

SOME CLEVER CRIMINALS

Instances of their Success in Outwitting Detectives.

MISTAKES OF OFFICERS

Cases of Mistaken Identity—Two Men Who Served Seven Years of a Life Term When Innocent—Strange Blunder of the French Police in the Case of De Tourville.

Many of the mistakes of detectives are those of mistaken identity. Some time ago a man belonging to one of the best known and wealthiest families in the country was greatly surprised and more indignant when he was arrested by a detective who thought he had captured a criminal who recently had escaped from prison.

A mistake with a more tragic result occurred in England in 1879. The mistake arose in connection with the famous Edlingham burglary, when two men were brought before the Newcastle assizes charged with the robbing of the vicarage. It appears that when the vicar had interrupted his unwelcome visitors they had shot at him, so that the charge of attempted murder was added to that of burglary.

De Tourville, one of the most terrible of the European criminals, escaped punishment for a long time because of the mistake of a detective. The death of a woman at Scarborough by what De Tourville declared was the accidental discharge of a revolver was investigated by a detective from London, but so frank and open appeared the conduct of the great criminal and so flourishing was his appearance that the officer was misled and reported that he was convinced that the affair was an accident.

When a few years later the death of the wife of De Tourville was being investigated—he murdered her by hurling her over a precipice in the Alps—the body of the woman who had died at Scarborough was examined and found that, far from killing herself by accident, she had been murdered by some one who had shot her in the back, so that a slight examination would have established the fact. The mistake of the detective at the time of the Scarborough crime had terrible results, for in the time De Tourville was allowed to go free he committed two more murders.

Sherlock Holmes constantly insisted that nothing in a room where a crime had been committed should be touched, and this appears to be a good rule, judging by a mistake made by an intelligent police officer in Ireland. The policeman was placed in charge of a room in which a murder had been committed to see that nothing was disturbed until his superior officers arrived. He found the time passed slowly amid such melancholy surroundings and proceeded to console himself with a pipe. He lit a candle which he found on the mantelpiece and finding a crumpled up piece of paper on the floor he used that for lighting his pipe.

As he was afraid that his superiors would object to his smoking while on duty, he opened the window in order to let out the smell of the tobacco and in order to see them when they approached, so that he could put his pipe out in time. It was discovered later that in indulging in the innocent pleasure of a pipe of tobacco he destroyed three of the most important clues.

The length of the candle which he had lighted would have indicated the time when the murder was committed, the paper with which he had lighted his pipe, judging from the charred remains, had been left there by the murderer himself and the policeman had forgotten whether he had found the window locked or unlocked when he opened it to let out the smell of smoke. Furthermore, the keen nosed detective who was put on the case, smelled the odor of the tobacco smoke, and not knowing whence it originated, spent a lot of valuable time in tracing it down.

Some years ago one of the most cruel murderers ever known almost escaped because two policemen refused to investigate charges of whose truth they were in doubt. A man running along behind a cab came up to two policemen and gasped out that a murderer was riding in the cab with the remains of his victim.

Out of breath from his exertion and too excited for a connected story the police officers were inclined to think the man either crazy or drunk, and therefore turned a deaf ear to his allegations. If the pursuer had persisted in following the cab and had not met later on a less sceptical officer the remains of the murdered person might have been placed in a safe hiding place and the murderer have gone undiscovered.

DISEASES AND THEIR ODORS.

Curious Facts in Regard to the Nose in Diagnosis.

The acuteness of the sense of smell is far greater in many of the lower animals—dogs, for example—than in man, and they employ it in guiding them to their food, in warning them of approaching danger and for other purposes. The sphere of the susceptibility to various odors is more uniform and extended in man, and the sense of smell is capable of great cultivation. Like the other special senses, it may be cultivated by attention and practice. Experts can discriminate qualities of wines, liquors, drugs, etc. Diseases have their characteristic odors.

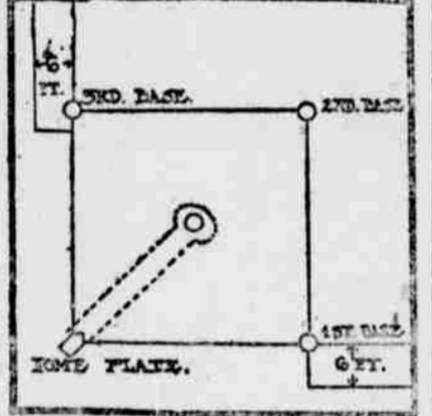
Persons who have visited many different asylums for the insane recognize the same familiar odor of the insane. It is not insane asylums alone, but prisons, jails, workhouses, armies in camp, churches, schools and nearly every household, that have characteristic odors. It is when the insane, the prisoners and the soldiers are aggregated in large groups or battalions that their characteristic odor is recognized. Most diseases have their characteristic odors, and by the exercise of the sense of smell they could be utilized in different diagnoses.

