

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 7, 1902.

Tells How He Killed Rice.

Jones, the Valet, Calmly Gives the Entire Story of His Crime. Dramatic Narrative Holds All Spellbound. Patrick, the Alleged Instigator of the Murder, Braces Himself to Hear It.

Charles F. Jones, the valet who says he murdered his master, William M. Rice, of New York, reached the climax in his confession on Thursday, the making of which he expects will eventually set him free as his reward for turning state's evidence against Albert T. Patrick, now on trial before Recorder Goff charged with being the principal in conspiracy to kill Rice and to get his millions.

This confession on the witness stand would have been a sufficiently hair-raising tale if Jones had been describing the crime of another person. The fact that he was telling, without the least show of emotion or excitement, all the minute details of his own killing of his aged benefactor, furnished two hours of the most intense excitement for his listeners.

Jones, the murderer, and Recorder Goff were the only two who seemed to take the ghastly story as a matter of course. The court room was crowded with men and women, but there was no sound from any one during the two hours that Jones was telling of the murder. The effect upon the audience of that two hours' story was the physical exhaustion. One man discovered at the end of the session that the palms of his hands were wet with perspiration.

Patrick, the prisoner, whose name Jones mentioned in nearly every sentence as that of the man who planned this or that detail of the crime stood the test with remarkable nerve so far as the audience could see, but even Patrick braced himself for the ordeal. As soon as Jones stopped talking about wills and signatures and checks and began on chloroform and murder and death, Patrick twisted a foot around each of the front legs of his chair and braced his knees hard against the chair seat. He sat that way for the two hours.

Jones identified a letter written by Rice on September 17th, 1900, to the Merchants & Planters' Oil company. The date on the letter was changed, he said, to September 25th, at Patrick's suggestion, "in order to show that Rice was in normal condition just before his death."

"Some time in August," Jones continued, "Patrick asked me if I did not think that Mr. Rice was living too long for our own welfare. He thought it would be a good thing if we would put him out of the way. He said if I'd tell him some night when Mr. Rice was sleeping soundly he'd come up and do it if I would not. I asked why Dr. Curry drew the line there. He would do anything that was wanted if it was not actually a crime."

Patrick, said the witness, suggested chloroform and Jones said he would get some. The idea of chloroform as a means was suggested by a magazine article. It was determined on after Jones talked with a physician, who said a person whose heart was affected, as was Mr. Rice's, could be most easily killed with it, and that little trace of the drug would be left. Jones got a two-ounce vial of it by writing to his brother, in Texas.

Jones then branched off into the alleged plan adopted to weaken the already sick old man. This was by giving him mercury and iron pills. The pills brought on debility and diarrhoea.

Jones told of the visit of Mrs. Vannalsteyne, a friend of Mr. Rice. She brought him some bananas, and he ate nine of them. They made him very ill, and Dr. Curry was called in. That was about 10 days before his death.

"On the Wednesday or Thursday before his death," the witness went on, "he took another mercurial pill. The next day he was very sick and, on Saturday he was delirious.

Dr. Curry visited him and gave him some medicine. I told Patrick over the telephone all that occurred, and at his invitation he went to a restaurant in Sixth avenue, where we had lunch.

I told him a draft of \$25,000 had arrived from the oil mill. Patrick told me to get back to the house, and if I wanted him later, to call up at the Y. M. C. A., on Fifty-seventh street. I returned to the house. Dr. Curry was there, and Mr. Rice was still asleep. Patrick said he had some oxic acid at his office, and that he would get it for me to give Mr. Rice. He told me to buy some alum so as to be sure of the measurements when I compared it with oxic acid.

"I read about oxic acid in the encyclopedia, and took the book with me when I called upon Patrick. He took me to his room, where he took two square bottles from his pocket and told me to be careful of the mixture, as it would corrode his throat; but in that proportion it would paralyze his heart. I took it to Mr. Rice's room and made the mixture. I took a mouthful of it in Mr. Rice's presence, but did not like it. That was late in the afternoon of Sunday, the day Mr. Rice died. He was far from well and fell once when he tried to leave his chair. I picked him up and laid him on his bed, and he went to sleep.

