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IT'S ALL DENIED

By Maharneke, Who Even Gives the Lie to Good Mrs. Mair With the Others.

MORE CRUELTY TOLD OF

And a Galvanic Battery That Wouldn't Hurt a Sick Kitten Shown

IN EVIDENCE OF INNOCENCE

A Threatening Note From McPhillamy to the Doctor is Amended and Read.

DR. RANKIN'S LITTLE ADMISSION.

The Electric Machine Might 'be Made More Uncomfortable for Its Actual Business.

THE INQUIRY WILL CONTINUE TO-DAY

The Riverside inquiry was continued yesterday. The defense began. Dr. Maharneke coolly denies almost everything. He acknowledges he once used a big D—. Quite a squabble ensued over a mysterious note. It was finally read, piecemeal. McPhillamy succeeded in shielding another man. A row between him and Maharneke was rather disastrous to the doctor. Wright says the Legislature may investigate if it wants to. At 12:30, with everybody tired and mad, an adjournment was made until to-day.

The ferment, and almost war, at Riverside is growing livelier; interest instead of waning is more intense than ever, and the little party that gathered in the hall of the hospital department there at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon betrayed an anxiety the individuals apparently did not care to conceal.

The fact that the Legislature might take a hand in affairs was received very coolly by Warden Wright and the board, and they say the Legislature can consider itself invited most cheerfully to come down to Riverside and conduct the fullest, fairest and most searching investigation.

The party was scattered about the room in the same general manner as during the previous sessions. The board, the lawyers, prosecutor, defendant, witnesses and press, all forming a rather hard picture, were it not that a glow of brightness and gentleness was thrown over the scene by the three kindly-looking, but most determined, ladies who sat quietly and patiently and listened to every word with an interest not exceeded even by the principals.

The usual monotony of an investigation of every sort was greatly relieved by sudden and striking evidence brought out by the relentless cross-questioning of McPhillamy, and between him and Maharneke there occurred some very lively tilts, indeed, and in one especially, the Chairman was obliged to interfere when the doctor attempted to drag in the past records of some people.

How It Began.

There was present at yesterday's Riverside investigation the full Board of Prison Inspectors, composed of President George A. Kelly, Secretary James I. Reed, and W. L. Trimble, James McCutcheon and John S. Slagle, also the Visiting Committee of State Board of Charities, Mrs. Mair, Mrs. Swift and Mrs. Holden. Messrs. W. J. Sawyer and James B. Scott were also present as representing the Visiting Board. Also B. C. Christy and Rev. E. R. Donahoo, Prison Chaplain Milligan and Major E. A. Montooth, the latter counsel for the Board. With Stenographer Donnelly ready for work, and after a short star-chamber session of the board, everything was ready to go.

Dr. B. B. Maharneke came quietly in, looking a trifle more serious than a few days ago, and a constant twiddling of his thumbs showed the natural anxiety of the man, though his short, reddish side whiskers were combed just as prettily as ever toward the end of his insignificant nose.

The enormous prosecutor and witness in one, McPhillamy, came lounging carelessly in between two guards. He was clean-shaven, and looked out of place in his convict stripes.

It Was Ominous.

The man was just as cool and quiet as ever, but it was an ugly quiet that showed a fixed, unalterable determination, a determination to see the end. As before, he sat directly facing the entire Board of Inspectors, and his were not the eyes that dropped at some sudden charge or unexpected evidence.

The board, with the legal representatives of the Visiting Committee, finally returned from their private confab, and President Kelly said all was ready.

John Van Staten, was the first witness called, and he demanded to know the exact charges before he took an oath. This was explained, and the thin, middle-aged man held up his hand, when things proceeded as follows:

President Kelly—Were you a former prisoner?

A.—Yes; I came in '81 and left in '87. Yes, I was in the hospital at different times.

Kelly—How long?

A.—About a year. Dr. Maharneke used a great deal of profanity.

Kelly—I ask of his cruelty.

A.—I can't say I ever saw him hurt a man real bad; that is, he didn't break any bones.

Kelly—Any act you would call cruel?

A.—No; I only heard him give orders for men to do so and so. I was day or night nurse, and often in the kitchen.

Kelly—You said something of profanity.

A.—I never heard a man swear so in my life—at sick men and dead men. I even saw him stand over a corpse and curse it. Maharneke was always excited.

A Potential Suggestion.

Scott—You might ask the witness about money, Mr. Chairman. Also ask him about those cruel orders.

Kelly—Um, yes. Did you hear of this?

Van Staten—I saw him put the straight-jacket on men. Some were playing crazy.

Kelly—Do you know of any cases where Maharneke extorted money?