For example, favus has a mousy odor, rheumatism has a copious sour-smelling, acid sweat. A person afflicted with pyemia has a sweet, nauseating breath. The rank, unbearable odor of pus from the middle ear tells the tale of the decay of osseous tissue. In scurvy the odor is putrid, in chronic peritonitis musky, in scrofula like stale beer, in intermittent fever like fresh-baked brown bread, in fever ammoniacal, in hysteria like violets or pineapple. Measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever, epilepsy, phthisis, etc., have characteristic odors.

The Foul-Strike Rule.

An attempt is being made to modify the foul strike rule in the major leagues. Ever since the rule has been in existence it has caused more discussion than probably any new rule introduced in years. George L. Moreland of Pittsburg worked out a plan which has many commendable features.

The plan suggested by Mr. Moreland is to run two white lines parallel with the foul lines, starting from first and third bases, respectively.



He suggests that any ball that is hit on a line in the space between the old foul line and the proposed new one be called a dead ball, neither a strike nor a foul be called. The suggestion is intended to assist the heavy hitters. The umpire is expected to detect whether a player attempts to bunt or not, and should an attempt be made to bunt and the ball go foul at any place the batter should be charged with a strike, but should a hard drive go within the lines the batter should be exempt from being charged with a strike. The proposed plan is expected to give all hard batters an even chance, prevent disputes, and do away with all kicking over the foul strike rule being a handicap on the batter.

Paquan Medicine Men's Methods.

Paquan medicine men are regarded with great respect by the natives. Those I have met certainly seemed energetic and hard working. They sit close to the patient, massaging the seat of pain with much vigor, and while they are thus rubbing make a noise with their lips rather like that which a groom makes when rubbing down a horse. The process is a tiring one, and the medicine man stops at intervals to drink hot water in which taro has been boiled. His object is to extract some mysterious foreign substance from the sick man's body, and if he succeeds in this he receives a fee, otherwise he gets nothing. "No cure, no pay," is apparently the Paquan's motto.

Curious Way to Get a Ride.

"Stop!" shouted the man on the country road, holding up a warning hand. Muttering something about rural cops, the automobilist obeyed. "Turn around and come back to town with me," said the stranger. "You were going at least 35 miles an hour." "You're a constable I suppose," said the automobilist, with a covert sneer, when they had reached the village. "Me?" replied the passenger. "No, I'm a farmer, and had to come in to town when all the teams were busy. Nice growing weather? Thanks. Good-by."

Cat Photographers.

A young woman looking for rugs told a New York salesman that she wanted a shade to match her cat. Speaking of cats, there are photographers in the city who make a specialty of posing cats for pictures. A studio in Harlem has specified hours for posings.

BIGGEST FARM ON EARTH.

Said to Be David Rankin's in Missouri—He Guesses It's True.

Nearly forty years ago an Illinois farmer discovered that land on one side of a State line was selling for \$20 an acre while he might buy any amount on the other side of the imaginary dividing mark for less than a third that amount. Real estate men told the farmer that no railroad would ever go near the Missouri lands, but he sold his farm in Illinois and bought all he could of the land at \$6 an acre.

Not long ago David Rankin, who is the man that bought the cheap acreage, took an inventory of his possessions in the neighborhood of Tarkio, Mo. The inventory showed 25,640 acres, 12,000 fattening hogs, 5,000 cattle, 810 horses, more than 100 cottages, in which the employees of the big farm were housed, great quantities of farm machinery and the like. The total figures up to something like \$4,000,000 in value, says Hampton's Magazine. That didn't include the 1,000,000 bushels of corn produced annually or the 150 miles of tiling and ditches, some of which had been draining the marsh lands of forty years ago.

"They say I'm the biggest farmer in the world," Rankin says, "and I guess it's true. Lots of men have more land than I, but they use it for cattle ranges only. Mine is a farm."

Rankin never raises cattle or furnishes range. He buys the raw steers from the plains and fattens them until worth twice what he pays for the "feeders," as they are called. He never sells corn because by feeding it to cattle, according to a minute calculation of his own, he gets more ample returns. It is forty miles from the nearest to the most distant of his farms.

Mr. Rankin is Scotch-Irish. He was born in Indiana in rural poverty. He made his start trading a colt for salves and raising the latter into steers. To-day he owns an implement factory, a municipal water system, a telephone company, a bank and other enterprises in addition to his farm. When the notion takes him he adds \$50,000 or so to the endowment of Tarkio College, a Presbyterian school in his home town which has known his generosity to the extent of \$250,000.

Electricity from Straw.

