



THE JAMES BROTHERS.

A Graphic Account of their Desperate Career.
What Prompted them to Crime—A Detective's Desperate Work—The Brothers' Revenge, etc.

A recent train robbery on the Rock Island and Chicago railroad, near Kansas City, brought forth the inevitable announcement from Chicago that the "James boys" did it, and that Pickerton's detectives knew all about it and were about to capture these notorious outlaws. Whether the robbery of the Rock Island train was the work of these men, or whether, like two or three similar train robberies, it was the work of the desperate gang of loafers and hoodlums which infest the border near Kansas City, is a question not easy of solution at this distance. The telegraphic announcement that the James boys had reappeared near their old haunts in Clay county, Missouri, and had successfully stopped and robbed a train, recalls to mind many incidents and details connected with their career that are interesting. The lives of these two men, for they are no longer boys, would excel in startling detail and absorbing interest the stories of Claud Duval, Dick Turpin, Robin Hood and Lafitte all combined. Their daring exploits and remarkable escapes from death or capture would read like some wild romance were they properly compiled, and this brief sketch will undoubtedly prove of interest. The James boys, says the San Francisco Examiner, are the last of the Missouri guerrillas of the war on the border—the only two men who followed Quantrel to Lawrence Kan., or Bill Anderson to the slaughter at Centralia, Mo., who have never laid down their arms. Defying Governor's proclamations, Sheriff's posse and public opinion, they have kept up a war on their own account for twenty years.

WHY THEY MAKE WAR UPON MANKIND.
The cause of their uncompromising career of crime, blood and violence originated during the first year of the war. They were honest, hardworking farmer's boys when the war broke out, and resided with their father and mother on a farm near Kearney, a few miles from Kansas City. A party of Union militia caught and hanged their father and whipped Jesse, who was a pale effeminate looking boy, until he was senseless, because he could not inform the militia of the hiding place of his brother Frank, who was suspected of bushwhacking. When Jesse recovered from the effects of his brutal treatment, and had assisted his mother and sister to bury his murdered father, he mounted his horse and rode away to join his brother, and together they started forth on a career of vengeance such as was never before surpassed for duration and malignant earnestness. The number of men killed by these two boys during the twenty years they have been on the road will perhaps never be known. They boast of having killed the last one of the thirty-two men who murdered their father, and since Pinkerton commenced to hunt them they have allowed none of his detectives to escape their bloodthirsty clutches. During the war these two young boys became the terror of the Kansas and Missouri border. They were frequently wounded but appear to possess a charmed life. They sometimes led and sometimes followed in their fierce search for lives. With them it was kill, kill, kill. Now with Pointdexter in North Missouri, then with Quantrel in Kansas, sometimes with Dick Yager or Bill Anderson, all noted guerrillas of the fiercest and most daring type, they outlived them all, and still ride from place to place defying pursuit. How they have managed to escape so long is a mystery to every one.

THEIR CAREER OF CRIME.

When the war closed the James boys were in Kentucky with Quantrel, and shortly afterward commenced their career of robbery in Western Virginia. They were pursued into Kentucky, but managed to escape to Southern Missouri, where they announced their arrival shortly after by stopping a train on the Iron Mountain railroad and robbing it at Gade's Hill. A large reward was offered by the Governor and railroad but the "boys" retreated into the dense, black and scrub oak regions of the Ozark Mountains and were soon lost to pursuit. Their success encouraged others to engage in this system of wholesale highway robbery, and trains were stopped in Kentucky, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, and notwithstanding the fact trains were robbed simultaneously in far distant States, the James boys were credited with doing all the deviltry. In 1872 these outlaws wrote to Governor B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, offering to surrender themselves for trial for the Gade's Hill robbery if they were granted amnesty for all other past offences. The application was also read to the Missouri Legislature, but their proposition was rejected. The boys remained quiet for some time, living sometimes at home with their mother, who had married a Dr. Samuels and was residing on the farm near Kearney, Missouri, and sometimes tending cattle down in Southern Kansas.

