The Centre Democrat.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Tricks of Thieves.

How Three Desperadoes Escaped From the Westchester Jail.

NEW YORK, June 20.—A dispatch received here to-day from Westchester, Pa., says: The escape of John Frankford, better known as Frankford Joe, with Clarence A. Dunn and J. Lewis Robison, three desperate horse thieves, was a remarkable exploit in its way. Frankford is forty-seven years old and has served several terms in prison. A short time ago he was arrested in Chester county for horse stealing and was taken to prison. Lancaster county wanted him, but the Chester county officials promised the State authorities they would hold on to Frankford Joe and produce him for trial. Frankford was accordingly placed in the iron apartment of the Westchester jail, the strong cell which Uddersook occupied before he was hanged. The cell is completely lined with boiler-plate iron a half inch thick.

"If you get out of here, Frankford," said an office, "you can get out of any iron cell in the world." Frankford smiled and said he wouldn't be in a hurry. It did not take long for him to discover that in the adjoining cell, which was also completely lined with plate iron, was another horse thief, J. Lewis Robison by name, aged thirty-two, of Honey Brook township, sentenced for three years. Frankford at once planned for his escape, and Robison agreed to join him, but the job appeared to be a hopeless one. Frankford procured two old knives and fitted them rudely into large handles wrapped in rags. He transformed these knives into saws. On one iron plate were nine heavy bolts that fastened the plate in Frankford's cell, and then extended through a twenty-inch stone wall and fastened a plate in Robison's cell. These bolts were fastened by heavy hammered heads, and were almost flush with the plates. The plates were whitewashed. Frankford with his rude tools sawed the bolt heads, and Robison pulled the bolts out from his cell. This work was slow and Frankford made wooden imitation bolt-heads, whitened them and deceived the jailer. When the iron plates were removed in both cells the twenty-inch wall was tunneled, and Frankford was able to get into Robison's cell. During the day they could put up the plates so snugly as to deceive the most experienced eye. The stones of course were nicely laid in, and the mortar and sand concealed in their mattresses. The two prisoners at night then worked their way through the iron ceiling of Robison's cell up into the upper tier cell occupied by Clarence A. Dunn, another horse thief, under sentence. This very difficult task was safely performed, whereupon the three cut their way into the attic, thence through the roof, then lowered themselves to the ground by blanket ropes and escaped.

To reach the roof they had to saw through a six-inch joist twice. All this work had to be performed in silence, and in the dead of night, with but two old knives and the iron bolts they pulled out of the wall by which the plates were fastened. Before going the desperate men with false keys unlocked a side door at the jail and liberated thirteen prisoners in jail for various petty crimes. The night watchman at the jail says he visited the cells occupied by Frankford and Robison thirteen times between 9:30 o'clock p. m. and 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning, the hours between which they escaped. A reward of $200 aroused the neighborhood, and the fugitives were chased in the barrens of Willston township, where Robison struck out for himself. Frankford and Dunn remained together. Late last night they were run down, chased into a creek and captured by citizens at the point of the pistol. They are now back again in jail.

Frankford takes his recapture very coolly, and says that he showed what he could do. He is, however, terribly downcast at times to think that after all his labor he was so quickly recaptured. He was serving a nineteen-years' sentence in Lancaster when he escaped there. While he was crawling from a chimney top, after he had worked his way out of his iron cell, the guard shot him in the eye, but he escaped nevertheless. He will soon be tried for horse-stealing.

Plain Talk from Voorhees.

He Comments on Democratic Candidates, Newspapers and Doctrines.

Senator Dan Voorhees had an interview with a reporter and talked along on several political topics with great freedom and entire disregard, apparently, of the effect his opinions might have upon his own chances for becoming the candidate of the Democrats for president. He thinks Hoadley's nomination a good one, but would have preferred Ward. The statement which has been published that Hendricks and McDonald were for three hours in the same room without speaking, he vigorously characterizes as "a willful, malicious, infamous lie, telegraphed to the country by the associated press," and that he knows that Matson, Hendricks, McDonald and Peelle, were in Hendrick's room for three hours one day this week, in social conversation. The interview then goes on as follows:

"Does any portion of the party in Indiana desire the old ticket, Tilden and Hendricks?"

"As far as I know there is not a single Democrat of any prominence in the state who wants that ticket. I know that Hendricks does not want it, for he told me so last Monday."

"Can anyone be elected governor of Indiana on a strictly free trade platform?"

"I think not. The Democrats have learned that free trade in the abstract is not the doctrine of the party. With the exception of Henry Watterson and Joe Pulitzer there are no Democrats in the country in favor of free trade, pure and simple."

The reporter suggested that Watterson and Pulitzer represented two of the leading Democratic papers of the country.

"That may be so," replied Senator Voorhees, "but the New York *World* does not have as much influence in the state of Indiana as a little cross road's weekly paper. It is almost unknown there, and wields no influence whatever. Neither does the *Courier-Journal* have any influence in the state. When the next national convention meets, neither Watterson nor Pulitzer will be permitted to dictate the platform."

"How do you like McDonald as a presidential candidate?"

"I like him very well, but whether I liked him or not I would have to be satisfied, since he is a candidate in the fullest sense of the word."

"Is there any likelihood of there being a division or contest between the friends of Hendricks and McDonald?"

