

MOST WICKED OF ALL WOMEN

Belle Oats and Her Temporary Efforts to Reform.

She Gave a Man Time to Pray Before Shooting Him—She Was the Terror of Texas.

[From Monday's Daily.] Belle Oats, of Star Oliver, as she has often been called, who a few days ago escaped from a posse of Texas sheriffs by boldly plunging her horse into the Rio Grande and guiding him through a flood of waters to the opposite shore, is one of the most daring and successful criminals that ever operated on the southern border. She has been called the world's worst woman criminal, says a western correspondent. The story of a strange affair which caused Belle Oats to repent and abandon a career of crime for a short time at least was found in a bunch of papers which she left at the house of one who had gained her confidence while she was trying to lead a better life. It was written in Spanish and is evidently the girl's own work, done when remorse possessed her to the exclusion of all other emotions. "I had just stepped out into the road," she has written, "when I saw a man mounted upon a splendid black horse coming toward me. He was evidently in a very happy frame of mind, for he was whistling a lively air, and his face wore a look of careless serenity that I can never forget. With a slight inclination of his head and a good humored 'How do you do, sir?' he was about to pass on when I caught his horse by the bridle and thrust my revolver in his face. "Without uttering a word of protest he dismounted in obedience to my request, but when I pointed toward the brush and told him to go forward his face turned deadly pale, and such an appeal of hopeless terror was depicted on his features that I wonder how any one could have acted as I did. "Go on," I said, taking a step toward the poor, trembling creature and threateningly displayed my pistol. He walked slowly forward, never once turning his head or speaking a word, until he came to the bank of a stream of water. "That will do," I said. "Take off your clothes and be in a hurry." Then for the first time he turned his colorless face and despairing eyes toward me and asked if I were going to kill him. "Sir," said he, "won't you kindly grant me a few moments to pray for my wife and little children? They will soon be fatherless. "I thought I had never seen a nobler specimen of physical manhood. I was tempted to spare his life and fall in love with him, but the old feeling of devilry possessed me, and I said, 'Oh, go ahead and pray as much as you like while I smoke a cigarette.' "He instantly fell upon his knees, with his face turned from me, and began to pray. I felt my better nature asserting itself, and to still it I touched the trigger. The unfortunate man fell forward at the crack of the pistol, a stream of blood spouting over the back of his neck. I quickly examined his pockets, finding only a small purse containing a few silver coins. In his agony the dying man had struggled nearly over the bank of the stream. I mounted his horse and galloped away. "After riding a short distance I came to a cabin, and, being desirous of making some inquiries, I shouted hallo. A woman appeared at the door and invited me to dismount. The odor of cooking reached my nostrils, and after learning that I was traveling in the wrong direction I concluded to enter the house and appease my thirst and hunger. "Papa has gone to the store to buy me and brother some candy and tell old Santa Claus not to forget us," said a little girl 5 or 6 years of age. "By this time a beautiful curly haired little boy younger than the girl had crawled up in my lap. The woman smiled and said: 'The children are not afraid of strangers. My husband wants to town to get some Christmas toys for them, and they are impatient for him to return.' "The little girl had scrambled up on my knees, and I was admiring their beauty and innocence, when the door was pushed open, and I heard the woman scream. Upon turning my head it seemed as if the horrors of hades rained upon my brain. A man covered with blood stood in the door. The woman and children flew to him, crying, 'Oh, papa, what is the matter?' "Do not be alarmed," he said. "A boy shot me, and I fell in the river, but I am not badly hurt." "While they were helping him toward

a bed I made an effort to reach the door, but my legs were numb. A dumb terror possessed me, and I fell headlong on the floor, moaning in agony. I crawled into the yard, and, regaining my feet, I staggered to the gate. Here I happened to feel the little pocket-book, and I dropped it in the path. Then I ran away and never stopped until I fell on the earth exhausted.

"For three days and nights I rolled in the dust in agony, praying for forgiveness for my crimes. After many days of sorrow I sought Father Sebastian, and since I have met him I have lived in peace."—Ex.

He Objected to the Sailor Hat.

