

EX-SENATOR ON TRIAL.

M. S. Quay's Counsel Object to Admission of Bank Books.

RECEIVER BARLOW'S TESTIMONY.

Declares He Broke Open the Desk of Hopkins, the Dead Cashier, in Obedience to a Telephone Message From Harrisburg—Gordon on the Stand.

Philadelphia, April 12.—In the trial of ex-Senator Quay yesterday his lawyers began what is regarded as the all important contention in their fight for his acquittal, namely, that the books of the broken People's bank are not competent testimony against the accused man, and therefore should not be admitted as evidence. On the decision of this point rests the entire fabric of the prosecution's case. Should Judge Biddle decide the point well taken the commonwealth's case will necessarily collapse.

In order to secure the most effective presentation of this phase of the defense Mr. Quay brought to his aid the skill of David T. Watson, of Pittsburg, one of the ablest attorneys in Pennsylvania.

The district attorney opened the proceedings in this phase of the case by offering in evidence the books of the bank extending over a number of years, and along with them the account books, letter press books and letters from Senator Quay and State Treasurer Haywood found in the desk of Cashier Hopkins after that official had committed suicide. He read a long summary of what the books and papers showed, and stated what he expected to prove by them, to wit, that through a conspiracy with Cashier Hopkins, State Treasurer Haywood and other state treasurers, and possibly other officials of the bank, Senator Quay used a certain fixed amount of state money deposited in the institution and received interest on another fixed portion of the state deposit.

Mr. Watson contended that the mere fact that bank clerks, with no personal knowledge of the truth of what they were writing, entered certain figures in a book, which figures purported to represent interest paid to Senator Quay, was no proof that the money had been received by him or that there had been any intention to pay it to him. Mr. Quay was the victim of Hopkins, who used the senator's name to cover up his own illegal transactions. Mr. Watson also attacked the indictment, declaring it to be fatally defective.

Previous to the presentation of the bank books by Mr. Rothermel the examination of Receiver Barlow was concluded. Mr. Barlow created a sensation by the statement that he had broken open the dead cashier's desk and taken therefrom the books and letters appertaining to the Quay trial at the behest of a mysterious informant who spoke to him over the telephone from Harrisburg and stated that there was a plot on foot to steal the compromising documents that night. He was, he said, never able to learn who his mysterious friend was. The fact was gleaned from Mr. Barlow that the bank books and letters were practically in the control of Judge Gordon from April until September of last year. He considered this proper, as Judge Gordon was the confidential adviser of President McManes, of the bank.

Then ex-Judge Gordon, who the adherents of Senator Quay declare is responsible for what they term the conspiracy against their favorite, was called to the stand. Judge Gordon corroborated Mr. Barlow's testimony. He deprecated the stories of conspiracy against Senator Quay that have been persistently put in circulation, and answered every question asked regarding the use he made of the papers while he had them. He admitted that they had been photographed at his suggestion, but merely for purposes of safety in the event of the originals being destroyed. He also admitted showing them to David Martin, the leader of the anti-Quay faction, to John Wanamaker, a bitter opponent of Senator Quay, and to others, including a partial exhibition of letters to James M. Guffey, the Democratic leader of this state, but not in the manner hinted by the defense.

Ex-Senator Quay is alone on trial. District Attorney Rothermel having decided on Monday, after the jury was selected, to withhold temporarily the case of Richard R. Quay, the ex-senator's son.

MARTIAL LAW IN PANAMA.

Another Riot, Which Resulted in Seven Persons Being Killed.

Pana, Ills., April 11.—A deadly riot, the most serious disturbance that has occurred here since the union miners instigated a strike in April, 1898, was enacted yesterday, resulting in seven persons being shot to death and nine wounded. The dead are: Frank Coburn, citizen; Xavier Lecoq, Frenchman, union miner; three non-union negro miners, James L. James, Green-ville, S. C., and Henry Hobbs and Charles Watkins, from Alabama; negro woman, said to be the wife of a southern negro miner.

The situation quieted down at nightfall and no more trouble was looked for. Adjutant General Reece, Colonel A. E. Culver and three companies of infantry arrived at 6 o'clock last evening on special trains, and perfect order was maintained through the town from that time on. The troops now here are Company H, from Decatur, under Captain Caste; Company C, from Springfield, under First Lieutenant Bauman, and Company B, from Taylorville, under Captain B. Parjan. Governor Tanner has declared the city under martial law.

The rioting was precipitated by the attempt of Henry Stephens, a negro miner, to kill Sheriff Downey, whom he had frequently threatened to shoot. The negro was captured, badly wounded.