Allan Pinkerton, the great detective of Chicago, stimulated by the desire to obtain the large rewards offered, as well as the glory of killing or capturing this gang of outlaws, flooded the country about Kansas City and the vicinity of the Samuels farm with detectives. Some appeared as lightening-rod men, others as book agents, patent-right peddlers, itinerant preachers, land buyers, in fact they came in all shapes and forms, and so annoyed the old couple that they prevailed on Frank and Jesse to leave the country for good. Before leaving for their new home in Western Texas they determined on performing one of the most daring exploits of their lives, and this is how they did it. The writer was a witness of the raid and is fully competent to describe it.

A DARING EXPLOIT.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening of September 18, 1873, the big day of the great exposition and races at Kansas City. The crowd, estimated at forty thousand, was pouring out of the gates into one of the principal streets, when four men, roughly clad in ordinary farmer's costumes, were noticed riding their horses toward the gate. The gatekeeper was just looking up, and was about to start for the treasurer's office with two large cash-boxes containing about \$12,000 in greenbacks. Two of the mounted men attacked the gatekeeper, knocked him down with the butt end of their pistols, seized the boxes and clearing the way through the astonished multitude by firing a few shots into the air, they reached the other two mounted men, handed them the cash-boxes and mounted their own horses. The crowd almost wild with terror opened right and left for these bold riders whose pistols were presented in all directions, and liable to go off at any moment. In less than five minutes from the time of their first appearance they were gone. A woman and child were wounded accidentally and \$12,000 cash was carried off. Pursuit was out of the question, as darkness had covered the retreat of the robbers, who took refuge in the wooded wilderness of the adjacent Blue River hills. Three nights afterward, about midnight, the James boys made their unexpected appearance in the editorial rooms of the Kansas City Times, and in a few well chosen remarks presented to the editor-in-chief a handsome gold watch and chain. The staff was then escorted by these daring outlaws to the Marble Hall restaurant on Main street, where refreshments were ordered. While these were being prepared Jesse and a reporter went forth and the outlaw brought in a policeman and a police sergeant, and compelled them to join the drinking party and afterward accompany them to an alley close by where their horses were concealed. There they mounted, and after bidding the police officers adieu, rode off into the darkness. The police acted as though they were half dead with fear, but next day told their adventure with great gusto and satisfaction.

A DETECTIVE'S DIABOLICAL DEED.

For some months after this escaped nothing was heard concerning the outlaws. But suddenly a startling report flew over the country that a fearful fight had taken place between the James boys and a party of Pinkerton's detectives. The writer was one of the first to reach the scene of the reported battle, when a heart-rending scene was discovered. In the old farm house lying on separate beds, was the corpse of a little boy, the half-brother of Frank and Jesse James, and their gray-haired mother almost in the agonies of death. One of her arms were blown off near the shoulder, her gray head was dabbled with blood and her face bruised and blackened with powder. Her daughter sat by the bed weeping, and a crowd of fierce and indignant Missouri farmers stood by in silent anger. It appeared that Pinkerton's gang of detectives had been run down in a box car from Cameron on a special train, and stealthily approached the Samuels farm house in the expectation of capturing the James boys. The old lady was seated by the fire, an old-fashioned wood fire in a stone chimney, listening to her youngest boy say his prayers before retiring to bed. The daughter had retired and the farm hand was out in the stable attending to horses. Without a word of warning a window was suddenly burst open and a bombshell thrown into the room. The old lady had her arm blown off and her little son was instantly killed. The detectives after searching the house and barn rode away upon what they said was the trail of the fleeing outlaws. The James boys were then in Western Texas, where they own large cattle interests. They returned to their mother's house as soon as they heard of the attack on the old lady and the murder of their little half brother. They set about a fearful vengeance, and they appeared here, there and everywhere. Now in Chicago, now in St. Louis, again in Clay county, and giving evidence of their presence by killing detectives in every direction.

A CHALLENGE TO PINKERTON.

