

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.

Belle Oats, or 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 horse 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 my 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 went 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 rushed 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 bad 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 chapeau. 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.

No 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 conquests, 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 infant's 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."

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.

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