A.—He tried to get some out of me June 1, 1885. I was on the block, and Haley said he would get me a place in the hospital. Maharneke came along and said Haley had nothing to do with it, but he was the man, and Maharneke went to see the warden. He came back and said I mustn't forget him. He then asked me if I had any money. I said I had none, but a friend would get me some, and I would give him $5. He said that was business. My friend failed me, and the very day General Grant died, I was fired out of the hospital.

Reed—This occurred before Maharneke was an officer.

Van Staten—It was in 1885, while he was still a prisoner.

Scott—He may have been in the same capacity. I don't think it fair to take advantage of dates, if he were in the same position.

Kelly—That's a wide latitude.

Scott—Was Maharneke in the position of hospital steward?

Van Staten—There was a quarrel between Haley and Maharneke; each one told me he was steward, and sometimes we didn't know who was. I understood the warden told Haley he was steward, and Maharneke was in the dispensary. He overworked me, and because I couldn't do what he asked he complained.

Scott—What about that insane man you spoke of?

Van Staten—His name was Moore. They had muffs and jackets on the man named "Gyp." Moore was fooling, and they made him give in. They were probably put on for protection.

Was Once Enough?

Scott—Did Maharneke try to get money from you more than once?

Van Staten—No, only that one time.

Scott—Do you know of any cases of general corruption, cruelty or bad conduct?

Van Staten—Only by hearsay. I went to the hospital for the asthma; also pneumonia of the lungs.

Sawyer—What about his profanity?

A.—When James Elliott died I was in the kitchen when he was laid in his coffin. I stood beside him, between Miller and Mrs. Mair. She was praying, and suddenly Maharneke came in, and swore. This was just as the prayer was over. He used awful language—too bad to repeat. He swore he would send me to the block; but Mrs. Mair begged him not to.

Slagle—When men were playing crazy what would they do with their hands?

Van Staten—Nothing, when the jacket was on.

Mrs. Swift—I would like to know if he knew of acts of cruelty performed by Maharneke's orders.

Van Staten—Yes, I did. In regard to "Gyp," I was ordered to bathe and duck him.

Kelly—What cruelty, if any, is in that?

Van Staten—They put his head under water and held it until he could just catch his breath, then, when he came up, he begged Maharneke not to do it again. Yes, he was very uncleanly, "Gyp" was. Maharneke only told me to duck him good.

How He Made It Hot.

Mrs. Swift—Did you ever hear any prisoner make threats that he would make it hot for some people?

Van Staten—Yes. Maharneke was in the hospital, a prisoner; he said he was going to work there, and he would make it hot. Well, he did come back and fired three men in one day. He then came to my cell and said: 'Didn't I tell you I would fix the snoozer?'

Mrs. Swift—What about a man called "Jesse James," named Watt, I believe?

Van Staten—The man had been shot. Maharneke poked his finger in the wound and told the prisoner his own foolishness had got him into it, and he must die.

Kelly—Dr. Marharneke, you—

Maharneke—Before you were released here, were you fired from the hospital?

Van Staten—Yes, you remember you came back from your pleasure trip and found me in the kitchen.

Maharneke—Didn't you ask me to get money for you to get out?

Van Staten—I asked you to see what you could do for me. I also asked the warden and he gave me $15 extra.

Maharneke then asked some other interesting questions in the almost unintelligible dialect he uses, when the witness was excused, and the general opinion was expressed that the Maharneke case had been rather benefited than injured.

Kelly—I understand, McPhillamy, Van Staten is the only witness produced. You want two witnesses now from the cells. What do you expect to prove?

McPhillamy—I can prove Maharneke went to one for money, and I expect to prove cruelty in the other case.

Kelly—We have no desire to hide anything. Deputy, please produce the men.

No. 7946 Wouldn't Swear.

Witness 7946 was a little, black-haired, black-eyed fellow, whose white face formed a contrast to his heavy mustache. He affirmed, instead of taking the oath, and said his name was O'Hara.

Kelly—Were you in the hospital?

A.—Yes, sir.

Kelly—Do you know of any cruelty?

A.—Well, they claim the electric battery was cruel. I never tried it, but I guess it hurts a little. Yes, it was pretty cruel.

Kelly—When?

A.—I saw it on Keck, Phillips and Bishop. They used it on Keck. They said he was crazy. They used it in his mouth and face. He had the fever afterward. I don't know if it came from that.

Kelly—What about Phillips?

A.—The battery didn't seem to have any effect on him. Yes, it was cruelty in spite of that. I saw it used on Wheeler for paralysis. No, that wasn't cruel. The same treatment was tried on Bishop; they claimed he was crazy.

Kelly—Was he crazy?

A.—I think he was. Maharneke seemed to do all he could for the other patients. Yes, I heard him use a little strong language sometimes. That is, with the cranks.

Kelly—The what?

A.—The cranks are the crazy ones. No, his language didn't startle me; I am hard to startle.

McPhillamy—Did you ever see the two batteries on a man at once?

