

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

A DETECTIVE SAYS THAT WOMEN ARE MORE CRUEL THAN MEN.

In Reality There Are as Many Female Criminals as There Are Male, but Circumstances Conspire to Shield the Wicked Woman—Women Seldom Reform.

Theodore C. Metzler, the well known San Francisco detective, has not had twenty-six years of experience in his profession without obtaining some very strong impressions and opinions in regard to crime and criminals.

"As a sort of text," said Mr. Metzler, "for what I have to say on this subject, I will state that in considering men and women as criminals, between whom and their deeds comparisons are to be made, I consider that, while man is undoubtedly, as a rule, the more prominent in crime, woman, on the other hand, is at once more cruel and cunning in what she does."

"From the circumstance that a considerable less number of women than men are convicted of crime the inference is drawn that in women the criminal propensities are weaker or under better control. Such a conclusion is, however, not borne out by the facts, for when crimes have been traced to women it has been found in the great majority of cases that the guilty deeds have been committed not only with systematic cunning, but also with a coolness and cruelty which have seldom been attributed to man."

"There are several reasons," continued Mr. Metzler, "why so few women have been convicted of crime. Man's natural sympathy for her often causes him to overlook important points against her, and then again he is always extra careful for fear he might do her injustice and injury. Men in the detective profession may pretend to have no sympathy for a woman, yet a good looking face and a bewitching smile always find a tender spot in their hearts."

"Of course there are exceptions, but they are very few. If there are men in this profession who are not susceptible to a woman's plea, I, in my experience of twenty-six years, have failed to find them."

"Another thing: It is seldom considered that girls are watched more carefully than boys and are under greater restraint. Neither is it taken into account that older females spend more of their time at home, while males of their own age are on the street or mingling with persons whose habits are not always the best. Many of the temptations to crime come from business complications, in which women have little or no share, as they spend most of their time at home with their children and female companions. Most homicides, you know, are the results of anger excited when persons are away from their homes and families, as violent quarrels generally take place in the street or barroom, and not in the parlor or sitting room."

"Now as to the cruelty and deliberation of the female criminal. The history of crime shows that most of the murders committed by women are those perpetrated by the administration of poison. They show careful preparation and great deliberation. In almost every instance treachery is employed, the victim being invited to partake of refreshments by one who is presumed to be a friend."

"Murder by the administration of poison is considered the most foul and the darkest of all crimes, but it is the one that women have been addicted to more generally than men in all ages and countries."

"Another very remarkable fact," continued the detective, "has recently been mentioned in a London paper by the chaplain of Clerkenwell jail. It is that some criminals are practically incurable. From a table prepared by him it was shown that during last year there were committed to the prisons and jails of England and Wales 5,886 men and 9,764 women who had been convicted no less than ten times previously. You see the force of the comparison."

"A partial explanation of this strange state of things may be found in the fact that women are more thoroughgoing in all things, good, bad or indifferent, than the men. They do nothing by halves. Be the matter the construction of a shortcake, the making of a crazy quilt or the poisoning of a rival, woman devotes all her time, knowledge and talent to what she has in view."

"Then, again, a woman has less chance of reforming than a man. The latter can go to a strange or distant place, raise whiskers or shave those he had, assume a different name and commence life anew. He can generally find employment, but with the woman it is more difficult. Disguise is not so easy, and if she goes to a different place some one is liable to recognize her."

"A strange woman is always looked on with suspicion, as it is presumed that she would prefer to live in the town where she was brought up and where her old acquaintances are. A man gets credit for his enterprise if he goes to a new country and engages in a business for himself, but such is not the case with a woman. If she is once discovered her own sex are the first to point their fingers at her, turn up their noses and refuse to associate with her, the result of which is that she becomes hardened and callous, and is again driven to crime."—San Francisco Post.

As Far As Looks Go.

"They're raked in a pretty tough looking lot this morning, haven't they?" observed the stranger, who had dropped in at the police station.

"You are looking at the wrong gang," said the reporter to whom he had spoken. "Those are not the prisoners. They are the lawyers."—Exchange.

