

A FEARLESS CONVICT.

STEADMAN'S DARING ESCAPE FROM SAN QUENTIN PRISON.

One of the most remarkable cases of Jail Breaking on Record—Accomplished by a Feat Which Almost Bordered on the Miraculous.

It is one thing to catch a thief and it is another thing to hold him. During a meeting of the chiefs of police of all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, which occurred at Milwaukee, there were reminiscences of remarkable captures and of escapes which bordered closely upon the miraculous.

"The most remarkable escape from prison that I can recall," said William A. Pinkerton, "was that of Frank Steadman from the San Quentin prison. But I'll not tell you about it, for here is John Glass, who caught Steadman and sent him back to San Quentin."

Chief Glass pinched the brown imperial on his under lip reflectively for a moment before he responded to the looks of inquiry bent upon him by those not familiar with the story.

"The escape to which you refer, Pinkerton, was made after I sent Steadman to San Quentin and not before. I was not the fortunate one to get him after that last wonderful break. And to tell the truth, I have never taken to myself much credit for taking him the time I did, for it was to a considerable degree a matter of good fortune. You see, we were just at that time keeping our eyes open for a bank robber by the name of Barnes, who had gone into one of the banks out there, covered the one man who happened to be alone in the place at the time, locked him up in the vault, and then coolly walked out of the bank and out of sight with all the funds he could get his hands on.

"One day a man answering closely the description we had of Barnes stepped off the train at Los Angeles. We took him in tow at once, but found we did not have the bird we were after. However, we managed to hold him long enough to find out that he was Frank Steadman, who had become notorious even at that time as a successful jail breaker. He had four or five escapes from prison in southern Indiana credited to him, had got away from Joliet and had still seven years to do at the Illinois prison; had also been at San Quentin, and had escaped from there with five years unexpired.

"Steadman was a machinist by profession, and a burglar by inclination. When he was sent back to San Quentin to finish his time, he was put to work with other convicts in the engine room. It was here that an idea came into his brain that for absolute daring and fearlessness was typical of the man. He had noticed that every evening at the time the men working in the engine room were lined up to be marched away, the machinery was stopped at exactly the same moment. He had observed as well that a window leading to an adjacent roof was not far from the top of the big driving belt of the engine. From that roof it was possible to reach the outer wall of the prison. Beyond the wall was freedom. He had escaped so many times that his mind reverted again and again to the window high up on the wall of the engine room. Apparently it was beyond all possibility of being reached. No ladder was to be obtained. Had such a thing been even standing in place against the wall, to break from the line and scale it with catlike dexterity, although the work of but a few seconds, he well knew would be futile, possibly fatal. Bullets travel faster than legs, and the guards were not bad shots. But desperate deeds demand desperate means. Some minds may work with an ingenuity born of despair, but Steadman's was of a different caliber. His plans were the outgrowth of steadfast optimism.

"One day there came to him as if by inspiration the thought that the big belt might be the means of carrying him to his goal. He found that it was impossible to count the revolutions of the driving wheel, but there were lacings in the broad belt, which he was able to distinguish as a sort of blur as it passed a given point. For days and days he counted, and in his cell at night he spent his time in calculations. He discovered the exact number of revolutions the wheel made per minute. He learned also by constant observation just how many times the belt went round after the engine was shut down.

"One evening, when the line had been formed as usual at the close of the day's work and as the big wheel began to lose its momentum, suddenly a convict sprang from the line, leaped to the belt, with outstretched arms grasping both edges of the broad leather. He had calculated well the strength that would be required, for the terrific wrench did not loosen his grasp. Outward and upward he swung until he reached the topmost point of the circumference. The nicety of his calculation had reaped its reward. The belt stopped. He leaped to his feet, sprang through the window and was gone before convicts or guards had recovered from their astonishment. He caught up a guard's coat and hat, dropped from the wall and got away in the dusk of the evening. I am inclined to believe that as a mathematical proposition that was about as perfect a piece of work as any man ever accomplished."

"And did he get away without recapture?" some one asked.

"No, I am almost sorry to say, he did not," answered the Los Angeles chief, "for that ought by rights to be the denouement of such a story, which combines so much of daring and cleverness. Steadman was taken again in a short time and put to work at his old job. There are bars over that high window above the big drive belt now. Not long after this Steadman cut and nearly killed one of the other convicts and is now serving out an additional sentence for attempted murder at the Folsom prison, which is situated some 28 miles from Sacramento." Chicago Inter Ocean.

A FAMOUS TENNIS PLAYER.

A Young Woman Who is an Adept in the Use of the Racket.