A funny story is told in Paris of a Kansas City girl who was studying art. It happened several years ago, but has not lost its interest even now in the Latin quarter. For some occult reason or inexplicable whim the masculine students disapproved of the sailor hats worn by the English and American girls and made themselves generally obnoxious by rude comments. One day the Kansas City girl was going to her little room from the atelier where she studied. In one hand she carried a portfolio, in the other a tightly rolled umbrella. After a time she was followed by a tall youth, whom she recognized as a poet and a leader in the warfare upon sailor-hats. He followed her block after block, loudly expressing his disapproval of the hat she wore, until she became exasperated, beyond endurance, especially as his objections took the form of paper and bread balls thrown at the offending chapeu. Turning suddenly, but calmly, in front of a large cafe she asked sweetly, "Am I to understand that you desire me to remove my hat, monsieur?" The poet, long and lank of hair and lean of aspect, answered unhesitatingly, "At once, mademoiselle." "In America," said mademoiselle, genially, "gentlemen always remove their own hats in making a request of the ladies. Allow me!" And a well directed blow of the tightly rolled umbrella sent the poet's cherished silk hat spinning into the boulevard under the feet of horses and wheels of carriages. He stood paralyzed with astonishment, and the crowd at the tables broke into loud applause, while the girl escaped safely down a side street.—New York Tribune.

Queen Emma's Diamonds.

The ex-Queen Regent Emma of Holland can plume herself on having a more beautiful collection of diamonds than any other of the crowned women of Europe. The piece of highest value is a remarkable diadem of diamonds and sapphires, some of which are of extraordinary size and produce the grandest effect by the way in which they are arranged. The sapphires are placed on the front band and increase in size toward the middle, where a sapphire of the size of a walnut forms the apex. Below this sapphire there are three stems bearing three diamonds of the size of hazelnuts. These diamonds rise like flowers from the midst of a crown of leaves. Not less rich are a stream of 34 large brilliants and a necklace of three rows of splendid pearls, with hooks of diamonds from which hang pearls of extraordinary size. There are also various brooches ornamented with diamonds and the royal crown. One represents the lion of the Netherlands in enamel and stones, and another has the initials of the royal couple. The effect is augmented by the great skill with which the stones are cut, enabling them to dart forth magnificent flashes of light.—Le Diamant.

Alaska As It Is.

While the loud voiced orators of the Republican and Democratic parties are holding forth to their more or less appreciative audiences in the several states of the union, in regard to the wonderful possibilities of the Philippines or the perils of the expansion policy, Alaska, neglected and abused, struggles on in its efforts to rise, cursed by some of the most damnable legislation ever conceived by the mind of man. If the fate of the Alaskans' prayer to the powers that be augurs anything for the policy to be applied in case of the final subjugation of Aguinaldo and his followers, we do not blame them for the stout resistance they are making, but rather envy them for the hope they have of ultimate success. The history of this end of the pie counter is so filled with horrible abuses that if it were known, it would cause our revolutionary forefathers to turn in their graves for very shame and indignation. Yet Alaska, the land of patience, struggles on, and only now and then does a groan of resentment reach the shores of the mother country. It would seem that the watchword of the nation is now: Millions for conquest, but not one cent for justice. It is not the purpose of this article to enumerate in detail, the wrongs alluded

to. It would take too long and we have not the spare time. Suffice to say that every industry, has felt the blighting effect of the tax placed upon it, and the drain of money that flows into the treasury at Washington. Many "infant industries" have been forced to relinquish their efforts and today their wheels are standing idle. Our people have met in convention and have drafted resolutions and petitions, which they have piled at the feet of legislators at the hands of authorized, but unpaid and, perhaps, unwelcome representatives; yet without avail. The spirit of entrenchment in expenditures has been always the policy with Alaska. Large and influential trading companies have been suffered to drain our resources of valuable furs, with but slight remuneration to the government, but the pioneer who comes to develop, to dig, to delve, and build for himself a home, is subjected to a tax that makes the task doubly great. The usual encouragement and liberality is supplanted by a policy that deprives him of even the benefit of the homestead laws.

Much more might be said in regard to the system of courts of justice that has been in vogue, but which has happily been remedied, in a measure, within the last few months. The system of taxation referred to has been in operation for more than a year and its effects become more apparent each succeeding day. We would ask the question: Can we stand it? Will the business interests of the country survive the continuation of this most pernicious system?—Douglas Island News.

She Oiled the Baby.