Where Boston Streets Got Their Names.

The English names given to the Back Bay streets were evolved by a couple of Irish-Americans on the board of survey, aided by a copy of the "British Peerage."—Boston Pilot.

The Number "Three" in the Bible.

When the world was created we find it and its surroundings composed of three elements—air, water and land—the whole lighted by the sun, moon and stars. Adam had three sons named by name, and so did Noah the patriarch. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for the crime of praying three times. Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego were rescued from the fiery furnace. Job had three special friends. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Samuel was called three times; Elijah prostrated himself three times on the dead body of the child; Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the secret of his great power, and the Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day.

Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Paul makes mention of the Three Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity. The famous allegorical dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days. Then we have the Holy Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the sacred letters on the cross were three in number, they being I. H. S.; so also the famous Roman motto was composed of three words—viz., In hoc signo.—St. Louis Republic.

A Tale of Two Barns.

There was a man named Hibbs who bought a farm, built a large, stately dwelling at the end of a long, shady avenue of maples and settled down to enjoy the comfort and independence of a farmer's life. He built a cozy little barn of logs and shingled it with clapboards.

There was another man of the name of Hubbs who bought a farm in the same neighborhood, built a cozy little dwelling of logs, shingled it with clapboards and settled down to the hard, grinding monotony of a farmer's life. This man Hubbs built a large, stately barn at the end of a long, shady avenue of maples. At the end of ten years Hibbs' big house had broken him up, and Hubbs' big barn had enabled him to buy Hibbs' stately dwelling for about half price and move it over on his own farm. Hubbs has a big dwelling and a big barn and represents his county in the state legislature. Hibbs has a little log cabin and a little log stable and is trying to sell out to Hubbs. He wants to quit farming and travel with a peddling wagon.—Toronto Mail.

Inconspicuous Feminine Cruelty.

"Let me off at Thirteenth street, conductor," said a woman as she paid her fare on a Broadway car at Cortlandt street.

The car was packed, the place just two miles away and the woman a New Yorker. From 50 to 100 people would get on and off, half a hundred stops were to be made and something like a half to three-quarters of an hour would be consumed before reaching Thirteenth street. Yet this woman, who bore evidences of more than ordinary intelligence in her face and from her easy self assurance every indication of being able to take care of herself, expected the conductor to remember her request and to put her off at the right street.

The Broadway conductors are the hardest worked, most abused and criticized railroad officials in this city, but this is the sort of thing they are called upon to endure every hour in the day. It is usually at the hands of women, and is unnecessary, foolish and cruelly inconsiderate.—New York Herald.

Modern Matrimony.

Jones (calling on Smith in the evening)—I thought I would find you at home. You don't go out much at night now?

Smith—No. I've given up all my clubs and societies. I should be glad to have you come up and spend an evening with me occasionally.

Jones—But your wife might think me in the way.

Smith—Oh, she's never home at night till late. Tonight she's at a meeting of the Ladies' Society for Supplying Thimbles to the Destitute Poor. Tomorrow night she goes to the Queen's Daughters, next night to the sociable of the Royal Women, and so on every night. Come up and see a fellow. It's awfully lonely to be married, I can tell you.—New York Press.

Suffocated by Sweet Odors.

The Sybarites slept on beds stuffed with rose leaves; the tyrant Dionysius had his couch filled with them; Versus would travel with a garland on his head and around his neck, and over his litter he had a thin net, with rose leaves intertwined. Antiochus luxuriated upon a bed of blooms even in winter days and nights, and when Cleopatra entertained Antony she hand roses covering the floor to the depth, it is said, of an ell.

We are told that Heliogabalus supplied so many at one of his banquets that several of his guests were suffocated in the endeavor to extricate themselves from the abundance—victims of a surfeit of sweet odors.—Philadelphia Times

Ammonia in Coal.