O'Hara—No, but I heard of it. The same day they tried the battery on a man who wouldn't walk. He walked over to the block.

McPhillamy—Has he walked since?

A.—No, he hasn't walked since, and I don't think he ever will.

McPhillamy—Don't you think if he had been treated right he would have walked?

They Just Growled.

A growl from every member of the board showed this suggestion to be out of order.

O'Hara—Yes, I heard of Maharneke injecting whisky and morphine into a man to bring him to.

Scott—What did you understand was the use of the battery?

A.—To see if the man was playing off. They tied the man down and put it on him; I heard them say because it was playing off, not because they thought he was paralyzed.

Scott—I just wanted to hear his opinion if it were a punishment or not.

McPhillamy—You understood the battery was used for punishment? You know that for yourself?

O'Hara—Yes, I know that. And the witness went back to the "block," wherever that is, in the tender care of a warden.

No. 8133, looking very much like a gigantic mill man, said he was willing to testify in regard to the charges against Maharneke. His name was Angus Buchanan, and he had been here three years, but had never been in the hospital.

Kelly—McPhillamy, why did you call this man?

McPhillamy—Did Maharneke ever ask you for money?

Buchanan—Yes; about two months ago he asked me for $10. I told the warden, and I think he tended to it, for Maharneke hasn't spoken to me since.

Maharneke—When was it?

A.—Two months ago. I was in the cell. You asked one or two, I think, before you came to me.

Maharneke—Did you come here with McPhillamy?

A.—Yes, we both came on the same charge.

Sawyer—What language did he use?

Money for Marriage.

Buchanan—He came to me and said he was just getting married and was short, and he wanted to get $10, and I understood he would get the job. Maharneke has acted very sulky since I told the warden.

Maharneke—Did I ask you of other people's money?

A.—I hardly remember. You (Maharneke) were standing talking to me, and he saw the hall boy and he told him to get me some pills. I had three or four boxes of pills in my cell then. The doctor said the hall boy was a sucker and he was afraid of him.

The witness was then excused, and walked out without a glance at anybody but the keeper in charge.

No. 7469, James W. Reilly, recalled, in answer to a question from McPhillamy, said: I saw Maharneke going down the block, and heard him say he had either $15 or $50. Mr. Dean was standing by; he has charge of the hall.

McPhillamy—What did you do?

Reilly—I said, "Dean, did you hear the doctor's remark?" He only smiled at this.

Reilly—I would like to ask you a question, if I can, Mr. Kelly?

Kelly—Go ahead.

Reilly—Have I the privilege of making any charges I want to? I have been trying to make a charge for the last year.

Kelly—That will do.

Dean, recalled—In answer to McPhillamy's question, "Did you hear Maharneke tell Frank something about paying back money?" he said: "No, I did not hear it."

Kelly—The witness is relieved, and I understand this closes the case for the prosecution.

FOR THE DEFENSE.

Maharneke Wants Counsel if McPhillamy Has It, and the Attorney Assigned to the Latter Withdraws—What the Defendant Has to Say in His Own Behalf.

After the prosecution had closed, Mr. Scott, of the State Board, arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, will you please have the stenographer put on record that the case of the prosecution rests, and he will want to call some more witnesses in rebuttal. I also ask the board to allow B. C. Christy, Esq., to cross-examine witnesses, as the prosecutor is not a lawyer."

The proceedings were resumed in the order reported below:

Slagle—I move that Mr. Christy be requested to act for the prisoner; that is, the prosecutor.

Maharneke—The defense has not had a lawyer.

Scott—I see no objection to moving and seconding this case, and if the witnesses tell a straightforward story there will be no harm done.

Kelly (to Maharneke)—Do you wish to have your objections recorded?

The motion was then carried, and the board unanimously told Mr. Christy he was permitted to sit beside the smiling prisoner and to talk to him all he wanted to. He also had the privilege accorded of retiring with him—in charge of an officer, however.

With everybody in a good humor—even Maharneke—a little breathing spell was taken, in order that affairs might settle down, or rather simmer down in some sort of reasonable shape. In this interval George I. Reid attempted to talk to McPhillamy, but was prevented from so doing by the board.

He Wouldn't Have It.

A little excitement was created when Mr. Kelly asked Maharneke if he was satisfied to go on.

Maharneke—I am not satisfied to go on without counsel. I ask for an adjournment until such time as my counsel can be present.

Kelly—The doctor complains of his lack of knowledge of the English language. Everything has been smooth until the counsel for the prosecution was named, when the doctor objects.

Christy—I have quietly been watching affairs, and I must now decline to take any part.

Kelly—McPhillamy's counsel has withdrawn, and the proceedings in rebuttal will now begin.

Maharneke then held up his right hand, and swore to tell the truth as per legal formula.