Miss Juliette Atkinson, the eastern tennis player who easily defeated the best local talent at the Kenwood tournament, is a wonder among women athletes. She was brought up in tennis courts, one may say, and while in her teens could handle the racket with a skill that was marvelous. She has in the past few years won every cham-



MISS JULIETTE ATKINSON.

plionship worth speaking about. She has won the national and international championships, and at Niagara-on-the-Lake she defeated all of the best women tennis players of Canada. Miss Atkinson lives in Brooklyn, and it was in that city she learned the game that has made her famous. She acquired such striking skill so rapidly that her friends urged her to get into the big tournaments. When she did appear against the crack players, her fame was assured. Miss Atkinson in her fiercest bouts in the court is always pale. She never flushes either in defeat or victory.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Poverty Party in England.

The idea of a poverty party, at which all the guests appear as cheaply attired as possible and wearing no jewelry, originated in this country and has been promptly adopted in Europe. A recent adaptation of the idea has been tried with great success at an English house party of smart idlers. The rules ran: "Ladies' dresses must be calico. No lady is to wear more than two brooches. Gold chains and diamond stars are forbidden, also kid gloves. Gentlemen may wear any costume they please—the simpler the better. No patent shoes nor diamond studs. Orchids in the button-hole forbidden. A prize is offered to the worst dressed couple in the room. Gossip, flirting and telling secrets will be punished by the committee." Before the people left the room the announcement was made that the worst dressed couple had become engaged. Poverty parties are likely to be popular at that rate.

She Superintends Weddings.

One of the newest occupations for women that is proving very successful is said to be that of superintendent of weddings. The superintendent, who is usually a comparatively young woman, is installed in the house of the bride to be some little time before the ceremony. She selects the trousseau and advises what is the latest in underwear. She buys the material and designs and superintends the making of gowns. She knows all about stockings, boots, gloves, laces and handkerchiefs. She sees to the millinery, jackets and wraps. She tells the bride's mother and sisters what to wear. She dictates to the bridesmaids. She attends to everything concerning the wedding, in fact, and lets the engaged couple enjoy themselves with un-anxious minds.

Railroad Women in Norway.

In Norway women have for some time been employed in the railroad and postoffice service and are now receiving appointments as supervisors of the railway stations. They receive reports from conductors, answer questions in German and English, call out trains in the waiting rooms, ring the station bell at the departing of the train and telegraph its departure to the next station. They perform the duties of government telegraph operators as well as those of postmasters and baggagemen, and do them well.—Boston Globe.

A Successful Stock Farmer.

The number of women entering agricultural fields is constantly increasing. Hosts of women throughout the land are now conducting successful stock farms. Mrs. Phoebe Tabor Willetts is the possessor of a fancy stock farm at Roslyn, N. Y. She started first to make butter, which found ready sale, but she soon realized the necessity of having first class cows to make first class butter, so she turned her attention to the breeding and raising of Guernsey cattle, at which she made a signal success.

Girl Cigar Makers.

Most of the cigar makers in Detroit are girls. Manufacturers say that the change from male help has revolutionized their business in more ways than one. They hold that the girls are prompter and cleaner, and that they do not carry away or consume any cigars while at work. One factory has estimated a saving in cigar consumption by the employees of \$20,000 in ten years on the basis that male workers use three cigars daily.

An Advocate of Diet Kitchens.

Dr. Mary E. Green, president of the National Household Economic association, is carrying on a diet kitchen at Fort Thomas, Covington, Ky. She orders and gives out supplies and cooks large quantities of nourishing food for 800 sick and convalescent soldiers. Dr. Green will probably visit Boston in November and will show the methods of the diet kitchens at the Mechanics' fair.—Boston Woman's Journal.

TILTING THE EARTH.

A Matter of Scientific Interest, if Not of Practical Value.

M. Fouche, the vice president of the French Astronomical society, has invented a way of altering the present inclination of the earth's axis to the ecliptic. What he wants to do for is not very clear. Perhaps, however, he doesn't want to do it and merely puts forward his method as one possessing a purely academic interest. At all events, it is worthy of the attention of company promoters.

All that has to be done, as described by invention, is to dig an enormous circular ditch, say, in Africa or South America (its center must be on the equator) and to fill it with sea water. Fresh water will do if you can get enough of it, but as the radius of the ditch is to be a few hundred miles that is hardly likely. Having got your ditch full of sea water, nothing remains but to make it race round and round in the trench, whereupon the earth's axis will begin to point toward different quarters of the heavens from those it indicates at present. The amount of deviation will depend on the radius of the ditch, the amount of water it holds, the speed at which the latter moves and the time during which the motion is kept up.

We may suggest to M. Fouche that when a sufficient sphere of French influence has been secured in Africa by its use get all the ice melted round each of the present poles. French explorers could then discover them, whereupon the action of the trench would be stopped and the present climatic conditions restored. France could then remain as long as she wished the only nation to have reached the celebrated points on the earth's surface. As the digging of the ditch will be very expensive we make no charge for this suggestion.—Invention.

A TOUCHY OLD COMMODORE.

Insisted on Running His Own Man-of-war Even on Sundays.

