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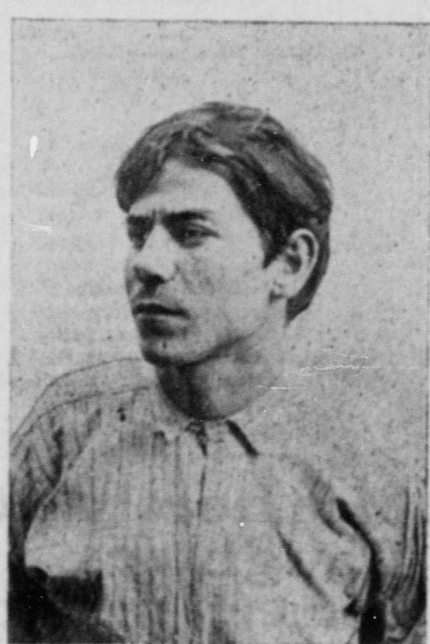
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Dominic Constance Captured! Run Down in the Mountain ABOUT 2 MILES FROM BELLEFONTE

John Switzer, the Hero of an Exciting Chase on Monday Afternoon—Sheriff Taylor at the Head of the Posse—Dominic Was Tired But Escaped—Was in Hiding Near His Home—Was Fed and Clothed by His Countrymen—Constance's Statement—How Jerry Was Killed and the Five Prisoners Escaped—Ready to Surrender.

In our last issue we told the story of Turnkey Jerry Condo being assaulted in the Centre county jail, Friday evening, July 29th, his skull being fractured, from which he died, and the escape of five prisoners: William Dillen, Ira Green, Geo. Henderson, Dominic Constance and Geo. Livingstone. At that time the first three were captured near Mill Hall; Dominic Constance was reported captured by the sheriff at Bedford, but was another man; and Geo. Livingstone was still at large.

Since then Constance was caught Monday afternoon two miles west of Bellefonte, after a thrilling chase. Livingstone is yet at large, but was seen not far from here and it is believed will surrender. The pictures of Green, Dillen and Henderson arrived late last week and missed part of our edition, therefore are republished.



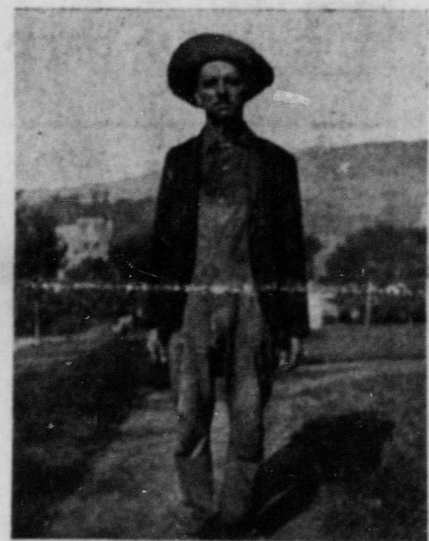
DOMINIC CONSTANCE.
Photo taken in County jail yard next morning.

NOT THE MAN.

When our paper went to press last week, it was announced that Dominic Constance had been arrested at Bedford, Pa., and had confessed. The sheriff of Bedford county telephoned that to this place and dispatches were sent out from Bedford, Pa., purporting to be Constance's confession, narrating in detail how the turnkey was killed and the escape was effected. This information was so direct and assuring that no one paid any attention to capturing the escaped Italian. Sheriff Taylor was to Huntingdon Tuesday evening of last week where the sheriff from Bedford was to deliver the prisoner, but did not arrive, sending a demand instead for the reward and expenses before delivering.

That act was so peculiar, that a sheriff would not trust Centre county for \$100, as to arouse suspicion. On last Thursday noon the writer accompanied Sheriff Taylor to Huntingdon where the prisoner was sure to come as the reward was guaranteed, if the prisoner was identified as Constance. On the way down Sheriff Taylor frequently expressed

west of Bellefonte, where the Italian settlement was located and Constance had formerly been employed, that he



JOHN SWITZER. (Captured Dominic).
Photo taken standing at the Centre county jail. The arrest of Dominic took place on side of Muncy mountain at point marked X on right of Switzer, about 2 miles distant.

had been seen there. His sister and brother live there and she had been seen going out in the woods with packages. Others claimed to have seen Constance at a distance.