They rode up to the Times office in Kansas City with a challenge for Pinkerton and a warning to him to take his detectives out of the neighborhood within one week or send them their coffins. The communications was published next day and Pinkerton replied by sending a fresh detachment of spies into Clay county. The outlaws then took a deadly and dramatic revenge. Two of the Chicago detectives were

found lying in the road not far from the Samuels farm, both with bullet holes through their foreheads, and on the same night three men rode down to Missouri City ferry, and after waking up the ferrymen, ordered them to take them across the Missouri river to Jackson county. One of the three men was tied to his horse, his arms pinioned to his side and a gag was noticed in his mouth. The other two men were masked, and each armed with a revolver. They landed safely on the south side of the river and took the road toward Independence. Just within sight of that city the two men hung the third to a tree so that his body was directly over the road. About 6 o'clock the same morning these two men rode their jaded horses into Kansas City, ordered breakfast and wrote a detailed account of the capture and execution of Detective Bushler or Fisher, one of Pinkerton's favorite men. This report they left at the Times office for publication, and rode slowly and leisurely over the railroad bridge into the woods of Clay county. Armed posse were sent out in pursuit, but the outlaws crossed over into Kansas and a few days later they were safe in the woods of the Indian Territory. It appears that they had met the detective in the streets of Liberty and by his request started out to show him a piece of land which he pretended he wanted to buy. He was taken to the James farm and kept there until night, when he was escorted to another county for execution as a spy.

THE MOTHER VISITS HER SONS.

Some months after the death of the unfortunate detective old Mrs. Samuels went to Texas to visit her sons on their cattle ranch near the Rio Grande, and it was hoped that she would remain there and Western Missouri be rid of the outlaws for all time. But the old lady returned to the old homestead, and a few months afterwards the "boys" reappeared, one of them attending the wedding of one of his cousins residing in Kansas City. It was while on this visit from Texas the following amusing incident occurred. One of the proprietors of the Times, Judge Munford of St. Louis, notified the city editor that he should like a glimpse of these daring outlaws the next time they came to the office with correspondence. A few days afterward Jesse suddenly made his appearance at the window of the "local room" and entered into conversation relative to an article published about him in the Journal. The city editor stepped into the manager's private office and said: "Judge Munford, you desired to see Jesse James; step this way and take a look at him." Instead of stepping that way to view the outlaw, the old man seized his hat and without saying a word ran out of the building at break-neck speed, and made a bee line for the hotel, where he locked himself in. The city editor received notices that his resignation would be accepted if the "James boys" did not cease their unwelcome visits to the office. The "boys" laughed heartily when they heard of the old man's fright. From the time of their execution of Pinkerton's men up to the time of the Glendale train robbery, about a year and a half ago, two desperate men appear to have confined their operations entirely to Texas, Colorado and Wyoming. The writer saw one of them in Wyoming in 1879, he was in the cattle business, and no recognition was exchanged.

THE YOUNGER BROTHERS.

One of the Younger brothers was also met in a cattle corral in Denver in 1874, but their presence there was kept secret, for to reveal it was equivalent to an unexpected death by a bullet from one of their friends. The report that they were in the Minnesota bank robbery is incorrect. They were not on good terms with the Younger brothers, and have not hunted with them since the close of the war. They were also charged with the robbery of the Kansas Pacific express train at Muncie, but subsequent developments clear them of any and all connection with that clumsily performed robbery. The Kansas Pacific express train was running through the Kaw river bottoms, about seven miles from Kansas City, one evening in 1874, when a signal of danger was waved at the Muncie big station. The train stopped, and fifteen or sixteen masked men rushed out from their places of concealment, and while the larger number mounted guard over the train, six or seven took possession of the locomotive, which, with the express car, was immediately detached from the balance of the train and run down the track, some distance and kept under guard while the train was robbed. It was discovered soon afterward that the robbers were a party of fast young men of Kansas City and Westport, some of whom were afterwards captured and two of them killed in resisting arrest. The discovery of the gang was made accidentally by a policeman named Pat Collopy. He arrested a drunken man for fast riding, and on searching him a lot of the jewelry taken from the Kansas Pacific train a few days previous. He was taken to Lawrence, Kansas, for trial, but escaped from jail, and was shot by a sheriff's posse sent in pursuit. Before he died he made a full confession, and it was then discovered that the train robbers were young men about town, some of them belonging to the first families. They scattered over the country and few have been taken up for the crime.