Coaster Sunk. Forty-five Lost. Malta, April 12.—The British steamer Kingswell, Captain Humphreys, just arrived here, reports being in collision with the Greek coaster Maria on April 9 in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Tripoli. The Maria was sunk, 45 persons going down with her. The Kingswell was uninjured.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Hazleton, Pa., April 11.—Townsend W. Boone, aged 70 years, one of Hazleton's most prominent citizens, who for many years was connected with the mining firm of A. Pardee & Co., and until recently interested in the Lehigh Lumber company, shot himself in the head yesterday with suicidal intent, and will die. Financial troubles are assigned as the cause of the act.

Chambersburg, April 8.—General J. Magee, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' Orphans' Industrial school at Scotland, died this evening after a short illness, from pneumonia. General Magee was a resident of Wrightsville, but spent most of his time at the Scotland school since his appointment to the superintendency in August, 1897. He leaves a wife, a son and a daughter.

Pittston, April 8.—J. B. Shiffer, of Pittston, was run over by a wagon in front of the First National bank this afternoon. He sustained injuries from which he died in ten minutes. Mr. Shiffer was 80 years of age, and was slightly hard of hearing. He attempted to cross the street in front of the wagon, when it struck him and knocked him down, the wheels of the wagon passing over his abdomen.

West Chester, April 7.—Mrs. Mary Showalter, 61 years of age, was admitted to the Chester county hospital last night suffering from a badly burned body, and died this morning of her injuries. Mrs. Showalter was housekeeper for the family of Stephen Dean, of Malvern, and while burning brush her clothing caught fire. In a few moments her body was enshrouded in flames, and before assistance arrived she was frightfully blistered.

Coudersport, April 6.—The lifeless body of George Ebensburg, a woodsman, was found in Bailey run, near Blowville, today. An ugly gash on the dead man's head leads to the suspicion that he was the victim of foul play. Ebensburg was last seen Tuesday night at Blowville, in company with a number of woodsmen. At that time he displayed a large roll of money, but when his body was discovered today no money was found on his person.

Lock Haven, April 8.—Upward of 5,000 acres of land have been leased in Leidy township, this county, by the Clinton Coal company, which will be capitalized at \$500,000. The company has contracted with Goodyear Brothers to extend a railroad from Cross Forks to the leased lands. The terms of the agreement require the mining of 100,000 tons of coal for two years beginning October next, and at least 150,000 tons a year after Oct. 1, 1901.

Chester, Pa., April 11.—Professor John R. Sweney, the music composer, died at his home in this city yesterday aged 62 years. Professor Sweney was one of the most widely known religious song writers in the United States, and was looked upon as the chief hymn composer of America. He wrote scores of popular productions and was likewise a magnetic leader, his greatest work being as chorister of the Bethany Sunday school, Philadelphia, and at the Ocean Grove camp meetings.

Harrisburg, April 12.—A bill was introduced in the house yesterday by Mr. Chew, of Philadelphia, to make the city of Philadelphia the capital and seat of government of the state on and after Jan. 1, 1901, provided that the city shall file with the governor a legal and binding agreement to furnish to the state the necessary site for the capitol and public buildings, and that at least 60 days before the next general election the governor shall order an election upon this proposition.

DuBois, Pa., April 11.—The miners at Berwind-White shaft, near this city, struck for an advance yesterday. Last week a demand was made upon the company for an advance from 19 2-10 cents per gross ton to 22 1/2 cents. The demand was refused by the company. Two hundred miners are employed at this shaft. The Clearfield and Jefferson Coal company's miners are also asking for an advance, and a strike throughout the region may result. All mines in this region have been working full time the past few months, a condition that has not heretofore existed for years.

Media, April 8.—William Highfield, Jr., a young mechanic, of South Media, was pronounced insane today by Dr. J. R. Fronzfeld and Dr. Leineweus Tussell. On March 31 Highfield was arrested on a serious charge made by Miss Nannie Burrell. He was held for a hearing and from that time his mind appeared to be affected. When the case was called for a hearing on Tuesday Miss Burrell, owing to Highfield's condition, consented to withdraw the charge and Highfield was discharged. He continued to grow worse, however, and at times was violent. He will be sent to an asylum for treatment.

Towanda, April 7.—William J. Henry, the young man who for the past three months has been confined in the county jail awaiting trial on the charge of murdering George Rutledge, of Sayre, in January last, made a most determined attempt at suicide by hanging. Last night a few minutes after 9 o'clock a prisoner in the cell beneath that of Henry heard a commotion. Sheriff Fell was quickly called. Henry was found hanging in front of the door of his cell by a rope made from his towel and a small piece of string. He was cut down, and after much effort was restored to consciousness.

Allentown, April 8.—A gay young fellow, who represented himself as a recruiting officer, and who gave his name variously as Robert A. Savage and Paul Lawson, is held under arrest here as a deserter from the United States army. Savage has been living for some time at the expense of hotel proprietors and confiding ministers and other citizens in Phillipsburg and Lambertville, N. J., Easton, Hazleton and Allentown, and probably numerous other towns if the charges against him are true. His plan of procedure in each place has been similar. He will reach a town, announce that he will open a recruiting office for the army in a short time, ingratiate himself with people, borrow money and departs suddenly, leaving unpaid due bills and hotel bills. To vary the monotony of this he is charged with forging the names of hotelkeepers to checks and securing the cash for them.