Several parties had been patrolling the woods and watching the cabin at night with no success. Detective Jos. Rightour was looking about there day after day. Monday forenoon a telephone message came to the jail that Constance had been seen on the mountain road above the lime kilns, had been treed by some boys, escaped and gone up to the mountain.

CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL.

Sheriff Taylor at once prepared for a skirmish and at 1 p.m., the following left town from the Armory: Sheriff Taylor and Chas. R. Kurtz in a buggy, with Bert Bayard, Bob Montgomery and Joe Shaughnessy in a carriage. As we passed up by Coleville numerous people came out and said Constance was up in the woods. On we went until we came across Hirsh Korman, Jas. Kelley, Geo. Eckley and others who narrated the tree incident, after some hesitancy. They joined the party and all proceeded westward. The sheriff drove ahead and when above the limekilns learned that Constance was seen on that road in the morning by several parties, was dressed in a new black suit, wore a black slouch hat and carried an umbrella. Went east a mile, came back, then took up in the mountains, above R. L. Miller's. In coming back a man was seen in the clearing above Roland Miller's house; Sheriff Taylor leaped out of the buggy with the Mauser rifle and started after, but the man came down. It was John Switzer, familiarly known as "Faraway." He had a brace of revolvers and had been searching the mountains since morning, and could give some clues.

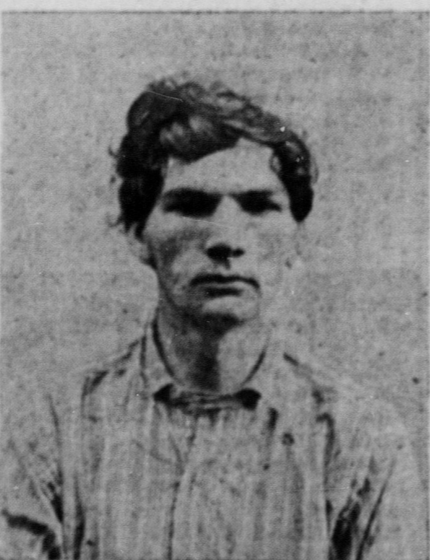
THE FIRST SKIRMISH.

The other boys joined making a party of about a dozen, all armed to the teeth, as Constance was reported to have pulled a long revolver, when on the tree, and was considered fully armed and desperate. Word was sent by phone from the limekilns to Bellefonte of the situation, and people across the mountain in the Bald Eagle were notified that a chase was being made and that all should be on a

lookout for the escaped Italian. A lot of men and boys from the quarry joined the party. From the top of Muncy mountain the call came to drive up to Browers Gap and up to the Purdue farm, where a lot of deserted farm buildings would be a good place for hiding. About twenty men, scattered about one hundred feet apart, formed a long line over the top of Muncy mountain and moved northward. In the meantime three men reached the Purdue buildings and made a careful search. In ten minutes armed men emerged on all sides and met, with no available clue.

THE SECOND SKIRMISH.

After a short rest, the party proceeded down the gap and another skirmish line was formed leading from the top of the mountain down the east side to the valley. At a signal all were ordered to proceed eastward along the side of the mountain carefully, with no calling unless necessary. The skirmish line moved about 4 p.m., eastward. When above the cabins, the sheriff and a few men, including Rightour who had arrived, went down and surrounded the Italian cabins and same were quickly searched. Constance's sister and brother denied seeing him, or having sent him food. She was excited and spoke rapidly; the brother was uneasy when threatened with arrest. In the midst of the conversation we heard shots on the mountain and faint cries "Here he is!" "Got Constance!" Then there were some cheers and in a few moments we got up to the mountain road, near A. I. Garbrick's.



WILLIAM DILLEN.

ITALIAN CAPTURED.

There, too true, they had the man, John Switzer standing guard over his prey, proud and defiant. Sheriff Taylor came up and Constance began to grin and yelled, "Hello Sheriff" and extended his hand. You can imagine the form of greeting given in return. The Sheriff put the bracelets on him at once, the writer took several photographs of the party, the prisoner was loaded in the buggy and at 5 p.m. we were home, ward bound.