Kelly—I will ask you direct questions, and you can make your statement. What is your position here?

A.—Hospital steward. I have been so since October, 1885; my duties are to see the Doctor's orders are carried out and that neatness is observed, and to see the sick are cared for.

Kelly—Under whose direction?

Maharneke—I am under Dr. Rankin, and I report to him daily. He is present often, and, if not, I report to him. I have general oversight of the hospital. McPhillamy says he was sent to the hospital on a certain day. The day he said I spoke to him.

Warden Wright interrupted here to say that had nothing to do with it.

Maharneke—I said to McPhillamy I came to get him into the hospital.

Excited Interruptions.

Kelly then read the charges of McPhillamy, and was interrupted frequently by Maharneke, who said: "I never received any money from McPhillamy. Mr. Dean was at the cell and opened the door for me. The hall boy assisted him (McPhillamy) to remove his things. That's all."

Kelly—You deny you received money?

Maharneke—Yes, I do. I want to add to my first statement that I was married August 20, and I always paid my rent in advance, and I didn't need any money at that time.

McPhillamy's story was then continued, and Maharneke interrupted to explain the dictionary dodge by saying that McPhillamy wanted to see the bones of the human body.

Kelly—You still deny the money?

Maharneke—I never at any time received money from this man.

Once more was the reading of McPhillamy's evidence continued, and Maharneke broke in to say: "I never had any talk or exchanged letters in regard to his escape with McPhillamy. I was anxious to have him removed from the hospital. He was sick, but got better, and I told Dr. Rankin, and marked him to be sent to the cell. My orders are to notify the warden in order to have room in the cells, because they were greatly crowded. I was notified to keep him a few days longer. All that language of bribery, of money, and that I said I would buy clothes and revolvers, and all such, I deny most emphatically.

Very Vigilant.

"In order to watch him I cautioned the nurses and night officer, and I watched him most carefully until his attempt to escape. The day before he tried to get away I suspected something, for the nurse asked me about his conduct. I gave instructions concerning him. I asked for the day nurse, and said, 'I want to change the night nurse,' and I told him to go to bed in the closet that night, not in the middle room as usual. This was in the closet of the south ward.

"A few hours passed, and I asked if the night nurse had gone into the south ward to sleep. I saw the middle room was darkened again, and it set me thinking. I told the man not to go to bed there, and still he had. I asked if my instructions had been given, and they said they were. I went into the room and we woke up the night nurse, Fanning. His excuse was he would clean up the room Monday if I let him stay. I said 'All right,' and left. I wondered what reason he had in wanting to stay there. It was nearly 11 o'clock, and I took my overcoat and went home and to bed. The first thing I heard about the escape was the ringing of the bell. I jumped out of bed and told my wife 8183, a man sick with consumption, had died. Young Wright called to me to come over quick, as some prisoners had escaped. I was amazed to hear they had got out of the hospital. I met Warden Wright and he ordered me over to the hospital. I had him in view, and I thought of McPhillamy. I saw the hole, and learned the names of the men who had escaped. I asked

Continued on Sixth Page.

TWO OF THE JOHNS

Causing Cabinet Constructors Considerable Conjecturing.

WANAMAKER'S SCALP DEMANDED,

And Senator Sherman Won't Say He Will Vote to Confirm Alger.

THE FIRST JOHN A MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.

Booms for Windom and Charley Foster in Apparently Good Shape.

Wharton Barker and his friends, as original Harrison men, and Senator Cameron and friends, as anti-Quay men, are said to be working hard to keep Mr. Quay's selection, John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, out of the Cabinet. John Sherman's antipathy to General Alger causes those who know him best to believe that Mr. Alger's confirmation by the Senate will be delayed or maybe defeated, if Ohio's senior Senator can accomplish either.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, February 7.—The latest gossip around the Capitol about the Cabinet is that Pennsylvanians are making a hot fight against assigning Mr. Wanamaker to the Naval Department, and that two sets of Pennsylvania influences are resisting his appointment to any Cabinet position. The real reason why Pennsylvanians didn't want Mr. Wanamaker to be Secretary of the Navy is that the Philadelphia postoffice is a good deal bigger than the League Island navy yard. In other words, the Secretary of the Navy has very little patronage, while the Postmaster General has more patronage than any other member of the Cabinet, and the Pennsylvanians want substance, not show. But they are ostensibly opposing the assignment of Mr. Wanamaker to the Navy Department from considerations of the utmost unselfishness and the highest delicacy. They represent that all the contracts for steel for the navy are awarded to Pennsylvania concerns, and most of the contracts for the building of ships are held by the Cramps and the Delaware River Ship Building Company, and the appointment of a Pennsylvanian to be Secretary of the Navy

WOULD AROUSE CRITICISM

and suspicion; that General Harrison will promote his peace of mind and the good repute of his administration by appointing a Secretary of the Navy from some other State than Pennsylvania.

