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BY
COLL. VAN CLEVELAND
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THE NINEKATTE SHAKERS.

It was a gentle Shaker,
And in his hands he held
Five miles beyond the turnpike gate.
One pleasant afternoon.

Alone upon the wagon seat,
She sat in virgin state;
The spirit moved me to draw near
And hold with me debate.

I asked her the price of eggs;
She raised her eyes and said:
"If brother Jesse were but here—
Then she looked down again."

She raised her eyes once more, at length,
"The fault lies with me," she said;
"I have been a good girl, I said;
"My greatest fault, in truth."

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ham, big enough for a shark-bait, was
stuck on the point of a carving-knife,
and thrust down his throat with the
suddenness of a sword-swallower. Another
and another followed, till nothing re-
mained but bone, which he crushed with
his teeth, and then sucked the marrow.
"Now for punch!" he cried.
"There is no hot water," Richard
ventured to say.

"Water"—who asked for water?
Bring me a lemon, some sugar, and a
kettle.
The kettle was placed on the fire.
The stranger filled it with brandy, add-
ing liquor and sugar to suit his taste. As
the liquor boiled over, it caught fire, set-
ting the whole in a blaze. Richard jumped
up to take it off; the stranger caught his
arm, and flung him back as if he had
been a child, instead of a substantial citi-
zen of fourteen stone.

"What are you about?" he exclaimed.
"The punch is doing well enough."
"I was only afraid the house might be
burnt."

"Both the house," replied the little
man; "there's no danger."
"Your health, Dick!" at length he
said, and, missing the kettle all blazing to
his lips, he drank like a dromedary.
"And now, Dick, it's your turn," he
said, after a long breath. "You must
drink my health now."
Richard drew back.

"Drink!" shouted the stranger, hold-
ing out the vessel.
Poor Dick took a single gulp. He
left the skin of his mouth on the brim of
the kettle, his throat was scorched with
liquid fire, and his hair was singed by
the blaze.

"Now row to business," said the
stranger, resuming his seat, and leaving
Dick to sit or stand as he chose. "You
knew John Walter, I believe."
"Yes—yes," stammered Richard, "I
once knew a person of that name."
"You and he went to California to-
gether," Richard acknowledged the fact.

"I believe I was the more fortunate of
the two."
"You and he started to return to-
gether, and he died at San Francisco,"
Richard bowed.

"His wife and child are now desti-
tute," the stranger persisted.
"I can't help that," said Richard.
"Of course not. It was his boy
you gave the good advice to-day; I
hope the young scamp will profit by it."
The scene with the little beggar, Richard
was sure had been witnessed by no
one. How the stranger won and found it out
was past comprehension.

"You're quite sure John Walter died
poor?" the stranger went on.
"Oh, quite," said Richard; "I paid
his funeral expenses myself."
"That's a lie," retorted the little man;
"he was paid by the public. It's an
other lie that he died poor. He had
twenty thousand dollars with him, which
you stole."

"I deny it!" Richard fairly screamed;
"and defy you to prove it."
"Prove it! What effrontery! Why,
I saw you do it."
"It's false. There was nobody pres-
ent."

"Be careful, Dick, or you'll com-
mit yourself. I saw you do another
thing."
"John Walter would have survived his
illness, but you put poison in his medi-
cine."

A sudden fury took possession of
Richard Whinstone, when he saw the
secret of his life in another's keeping.
The carving-knife lay within his reach.
He seized it, and springing on the stran-
ger, with a desperate plunge, sought to
bury the blade in his heart, but it glanced
as from plate armor, and in an instant
the little man was on his feet.

"Oh, ho! that's your game, is it?"
And with a trip that sent his heels
spinning in the air, Richard was head-
down, with a force that shook the
house to its foundation. The club foot
was planted on his stomach, and what a
horribly ugly foot it was! It was cleft
like the hoof of an ox, and seemed to
weigh a ton.

"Then you are the—"
"Pray keep a civil tongue in your
head, and come along," said the little
man.
Richard faint.