THE JAMES BOYS' LAST EXPLOIT.

The last great exploit of the "James boys" was the robbery of the Chicago and Alton night express train at Glendale, a lonely little station in the forest, a few miles east of Kansas City. The boys, with their gang, took possession of the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and compelled the station keeper to flag the train or die. They broke up the telegraph apparatus and when the train stopped ran it into a side switch, where they robbed the express car and the mail. The outlaws were all masked except Frank James who was the leader. None of the passengers were interfered with. The windows of the cars were kept closed, and if a passenger put his out of a window to see what was going on he was sternly ordered to "take that head in or I'll blow it off." When the safe had been taken off the train and rifled, the conductor was ordered to take his train on eastward. The robbers then disbanded and disappeared. Pursuit was made by the sheriff in all directions and a party overtook the "James boys" near Joplin, Mo., just when they were about to escape into the Indian Territory. A running fight ensued, in which Jesse James was badly wounded. A companion of theirs named Cooper, who had betrayed their hiding place, reported that Jesse James had died of his wounds, and had been buried in an old mining shaft, and he claimed the \$10,000 reward for killing him. As he could not produce the body he failed to get the reward. The writer interviewed Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the "boys," and she denied the report of Jesse's death. Said she: "When my boys die, don't you think I will know about it." The recent train robbery in Clay county, Missouri, may perhaps be the work of these outlaws, but it is extremely unlikely, as it does not resemble their style of doing work. They would not have killed Conductor Westfall, who was one of the best and kindest hearted men in that section of the country. This last robbery looks more like the Muncie affair, which was done by a lot of hoodlums and loafers. However, the "James boys" cannot be worse than they have been; one crime more or less cannot make much change in their record. The only mystery about their career is how they escape death at the hands of their countless pursuers.

OREGON'S ARCTIC EXPLORER.

Lieut. Schwatka Interviewed—His Theories in Regard to the Jeannette.

We copy the following interview from the San Francisco Examiner:
Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, U. S. A., arrived in San Francisco and registered at the Occidental Hotel. Though Lieutenant Schwatka is an army officer, and was at the inception of his military career an attaché of the U. S. A. Medical Corps, his chief claim to the world-wide celebrity that he has attained lies in the fact that he was the commander of the greatest and most successful arctic expedition ever organized in the world, and one which placed America far in the lead in such matters. The expedition was fitted out from New York, June 19, 1878, and its object was to search for the relics of the Sir John Franklin expedition. Lieutenant Schwatka, at the time when he took command, had had not the slightest experience in arctic exploration, or in fact of any explorations except what he had learned from Winter Indian fighting on the plains with General Crook's command. What he lacked in special knowledge he more than made up in physical endurance and dogged, unwavering courage in the face of difficulties that would have swamped any but a most extraordinary man. The history of his voyage in the ship Eothen, has wonderful sleighing expedition in the most rugged portion of the arctic region, his finding and burying of the remains of upward of thirty of

FRANKLIN'S UNFORTUNATE PARTY.

And his return to America with the bones of Lieutenant Irving and several tons of relics, form one of the noblest pages in American history, and in the history of humanity and civilization. They have been so fully described and are so familiar to the reading public, that they are only mentioned to illustrate the value of his opinions and theories in relation to arctic matters. The expedition, so far as Lieutenant Schwatka is concerned, virtually closed with the receipt of the following letter from the British Admiralty, which only reached him a few days ago, and which shows in some slight degree the estimation in which his wonderful feat is held by the British naval authorities:

LETTER FROM THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY.

ADMIRALTY, 30th May, 1881.
SIR: With reference to your letter of the 12th of March, advising the dispatch from New York per Alaska S.S., of certain of the relics of the Franklin expedition found by you in the Polar regions, I am commanded by my Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, to acquaint you that they have inspected these relics with much interest and to accept their thanks for your courtesy in placing them at their disposal. It may interest you to learn a selection from these relics has been sent to the Naval Museum at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, where they will be accessible to the public. The fact of having so kindly placed them at the disposal of the Admiralty will be duly recorded. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT HALL.