You can scarcely imagine the excited scenes along the route. The road was lined with anxious people, and in a few instances individuals pointed at the writer as the captured Italian. In Bellefonte the streets were thronged and followed the buggy to the jail. With little ceremony he was hustled in and put in the back dungeon, on first floor. Upon being searched he had nothing on his person in the form of a weapon. There was some bread in his pocket and two

dollars in coin and two dollars in paper money. As he went to his cell he said "Me tired; good place sleep now." The prison was cleared and all was over.

THE CAPTURE.

John Switzer's Story of the Immediate Capture of Constance.

Monday evening John Switzer, the man who so successfully captured Constance, made the following statement of how the arrest was made:

Early Monday morning Constance was seen on the mountain road by Emma and Lucy Shadle, Geo. Rider and Hirsh Korman saw him pass the store and recognized him, and the latter with Fern Eckley got guns and took up his trail and went to the top of the mountain. Jas. Kelley, Al. Korman and Geo. Eckley started on the search and as they were under a large elm tree, at the edge of the mountain, they heard a noise in the tree and when they looked up there was Constance. This was directly above Roland Miller's house. He shook some money in his hand and indicated that he would pay them to keep quiet. They say they told him to surrender, whereupon he pulled a big revolver and pointed at them. The boys had a 32 and a 44 calibre revolver, but they said they thought they dared not kill him, and were afraid to shoot; on that account they permitted him to come down and run away. They fired after him at a distance. Kelly shot after



IRA GREEN.

Dominic with a gun at a distance of 500 yards.

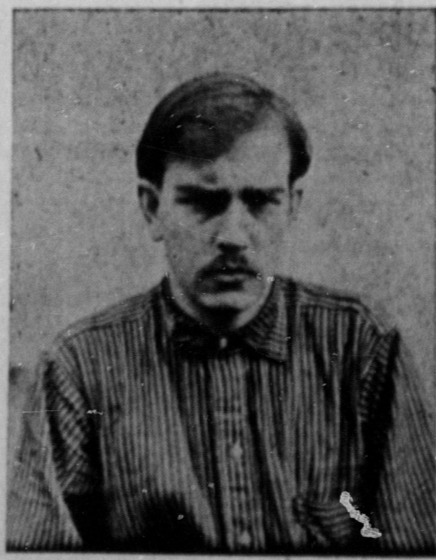
I took up the trail after I heard the boys' story of allowing Constance to come down the tree and hunted alone on the mountain until Sheriff Taylor came, and then joined his posse. When we started on the last skirmish I was fifth man down the side of the mountain. When we got above the kilns I was the highest up, the others going down as it was too tough traveling.

STIRRED UP CONSTANCE.

As we were moving along above A. I. Garbrick's house, I heard a noise in the bushes; stopped and listened and heard it again. I called, "Halt there! who is there? are you one of the skirmishers; speak quick or you are a dead man." At the same time I had a 44 and a 32 revolver, one in each hand, drawn in the direction. I ran forward and a man stepped out in a clear spot ahead of me, whom I recognized as Constance.

He said "What the H— you want? Me no Dominic?"