There are two influences in Pennsylvania that are strongly opposed to the appointment of Wanamaker to any Cabinet office. Wharton Barker is reported to have declared that such an appointment would be a personal affront to him. Barker was an original Harrison man, and is said to have contributed more of his own money to the campaign than Wanamaker, who was originally a Gresham man. Barker is supposed to be exerting himself to protect himself from affront.

Matthew Stanley Quay and James Donald Cameron, came into sharp collision with each other at the Pennsylvania convention, a year ago, and while the result was in the nature of a compromise, Quay had a good deal the best of it. The Cameron clan is somewhat alarmed for its own existence at the exalted position into which Mr. Quay has leaped as the result of the election. If Quay gets Wanamaker into the Cabinet now, he is credited with the intention of defeating Don Cameron for re-election two years hence. Hence all the influence of the Camerons is said to be exerted to defeat Quay and Wanamaker now.

SHERMAN STILL HATES ALGER.

It is asserted with great positiveness by some of the Republican politicians that John Sherman has written a letter to General Harrison, assuring him of his warm personal regard and his desire to assist in making the incoming administration a success, but warning him that Alger's conduct at Chicago was such that he could not with self-respect submit to Alger's appointment to a place in the Cabinet without making a fight on it from the start. One of the Western Republican Senators was asked this afternoon what he thought of this story, and replied that he didn't believe Senator Sherman had written such a letter, because it would be carrying things a little too far, and Mr. Sherman was a very discreet man, but that he had denounced Alger with entire frankness to his colleagues in the Senate, and given them the impression that if Alger was nominated

SHERMAN WOULD DEFEAT HIM

if possible. On the other hand, one of Senator Sherman's closest Ohio friends says that he has talked a number of times with the Senator about the Cabinet, and has assumed in his remarks that Alger would be a member of it, and the Senator has never expressed resentment toward Alger, and has never intimated that he would resist his confirmation. It is a fact, however, that Senator Sherman's friends believe that Sherman would be injured by any threats against Alger, or any effort to defeat Alger's confirmation, and they are very anxious to remove the impression that Sherman is hostile to Alger.

So much has been said about his hostility and his intention to carry it into the executive session of the Senate, if necessary, that some of his friends have advised the Senator to publicly disclaim any such feeling or intention, but the Senator has not yet seen fit to take the public into his confidence. He was asked to-day if he were willing to say anything about the widely-circulated report that he would try to defeat Alger if the latter were nominated, and he declined to speak about the matter at all.

AMONG THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS.

A dispatch from Indianapolis to-night says: Cabinet booms are as thick as autumnal leaves. They bud, blossom and ripen in a single day. No matter whether the puzzling kaleidoscope is turned forward or backward, or angrily shaken up and down, the familiar countenance of Mr. Blaine always turns up conspicuously in the front.

The face of Mr. Wanamaker, the merchant prince, is now to be seen in the background among the "might-have-beens." Regarding certain of the other prominent names, some plausible indications of an encouraging character are obtainable, but as to Mr. Wanamaker's, none of the intimate friends of the President-elect have been brought to admit that he is a fixed star.

The probable fact that Mr. Wanamaker has purchased, or intends to purchase, a residence in Washington does not shake these gentlemen in their belief. They say if he was really going into the Cabinet and desired to keep that fact from the public, in accordance with General Harrison's well-known wishes, he would not openly negotiate for a house in Washington.

Perhaps no name, unless it be Windom's, is growing in public favor with greater rapidity than that of ex-Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio, who received a boom, or a boomerang, to-day at the hands of the Ohio Legislature. The train this morning brought five members of the Ohio State Senate, headed by Senator Edward G. Rathbone, of Hamilton. How many members of the Ohio Legislature these gentlemen represented is not known, nor what encouragement they received at the hands of the President-elect.

OIL MUST GO UP.

The Producers' Association Will Take Strong Measures to That End—The Reserve Oil Will Be Held Until the Price Shall be One Dollar.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

OIL CITY, February 7.—The members of the Executive Committee of the Producers' Protective Association and the members of the Advisory Board met here this afternoon for the purpose of holding a conference. They assembled at 4 o'clock in the Arlington Hotel, and after a short session adjourned. They are now holding the second session, which will probably be continued until quite late. During the intermission the DISPATCH reporter endeavored to pump some of the members, but found them all very close mouthed. From the animated manner in which they discuss matters among themselves it would seem they have important business on hand. The impression prevails that some action is to be taken with reference to the retired oil, possibly to proclaim that it will not be put on the market during the next three months. However, nothing of a definate nature can be ascertained. It is doubtful if the business will be completed before to-morrow.