Yesterday afternoon an Examiner reporter waited upon Lieutenant Schwat-

ka to ascertain, if possible, what were his views about the safety of the Jeannette and the success of her voyage. Lieutenant Schwatka kindly offered any information in his power; and expressed a willingness to answer any questions. The reporter, who had seen portraits purporting to be of the Lieutenant, and which represented a man of about 50 years of age, was much surprised to find that the celebrated explorer was a young man not more than 32. He possesses a fine physique and a commanding appearance, combined with the mildest and most good-natured face possibly to imagine.

"Fire away with your questions, young gentleman," he said, "and all I cannot tell you we will perhaps be able to find in that scrap-book (pointing to a large book of some 1,000 pages, filled with newspaper and magazine extracts) and in the maps and charts."

"What do you think about the Jeannette?"

"My experience is that there is nothing in the world about which experience is so utterly valueless as polar exploration (laughing). It seems almost that the less a man knows about the Pole the more likely he is to make a successful trip and a safe return."

"How is that?"

"Well, it seems as though the moment any one laid a plan upon previously ascertained data, the data failed to connect and he got into trouble. All the explorers did their best work on their first trip. I believe the Jeannette is lost, though her crew may be all safe. The strongest reason for that belief to me is the lately received news of the total loss of either the Vigilant or the Mount Wollaston. Those whaling ships are commanded by experienced ice captains, and are specially built and fitted out for that work; and when they come to grief such a vessel as the Jeannette has a rather poor chance. It is true she had an advantage in the matter of proper clothing and provisions for a polar winter. Suppose the Jeannette is safe and afloat, my idea is that she is about Prince Patrick's Island, and to get there she must have gone through a hitherto unexplored portion of the Northwest Passage. Though that passage is known to exist, there is a piece of it between the Bay of Mercy, where McClure reached through Behring straits in 1853, and Winter Harbor, where Perry put up in 1859, from the Atlantic ocean side. It is called Bank's straits, and has never been traversed, except the Jeannette went through."

A NEW THEORY.

"Another theory is that the Jeannette may have had exceptionally good fortune and crossed the pole, and is now working along toward the coast of Greenland, though I do not put much faith in the open Polar sea theory. If they are sledging, they can make but slow work; about eighteen miles a day with loaded sledges, even if they have plenty of well fed dogs as much as can be done. Of course, for a short trip with lighter sledges, a much greater distance can be covered. In the polar regions a compass is of no use, as the needle will stay just where it is placed, and the suspended needle will hang straight up and down. The only guide is the sun, which in the Summer season never goes down. I consider the discovery and location of what is known as the magnetic pole in latitude 70 degrees north, longitude 98 deg., was of far greater importance than the discovery of the North Pole, though our national pride demands that Americans should discover the latter. The success of my expedition was due almost entirely to the fact that I adopted the plan of living on what the country itself could supply, walrus hide being a staple article of food with us. President Hayes predicted that we would never return, but some time ago I had the pleasure of telling him that he had made a mistake."

RELIQS OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

"We took the direct route of Franklin's ships, the Erebus and Terror, and buried every skeleton we found on the route. To show how closely we searched, you see that match-box full of shot, every one of those shot had been fired by Franklin's men, and were found by us in the snow. (The box referred to by the Lieutenant was a common tin match-box, stamped "Belle & Dixon, London," and contained about three ounces of buckshot.) That box of shot is the only relic that I have retained of the expedition. The pleasant temperature in the polar regions is 42 degrees below zero. If it is warmer than that the snow is too soft for travel, and if colder it is gritty like sand or rosin. We found it as cold as 72 degrees below zero several times, but when it gets as cold as that a few degrees more or less makes but very little difference. In regard to the Jeannette's safety or loss I pay but very little attention to stories told by natives, which, as a rule, unless skillfully drawn out, are not very accurate. They would be likely to confuse one ship with another, though they could hardly mistake a steamer for an ordinary whaler."

"Are you likely to engage in any more polar expeditions?"

"Well, that depends entirely upon circumstances. At present my only intention is to visit my father and relatives in Oregon, whom I have not seen for some time. I have only recently recovered from a broken ankle caused by a fall."