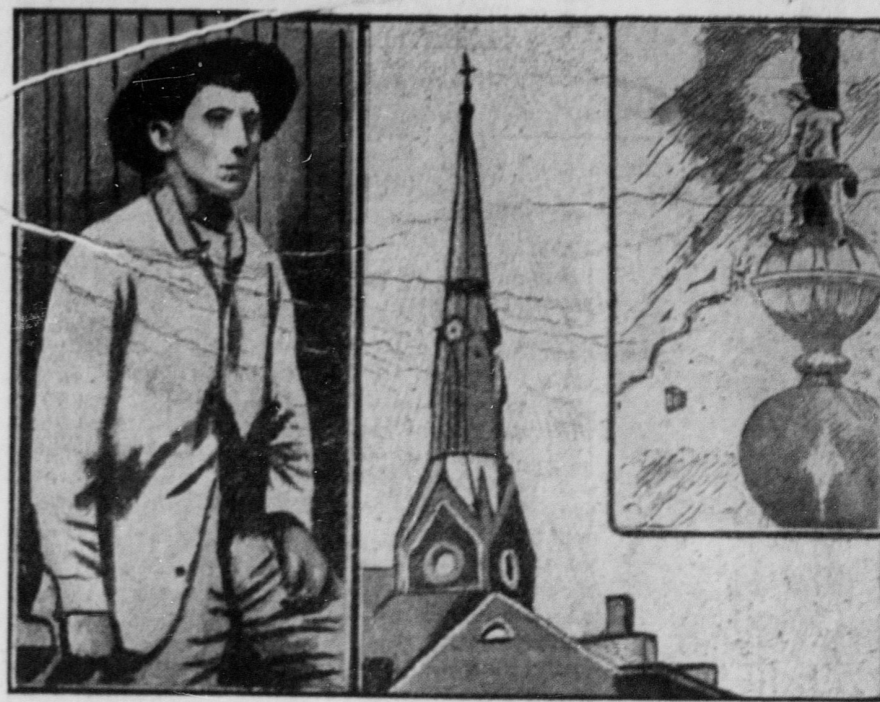
I replied, "You are Dominic!" I called, "Put up your hands!" and slowly they went up. I said, "Well if you aint Dominic, come down and let Sheriff Taylor see you; if you aint Dominic you can go free and no one will harm you." At the same time James Rowan, who lives below, came in sight and I yelled: "For God's sake hurry up! Take this rope from my pocket and tie him!"



GEORGE HENDERSON.

TRIED TO ESCAPE.

Rowan was slow to reach us, and putting the revolvers in my left hand, I reached for my pocket to get the rope. Dominic yelled: "You a S— ! Shoota me, righta way! I me have one life—one time to die!" at the same



Frank Eckenroth 300 Feet in the Air

time he bounded into the woods. I shot low after him, first with the 44c, then cut loose with the 32c, and handed it to Rowan and told him to shoot. I yelled "Stop! Dominic, or I shoot to kill!" and I aimed for his head and in firing made a misstep and fell; Dominic yelled, "Shoot! S—!" and dodged in a clump of bushes. I ran up, pointed my "gun" in his face, grabbed him by the collar, yanked him out on all fours. In searching him for a gun, found none; he said, "Me gota nothing! or would shoot you." Rowan came up and took hold of him; then Charley Hartsock and others came. As we marched to the road he cursed and raved; said he had started back for jail to surrender himself, but they drove him to the woods. He knew Jerry was dead. His umbrella was picked up near where he started. I did not see him have a revolver.

CONSTANCE'S STATEMENT.

On the way to the jail the writer sat in the buggy aside of Constance and had a long talk with him. At first he displayed a fiendish disposition, cursed and carried on; said he did not care what they did with his neck. Frequently he said "Me no kill Jerry." "Me only go out jail." Many questions were put to him which he frankly and honestly answered, others he evaded with cunning. We will start with his story in the jail and give it in substance:

Several days prior to the escape, they decided to break jail. "Little George" (Livingstone, who is still at large) would carry messages to and fro, between inmates of cells 7 and 8. The staple on cell door 8 was sawed for some days prior, and Henderson asked Dominic several times if he wanted to break jail, and said he did. Henderson said, when they got out they would color their hair, change clothes and use other means of disguise. On Friday they asked Jerry when "Cap" Taylor was coming from Gettysburg encampment, and Jerry told them the next morning. Little George went down to the main prison door and when one of the girls passed, spoke to her and inquired what they were going to do that evening.

GATHERING INFORMATION.

She said they were going to the band concert at Hecla Park, which he told the others. Then they decided to break jail that night, by bending the door of cell 8 and that Green and Dillen would hide in the bathroom, run out and take keys from Jerry and go. Dominic and his "butty" Henderson were locked in the cell, but he heard Jerry and McCullough come in with the hobbles. The men ran out and when they struck Jerry he heard him utter a cry, "What is wrong with you fellows to-night? Hello, Pat! Hello, Pat! Oh!" and he groaned several times. Then Livingstone unlocked their cell, both ran out. Dominic was last, and denied that he jumped on or struck Jerry; that he saw him lying on the side of his face and had his hand on his head. He could not see Dillen and Green strike Jerry, but heard them pound him, knew who was doing it because they swore at the old man. After he got out he left them and went up to the mountains. Said he was there ever since. That he got bread at different places; paid a boy to get some for him. He absolutely denied being about the shanties at the lime kilns. When asked where he got the black suit, and hat, looked up in the air and replied "some-one." He was asked about the bread in his pocket and said in a cunning way, "Da Moon." He said he slept in the mountain and used the umbrella to keep off the rain; but "Me no sleep; me wake, me see you alltime (the sheriff.)" Was sore and tired, wanted to give up long

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Frightful Experience of a Bellefonte Boy.