Some 13,000,000 tons of coal are burned in London yearly. About 4,000,000 are utilized by the gas manufacturing companies; 9,000,000 are burned in household and industrial fire grates. Each ton contains sufficient ammonia to produce, if treated with sulphuric acid, twenty-two to twenty-eight pounds of sulphate of ammonia. The total loss of this fertilizing agent is therefore, say, 9,900 tons. As the price of sulphate of ammonia is \$29 10s. the ton, the monetary loss is \$294,905 every year. If we were less wasteful we should not be so much obliged to ransack Chili and Peru for artificial manures.—National Review.

Hard to Find.

Walter Satterlee, the artist, says one of the greatest difficulties he meets is the lack of models in this country whose hair is so black that it has blue or purple lights in it. He adds that what he wants is common in Europe, but almost unobtainable here.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Railroad Pass That Never Came.

An old neighbor of the Goulds at Roxbury, Delaware county, told a story about the millionaire's visit to his old home in the midst of one of his busiest financial seasons.

"Jay and I was always good friends," said the old man, "which is more'n I can say for him and most of the other folks here. You see, old John Gould married my sister for his second wife, and there was always more or less of a family feeling between the Goulds and us. Says I to Jay: 'Why don't you come and see us once in awhile? You're always going to get the best we have, you know.' Jay said suthin' 'bout bein' always hayin season with him and couldn't spare the time. There wasn't anythin' he'd like as much as to visit up here, for he liked the old folks, he said. He asked me how I'd like to go down to York. I said farming was not so good as it was and money was mighty scarce. He said that was all right, an then he fumbled around his pockets for something, but it was not there. He explained that he thought he had his book with him, so that he could give me a pass for myself and my wife down to York, but he must have forgotten it and left it at home. He said he'd send the pass to me; but if he sent it some other one must have got it, for I never did. I was a-speakin' 'bout it afterward down at the hotel, and the boys said it was most likely Jay Gould never sent it. One thing anyhow I'm certain of—that is, if he had that air book with him that time we met he'd a writ out that air pass."—New York World.

Getting the Most Out of the Horse.

The art of getting the most out of horse flesh on the line of march is one which needs study and practice to every whit the same extent as do race riding or the hante ecote, and therefore tests of endurance should form part of an officer's education as well as those upon the tan or between the flags.

To cover many miles with success a man must, first of all, study his own condition, and while he makes his charger fit must not forget to render himself so too. He should carefully watch how his horse takes its food and vary the amount of it, the time of feeding and the nature of the forage, so as to insure that the animal derives the maximum amount of benefit from the nourishment it takes.

Then he should endeavor by experiment to discover the pace which suits its conformation best and the most judicious manner of varying it, so as to afford relief to the muscles and yet get over the ground.

The particular pace that best suits the animal having been arrived at, it should be trained to go at that pace evenly and methodically and with the regularity of a machine. And care should be taken never to stretch the bow to the utmost, or the subsequent reaction will more than counterbalance the present gain.—London Saturday Review.

Scavengers of Conversation.

"Deliver me from what some author has called the 'scavengers of daily conversation,' who gather up the literary refuse on every side to offend the intellectual nostrils of the thoughtful." And Colonel Marcus Bauermann stretched himself in his chair and proceeded to explain. "A dude with a thimbleful of brains won a basket of champagne from me on the bet that q-u-i-r-r-e meant a band of singers—which it does, though e-h-o-i-r is another way of spelling it—and ten minutes afterward a street car conductor used the word 'transpire' for 'perspire' and won a box of cigars from me on that."

"The latest is the case of a drummer for a Boston shoe house, who is sixty years old if he is a day, and whose gray hairs ought to indicate some faint gleams of intelligence, and yet who soberly asked me the pronunciation and meaning of the word 'bac-kac-he,' and when I told him I did not know coolly said it was pronounced 'backache,' and meant a pain in the back. Of course such people are afflicted with paresis, but oughtn't they to be restrained in some way?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Three" in Mythology.

In mythology we find the three (3) occupying even a more honorable place than the so called "mythical No. 7." There were the Three Graces, Cereus with his three heads, Neptune holding his three tined fork, to say nothing of the Nine Muses, which are made up of three threes, and the third wave, which was thought to bring death and destruction to everything in its path. In nature we have morning, noon and night; fish, flesh and fowl. Hundreds of trees, vines and grasses have their leaves and blades set in groups of three.—St. Louis Republic.

