

Sanderson the Only Capitol Bidder to File \$100,000 Bond.

SNYDER DIDN'T GET A CENT

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 25.—Strenuous efforts to break down the defense in the trial of the state capitol conspiracy suit in the Dauphin county court were made by James Scarlet, chief counsel for the commonwealth, in the cross-examination of former Auditor-General Snyder, the first of the defendants to be called as a witness in his own behalf.

Snyder declared that he did not know at the time of the award of the \$5,500,000 contract for furnishing the capitol to John H. Sanderson, one of the defendants, that the schedule did not specify the quantity of the articles to be furnished; that he, Snyder, made no effort to ascertain this, and that he trusted to Architect Huston. Snyder declared that former Governor Pennypacker was "under the impression that we were going in accordance with the proper interpretation of the law."

It was brought out in Snyder's cross-examination that Sanderson was the only bidder who had filed a bond of \$100,000 with his bid and that nothing was said in the schedule upon which the bids were received about this bond requirement. Snyder said he did not know how Sanderson received this information, that he had not told him, and that he was under the impression that all of the bidders had been told by former Superintendent Shumaker that they would be required to file such a bond.

Mr. Scarlet also brought out that while Sanderson was the lowest bidder on all but three of the forty-one items in the schedule, the state would have saved \$1,900,000 if contracts had been awarded to the lowest bidders on these three items.

Snyder denied that he was in Philadelphia the day Stanford B. Lewis, assistant to Huston, said he appeared in Huston's office and dictated the letter to himself relative to the correctness of the measurements of certain metal filing cases.

Snyder also denied that he had assisted in the preparation of the Huston letter to former Attorney General Carson, and that the letter which the witness and Governor Pennypacker wrote to Carson in the same investigation was written with intent to "white-wash" or "dove-tail" into other letters. He said that he had not conspired with anybody to cheat and defraud the state in the furnishing of the capitol and that he had not received one cent directly or indirectly on account of the capitol contracts.

Snyder declared that he had tested the correctness of all the capitol furnishing bills and in every possible way safeguarded payments made to the contractors. He said he not only required Huston to certify and Sanderson to make affidavits that the bills were correct, but that he had made it his business to write to the architect and contractor demanding an explanation of contract features that were not clear to him.

A feature of Snyder's defense was that he had called former Governor Pennypacker's attention to payments of \$2,195,000 to Sanderson and \$853,000 to the Pennsylvania Construction company to relieve him of the impression made by Huston that the furnishings would not cost more than \$500,000 or \$800,000.

Former Governor Pennypacker, as a witness for the defense, denied that there had been any official attempt to "white-wash" the capitol scandal in the inquiry by former Attorney General Carson.

Mr. Pennypacker declared that Stanford B. Lewis, assistant to Architect Joseph M. Huston, had stated a falsehood when he testified that the architect's famous letter to Mr. Carson had been prepared at a conference between Pennypacker, Snyder and Lewis and that it was intended to dove-tail into letters written by other persons connected with the capitol contracts.

"The word 'whitewash' was not used and the thought was not expressed," said Mr. Pennypacker when his attention was directed to this letter by Mr. Gilbert, of counsel for the defense, in his examination of the witness. "If Mr. Lewis said that he said what was a falsehood, doubtless due to weakness and cowardice."

Bishop Satterlee is Dead.

Washington, Feb. 24. — Right Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, D. D., for the last twelve years Protestant Episcopal bishop of Washington, died at his residence here. He was sixty-five years old. Although threatened with the grip, Bishop Satterlee officiated at services a week ago. Shortly afterward his condition became acute, and a physician was called in. He improved somewhat, and it was thought he would speedily recover, but pneumonia developed.

Jersey City Ripper Valid.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 25.—The supreme court held to be constitutional the so-called Jersey City "ripper bill," which provides for the termination of the terms of all city officials in first class cities contemporaneously with the terms of the mayor by whom they were appointed. Under the terms of the law all the appointees of Mayor Fagan in Jersey City were superseded by men appointed by his successor, Mayor Witpenn.