WAS PAINTING A SPIRE

Tackle Failed to Work at a Critical Moment—No One Heard His Calls For Assistance—Son of Charles Eckenroth.

Frank Eckenroth, a son of Charles Eckenroth, of this place, had a most thrilling experience last week that he will probably not soon forget.

Hanging on to the foot of the great cross that surrounds the big steeple of the Salem German Reformed church, Fourth street above Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia, three hundred feet above the ground; he was held by a rope "choking" in the block of a tackle, a helpless prisoner, his life in constant jeopardy. Thursday for nearly an hour, Eckenroth had been at work gilding the cross, which is twelve feet high and eight feet broad, all morning, when at noon, desiring to descend to eat his lunch, he found the tackle by which he was suspended in his perilous position at such a dizzy height refused to work, Eckenroth and his partner, Joseph Maxwell, when they had been awarded the contract for gilding the cross several days ago, had decided to do away with the cumbersome task of scaffolding the steeple in order to reach the top. Instead of following this old method the two young men daringly decided to rely entirely upon block and tackle to ascend and descend the steeple.

WORK ON THE STEEPLE.

They climbed up the inside of the big steeple and at a point twenty feet below the cross they bored a hole in the wood-work, through which they inserted the end of a piece of twine measuring 400 feet. With the twine they drew up a rope to the top of the steeple and then a block and tackle.

From the foot of the steeple Maxwell hoisted Eckenroth Thursday morning to the foot of the big cross which he was to gild. Without a support except the rope to which he was tied the daring young rigger proceeded with his work until the noon hour.

By that time several hundred persons mostly women and children, had gathered in the streets near the church watching the rigger.

ROPE BECAME CHOKED.

As the steeple clock struck 12 Eckenroth started to descend. Maxwell, his partner, was on the ground and on the side of the steeple opposite to that on which Eckenroth was descending. Suddenly a rope became "choked" or caught in the block of a tackle and Eckenroth found himself unable to move up or down. There was danger that the rope might break and Eckenroth clung to the foot of the cross, realizing that at any moment he might be dashed to the ground, three hundred feet below.

The crowds watching him did not understand his motions; for help and his shouts were lost in the hum of wagons and trolley cars in the streets below, then he took his life in his hands and bravely withdrew one hand from the foot of the cross. Thrusting the hand in his pocket he abstracted his knife, a bit of paper and a pencil.

KNIFE AS MESSENGER.

Slowly and with difficulty he scrawled upon the paper, "Rope is choked; send up another tackle, quick." Opening the blades of the knife with his teeth, he shut them down upon the slip of paper and threw the knife into space. Luckily it fell at the feet of Maxwell, who quick-

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DOMINIC CONSTANCE.
Surrounded by Sheriff Taylor's posse. Photo taken on Mountain road a few moments after his capture.

ed his doubt as to securing the proper man.

At 5 p.m., the train arrived and an immense crowd assembled. When the sheriff appeared with the manacled prisoner Sheriff Taylor's countenance fell; "That's not the man!" he exclaimed. The sheriff, of Bedford, was a seedy looking individual who was as suspicious looking as the prisoner, and had about as much to say. The prisoner was an Italian, taller, thinner and spoke English very broken and was hard to understand. He admitted that he had been in Bellefonte a year or more ago. That was about the only basis for all this confession they reported. It appeared that the sheriff was trying to scoop a reward. The prisoner was rather a suspicious looking chap and was turned over to the local authorities until they were satisfied he was not wanted elsewhere. Sheriff Taylor wired the news home, but Bellefonte people would not accept it—believing that it was a ruse to avoid a crowd, and as a result an immense throng assembled at the station, only to be disappointed.

CONSTANCE NEAR TOWN.

During the past week frequent rumors came from the vicinity of the lime operations, in Buffalo Run valley, three miles