Another correspondent says:

The meeting was called to formulate some plan of action for the disposal of the remaining 3,500,000 barrels of oil held under grant from the Standard Oil Company. The members of the committees were reticent as regards the details of the plan adopted, but it may be definitely stated that no oil will be sold at a price under $1 a barrel, and if between now and June 15 the market advances to a point approximately near that figure, the oil will be held for a more substantial increase in value.

The sale of the oil was vested in one individual, not a member of the committee, and who is satisfactory to both interests represented at its meeting. His name could not be ascertained, but he is said to be a man well known to the trade, and whose position and character is such as to warrant a full carrying out of the plans of the committee. The advance in the market to-day was based on a belief that the action taken by the committees would lead to better prices.

PANIC IN A WINTER HOTEL.

A Fine New Resort Near Jacksonville Now a Mass of Ruins.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., February 7.—The fine new Hotel Sutherland, on the Gulf coast, built and owned by the Sutherland Loan and Improvement Company, of Omaha, Neb., is a heap of ruins, and the loss, including valuables and clothing of guests, etc., is over $70,000. Early yesterday morning fire was discovered in the main building, and before the alarm could be given the house was a mass of flames. The help consisted of 20 persons, mostly girls, and the guests were 18 excursionists from Omaha. Shrieks filled the air as the frenzied and frightened women tried to get out of their rooms and found the hall was one bright blaze. The male help nobly organized, and began rescuing the imperiled women.

Ropes of sheets, etc., were made, and nearly all the inmates lowered from windows in this manner. Several in their fright jumped and sustained serious cuts and bruises from glass and sharp roots. Nearly all were in their night-clothes, and some with hardly a rag to their backs, as the fire had burned off their light cotton dresses as they were being conveyed through the hallways on the first appearance of fire. Two women who were lowered from the front windows on the second story were terribly burned before they reached the ground. Incendiarism is suspected.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Belle Starr, the Desperado, and Belle Boyd, the Spy, Two Distinct Persons.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WHEELING, February 7.—A telegram sent out from Fort Smith, Ark., and widely published, giving the history of Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy, and identifying her as Belle Starr, the female desperado, killed near Eufala, Ind. T., on Sunday, created a decided sensation here and all over West Virginia, where Belle Boyd has been well-known since her girlhood. She was born at Martinsburg, Berkley county, and until three months ago, lived at Parkersburg, having taken up her abode there about 18 months ago. If the Starr woman and Belle Boyd are the same she covers ground more rapidly than Madam Blavatsky ever claimed to, yet nobody of all who knew her here are prepared to say she is not.

It is probable, however, that the Fort Smith writer has confused the history of one Belle Carpenter, who formerly lived in this section, and now has a half-breed Choctaw Indian son near here in Pennsylvania, where he owns a large farm. This woman answers the description of Belle Starr. She was last here in 1886 on her way home to Arkansas from a visit to her son in Pennsylvania. She had an unsavory reputation.

A ROMANTIC ACCOUNT

Given of the Circumstances Surrounding Crown Prince Rudolf's Death.

VIENNA, February 7.—The following is another account of the circumstances attending the death af Crown Prince Rudolf. Rudolf had courted M. Baroness Marie Vetsera for four months. The liason, it is stated, was encouraged by Countess Wallersee-Larisch, a niece of the Empress Marie, who was of a romantic disposition and nervous temperament, and was devoted to Rudolf.

On January 28 the pair started in a two-horse closed carriage for Meyerling, where they passed the next day together. On the morning of January 30 the two were found dead in bed. Marie had been shot through the forehead. Rudolf had also been shot as already described. It was evident that the two had resolved to die together. The coverlet was strewn with flowers. The body of Marie was secretly taken to a cottage, and thence removed for interment. The Vetsera family left Vienna on Saturday for Venice.

WORK OF THE OHIO SOLONS.

Telephone Rates Will Stay Up, but Butterine Must Get Out.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

COLUMBUS, February 7.—The House to-day had under consideration all day the bill for the reduction of telephone rents in the State. The last Legislature came within one vote of passing the same bill. Many speeches were made on both sides. Several amendments were offered and voted down. The bill on passage received 25 votes and 48 against, with 34 of the members dodging or absent. This closes the telephone engagement of the session.

The Committee on Agriculture of the House to-night recommended the passage of the bill to prevent the manufacture of oleomargarine in imitation of butter. A strong fight has been made against the bill, but the impression prevails that it will become a law.

BANK OFFICERS INDICTED.

They Made False Statements of the Condition of Their Institution.

NORFOLK, VA., February 7.—George S. Oldfield, President, H. C. Percy, cashier, H. B. Nichols and H. L. Page, directors, were indicted to-day by the grand jury for making false statements to the State Auditor in October last as to the condition of the Home Savings Bank of this city, which failed last November. Bail was given in all cases, except that of H. C. Percy, who is absent from the city.

A GUN THAT SHOOTS.