The absurd manner in which ignorant mothers misconstrue instructions given in reference to the care of their babies is well illustrated by the following story told by a lady out of her own experience: "While in one of our great New York hospitals some months ago I observed a very unhappy, helpless looking woman sitting in the waiting room with what seemed to be a bundle of soiled clothes in her lap. It was a six-weeks-old baby! As I drew near she wailed: "Oh, madam, my baby is dying!" I turned down the cover from the little one's face and involuntarily exclaimed: "Oh, how awful!" The poor little infants face and hands were literally frosted with dirt. I said: "Have you bathed this baby this morning?" She answered triumphantly: "Oh, no. I have not washed it much since it was born. I have just oiled it." Some one had told her it was well to use sweet oil with a newborn babe, and she had done it.

Secret of Telephone Discovery.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is reported to have explained in a lecture how he came to invent the telephone as follows: "My father invented a symbol by which deaf mutes could converse, and finally I invented an apparatus by which the vibrations of speech could be seen, and it turned out to be a telephone. It occurred to me to make a machine that would enable one to hear vibrations. I went to an aurist, and he advised me to take the human ear as my model. He supplied me with a dead man's ear, and with this ear I experimented, and upon applying the apparatus I found that the dead man's ear wrote down the vibrations. "I arrived at the conclusion that if I could make iron vibrate on a dead man's ear I could make an instrument more delicate which would cause those vibrations to be heard and understood. I thought if I placed a delicate piece of steel over an electric magnet I could get a vibration, and thus the telephone was completed. "The telephone arose from my attempts to teach the deaf to speak. It arose from my knowledge, not of electricity, but as a teacher of the deaf. Had I been an electrician I would not have attempted it."—Electrical World.

Martin Makes Charges.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 22.—Some boisterous scenes were enacted on the floor of the legislature this evening, due, in part, doubtless to the fact that one of the ministers had held a dinner party and some of the members showed the effects. The first storm broke through the revival of the question of the pledges and the platforms which the supporters of Mr. Charles Wilson and the Conservative party had given before election. Capt. Tallow, Mayor Garden and McBride, minister of mines, came in for particular criticism, the members of the administration showing great impatience whenever the name of Charles Wilson was mentioned. Finally the speaker ruled that these matters must not be referred to in the house. The storm broke, however, a little

later, when the speaker was about to declare a government measure carried. After the opposition had called for the registration of names, the speaker said he had not heard the names called for, although three opposition members rose and said they had done so. Fired by the interruption of government supporters, Mr. Martin launched out in charges to the effect that the opposition was not being treated fairly in the house, and that, if the speaker was not going to accord the opposition fair play, he would take means to make him do so. This challenge was at once accepted by the government, who professed to be much shocked at the grave discourtesy which had been shown the speaker.

Loud calls for retraction were heard, but Martin absolutely declined to make it. Prentice, the provincial secretary, attempted to interrupt Martin, who turned on him savagely and told him to sit down and not always be making a nuisance of himself, adding that he (Prentice) did not know very much, but he ought to have sufficient brains for that. The house did not rise till midnight.

Wants His Mail.

Editor Daily Nugget: I do not wish to make suggestions as to the manner in which the Dawson postoffice should be conducted, but it does seem that from Saturday until Tuesday is a long time to be compelled to wait for mail. In most countries postoffices are open for general delivery an hour on Sunday, and one hour in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon on legal holidays. If such customs are practiced elsewhere, why should they not be practiced here? To have to wait three days after mail arrives, fully as long as it now takes the same mail to come from Skagway to this place, is rather a severe test on the patience and temper of a patron, especially when, as I have done, that patron lives 20 miles away from town and makes a special journey to town for the sole purpose of getting expected and important mail. Such practices are not customary on the outside and work hardships here; especially as not one in every ten outside of official circles, had remembered that this is Labor day, consequently a holiday. MINER.

Trilby's Letters Torn.