A story is told of an old commodore at the Boston yard whose method of measuring religious affairs was with the same inexorable rule used for temporal things. One Sunday morning he was aroused from his nap by something out of the usual routine being announced from the pulpit, and he sternly addressed the chaplain with: "What's that? What's that?" The chaplain demurely repeated the notice that "by order of the bishop of the diocese divine service will be performed in this chapel on Thursday evening next," etc.

"By whose order?"

"By order of the bishop of the diocese, sir."

"Well," thundered the commodore, "I'll let you know that I am bishop of this diocese, and when I want service in this chapel I'll let you know. Pipe down," and he cleared the chapel.

On one occasion he heard a different voice in the pulpit from usual, and, looking up, he asked: "Who is that up there? Is that you, Billy McMasters?"

"Yes, sir."

(Billy was a religious foreman in the yard who sometimes helped the chaplain along.)

"Come down out of that," thundered the commodore. "When I want a relief for the chaplain, I'll appoint one. Don't you ever let me catch you up there again," and he cleared the chapel again.—"On a Man-of-War."

The Poor Mother-in-law.

Mother-in-law stories are a drug on the market, but this one seems to be a little less druggy than usual.

A man and his wife went to Europe, and the man's mother-in-law went along. Up to this point there is no novelty in the story.

On the voyage the mother-in-law fell ill and died. Of course, she had to be buried at sea, and so the usual canvas sack was made, but instead of an iron weight to sink the body they used a bag of coal.

In commenting on the arrangements afterward the betrayed son-in-law, who stuttered badly, said:

"I—I always knew where m-m-mother-in-law was g-going, but b-b-blame me if I s-s-suspected she'd have t-to carry her own f-f-fuel!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Children as Grammarians.

Two little tots of 4 and 5 years respectively, living out of town, were anxiously awaiting the arrival of a favorite uncle from whom they were expecting a visit. The train came in, but no guest appeared, to the bitter disappointment of the little ones. They ran to their mother for consolation, the younger one saying:

"Mamma, don't you think Uncle Ned oughter come?"

"You mustn't say oughter; say shooder," put in the 5-year-old, with all the dignity that such a correction would imply.—New York Tribune.

An English Joke.

Mother—Why don't you play with that American boy?

Boy—He tells stories.

Mother—He does?

Boy—Yes. He came from New York, and he says he never saw an Indian or a buffalo.—London Sun.

An Old English Firm.

For more than 300 years a drapery business has been carried on in the same building at Sheffield, under the title of the Sign of the Crowne, and since 1750 the business has been conducted by one family.

In fasting feasts the sect of Jains, in India, is far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are not uncommon.

Fifty years ago Austria had seven cities with more than 20,000 inhabitants. Today there are 32.

Profanity is forbidden by both the army and the navy regulations of the United States.

Miscellaneous.

W. H. STAMEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office at Hotel McConnell, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Z. GORDON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.
Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett West Main Street.

G. M. McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

FRANCIS J. WEAKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Offices in Mahoney building, Main Street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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DR. B. E. HOOVER,
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DR. L. L. MEANS,
DENTIST,
Office in the J. Van Reed building, near corner of Main and Fifth streets.

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The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections &c.

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REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
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First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free bus to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Christena Smith, late of Henderson township, deceased. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all parties indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present them without delay to

Reynoldsville, Pa. H. W. YORK, Administrator.

We have moved

from Centennial hall to Cor. Main and Fifth Sts., in the old

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Bargains

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Horse-shoeing done in the neatest manner and by the latest improved methods. Repairing of all kinds carefully and promptly done. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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Our line of Dress Goods surpasses all others. We have without doubt the largest and most complete line of Black Goods ever shown in Reynoldsville. Novelties from 12½ to 50c. per yard. Fine Black Crepon from \$1.00 to \$2.00. 42-Inch Serge at 25c. per yard. A beautiful line of all-wool Poplins in all shades. A fine line of Dress Patterns—Dress Trimmings to match. Call and see our Silk Waist Patterns from 35c. to \$1.25 per yard. A complete line of Taffetas.

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Something you need for cool evenings. Ask to see our \$1.79 Collarettes. We have a few left; we expect another new lot in this week.

Ladies, Misses and Children's

Coats and Wraps

Ladies' plain cloth Capes, Kersey and Bouclays, nicely trimmed. Ladies' plain and crushed plush fur-trimmed Collar and Front—they are beauties—fancy lined. Our Ladies' Jackets—great care has been taken to select only one of a kind. Call and see our new Blues, Tans and Greens. We can save you money on any wrap you buy of us. We certainly can give you good values.

See our WOOL BLANKETS from 2.50 to \$4.00 per pair; Cotton Blankets from 45c. to \$1.25; Haps from 75c. to \$2.00. Yarns and Flannels of all kinds.

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CLOTHING		BOOTS AND SHOES
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In order to fully appreciate the bargains we are offering in all lines of staple and fancy wares, it is only necessary to call at our store, where you will soon be convinced that we are

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