The Thurlow Open-Hearth Cast-Steel Cannon Successfully Tested.

TEN RAPID ROUNDS ARE FIRED,

And the Gun to the Naked Eye Seems Not at All the Worse for Wear.

THE MANUFACTURERS WELL PLEASED

That Their Pet Fared Better Than Its Ill-Starred Pittsburg Rival.

The cast-steel gun made by the Standard Steel Casting Company, of Thurlow, stood a remarkable test yesterday without bursting. Ten rounds were fired in rapid succession, and no visible expansion of the walls of the gun followed. The star gauge is next to be applied, after which it may be ascertained whether such guns can be used safely and with success. Their manufacturers think they can. Naval officers hope it won't be tried, for they have no faith in their security.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

ANNAPOLIS, MD., February 7.—Mr. Fred Baldt, General Manager and Superintendent of the Standard Steel Casting Company's works at Thurlow, near Chester, Pa., left the Government proving grounds near this quaint old city this evening a very happy man. His six-inch steel gun, the twin in appearance of the Pittsburg gun, which burst a few weeks ago on the spot, stood the tremendous racket of 12 shots today without any evidence of injury that the eye could detect.

The result surprised everybody. It astonished the dozen or so of handsome young lieutenants who shivered in the biting atmosphere to witness the test. Probably no one was more astonished than Mr. Baldt himself. While he believed that this gun, made of steel manufactured by the open-hearth process, was superior to the Hainsworth Bessemer steel gun, the lamentable ending of the latter had made him skeptical, and he would not have been surprised if his pet had burst as the Pittsburg gun did at the first shot with a full cartridge.

TESTED ON A FATAL SPOT.

The test was made on the same spot that marked the tragedy of the great Bessemer casting. An old carriage had been rigged up for the occasion, that the loss to the Government might not be several thousand dollars from the destruction of a good carriage, as happened before. A heavier barricade of hewn timbers and round logs took the place of that which had been blown to smithereens by the Pittsburg gun. The triangular bomb proof behind which the man stood who jerked the lock line and fired the gun had been materially strengthened, and, in addition, a score of big sand bags were piled around it. Other bomb proofs were covered deep with sand for the protection of the workmen and the visiting officers, and civilians were not allowed nearer to the scene of action than the office, some 400 yards away. These precautions showed that there was no expectation that the weapon would stand the test, and that there was no assurance that the bursting would be as luckily harmless as on the former occasion.

It was after 1 o'clock when the assembled officers and visitors were warned to get to cover. Lieutenant Commander Dayton had charge of the proving ground, having succeeded Lieutenant Knight, who was in charge when the Pittsburg gun was tested. Mr. Baldt was the only representative of the Standard Company present. The others did not care to witness the expected wreck.

MERELY AS A WARMER.

Thirty-six pounds of powder were used for the first round for the purpose of compressing the gas pad. When this shot was fired it was found that the pad had not been properly compressed, and was therefore useless. Another pad was fitted and another cartridge of similar size slid into the breech and touched off. The charge of 48¾ pounds of Brown's prismatic powder, with the 100-pound projectile, was used for the next shot, and the visitors were given a few minutes to get into an interesting condition of suspense, as nearly everybody expected that this would be the last charge ever fired from this gun.

The workmen scattered behind the bomb proofs, the visitors got into good positions to the rear of a mound of earth near the office, some standing within the office, a puff of white smoke from the muzzle, which protruded in plain sight from the shed, a tremendous explosion that made the office rock as though struck by an earthquake, and a shout went up that she was "all right," simply because the shed was not lifted into the air, as on the former occasion.

"But where's the muzzle?" exclaimed Lieutenant Commander Sperry, and sure enough, the muzzle was not to be seen, but in another moment, as the workmen rushed to their places under command of Lieutenant Wilner, the black muzzle was run out of the shed, and then the officers remembered that the gun would not "return to battery," as they called it, on this carriage, and that she had to be run to place by hand.

PLEASED, BUT NOT CONFIDENT.

Mr. Baldt looked immensely pleased that this gun had stood at least one more shot than its Pittsburg rival, but he was not yet confident of the success of the test. Another shot, and another and another were fired at intervals of about two seconds, and after the fourth Mr. Baldt remarked, "I believe she will go through all right now. She will be getting better all the time, as she warms up." Whether she did get better or not, she was well enough, for as round after round was fired in quick succession, the shed was not lifted toward the heavens, and no little pieces of metal weighing a ton or two came hurling through the air toward the precious bodies of the visitors.

If the test was successful the Standard Company would get $5,000, which was the amount of their bid, and as the rounds progressed the jolly, joking Sperry would exclaim that that shot was worth so and so. "That one is worth $2,650," he exclaimed at the ninth and tenth; "there you are, Mr. Baldt; that one was worth $53," and everyone gathered about the happy Baldt, and warmly congratulated him. He took the result very coolly, saying that he would not feel certain until he had heard the report of the official examination. The process of "star gauging" had to be gone through with, and the result of that would not be known except through the official report of the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance at Washington.