When he came to himself, day was
breaking. The old housekeeper, who
had found him groaning and sprawling
on the floor, had, with much difficulty,
shaken him into consciousness. She as-
sisted him to bed; but Richard never
was himself again. The surfeit of pig
had brought on a fever, of which he died
in eight days. His last rational act was
the execution of a will by which he left
the bulk of his fortune to John Walter's
widow and child; which, after all, was a
simple act of justice, for the Demon of
Nightmare had told the truth.

Missouri Bandits.
(Kearney Mo., Cor. Chicago Tribune.)

By popular verdict, the history of the
James boys would be the criminal history
of the Southwest since the war. They
have been accused of a robbery of any
magnitude for eight years with which
their names have not been connected.

In March, 1868, the Logan County
Bank, at Russellville, Ky., was seized and
robbed during business hours, and the
robbers rode away on foot horses with
their booty, and escaped into Missouri.

To this day the Kentucky officials are
willing to swear that the leaders of the
marauding band were Frank and Jesse
James.

In December, 1869, came the robbery
of the Gallatin Bank in Davies county,
Mo., and the killing of John W. Sheets,
the cashier.

Following right upon this was the rob-
bery of the cashier of the Kansas City fair
grounds in his office—the deed done in
sight of 20,000 people.

The bank of Corydon, Iowa, was plan-
dered in June, 1871. A resolute posse
trailed the robbers as far as Davies county,
Mo., overtook them, fought, and were
repulsed.

In April, 1872, the bank at Columbia,
Ky., was robbed in the same way, and the
preying band were tracked to the borders
of Missouri and lost.

The contents of the bank at Ste. Gene-
vieve, Mo., went in May, 1873. Since
then have come, in startling succession,
the train robberies of Iowa, Gadsden,
and, lastly, of Muncie. There is nothing
in the criminal history of the country
to equal this record of bold plundering.

These are only the greater crimes
charged upon these boys. There are scores
of lesser charges which popular opinion
has filed against them. For these past
eight years more romance and more fer-
ociousness has been attached to the names
of the James boys than all other per-
petrators of this half-tamed Southwest
put together.

There is the same handiwork evident
in all these robberies. The party rarely
numbered more than five, and the well-
known James boys, with all other band-
its, were down upon the table, and began to
eat. And how he did eat! A chunk of

ness of these men. They face death with
the nonchalance taught by a life's fami-
liarity with it.

The James boys, while never denying
their terrible record during the war, have
steadily repudiated these charges of
bank and train robberies. Each suc-
cessive Governor of Missouri outlaws them
and sets a price on their heads, to which
they regularly resort with an offer to give
themselves up and face the decision of
the courts if pledged fair treatment.

The father of Jesse and Frank was the
Rev. Thomas James, a Baptist preacher,
who attained considerable eminence in the
State.

Jesse James was part of the detestable
gang in the early troubles of the Jay-
hawkers and the Border Ruffians, as they
were opprobriously termed by their ene-
mies on either side. At the outset of the
conflict Frank James joined Quantrell.

Jesse, only 16 years of age, remained on
the farm. One day a company of militia
came to the place and hung Dr. Samuel
to a tree three or four times, and left him
for dead. Jesse was taken from the
plow and led about with a rope around
his neck, beaten with the ends of a long
rod, and warned that the punishment would
be worse if the family continued to har-
bor bushwhackers. Mrs. Samuel and
her daughter were taken to St. Joseph,
and for some weeks held in custody.

Jesse James joined his brother under
Quantrell, and from that day to the end
of the war the boys were in every mas-
sacre and terrible encounter in the guer-
rilla warfare up and down the Missouri,
Kansas and Arkansas border. They
served under those best noted desperadoes,
Quantrell, Todd, Anderson and
Taylor, out of whom the only one now
living is Taylor, and he is a cripple with
one arm shot away, a shattered right
lung, and a terrible scar on his thigh.

The James boys were prominent in
the sack of Lawrence, and afterwards it
was a party of twenty-seven men under
their leadership who fell upon a detach-
ment of Jennison's famous 15th Kansas
cavalry on Cabin Creek, in the Cherokee
Nation, and slaughtered twenty-nine out
of the thirty-two. With his own hand
in this meeting, Jesse James killed Capt.
Gos, and also the Rev. U. P. Gardner,
of the 13th Kansas.