DIAMOND PAVEMENT.

THE KIMBERLEY ROAD CONTAINS 400 TUNES IN PRECIOUS STONES.

The Public There Travel on a High Road Literally Growing With Diamonds—One Small Piece of Road the Size of a Bedroom Yielded \$100,000 Worth.

It is not often that it is given to man, outside of the favored gentlemen who figured in the stirring story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp and kindred productions of rich Oriental imagination, to travel daily on a highroad literally groaning with diamonds. When such an unusual privilege is vouchsafed, it would appear to be the proper thing to admit that one might love the very ground he walked on. Until a few years ago there was such a road, and it was neither a vision of the pipe nor the press agent. It was located in the Kimberley district in South Africa, and when a man walked over it he walked over millions of dollars worth of the precious stones.

Five thousand dollars a yard was the record of some parts of the road. The diamonds are not there now, so it will do the gentle reader no good to take a ticket for Kimberley and seek to find a fortune in the street. It seems that when the diamond mining industry was some years younger than it is to-day, there was a vexing scarcity of water in the Kimberley country. So, when a miner couldn't get a supply of water to help him in his search, he had to do the best he could and hustle around with his tools in the dry earth. He would spade here and there, until he struck a lump of earth which held the eagerly-sought prize. Then he would abandon the little mound of earth his spade had overturned and seek for diamonds in another place. After a while, several years in fact, these mounds traveled to a considerable distance to the west and further digging. The loose earth was in the way, but no one would volunteer to cart it away. Finally the Kimberley municipal council offered to use the dirt in macadamizing the roads around the city, which was branching out and reaching quite respectable proportions. The offer was gladly accepted by the mine owners, and the mounds were cleared away.

Nearly a score of years after there was a drop in the diamond market. The price of the stones fell, and in order to bring about a return of high figures, the mine owners decided to restrict their output. This necessitated a big cut in the pay roll, and, as a result, the Kimberley district was soon over-run with unemployed miners. Then some of the wise men in the land came to the conclusion that they might pick up a few overlooked gems from the highroad if they could get municipal permission and a plentiful supply of water. They got both, for each year a portion of the road which had been strengthened by the mound dirt was turned over to the men, and they worked in it with astonishing results. Diamonds to the value of \$200,000 were recovered yearly for several years. From one little piece of road no bigger than a bedroom there was taken \$100,000 worth of diamonds.

The Original Rock of Ages.

Sir William H. Willis, member of Parliament for Bristol, writes of the origin of Augustus Montague Toplady's grand hymn, "The Rock of Ages," as follows: "Toplady was one day overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm in Burrington Combe, on the edge of my property, a rocky glen running up into the heart of the Mendip range, and there, taking shelter between two massive piers of our native limestone rock, he penned the hymn."



"ROCK OF AGES."

An illustration of the rock is here given. This is the hymn as Toplady wrote it:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hid myself in thee,  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and keep me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no longer glow,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

The Queen Bee.

A queen bee sometimes lays at the rate of two eggs a minute, and the total weight of the egg is one and a half times that of her own body on a summer day. As she lives four or five years, she must lay about 1,500,000 eggs in the course of her life. Her eggs are smaller than those of the other bees, owing to long residence in the hive. Her sting is 300 times smaller in diameter than a pin, and as she can seldom draw it out after stinging a person, she leaves it in and dies afterward.

Prodigality.

Quizzer—What do you understand by wasting one's substance in riotous living?  
Guyer—Buying cuffs that you can't reverse. I suppose!

Steel Pens.

The world uses \$5,000,000 steel pens a day.

USED TO BE LUCKY.

The Number Thirteen Was Not Unlucky in Olden Times.

Thirteen! There are probably few men who in the innermost recesses of their hearts have not some kind of an unpleasant emotion when it comes to 13. Of course, there are some men who protest loudly—and usually in some hilarious company—that 13 is simply an odd figure, like 17 and 19 and many others, and such men have formed the Thirteen clubs, of thirteen members who on the 13th of a month, particularly if this date happens to fall on a Friday, eat a meal of thirteen courses at the thirteenth hour of the day.

This is done, of course, to break the superstition attaching to 13, but this superstition will not down. For the love of the marvelous and mystic will not down. Were not Lucretia, Scipio, Caesar, Wallenstein, Napoleon and others superstitious? Is it not historical fact that they all were under a spell and undertook no great action without having first consulted some medium?