NO EXPANSION VISIBLE.

The interior of the breech was so begrimed with powder and water used in sponging that one could not be certain in regard to its condition, but a close examination could not detect any expansion. The walls seemed as perfect as before the test. The star gauge, however, discovers any irregularity given, even to the thousandth part of an inch, and that delicate instrument alone would tell the story whether the gun had endured the strain. The officers say, and Mr. Baldt admits, that even this will not prove the cast gun to be a success, and that a thorough test can only be made by repeated and rigorous firing at a higher pressure.

But Mr. Baldt is of the opinion that if the star gauge discovers no permanent expansion, the Government should order several guns and prove them gradually to the point of bursting. He declared that he can make a much better gun than the one proved today, which was what is known as a crude casting, not tempered at all. He experimented with specimen bars of this gun to note the changes made by tempering in oil, and found that he increased the elastic strength from 40,000 to 77,000, the tensile strength from 80,000 to 109,000, and the elongation from 21 per cent to 9 per cent, with no appreciable reduction of the mass. In its crude state the gun has stood the statutory test of ten rounds with 48¼ pounds of prismatic powder, which gives a pressure of 15 tons to the square inch, and a muzzle velocity of 2,000 feet per second to a projectile weighing 100 pounds.

EVEN BETTER RESULTS EXPECTED.

With the increase of strength given by tempering, Mr. Baldt is certain that the cast gun of open-hearth steel will endure the severest strain that could be demanded, with better results than can be gained from the built-up guns. But he asserts that this cannot be done with Bessemer steel. The great mass that is melted together, he declares, renders impurities unavoidable, and that the casting must therefore be irregular in its density, and not homogeneous.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that the Standard gun contains more metal than the Pittsburg gun. The latter weighed only 10,500 pounds at the navy yard, while the former weighed 13,125 pounds. Mr. Hainsworth admitted that he had tempered his gun too hard, and the casting was shown not to be satisfactory. Mr. Baldt says his casting was perfectly satisfactory. The Standard gun is 195 inches in length, 6 inches in bore, 22 inches in diameter at the breach, and the walls at that point were 7½ inches in diameter, which is thicker than those of the Pittsburg gun.

Officers stationed here at the naval school, who are thoroughly versed in such matters, say they cannot understand why the Pittsburg gun burst. They have tested pieces of it and found its tensile strength.

GREATER THAN WAS DEMANDED.

Lieutenant Commander Sperry remarked to Mr. Baldt: "They didn't use dynamite in your gun as the Pittsburg papers say we did in Hainsworth's?"

Mr. Baldt declares that if the Government will authorize the construction of a few more guns he will produce a casting far superior to the one tested to-day—in the first place by means of careful tempering, and in the second place by securing a greater head pressure in pouring the metal, of which their facilities did not admit when the present gun was cast.

Mr. Baldt is nothing if he is not practical. A few years ago he was a puddler. He assisted in the establishment of two great plants at Chester, when he was asked two years ago to take charge of the Standard Company's works, which had been running at a heavy loss for several years. When he took charge the stock was selling at about $35. Last week it was quoted at close to $180. "And to-morrow," remarked Mr. Baldt, "it will be worth $200." A quarter of a million of capital is invested, and Mr. Baldt holds a third of the stock. The annual value of the product is about $500,000. Nearly all the castings for the Government war vessels are made at the Standard Works, and many contracts secured by other firms are turned over to them.

NAVAL OFFICERS NOT PLEASED.

Notwithstanding the apparent perfect endurance of the statutory test by this gun, the naval officers who will have to handle the guns of the navy in case of war are not satisfied with the experiment. While they declare they have no prejudice, and that they hope it will be discovered that cheap cast guns can be made, a majority of them have no faith in the efficiency of such guns manufactured under existing circumstances, but they fear that with a partial test the steel influence of the country, which is almost omnipotent, will be strong enough to secure the adoption of the guns. This, they say, would be fun and profit to the steel men, but death, probably, to the poor officers and seamen. Therefore, while they encourage experiments, they want them to be absolutely conclusive before the guns are adopted. They confess, however, that the firing of these ten rounds to-day, inside of 33 minutes, without apparently damaging the Standard gun, has shaken their skepticism and rendered their conversion to the cast gun thereby a possibility.

THE COKE STRIKE OVER.

The Entire Movement Has Met With a Practical Collapse—Offer to Pay for Damages Sustained if They Are Reinstated.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

CONNELLSVILLE, February 7.—The coke strike is practically at an end. All the works have resumed, except the Standard, Jimtown and Mammoth. At the latter place a new