They were with Bill Anderson at Cen-
tralia, Mo., when a train of soldiers,
some armed and some unarmed, were
stopped. A few shots were fired, and
then the Union soldiers surrendered, only
to be taken from the cars and shot down
until not a man was left. Then the town
was sacked. The train which was on fire,
the engine turned loose with a full boiler
of steam, and sent plunging away at a
fearful rate of speed toward Sturgeon.
When the place had been laid waste, An-
derson and his men retreated to the
brush.

From Paris, in Monroe county, a de-
tachment of Federal cavalry, sent to
under Maj. Johnson, came down to
avenge the outrage. Anderson's men
lured the troopers into their trap, and
swooped down on them. Out of the 300,
barely twenty got away, and the rest
massacred. There were no prisoners
taken. Jesse James killed Maj. Johnson
and seven others. Frank James killed
as many more. The blood that rests on
these two men's heads is something so
terrible that their old companions in
arms shudder when they tell of them.

The war record of these men would
fill books, but this is enough to show the
character of their lives.

American Revivalists in England.

Moody and Sankey, the evangelists who
have been doing so remarkably a revival
work in Great Britain and Ireland, are
soon to be in London, where Mr. Spur-
geon has ordered a special service at the
tabernacle, on the South Side; the Agri-
cultural Hall, which will hold 12,000
people, has been secured in the North
Division; and in the East and West
Divisions large tents have been erected
to be put up. The very fact of these great
preparations will crowd their meetings,
and that is all these men want. Given
the people, and their peculiar influence,
"God's grace," as they firmly believe,
will fill the city with religious excite-
ment and emotion. All the English min-
isters who have been engaged with them,
and many Americans, including Talmage,
have been invited to join them in revival-
izing London; and the grand scheme
is to begin some time in March and con-
tinue till July. When London has been
thus stirred up throughout, Moody and
Sankey are coming home to Chicago.

An account of one of their meetings
shows that there is not a little of the
theatrical about their management, and
indeed about Mr. Moody's preaching,
which is full of dramatic power. A
writer in the London News calls him a
Yankee Bunyan, who has the great gift
of visualizing the unseen, and describing
his vision in familiar language to those
whom he addresses. He fills the lay
figures even of the Bible narrative with
life, clothes them with garments, and
makes them talk American.

Reasons for Drinking.
Old Sambo Shute, long since gone
across the dark valley, was a worthy man
in his way, and gentle withal; but Sam-
bo would occasionally get drunk. One
day his employer took him to task, and
read him a lecture, at the close of which
he asked him if he didn't think he could
do better for the future.

"Don't, mas'r," said the darkey,
scratching his head.
"But what do you think?"
"Well, mas'r, I's afeard I tink not."
"Sarcasm, what do you mean? Do you
mean that you will not try?"
"T'wouldn't be of no use, mas'r. Fact
is, 'twas born in me. Rum is my nat'r'l
drink. Yee see, afore I was born, my
father and mother were boozed, bought
on de coast of Africa, an' put in rum."

This is about equal to the excuse of
the old fellow in a New Hampshire bar-
room. It was 11 o'clock in the fore-
noon, and a number of thirty ones had
entered the tavern for their beverage;
and they all offered an excuse for their
indulgence. One said he had a pain in
his side; another had a touch of the
colic; another had a severe cold, and
so on, and so on. At length a red-faced
old fellow, stamped up to the bar, and
ing listened to the excuses of the others,
and said he:

"Say, old hoss, give us a glass of old
Jamaica, stoff. My old woman's goin' to
have codfish for dinner, and she codfish
alikes makes me drr!"—New York
Ledger.

For several years past some unknown
person was in the habit of sending
checks for \$1,000, at intervals, to the
several charitable institutions in London,
and all efforts to discover who it was
failed. The *John Bull* now says that it
was a Mr. Atwood, who died recently
near Chesham. He was about 80 years
old, and a bachelor, rich, but living very
quietly. His books show that he gave
away \$280,000 of these checks—\$45,000
within the last year. He has left more
than a million, marling, and no will. A
thousand pound note was found lying
about the room, as if it had been waste
paper.