SUICIDE BY FIRE

Girl Takes Her Life in a Most Tragical Manner.

Allentown, Pa., Feb. 24.—Choosing fire as the instrument of death, Miss Emma Fink, of Slaton, committed suicide at Slatedale in a most tragical manner. Standing where she could see the ruins of her old home, which was destroyed by fire about a year ago, she poured coal oil over her clothing and then set fire to her skirts. She was burned from head to foot and died in a short time.

The young woman's father formerly kept a general store at Slatedale. Miss Fink visited friends there, and after going to the grave of her mother in the little cemetery, viewed the ruins of the old store and home. When she went to the house where she was visiting she secured a can of oil, and going back from the house where she could see the site of the burned store set herself on fire. Children who saw her notified friends, but they were too late to save her life. The suicide had been in ill health.

Aged Woman Suicides By Fire.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 24.—Mrs. Augusta Stray, seventy-three years old, committed suicide by setting fire to her clothing. The aged woman considered herself a burden upon her grandsons, with whom she was living. He had lost his position and has a large family to support. Mrs. Stray poured kerosene upon her clothing and applied a match.

Reprimand Cause of Suicide.

Tamaqua, Pa., Feb. 24. — Charles Riegel, aged seventeen years, committed suicide at his home here by hanging. It is alleged that he ended his life because he had been reprimanded.

MURDERER CONFESSES

Says He Was Goaded By Mrs. Bodis to Kill Her Husband.

Pottstown, Pa., Feb. 25.—Stef Sabo, who is charged with the murder of Mike Bodis, whose body was found in the Schuylkill river a week ago, confessed that he had killed Bodis. Sabo is alleged to have been enamored with Mrs. Bodis. The accused confessed that he had been goaded by Mrs. Bodis to kill her husband. According to Sabo's confession, Mrs. Bodis gave him money to purchase a revolver, saying that if he did not kill him she would poison him herself. Sabo was formally committed to the county prison, and was taken to Norristown by a constable. Mrs. Bodis was arrested charged with complicity.

FARMS FOR UNEMPLOYED

State of Louisiana Offers Inducements to Men Out of Work.

Pittsburg, Feb. 22.—Sixteen unemployed Pittsburgers, having families, left here for Monroe, La., where they will be given a farm, home, tools and seed and an opportunity to buy the land they cultivate. The same inducements are being offered by the state of Louisiana to forty other families. Their transportation is paid. All the arrangements are under the direction of J. L. Knoepfer, secretary of the Louisiana state board of immigration, who is now in this city.

The Stocks and Pillory Revived.

Harrisburg, Ills., Feb. 25. — The stocks and pillory of early times were revived in memory here when D. H. Dillon, said to be a former Chicago gambler, was chained to a telephone pole all day for refusing to pay his fine for having fleeced several young men of the town. He was arrested and fined for running a poker game. Shackles were placed about his feet and he was securely fastened to a telephone pole in the lock-up yard. Chief Pridwell says the character of the punishment was advised by Judge McKenzie, who fined the prisoner. The chief said Dillon would be chained up daily until he pays his fine or agrees to work on the city streets.

Killed His Sister.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 25. — Louis Barber, aged forty-five, killed his sister, Mrs. Jerome Lewis, aged fifty-five, at their home in Medina, and then inflicted probably fatal wounds to himself. Barber quarreled with his sister over a trivial matter, and then shot over his pet Newfoundland dog. The sister upbraided him, whereupon he beat her over the head with a poker, crushing her skull. He then shot her, killing her instantly. Then he shot himself. He is under arrest, though he probably will not recover.

Will Cut Out Man's Kidney.

Boise, Idaho, Feb. 21.—George Pettibone, recently acquitted of the charge of complicity in the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, will submit to a serious operation at San Diego, Cal., according to information received by his former attorneys here. It has been decided that in order to save his life it will be necessary to remove one of his kidneys.