It is well known that all the nations of the old world were in more or less intellectual rapport. The ideas of one tribe descended to the other. But it is certainly interesting to learn that the figure 13 had its sacred and divine meaning also in America of yore, among the long since extinct tribes of the Iroquois and the Aztecs. The inhabitants of Peru counted seven days, without any particular name, in the week. Their year had seven times fifty-two days, or four times 13 weeks. The father was compelled to support his illegitimate child to the 13th year. The Aztecs had weeks of 13 days, each with a special name. Their public archives were of circular form, with a sun in the center of each of the 13 parts, and 13 were their gods.

Thus the brief history of 13, and it may be said of modern times in Germany that even today a "baker's dozen" is 13, that is, one original twelve, with one thrown in for luck.

Fishes That Fall Upwards.

This phenomenon cannot be witnessed everywhere. You must go out to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and then let yourself down into the sea for about two miles, if you wish to test the fact. At this depth the pressure of the water is very great, so great in fact, that the fish, being used to the great weight, dare not enter shallow water for fear of falling upwards and bursting. Fishes which are adapted to considerable depths may accidentally leave the bottom, swimming toward the surface. This allows the gases in their bodies to expand slightly, and thus renders them more buoyant. The more the gases expand, the more buoyant they become, and the greater is the difficulty of returning to the depths, until finally the buoyancy of the body becomes so great that they are no longer able to return to the bottom. They continue to rise to the surface more and more rapidly, until the expanding of the gases in the body kills them. As soon as the bodies reach the surface, the release of all outer pressure causes them to burst into pieces.

Embraced by a Devil.

A diver engaged in Moyne River in Australia had a terrible experience with a sea-devil. Having fired off a charge of dynamite and displaced a large quantity of stones, he went to the bottom of the river and while engaged in rolling over a large stone he saw something moving about in front of him. This dark object came in contact with him and coiled about his arm. The diver walked slowly and painfully along with the sea-devil's feelers twined about his body and legs. He made tracks for the ladder and gained the boat, a curious looking object, indeed, with this huge, ugly thing entangled about his body. With the help of the sailors he was in time freed from his submarine companion. The body of the octopus was only about the size of a large soap plate, with eyes like a sheep's, but possessed nine arms, each four feet in length, at the butt as thick as a man's wrist and tapering off at the end like a pen-knife. All along the under part of the feelers of this strange sea creature are suckers every quarter of an inch, giving it immense power.

Need No Water.

We are so accustomed to drinking water that we hardly ever stop to consider how much we might suffer if suddenly deprived of this freest and best of beverages. Water in some form is necessary to preserve the health of humans, but there are animals that seem to have little if any use for the liquid. The Hummer of Patagonia, for instance, are said to never taste of water, and certain kinds of gazelles that are native to the dry wastes of the orient seem to thrive without it. A parakeet lived 52 years in the London zoological gardens without drinking any water. Some naturalists assert that the rabbit never drinks, being content with the dew that stands on the grass that it nibbles while feeding at night. Many reptiles live in arid wastes apparently destitute of water. In the neighborhood of Lozere, France, are herds of cows and goats that seemingly rarely drink, yet they produce a fine quality of milk from which is made the famous Roquefort cheese.

An Immense Army.

Russia possesses the largest standing army on earth. Every year some 280,000 conscripts join the Russian forces which in the year 1897 numbered 1,000,000 men. On a war-footing this rises to 2,500,000, and calling out the reserves would increase it to 6,047,000 well-trained soldiers. Should necessity arise, the militia would be called out, bringing the czar's forces up to 9,000,000 men.

A Moon's Month.

February, 1896, was in one way the most wonderful month in the world's history. It had no full moon. January had two full moons, and so had March; but February had none. This remarkable state of things had never happened before since the era we assign to the creation.

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The serious consequences to which Scrofula surely leads should impress upon those afflicted with it the vital importance of wasting no time upon treatment which can not possibly effect a cure. In many cases where the wrong treatment has been relied upon, complicated glandular swellings have resulted, for which the doctors insist that a dangerous surgical operation is necessary.

Mr. H. E. Thompson, of Milledgeville, Ga., writes: "A bad case of Scrofula broke out on the glands of my neck, which had to be lanced and caused me much suffering. I was treated for a long while, but the physicians were unable to cure me, and my condition was as bad as when I began my treatment. Many blood remedies were used, but without effect. Some one recommended S. S. S., and I began to improve as soon as I had taken a few bottles. Continuing the remedy, I was soon cured permanently, and have never had a sign of the disease to return." Swift's Specific—

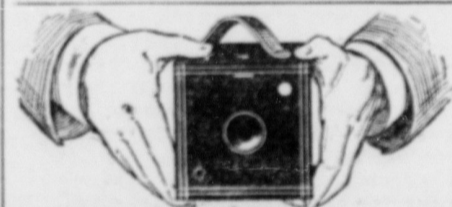


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