A Maniac's Wonderful Escape.

About a quarter before 10 this morn-
ing pedestrians on Sacramento and
Montgomery streets, and occupants of
Donahue & Kelly's bank and the offices
were so horrified to see a man, maddened
all but a shirt, emerge from a window in
the fourth story of the Alta boarding
house and sustain himself at this dizzy
height by clinging to the window-sill.

His screams of murder and the cries of
the gathering crowd, expected to see him
every moment lying a mangled
corpse on the pavement beneath, at-
tracted the attention of the Post editors
in the adjoining building. On seeing
the man's danger, the first thought was
to throw the noose of a rope over him.

He succeeded, however, in making a
spring from the window-sill over nearly
three feet to the perpendicular water
condit of the Post building—a pipe of
six inches in diameter. From that he
made another spring, and caught the
large signboard of the Post. How he
accomplished the feat of holding to so
large a pipe with one hand, even for a
minute, is inexplicable. When he reached
the signboard he passed himself along
hand over hand until he reached the
iron balcony of the corner window of the
Post building, and raising himself with
great strength until he came within
reach of some of the editorial corps of
the Post, when he was evidently in a
room to the great relief of the crowd below.

The poor fellow, panting and trembling,
told a terrible story, how he had been
attacked by a dozen of masked men who
had murdered all his companions and
had attempted to spring and catch him,
and in other ways put an end to his
life, and how two, ten, and 1,000 men
had been murdered by these assassins,
until his chamber was drenched with
blood, and he was left alone.

He was sent for. After procuring his
clothes from the lodging house he was
removed to the City Hall. On examina-
tion by the Commissioners on Lunacy
he was found to be sane, and was im-
mediately released. He was evidently
inhabited for a few days, that his mental
condition might be ascertained. He gave
the name of Thomas Allen, aged 24, and
said he was a native of Ireland; also,
that he had been working on the railroad
in San Mateo county, and had come to
town yesterday. He repeatedly declared
that he had only drank three glasses of
ale, and had gone to bed sober; also,
that after a short sleep the attacks on
him began, and he was continued all
night. Few of those who were in the
city in his peril will easily forget the
blood-curdling sensation this maniac's
performance gave them.—San Fran-
cisco Post, Jan. 12.

Justice Balled Down.
"James Jackson—charged with drunk-
enness—do you say?" exclaimed his
Honorable as "next" was called.
"I say I wasn't," replied the prisoner.
"Well, officer, arise, hold up your
hand, tell the whole truth and stop
coining. Now then, go ahead."

Barley went off with a cry, and a
stairway, his back to the wall, eyes shut,
and his nose being gradually frosted.
When aroused he said he wouldn't go
with the officer until he could have on a
clean paper collar, a shirt which buttoned
down, and a pair of sleeve-buttons with
dogs' heads on them. The officer had to
tear his coat collar off before Mr.
Jackson could be induced to take a
moultain stroll down through the valley
leading to the Central Station, out of
which the officer said was the truth and
nothing but the truth, and he held up
the coat collar to add weight to his
words.

"Mr. Jackson, I can't have you fol-
lowing around this town in this sort of way."
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Barley went off with a cry, and a
stairway, his back to the wall, eyes shut,
and his nose being gradually frosted.
When aroused he said he wouldn't go
with the officer until he could have on a
clean paper collar, a shirt which buttoned
down, and a pair of sleeve-buttons with
dogs' heads on them. The officer had to
tear his coat collar off before Mr.
Jackson could be induced to take a
moultain stroll down through the valley
leading to the Central Station, out of
which the officer said was the truth and
nothing but the truth, and he held up
the coat collar to add weight to his
words.

"Mr. Jackson, I can't have you fol-
lowing around this town in this sort of way."
"I say I wasn't," replied the prisoner.
"Well, officer, arise, hold up your
hand, tell the whole truth and stop
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"Mr. Jackson, I can't have you fol-
lowing around this