"None in the world. Hendricks is not a candidate either for the presidency or vice presidency. While I am friendly to both and a great admirer of both, I am satisfied McDonald is the choice not only of the Democracy of Indiana, but of the whole country. If he is nominated, and a 'tariff for revenue only' plank is kept out of the platform, the ticket will be elected beyond a peradventure."

The Bedford Springs.

What the New York Capitalists Will do With the Property.

The purchase of the Bedford Springs property from the Anderson heirs by a combination of New York capitalists in the interest of the South Pennsylvania road will have an important effect upon this famous summer resort. Negotiations were begun for the purchase of the property some months ago by Mr. Reon Barnes, the Vanderbilts and others of New York. The Pennsylvania railroad company heard of the attempts to get the springs and began to try to checkmate its new opponent. The offers to the Anderson heirs were increased from time to time until the Pennsylvania railroad company offered $250,000, which it intimated was the limit fixed upon by that company. The South Pennsylvania people were not daunted by this offer, and Mr. Barnes and several other gentlemen went to Bedford, where they consulted with the owners, and finally agreed to give $252,000. This was accepted, the transfer was made at once and the deeds, which had been prepared were signed. Thirty minutes after the sale was concluded a telegram was received by the Andersons from the Pennsylvania railroad company, asking them not to sell to anyone else, as the company had decided to increase its offer, and had sent an accredited agent to Bedford to make the purchase. The agent arrived, and, to his disgust, found that the property had passed into the hands of the opposition.

The new owners propose to erect a hotel building which will cost a large amount of money and will furnish it in the most elegant style. They will cut out new roads and walks, lay out the grounds in an elaborate manner, and will in fact spend about half a million of dollars in improvements, all of which will be completed simultaneously with the South Pennsylvania road. Mr. Barnes said the other day to a friend in New York that it was the intention to make Bedford the Saratoga of the West without regard to cost.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A Tragedy in an Iron Mill.

The Cruel and Barbarous Vengeance of an Infuriated Giant.

Man's inhumanity to man was exemplified to-day at the Leith-Tredgar iron works in this city, where a difficulty occurred between two employes, Lafayette Browder and William Thomas, in which Browder tried to murder his antagonist by burning him to death on a red hot iron slab that was being prepared for converting into nails. The slab was four feet long and twelve inches wide, and was of solid bar iron welded together. This trouble grew out of a friendly scuffle in which the two parties engaged. Thomas though a smaller man, was getting the best of Browder in the scuffle, which, together with the taunts of the bystanders and the evident satisfaction of Thomas, so enraged Browder that he lost all control of himself, and seeing the red hot slab, immediately, with the strength of an infuriated madman, threw his antagonist on the seething iron, holding him there until pulled away by friends.

When taken from the slab Thomas presented a sickening sight. From his head to his heels he was a mass of blisters, his back and legs being almost roasted to a crisp. The witnesses on the trial testified that the appearance of the unfortunate man was most horrible, and that a number of persons were compelled to leave the presence of the body to escape fainting. It was with difficulty that Browder could be dragged off the poor fellow, and he seemed determined to roast him alive. The muscles of the shoulders and the tendons of the legs are frightfully burned, and should the wretched man recover, which is doubted, he will hardly recover himself enough to be able to work at his trade. Browder was promptly arrested by the police authorities on a charge of felonious assault, and was put upon his preliminary trial before a justice of the peace.—*Chatanooga Special.*

Elopement.

A Maryland Woman Leaves her Husband for an Old Lover.

Cecil county, Md., society was set gossiping a short time ago by the elopement of Mrs. Charles Rinehart, of Port Deposit, with Norman Whitlock. Interest was added to the affair by the wealth and high social position of the erring lady's husband. She was a young woman of remarkable beauty and at one time was engaged to Whitlock. Whitlock was not wealthy, and when Mr. Charles Rinehart came along he was accepted, and they were married less than two years ago. He was a young man of fine address and quite wealthy. He lavished the most costly presents upon his wife. She dressed in elegant style and her every whim was gratified. The day they were married she got $1,000 from her husband and gave it to Whitlock. After the marriage Whitlock and Mrs. Rinehart were often seen together, and at times their conduct excited a great deal of comment. One fine day Mrs. Rinehart got a large sum of money from her husband, joined Whitlock and ran away with him. Rinehart at once instituted suit for divorce, which resulted in a decree being granted a few days ago. On Saturday Norman Whitlock and Rinehart's divorced wife were married at the Continental hotel, in Philadelphia. They will return to Port Deposit and live there, despite the feeling which their escapade has aroused.

THE VICEROY AND THE BABY.—A characteristic anecdote is related of the late Lord Lawrence, when as the new Viceroy he was returning to the country in which his best years had been passed. He was in bad spirits, partly from sea-sickness, partly from the lack of friends and congenial natures around him, partly from the feeling of the heavy responsibilities which he had assumed in comparatively weak health. A lady was returning to India with her infant child, which she utterly neglected, and the baby took its revenge upon the passengers generally by squalling day and night alike. They complained in no measured language to the authorities. "Steward, throw that baby overboard!" was a cry which came from many a tempest-tossed and sleepless berth. But the nuisance continued unabated. At last the new Viceroy, perhaps because he saw in the child, half-unconsciously, a slight resemblance to his lost Bertie, gave it a large share of his attention, and would take it for hours together on his knee, showing it his watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to him, as he to it, and to the great relief of the passengers was always quiet in his presence. "Why do you take such notice of that child?" asked one of them. "Why, to tell you the truth," said the Viceroy, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me, and so I take pleasure in its society."