While electricity has frequently been recommended to the farmer as a convenient means for ploughing, operating machinery, pumping water, etc., yet in practice he has been rarely able to avail himself of such assistance, since farms cannot be located in mountainous country where water power is abundant, while coal and gasoline for engines to drive the dynamos cannot be procured with sufficient cheapness to make the undertaking a practical success. Recently in France some interesting experiments have been carried on where various waste vegetable products, such as straw, leaves, reeds, unserviceable hay and similar substances have been used as fuel in gas generators. It has been found that from such materials a low-carbon gas can be evolved in vertical gas generators, and by means of a gas motor and dynamo electricity can be developed. This can be done much cheaper than by burning coal or petroleum products, and when a number of farmers unite to maintain a plant that will furnish about fifty or seventy-five horse-power it is believed that electricity could be distributed about the neighborhood with considerable economy. The method employed was to collect the material, chopping the straw and like substances, and then after it is dried, pressing it into bales weighing about 1,500 pounds per cubic yard. As it has taken the farmers of the western United States to develop the co-operative telephone line, using, in some cases, fence wires as conductors, so it may be possible that French agriculturists will succeed in generating electricity so economically that it can be used not only for scientific, but also for practical farming.

They Didn't Get By, Anyway.

William Dodge in "The Man from Home" was riding in the smoking car on a little one-track road in the northern part of the State some time ago, and in the seat in front of him sat a jewelry drummer. He was one of those wide-awake, never-let-any-one-get-the-best-of-him style of men. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. A limited express running at the rate of ten miles an hour came along and bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first against the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath, and, straightening up, said: "Hully gee! Well, they didn't get by us, anyway!"

Hardly Encouraging.

John D. Rockefeller, conversing amiably with a reporter, drove home a remark on inefficiency with a golf story.

"There was a man," he said, "who had no success at golf at all. The more he played, it seemed, the poorer he became. One day his work was particularly bad.

"Dear, dear," he said to his caddy as he looked ruefully at a deep hole in the turf that he had just made with his iron, 'dear, dear, there can't be worse players than myself.'

"Well," said the caddy, reflectively, 'maybe there's worse players, but they don't play.'

ENDS LIFE AT MAD REVEL

Rich Young Parisian Fulfills Promise of "Surprise" by Shooting Himself at Monte Carlo.

Paris, France.—Fernand Ravenez, a wealthy young Parisian, committed suicide under remarkable circumstances.

He gave a supper to a number of his friends, at which the fun was fast and furious. Several times during the evening Ravenez cried: "This is nothing; a big surprise is awaiting you at the end."

At dawn, when the party was breaking up, Ravenez shouted: "Now for the great surprise."

He arose abruptly and walked toward the Gypsy orchestra, which was playing a Hungarian rhapsody. His friends, who were expecting some practical joke, were stupefied to see him suddenly place a pistol to his temple and fire. He fell dead.

The only reason for his act is said to be "sheer boredom." Ravenez was only twenty years old, but he had become a familiar figure on the Paris boulevards, where his liking for "loud" dress attracted attention.

Three years ago the young man figured in a sensational duel. He challenged a professional swordsman as a result of a café quarrel, but the swordsman refused to fight on the ground that Ravenez had not reached his majority.

Undaunted, Ravenez issued a challenge dated the day he was eighteen years old, and he devoted the intervening time to rigorous training.

When he finally did meet his adversary the contest was of the fiercest character and it ended by Ravenez plunging his sword into his opponent's body.

HOW HIGH SHOULD A LADY RAISE HER SKIRTS?

Milwaukee Judge Undertakes to Decide the Delicate Question in Court.

Milwaukee, Wis.—How high can a woman hold her skirt on a damp night and still remain a lady?

It was up to Judge Neelen in District Court to decide it, and he made



Here's the Limit of Propriety in Raising a Skirt.

a ruling in which he fined Miss May Walters \$5 for getting past the "lady" stage.

Patrolman Becker was the etiquette expert and he said that when a woman's skirt was up fourteen inches in the rear and nine in front and had a waist attached which was more or less peakback, the limit had been reached.

The Court agreed with Becker that a dress could be held too high, and he approved of the arrest of Miss Walters.

The patrolman added that he had looked sharply and had seen no fluffy ruffle stuff under the outer skirt, and that was one reason why he thought the gown was deficient.

ATE 4 POUNDS OF LIMBURGER.

Winners at Lemp Club's Contest Still Live.

St. Louis, Mo.—Two hundred guests of the Lemp Hunting and Fishing Club at Lemp went through a trying ordeal when they attended the club's Limburger cheese eating contest.

The difference between this contest and the Salome dance is that one doesn't have to have one's eyes open to witness it.

Joseph Uhle won by consuming four pounds of the fragrant fromage and Ed Trumble finished a bad second with two pounds to his credit. The prize was a case of beer.

Uhle is as well as could be expected, and it is thought that fumigation will save the clubhouse for future Sunday afternoon functions.

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