The interview was interrupted at this point by the arrival of visitors, and thanking the Lieutenant for his courtesy, the reporter withdrew.

OUR PENSIONERS.

A Terrible Tax on the People of the Far States.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The money required to pay pensions has suddenly jumped from about \$2,000,000 to \$90,000,000, for that enormous sum will be required next year and \$120,000,000 the year after, as the Lord only knows when the maximum will be reached. Colonel Bentley, Pension Commissioner, who was forced to resign for no cause except to play into the hands of the Washington Pension Agents, in a conversation last Monday, among other things said:

"The number of new pensions granted during the year will be about 25,000 exclusive of the war of 1812 pensions. The settlements next year ought to reach from 45,000 to 50,000. From there are probably from 5,000 to 7,000 cases on the files, ready, or nearly ready for the issue of certificates. We have exhausted the pension appropriation for this year \$50,303,306.68, and have been compelled to carry over into July nearly all the May and June settlements. I think they will require for the first payments about \$50,000,000. This, added to the expected increase of the settlement next year, will bring the amount for the next year up to nearly or quite \$90,000,000, so there will be required for the pensions next year an appropriation of \$40,000,000, in addition to the \$50,000,000 already appropriated. New claims continue to come in very rapidly. There have been filed this year upward of 30,000 new original claims."

Each new pension, with "arrears" commencing back to the time of discharge during the war, costs the Government from \$1,000 to \$2,000, an 600 to 800 new pensions consume \$9,000,000 of taxes to pay the arrearages allowance. Formerly a man's pension began to run from the time he applied for it; under the Demagogue Act of two years ago, it is made retroactive, and to date back to the time of his discharge from the army, which is utterly unfair to the taxpayers, and is a powerful inducement of temptation to fraud in filing claims for such allowances. In other words, the Government was compelled by Congress to advertise a loan of \$1,000 to \$2,000 cash for every new name added to the roll.

It is no wonder that such an announcement drew out a host of applicants who had never before thought of filing a claim. The ninety-day men, the home guards, the bounty jumpers, and large numbers who had never been connected with the army in any meritorious manner became candidates for Government support. The pension claim agents in Washington organized in force. They started newspapers for the special purpose of spreading throughout the country the glad tidings that Uncle Sam proposed to buy a farm, or give \$1,000 or \$2,000 in cash to every rogue who could play the wounded or diseased soldier long enough to get a doctor's certificate. But this was not all, nor the worst. The law which thus set aside the public revenues for the promotion of pauperism failed to provide the Government with any representation in the examination of pension candidates. It admits the application on expert testimony.

A large part of the money ostensibly paid out to meritorious soldiers really goes to the go-betweens who put up well and hale men to commit fraud. In this manner the politicians who have professed such extravagant devotion to the "soldier element" have really endangered the interests of those who were wounded or contracted disease in the service of the Government, because they have built up so high and top-loyal a system that it may fall of its own weight. It is certain that some thing must be done to curtail this outflow of Government gratuities. No other nation than ours could bear up under it, and even American people will tire of it before long.

Bathing Difficulties.

A young woman who was arrested the other day for bathing in the Serpentine, in London, pleaded that it was so "very hot" and accordingly dismissed by the amiable magistrate with an injunction to cool off in some more secluded spot. Mr. Labouchere, after reciting a somewhat similar case which has just occurred at Hurlingham, where a man who had been bathing from a boat and could not get back to it, terrified a party of ladies by dodging about from tree to tree in quest of some means of capturing the craft, calmly tells the following pleasing tale himself:

The same thing once occurred to me at Venice. I had a room on the ground-floor in a hotel on the Grand Canal. About 1 o'clock in the morning everything seemed quiet, and it occurred to me that I should like to bathe; so I jumped into the water from my window. Having swam about for some time, I thought I would return to the hotel. What was my horror to find that an English family—papa, mamma, and five daughters—had established themselves on the steps of the hotel. There was no help for it, so I calmly landed, and, bowing respectfully to the ladies, regained my room. The next day I sat opposite the family at dinner. They told me what had occurred, and I deeply sympathized with them in their indignation against these "horrid and disgusting Italians."