"I wrote a telegram and went out to send it. I telephoned Patrick, and he met me at the telegraph office. Patrick said it was time to give Mr. Rice the chloroform. Now that the draft had arrived from Texas and Captain Baker was coming, we should lose all we had gained if Mr. Rice was not put away at once. I objected. I had never agreed to do anything of that sort, but Patrick insisted and I yielded. I made a cone of a towel saturated with chloroform, and placed it over my own face. I felt the effect and then the chloroform on it and went into Mr. Rice's room. He was still sleeping. I put the cone over his face and ran out of the room.

"There was a violent ring at the door bell just then and I looked out and saw some one. I think it was a woman, but I was so excited I do not know. I went back to Mr. Rice's room. He was lying just as I left him. I took the towel off his face and put it in the fire. It burned.

"Then I opened all the windows and telephoned to Patrick. Patrick had told me to say if all was over that Mr. Rice was very ill and that was the message I gave. Patrick said he would come over, but that he did not want to get there before Dr. Curry arrived. They reached the house together. I met them there and told them: 'He is dead.'

Patrick exclaimed: 'Oh, my God! That is the worst thing that could have happened to me.' He told me beforehand that he intended to say that to deceive Dr. Curry. The doctor said he would need an undertaker, and Patrick said: 'Yes; and a death certificate.' Dr. Curry made out the certificate, and the undertaker was sent for. Patrick visited the room where Mr. Rice's papers were kept and took away with him all the papers he could find. Patrick talked to me in Dr. Curry's presence, and gave me hints of anything wrong."

Jones told of the happenings the day after Mr. Rice's death. He said Patrick called him on the phone and told him he had made a mistake in the Swenson check. "If they call you on the phone," Jones said Patrick told him, "tell them the check is all right. They did call and I did as he directed. Later Patrick told me the wire that if any more inquiries were made to say that Rice was dead."

Jones told how he made the towel cone by turning the towel in his hand and pinning over the overlapping end. Then he said he placed a sponge in the small end of the cone and saturated it with chloroform. "How long did you leave the cone on the face of Mr. Rice?" asked the recorder.

"I don't know. It was a little more than half an hour. Patrick told me to leave it there 20 minutes."

"Did Mr. Rice know what you were doing?"

"I don't know. I believe I heard something as if he had laughed. I was prepared for that, because Patrick had told me he would probably laugh when he first inhaled the chloroform."

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An Incident of War.

An incident happened to me during the civil war which for nearly forty years I have kept to myself. Perhaps it will do no harm to me or mine to make it known now. It was the eve of Gettysburg, and we were skurrying from Maryland into Pennsylvania. Our general threw out a thick picket line, and I had charge of a corporal and eight men stationed on the turnpike leading eastward. We had been marching all day, were ravenously hungry and would not get anything to eat until after being relieved. One of the men lighted a fire and with a tomato can that he had picked up for frying was endeavoring to cook some bacon that he had taken from his haversack. I noticed that if the meat were divided among the picket post there would be a thin slice for each man. If he ate it all, it would be merely enough to stay his stomach.

"May I go home?" asked a soft voice behind me. I turned, and there stood a little country girl of fifteen, looking up at me from under her sunbonnet with the timid pair of eyes, fringed with dark lashes and soft as a fawn's.

"Go home?" I said, thinking more of the girl than her question. "Certainly. Where do you live?"

"Down the road there," pointing. I looked mechanically where she pointed, then at the girl. Then my eyes dropped to a basket she carried on her arm, full of eggs. I forgot her and her gentle face, in omelet, poached—every variety of egg that the most skillful cook could devise.

"Will you sell your eggs?" I asked. "No, sir, but I will give you some of them. I'm taking these home for the children."

"Oh, well, if you are taking them to the children," I said regretfully, "you may keep them. I wouldn't rob the cradle."

"You may have a dozen," she said in her soft voice. "That will leave me seven to take home."

Just think of those eggs broken over that bacon sizzling in the tomato can and emitting its delicious odor! I fingered the beautiful white ovals, holding one after another in the hollow of my hands, growing hungrier every moment.

"Take a dozen off the top," said the girl. "Why off the top?" I wondered. I looked into her face. Her eyes were cast down upon the basket, and if ever there was innocence depicted in the human countenance it was in hers. A few years older she would be a perfect model for a Madonna.

