively on one gown, sometimes forming the entire front of the skirt.

Among the delicate colored organdies so pretty for summer gowns there are bright poppy reds and a dark navy blue. The red gowns are very striking trimmed with black lace, and the blue is pretty adorned with white.

A very important accessory of dress for the chic young woman as well as those who are not so young is the waistcoat, without which a summer outfit is sadly incomplete. This fancy has grown and multiplied into a craze.—New York Sun.

A ROYAL FLUSH.

The sultan of Turkey will soon make a tour of Europe. His better half, to the number of several hundred, will accompany him.

Prince Roland Bonaparte has for some years devoted much time and attention to the physical geography of mountains. He is now in Switzerland.

The emperor of Anam, Bun Law, is a youth of 14, with a precocious tendency to get married and a faculty for getting into awkward escapades in consequence.

Queen Victoria must have a good photographer. There is not much perceptible difference in her pictures in the last 25 years, and Queen Victoria is not a young lady—not by any means.

Two of the Austrian archduchesses are noted for their lovely hands—the Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of Queen Christina of Spain, and Archduchess Maria Theresa, sister-in-law of Emperor Francis Joseph.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Canada has no gold coins.

Needles are a legal tender currency in Africa.

The longest wagon road is in India—1,800 miles.

Rain falls in the Andes about once in seven years.

False teeth made of ivory have been found in the Roman catacombs.

Horseshoes have been found in tombs that date back to the sixth century.

Over 8,000 varieties of postal cards have been issued in the world within 35 years.

The German parliament house was built with the money demanded from France after the war of 1871.

In 1845 a Scotch farmer sued the customs authorities for a penny and won his case. The costs amounted to $700.

WAVES OF WATER.

Niagara falls are traveling backward at the average rate of nine feet a year.

Henry's lake, in Idaho, has a floating island, the trees of which serve as sails.

Near Chestertown, Md., there is a small lake called Still pond, which has never been known to be ruffled, even by the most violent storms. It never freezes.

If all the oceans of the globe should be suddenly taken from their beds, leaving them perfectly dry, it would take all the rivers of the world 35,000 years to fill them again.

The only instance on record of a lake being pumped dry in order to get at the iron ore in its bed was Lake Angeline, near Ishpeming, Mich. It was 70 feet deep and covered 160 acres.

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

Mary Hamilton, an English female fraud of the eighteenth century, married 14 of her own sex.

In Morocco the face of a bride is painted white and red, and her hands and feet are dyed yellow with henna.

"Boston baked beans, Philadelphia style," are to be had in a Brooklyn cheap lunchroom, which bears the name of the New York restaurant.

Indians declare that prior to attacking some large animal the alligator always swallows a heavy stone to increase its weight in dragging its victim under the water.

FOR A WEEK'S BOARD

BILL NYE FURNISHES A STIRRING PIECE OF OBITUARY POETRY.

His Mind Then Wanders Back to Four Hundred Years Ago, and He Contrasts That Period With Today—How He Celebrated Last Fourth.

[Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Below I give a death notice appearing in a Denver paper. The party referred to leaves quite a squad of children, and besides being a well known and beloved member of a secret organization had killed two men in an unguarded moment during the early days:

Cronin—This morning, at 3:15, R. C. Cronin, at 2215 Curtis street, aged 38 years. Funeral at residence, to be announced later, under auspices of Lodge 59, H. of Q.

There is one more that is missing,
There is one more that is gone,
And from the earth was taken
Thursday just at dawn.
There is a vacant chair at the table
Alongside his own sweet wife.
Though gone, he's not forgotten
By the friends that knew him through life,
And yet he leaves behind him
Two girls and a baby boy.
How the wife and husband worshiped them,
For they were their pride and joy!
But now he's gone. God bless him!
Pray his soul rest overhead.
Though mourners he leaves behind him,
Dinky Cronin now is dead.
—By a Brother H. of Q.

Obituary poetry certainly offers a wide field for the amateur poet. While we are on this subject I would like very much, if there be no objection, to insert a verse which I recently furnished in return for a week's board where I was trout fishing at the time and sorely in need of means:

Babcock—At 2:30 a. m. of the 23d inst., Vinegar Bitters, eldest son of Hiram and Pearline Babcock of Buck Forest, near Cæsar's Head. Funeral tomorrow at the picnic grove at the Falls. All are cordially invited.

Oh, Vinney, you have went away,
For malignant typhoid fever had came to stay,
And our sad souls has the impression
That your family will make a procession
Reaching over ¼ of a mile.

What could be pleasenter, sweet child,
Than a percession over ¼ of a mild?
Or who could a fairer funeral apoint
Than one that would be over ½ hour passing a given point?
The writer wishes you bon voyage to a future state
And will bon voyage others at the same rate.

You are doubtless aware that 400 years ago this entire checkered country was covered with red men, and now they are driven back to the king row. A few more moves only remain. I tried to jump a red man once. He was on my nine. I found myself skunked.

Four hundred years ago the streets were unpaved. You had no city debt or waterworks.

Four hundred years ago in this country there was not a single pair of suspenders. Now everybody wears them—male and female.

Then America had no refinement, no knowledge of geography. They hardly knew where they were at. Now the country is filled with beautiful, refined homes, where one can stay during the lecture season and be safe.