Considerable dissatisfaction is expressed in letters received from the Klondike in regard to the condition in which mail arrives at Dawson. Postmaster Stewart yesterday received a communication from "Trilby" Collins, well known as a former newsboy of Seattle, asking his aid in bringing about a better condition of affairs. He states that letters often arrive there with the edges of the envelopes so worn that the contents are very apt to be lost. The addresses are said to be often so illegible that the letters cannot be delivered to the parties to whom they are addressed, and the interior of the letter is also frequently so defaced as to render it illegible. Collins attributes the condition of the arriving mail to the number of times it must be handled in transmission from Seattle. Mr. Stewart yesterday said that the mail when it leaves this office is carefully tied in bundles and every precaution taken to insure its safe delivery. The first handling it receives is at Skagway, and as the postal officials are usually very scrupulous, it is to be presumed that it receives the same careful attention accorded in the Seattle office. Mr. Stewart's explanation was that the damage might possibly result from careless handling on the British side of the boundary, which it is necessary for Dawson mail to cross before reaching its destination. For some time, he says, it has been the custom of the Canadian postal officials to disinfect all incoming mail matter, and it is presumed that after the fumigation the letters are not again properly tied in bundles and placed in the sacks.

In the Asylum.

Guard—There's the saddest and most violent case we have here. Listen to him rave. Patient—Dyea, Juneau—no, I don't. Ha! ha! Chilkoot pass—no. St. Michael—not yet. Mackenzie river—no! Visitor—Poor fellow! Did hunger in the Klondike bring him to this? Guard—No. About a year ago he decided to go to the goldfields, and every one he asked told him a different and the best route to take.—Up to Date.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

STANDARD THEATRE OPENS.

It Puts All Other Houses in the Shade.

Largest Stage, Hanging Gallery, Unobstructed View and Splendid Dancing Some of Its Features.

The theater-going people of Dawson are at last to have a first-class family theater. The Standard will open tonight and with its opening a new era in legitimate amusement will be inaugurated. The management of the house will strive to give clean and wholesome amusement to Dawson and will eliminate all those objectionable features which the usual theatrical combination has afflicted the Dawson audience with in the past.

This will be the only theater in Dawson, now that the Orpheum is closed. The pavilion has been entirely rebuilt and the change is something remarkable. A splendid stage has been built and new scenery specially painted for the house has been staged. The stage has a larger frontage than any other in Dawson. There is one innovation in this theater which will be particularly well received by the public, that is the hanging gallery, leaving not a post on the floor to obstruct the view. The gallery is upheld by hanging rods from the roof and has been pronounced absolutely safe by the officials who have investigated the strength of the structure. The orchestra is sunk below the main floor, which is another excellent feature. This house will have the finest dancing floor in Dawson, as the old Pavilion floor of matched hard wood has been enlarged and forms the main floor of the theater.

On the upper floor in a semi-circle are arranged the boxes, each of which commands an unobstructed view of the stage. They are tastefully furnished with blue silk and white curtains. On this floor at the front of the house are 16 rooms in which the numerous employes of the house will find lodgment. A private entrance has been cut from the alley near the front of the theater, this being put in for the accommodation of parties who wish to obtain access to the building without going past the bar, which together with the club rooms, is situated in the front of the main floor.

The Nugget congratulates the enterprising proprietors of the theater and wishes them the success their efforts deserve. The house is operated and owned by Theo. Eckert, Daisy D'Avara, Jack Kirk and "Biddy" Doyle. The show opens tonight with the best talent in the city. "Tragedy," a farce comedy, will be the curtain-raiser to be followed by musical skits, songs and dances, specialty work and an original composition by Jim Post.

Will Change his Business.

Jack Emerson who came to Dawson a few weeks ago and accepted a position on the staff of the government organ, the Yukon Sun, having decided that government journalism is not to his taste, severed his connection with the paper and is preparing to open a saloon in the Portland restaurant building, corner of Second avenue and Third street. If he can hold the government trade in his new venture, success is assured.

Not Coming Back.

A late Winnipeg Free Press says that Dr. R. M. Simpson has returned there from a business trip to Chicago and that he intends to resume practice in the prairie capital, having settled all his affairs in the Klondike. This is not in keeping with the announcement made by the doctor when he was going out, but then when a man leaves a place in such a hurry and so quietly as the doctor left Dawson he has little time and less inclination for full explanations. It may be that when Dr. Simpson said he was coming back he meant it but that when he got safely outside and was still unable to get a comfortable lead on pursuing shadows he decided to keep right on going. If the exhibition which he made of himself when on the witness stand in connection with certain charges of official corruption should ever appear to him as it did to disinterested people who saw it he might be reasonably expected to increase the distance between himself and the original location of the scene, while if he should ever get a good sniff of the order which with this and other little pieces of questionable business he created for himself he would, if he had any decency of taste, try to get away from his own presence.—Whitehorse Tribune.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.