Taking a fifty cent postal currency, the only change we had in those days, from my pocket, I dropped it into the basket and picked out twelve eggs. Something, I know not what, perhaps a greed for more, induced me to take up one of the eggs remaining and handle it.

Happening to glance at the girl, I saw that she had her eye intently on those I had not yet touched, and she was holding her heart. I took up each remaining egg till I came to one which as soon as I held it I knew to be much lighter than the rest. That there was something wrong with that egg was evident. I have always had the faculty of keeping equal matters to myself till it is time to make them known, and I did so in this case.

"Here, corporal," I said, "are some eggs. Try what you can do to cook them. Then I spoke to the girl. 'Now show me where you live.'

I walked with her down the road till I came to a turn where we would be concealed from the men. Then taking up the light egg, I broke the shell. Instead of the contents of an egg, I took out a roll of paper and enough sand to make the whole weight about that of an egg. Had not my sense of touch been very delicate I would not have discovered the difference. Unrolling the paper, I was astonished to read that different parts of the Union army were concentrating at Gettysburg. The several corps were given under the name of their commanders, and I have since learned that the information was tolerably correct, though at the time, being a mere lieutenant in one of these corps, I knew nothing except what I read.

It had evidently been compiled by some person or persons well fitted for the work, possibly secret service scouts in the employ of General Lee, and they had endeavored to get it through the lines by using this girl. I glanced from the message to its bearer. Instead of being crushed at the discovery of her ruse, she was pointing with angry disappointment at the message.

"Do you know the penalty attached to this sort of business?" I asked. She made no reply, only flashing a defiant look at me.

"If I were to report you and you were to be treated as other people who do these things, you would be hanged."

The information did not seem to strike her with the terror one would have supposed. She turned away from me and, seeing a wild flower in a nook near by, plucked it covetously, the pleasure she derived from it taking the place of her discomfort.

The most sensible thing I ever did—so it strikes me now—was to put the message in my pocket and take the girl to her home, which was a short distance down the road, as she had said. I doubtless saved our general serious embarrassment by keeping the matter secret, for what could be done with a little mild-eyed vixen of fifteen?

Several years later, while visiting the battlefield, I hunted her up. She was just a fawnlike and waspish as ever. She stung me in the heart, and I made her my wife. EVERARD MARSH.

He Was Satisfied.

Robbie—Ain't yer vaccination healed up yet? Jamesy—Naw. Robbie—Gee! Don't it make yer feel bad? Jamesy—Naw. The doctor told mom I mustn't take a bath till it was all healed up.

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Ben R. Tillman Jr., a soft-voiced, clean-limbed athletic young man, stood at McLaurin's side while he was calling Senator Tillman a liar, and was within arm's reach of the junior Senator when his father jumped impetuously over Senator Teller's legs and landed his fist on McLaurin's eye. The young man, whose title to the privilege of the floor is drawn from the fact that he is his father's secretary, kept his eye on McLaurin's hands. If the junior Senator from South Carolina had drawn a weapon he probably would have become a participant in the fight. As it was, he merely looked on, thus establishing his right to be considered a young man who knows his place. It was a most remarkable exhibition of self-restraint.—Washington Telegram to Chicago Chronicle.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect Nov 24th, 1901.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9.55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11.05 a. m., at Altoona 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg 5.50 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.50 p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6.50 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.00, at Altoona, 6.50, at Pittsburg at 10.45.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11.05, at Harrisburg, 2.40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5.47 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.20 a. m., at Harrisburg, 6.45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.20 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.00 at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30 a. m. Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.40 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, at 8.16 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, at 9.15 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.15 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.25 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 1.05 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., arrive at Williamsport, 4.40 p. m., Harrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia 7.32 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 8.16 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.35 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7.22 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, at 9.05 a. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.17 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 2.10 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.42, at Harrisburg, 6.50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.20 p. m.

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Mr. Geo. Cox residing on what is known as Hill Moon Hill, says: "I can conscientiously recommend Doan's Kidney Pills judging from what they did for me. I suffered intensely from pains in my back and lameness across my kidneys. Statements in this paper about Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention and I called on F. Potts Green, the druggist, and got a box. They did me a great deal of good although I did not take them as regularly as I should, for the moment the pain ceased and I felt better, I stopped taking them. They gave me the greatest relief and I can give them the credit of saving me much suffering."

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