Texas Republicans Endorse Fairbanks

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 24.—The executive committee of the reorganized Republican party, composed of both white and colored members of that party, arranged for a state convention at Waco on May 26 to send delegates to the Chicago convention. The committee went on record as favoring Vice President Fairbanks as presidential nominee.

To Complete Canal By 1915.

Washington, Feb. 25. — Colonel George W. Goethals, departing for Colon, expressed the confident belief that the Panama canal would be opened and ready for business by Jan. 1, 1915.

Trials of Writers.

George Eliot in one of her letters, referring to her novel "Daniel Deronda," writes as follows: "My book seems to me so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth while giving to the world that it is a kind of glass in which I behold my infirmities." Again of the same work. "As usual, I am suffering much from doubt as to the worth of what I am doing and fear lest I may not be able to complete it so as to make it a contribution to literature and not a mere addition to the heap of books."

Montesquieu wrote thus to a friend: "I thought I should have killed myself these three months to finish a morceau (for his great work) which I wished to insert on the origin and revolutions of the civil laws of France. You will read it in three hours, but I do assure you that it cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

The eminent modern French writer Gustave Flaubert suffered tortures in his efforts to attain perfection. When composing, he would sometimes spring to his feet, shriek aloud and call himself "blockhead," "idiot." No sooner was one doubt removed than another arose. At other times he would sit at his writing table as one magnetized, lost in contemplation. His friend Turgenoff declared that it was exceedingly touching to see his struggles with language. He would work a whole day and sometimes all night on a single page.

Traps of the Ant Lion.

We read of the tiger traps in India—great pits dug in the ground and covered lightly with pliant bamboo. The tiger steps upon the false top and before it can retreat is precipitated into a trap. Walking along a sandy road, look for tiny circular pits sunk below the surface and then sit down and watch an exciting episode in the life of the little still hunter which has dug the pitfall. It is invisible, and for some time the whole affair seems lifeless. Then an ant comes blundering along and without warning topples over the edge and begins to slide down the incline. But the insect fights hard for life and seems about to make its escape, when, lo, the sand grains heave upward at the bottom and with a jerk are hurled like a miniature catapult at the ant, knocking it over and rolling it to the bottom. The ant lion, for such it is, now seizes its prey and after sucking its juices casts the dry body away and mends its pit against the coming of another victim.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Scientists' Corner.

Lord Kelvin was buried in Westminster abbey in the spot which by analogy we might call scientists' corner, but it is such a very ugly phrase. If pilgrimages are made there the pilgrims will be of another type from those whose shrine is poets' corner. And yet, when one thinks of the poets, how many of them have opened up such wide spaces of imagination as Newton and Herschel, Darwin and Kelvin? If Shakespeare had known such men he would have admitted their right to take their place with the lover, the madman and the poet who are of "imagination all compact." But this conception has not penetrated the popular mind, which is hardly equal to pure imagination unadulterated with emotion and a good many primitive instincts.—London Saturday Review.

Getting His Money's Worth.

A New Hampshire man tells of a tight fisted man of affairs in a town of that state who until recently had never been observed to take an interest in church matters. Suddenly, however, he became a regular attendant at divine service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow townsmen. "What do you think of the case of old Ketchum?" said one of the business men of the place to a friend. "Is it true that he has got religion?" "Well, hardly," replied the other. "The fact is it's entirely a matter of business with him. I am in a position to know that about a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50, which the latter was unable to pay. So there remained nothing for Ketchum but to take it out in pen rent."

Struck Out.

Dr. C., who always employs two servants, man and wife, was talking to a patient one day about a couple he had just discharged because the man drank. He remarked: "It is so strange, but it is always the way with a man and wife. If one is good, the other is no good." The patient asked him, "How is it with you and Mrs. C.?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Home Life of Genius.

The Actor (before breakfast)—Where are the papers, my dear? His Wife (an actress, absentmindedly)—Curses you! They are far beyond your reach, thank heaven! And I'll die a thousand deaths before you can wr-r-r-ring the secret from—oh—er—Jack, I mean, the boy forgot to leave them this morning!—Puck.

A Reason.