Four hundred years ago a solitary horseman might have been seen.

The Indian was ever ignorant and untidy. He was not refined. He did not know the joy of hunting the aniseed bag.

I have a large stone adz at home, made by one of the Indians of York state—a Tammany Indian. It is a Mohawk swatter, very crude. No evidences of brains about it except on the back. There there are a few, but I do not know whose they are.

As you all know, Columbus had much trouble in discovering America, not only in the matter of money, but he was also discouraged by the press. The papers said it would not succeed and threw cold

TROUT FISHING.

water on it. If he did conclude to do so, however, they would like the refusal of his ashes after his death to put a monument over.

When Chris discovered America, North Carolina, for instance, had no marks of civilization or the ax. Now, if you ride a few miles, how changed! You can hardly ride half a day without seeing where the sturdy woodsman has cut down the great oak to get a coon out of it.

It will take a long time to clear the state that way, but the people of North Carolina are a patient people.

I've only heard one complaint, and that is regarding Mr. Vanderbilt's brick and tile works. Plum Levi says, "Since Mr. Vanderbilt has took to cooking the clay there his family has hardly seen a well day."

Since Columbus' time look at the progress made in the arts and sciences! We make everything now. Up in Wisconsin they make Limburger cheese, all but the smell.

He is responsible for the spread of education and religion. I am told that the pope has 11 cardinals' hats now to bestow—hats that he got on election, I presume. Where once were ignorance, superstition and idolatry, now there are good books, polished lecturers and the third party.

Columbus did not indeed discover freedom, but he discovered a good site for it to be. He made Fourth of July possible 300 years later, and then freedom became possible.

Last year we celebrated the Fourth at my estate in Buncombe county. In the morning a parade, speaking at the grove in the afternoon, greased North Carolina pig, razor back. I had a man help me on the fireworks, but in the parade I had no assistance.

We had a piece on the melodeon called "Peewee Bird Waltz" by a young lady.

She came over to our house and remained. She is there yet waiting for a remittance. She is not well. She has air cells in her lungs. She had her affections blighted eight times by a man here. She has brought suit for eight blights at $500 per blight. But as soon as it was discovered that there was an enormous amount of climate here invalids began to flock to our shore and live on the saleratus bread of New England.

Thus there became a great epoch. Everywhere one could throw a cat by the tail he would hit an epoch. Then

FIREWORKS IN BUNCOMBE COUNTY.

followed the hiatus. Times were dull in the old world, and the pilgrim fathers—where are they?—said: "Give us a place where God will make them to prosper that do paint their houses with white paint, and the blinds thereof shall be painted with green paint, and he that believeth other than did they that had the odor of the bilge water of the Mayflower upon their garments shall be cast out into the uttermost plumb darkness, and him what take and turn in and paint every house of his'n every other color nor with green blinds upon the same, behold of such a man, look well upon him, for verily he shall of a very surety be plumb damned and that without recompense."

Now, these be the words of the historian in the language of King James, who also translated the Bible unto himself so that he could understand it with less effort.

And what more right hath King James to translate the Bible into the King James times than Grover Cleveland hath to translate the good book into the language of our times? And so, too, could it not be like the tariff translated in one way at the Paducah and in another dialect at Skowhegan?

Some day I will "s'posin" how the Prodigal should be translated, say, in Bangor, Minneapolis and Texas. We will suppose that the president desires to know the wishes of those three sections regarding the straight 1900 A. D. edition of the Bible throughout the republic of the United States.

How do you think they would read?

Bill Nye

Her Depraved Taste.

"I thought you told me you could whitewash!" cried the lady in a rage.

"Wha' yo' call dat, calc'minin?"

"I don't know what to call it. Looks like a lot of dirty icebergs"——

"Sutinly, mum! Done axed yo' ef yo' wanted de polah swipe er de base relief, an yo' said plain. De bes' people don' have no plain wuk, so's I done put on the polah swipe"——

"Oh, you've ruined my ceilings"——

"Des's I 'lowed! Some people's slow to git the style. De native ahtis' mus' stand back for de classic impoht. I'ze done wid yo'. I'll do no mo' wuk on dis street!" And the artist had made his farewell tour.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Doubt.

When the train made its first stop after leaving home, Mr. Simpkins, who had been in a brown study for several minutes, raised his eyes, which had a troubled look in them, and remarked, "My dear, are you sure we haven't forgotten anything?"

"Of course we haven't," responded the good lady cheerfully. "I would have thought of it the minute the train had started."—Detroit News-Tribune.

Cold Comfort.

Fussy Passenger—Why does your company insist that passengers must purchase tickets before entering the train? Are they afraid that if we pay money to you that you will steal it?

Conductor (with dignity)—Certainly not. They are afraid the train may run off the track before I can get around.—New York Weekly.

Worse Off.

Squildig—Poor Spudkins is disappointed in marriage.

McSwilligen—How is that? Didn't Miss Roxy have as much money as he thought she had?

Squildig—Yes, but she won't let him have any of it.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Explaining It.

Customer—Gimme piece apple pie, quick.

Waiter—Chicago or Boston?

Customer—What d'ye mean?

Waiter—Knife or fork?—Philadelphia Record.