Odd Looking Postage Stamps.

The postage stamps of China are queer looking specimens with their wriggling, crawling dragons stamped upon them. The Turkish stamps are quite pretty and are nearly all adorned by the crescent and star. The stamps of Paraguay present a fine appearance, the main design being a lion supporting a pole which is surmounted by a liberty cap. The stamps of England have undergone fewer changes than any other country and have suffered no change whatever in the main design, the portrait of the queen.—Ohio State Journal.

Quite a Relief.

Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You can't swear.

Wife—No, but I can think with all my might and main what a perfectly horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.—New York Weekly.

Feminine Contrivances.

Old Rooster—What have you stopped laying for?

Old Hen—It's too cold. Old Rooster—Hah! Just like you females. Quick as it gets cool enough for me to crow without getting into a perspiration you quit laying.—Good News.

CAN STILL LOVE.

I thought I could not live if you were gone, But life has taught me sterner things: The bird whose mate is dead lives on—Aye, lives and sings. Perhaps his song has more of sadness—A note or two of pain: The sweeter music with the mournful cadence Than was the careless, joyful strain.

I stood beside your grave and wept alone And thought love was forever dead to me; My life had e'er my love's glorious sunlight And never sore my heart could happy be. But time has taught me many tender truths— That life can never wholly be unblest. I cannot live all lonely in this world of woe Because I loved you, dear, the best.

The tender love that bears so much for me I gladly take, nor feel My love for you, dear one, has weaker grown My heart less staunch and leal.

I love you first, and you were always dearest Yet, like the bird whose mate is gone, I still can find a tender joy in loving, Nor wish to dwell forever here alone.

—Agnes L. Pratt.

The Sense of Smell in Dogs.

Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where recognition by sight is quite impossible, and can find a hidden biscuit even when its faint smell is still further disguised by eau de cologne. In some experiments Mr. Romanes lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footprints, in order to confuse the scent.

The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots, for when without them or with new boots on it failed, but followed, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can. They often get greatly excited over certain smells and remember them for very long periods.—Chambers' Journal.

The Woodpecker's Home.

The woodpecker's home is very like the kingfisher's, but it is dug in rotten wood instead of being bored in a bank of earth. From the great ivory billed species down to the little downy fellow of our orchards, the woodpeckers build their nest, or rather excavate them, on the same general plan. The hole at first goes straight into the wood, then turns downward, widening as it descends, until it gives room for the home. If you will go into any bit of unshorn woodland during early spring and will keep your eyes open, you will see a bright red head thrust out of a round window in some decaying trunk or bough, and the woodpecker will sing out, "Peet! peet!" which always seems to mean that his or her home is a most comfortable and enjoyable place.—Maurice Thompson in Golden Rule.

Frightened Into a Fever.

Frederick I of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and dabbled her clothes in blood rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.—Dr. Elder in Washington Post.

Accustomed to Being Waylaid.

There was a Bavarian prince who was so entirely accustomed to being continually waylaid and followed about by his admirers that once on coming out of the Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), feeling himself held back by the cloak, he turned abruptly round and angrily exclaimed, "This is really not the place!" before he saw, to his relief, that it was only his cloak which had hitched, in passing, on a nail.—Exchange.

Ethan Allen's Reply.

While Ethan Allen was held a prisoner in New York an offer was made him of a large tract of land in Vermont or Connecticut, as he preferred, provided he would espouse the cause of England. His reply is characteristic: "If by fidelity I have recommended myself to General Howe, I shall be loath by unfaithfulness to lose the general's good opinion."—Youth's Companion.

Guarded Sympathy.

Very Stout Nervous Old Lady (to guard)—Oh, guard, wouldn't it be dreadful if there was a collision on the line I'm about to travel by? Facetious Guard—Yes, mum, it would be for any one you happened to fall on.—Exchange.

For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 227 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Ruelle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

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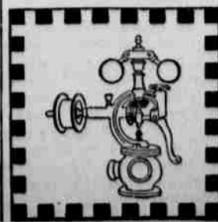
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