"Pa," asked Mr. Henpeck's little boy, "why did Patrick Henry say, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'" "He may have been out five minutes after the curfew rang the night before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Highest Applause.

You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause.—Emerson.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—A. Helps.

Why He Concealed His Calling.

"I hope," said the young man, "that partial concealment of the truth is no lie. If it is, I am telling a whopper right now, and I'm a divinity student too. That is what I am lying about. I don't tell that I am studying theology. If I did I wouldn't find it so easy to hold this job. I'm one of the down-on-his-luck students who has to work his way through college. One of the first things I learned when I began to look for a position was that the average employer of labor has no use for the divinity student. Somehow every man engaged in business holds the opinion that a young fellow who is studying for the ministry lacks backbone, and he is afraid to trust him with important duties."

"After I had ingeniously explained my circumstances to about twoscore of employers and had been turned down by all of them I got wise. I am working now. The boss doesn't know I am pegging away nights on church history. If he did the chances are he'd discharge me, not because he has any grudge against parsons or church history, but because he, like everybody else, would think I hadn't pluck enough to earn my salary."—New York Times.

Staggered Webster.

In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Massachusetts supreme court many years ago, Daniel Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant, Mrs. Greenough, wife of the Rev. William Greenough of West Newton, was a very self possessed witness. Notwithstanding Mr. Webster's repeated efforts to disconcert her she pursued the even tenor of her way until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and, drawing out his large snuffbox, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom and, carrying a deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with gusto, and then, extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall.

He then asked, "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?" "I cannot give you full information as to that, sir. She had one very dirty trick," replied the witness. "What was that, madam?" "She took snuff."

Most Popular of Pictures.

The best known picture in the world, it has been said, is Vandyke's portrait of James II. of England as an infant, popularly known as Baby Stuart. Two million copies of it are said to be in American homes, and it is equally popular in England and continental Europe. This is not because it is a portrait of a child who became king, but because it is a masterly piece of infant portraiture. The plump, round cheeks and tiny nose, surmounted by a tight fitting cap, appeal to every lover of children. The figure with which the world is familiar is the central one in a group of the eldest three children of Charles I. painted in 1635, when the baby, afterward known as the Duke of York, was only two years old and barely able to stand alone.—Youth's Companion.

She Told Him a Lie.

He had been dining well, but not too wisely, and the next morning his conscience as well as his head smote him pretty considerably. Yet he managed to struggle down to breakfast and to make an attempt to toy with the dainty and tempting dishes which his dear little wife had thoughtfully provided. "Ceell," said his better half gently as she watched his ineffectual endeavors to do justice to the maternal repast. "I am afraid that I told you a lie yesterday, and I want you to forgive me, dear." "A lie?" he asked wonderingly. "Yes. As you left the house you will remember I said to you, 'You'll be home early, darling?' Well, it wasn't true!" And he went out a sadder and wiser man.

Mountains Had Not Moved.

The story is told that when Judge William Rogers was chairman of the school committee in a New England town one examination day he went around questioning pupils of the middle grade. He asked a boy named Rock where the Rocky mountains were. The boy answered correctly, but failed to be promoted that term. The following year the judge asked the same question. Rock replied, "The same place they were last year."

Wholesome Fear.

Miss H., the principal of a grammar school, was investigating a case brought her by a pupil. "Are you quite sure that was the way it happened, Mrs. P.?" "Miss H., that was just the way. I'm telling you the truth. I wouldn't dare tell you a lie. I'm not well enough today."—Woman's Home Companion.

University Tests.

One might say that the first test at Oxford is athletic ability, the next sociability and the final scholastic ability. When you have passed the first two, you are the admiration of your friends; when you have shown yourself a scholar besides, you are the admiration of your college.—Rhodes Scholar in Sunset Magazine.

Disproved.

She—They say that a man becomes like that with which he continually associates. He—Ridiculous idea! I've been a fishmonger all my life and can't swim a yard yet!—London Opinion.

A patch on the trousers is not as bad as a stain on the soul.—Richmond Evening Journal.

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