

THE SONG OF THE SAW.

BY ALBERT H. PAYNE.

[An imitation of Hood's "Song of the Shirt."] With care-worn face and a ragged coat. That flapped in the wintry blast. An old man stood by a log of wood. And his saw was flying fast. His saw was flying fast. And the air with its music rang. And turning his throat to the dissonant note. This mournful song he sang: "Saw! saw! saw! In cold, in heat, and in rain. Till every stroke in the seasoned oak. Seem tearing into my brain. The coat on my back is old. My home is a hovel poor. And my saw I ran from sun till sun. To keep the wolf from the door. "Saw! saw! saw! Through knots and gnarls I go. And my breath comes quick as the log grows thick. And the saw runs heavy and slow. Oh, you in your cozy rooms. With all that your hearts desire. 'Tis not the wood, but human blood. You're burning upon the fire. "Saw! saw! saw! Forever the whole day long. And at night it seems that my tearing dreams Are filled with the grating song. The log is a human life. My saw is the course of time. And every stroke in the seasoned oak Is a year from a wasting prime. And as I near the bark. More swiftly does my saw run. Till the billet drops and then it stops. Like time when life is done. "Saw! saw! saw! How long is the weary day. Till the sun has set, and I sadly get. At night my paltry pay. 'Tis, oh, to be a horse. In my rich employer's stall. If I must toil, and sweat, and moil. To earn a cup of gall. For he at least has a care. And the best of food has he. While scanty is my share of the hardest fare. And nobody cares for me. "Saw! saw! saw! And shrinking before the blast. An old man stood by a pile of wood. And his saw was flying fast. His saw was flying fast. And the wind was biting and raw. Oh, would that the world his misery knew. He sang the "Song of the Saw."

THE YANKEE WHALER.

One of the most striking headlines on the coast of South Africa is the bluff of Natal. Its majestic position, standing boldly out from the mainland and rising straight up from the blue ocean to a height of several hundred feet; the brilliant hues of the thousand and one varieties of tropical foliage which cover the steep sides from top to bottom; the clear skies above, and the bright plumage of the birds flashing in the sun—all contribute to make the spot picturesque to the extreme. In the maze of the gigantic underwood on the bluff at the time of which I am writing, leopards, tiger-cats, monkeys, serpents, and other beasts and reptiles rambled at will, the precipitous sides and wild entanglement insuring protection from the attacks of the hunter. Within the last few years a road has been made up the bluff, and a light-house now crowns the summit. The inner or northern side of the bluff forms one side of the Bay of Natal, while low sandhills enclose it on the north. The southern coast is irregular, and a sand-hill projecting far into the bay almost divides into two parts, so forming a double harbor. From this point the harbor bar stretches across, and the water being very shallow, vessels of large size are prevented from passing into the inner harbor. On account of the impossibility of emigrant ships sailing over the bar, the emigrants were transported on the ships to the beach in the inner harbor in large surf-boats, and frequently had to be carried through the surf to shore by the Kaffirs. On the sand-hill that divides the bay there stands a look-out and the harbor-master's house; and about two miles up the south shore situated the town of Durban, the only town to which, at the date of this story, as through the bush-path. Early one afternoon in the hottest days of the summer of 185—, the thermometer registering something like 110 degrees in the shade, the bay as calm as glass, and the beach quite deserted, the men in the look-out were surprised to see a long, rakish looking schooner sailing round the bluff and drop anchor in the outer bay. No sooner was she brought to than a whale-boat was lowered from her side. The harbor-master hurried down, followed by half a dozen men, and before the boat reached the shore a small crowd of white men and Kaffirs had gathered around. As the boat ran on to the shingle, a tall, sallow man whose bony frame, sharp eyes and features proclaimed him an American before he spoke, jumped ashore and asked in a sharp, nasal tone: "Who's boss here?" "I am the port captain," said that functionary stepping forward. "Do you want me?" "Wal, yes, I do—some. I'm cap'n of the Southern Cross schooner—that she is. She's sprung a bad leak, and I want to beach her here and examine her timbers. My lads is almost done up with pumpin'. She's fillin' most awful quick, and I want some men to come off and take a hand at the pumps; my crew can't keep on very much longer, I guess." "Where are you from, and where bound, captain?" asked the harbor-master. "I've bin cruisin' after whales; there's a pile of 'em aboard. But, sir, if we stop palaverin' here I shan't git my ship beached. What men can you git me now, quick?" "There's plenty of Kaffirs about," said the harbor-master; "but you must get permission before you take any of 'em off to your ship." "Permission!" echoed the stranger. "Wal, I never! Who's got charge of this lot? Who do they belong to?" "They don't belong to anybody. This is a British colony, captain. But you must get leave to take 'em aboard, or else you can't have 'em," replied the harbor-master in an emphatic manner. "Who'll give me permission—you?" asked the captain. "No, I can't; you must go and get a magistrate's order." "What's he to be found? Jest show me the way. Look sharp, boss, 'cos I'm in a mortal hurry, you know."

The harbor-master turned away, saying: "Up in Durban, and—"  
"How fur's that?" broke in the Yankee. "A good two miles through the bush path. You'll have to get a horse."  
"What'll I git one?" asked the captain.  
At this moment Mr. McKay, the government land agent, who, full of officious curiosity, had come down from the custom house, pushed his way through the crowd and said:  
"I'll lend you a horse, captain. Come this way."  
"You're very obligin', sir," said the captain, turning and following the agent. "I'll accept your offer, and feel honored."  
In a few minutes the horse was produced, and a negro engaged to run ahead and show the way.  
As the captain mounted the horse he turned to the harbor-master and said:  
"You'll be able to find boats enough to take forty niggers off at once, eh?"  
"Oh, yes, we can do that."  
"Wal, now," said the stranger, as a parting observation, "ain't it a plaguey shame that a man can't save his ship without all this palaver? Here's the Southern Cross—as smart a schooner as ever sailed under stars and stripes—a makin' water like mad, and I've got to go through all this performance afore I ken git a few niggers to pump." And away he rode toward Durban.  
The magistrate not only gave the captain the necessary order, but opened a bottle of wine, and, drinking to his success, promised any further assistance that might lie in his power; and in two hours after leaving the harbor the stranger was half way back again.  
During his absence all had been bustle at the harbor. More Kaffirs had come down in the hope of being hired, and great was the amount of speculation as to the terms likely to be offered. These Natal Kaffirs are runaway Zulus, who, having once deserted, are barred from returning to Zululand under penalty of death. They are both brave and intelligent, and are a much finer set of men than the negroes of the west coast.  
From the look-out the crew of the schooner could be seen pumping incessantly; and Mr. McKay, whose offer was indignantly rejected by the hope of profit than by disinterested kindness, for he was the owner of the surf-boats, was waiting for the stranger's return, and calculating the amount he would realize by the business.  
Sooner than could have been expected the captain came riding up at a rattling pace, and, jumping from the horse, said:  
"Here's the permission, boss, all correct and complete. And now, how many niggers can I have?"  
"Just as many as you like," said the harbor-master; "they are waiting to be hired."  
"Now, sir, what time in the mornin' ken I git over the bar? I draw ten feet of water."  
"Tide flows at six o'clock, and you could come over by about eight, I should say," responded the harbor-master.  
"Good. Wal, now, you boys, I'll give you seven-and-six pence apiece to come and take turns all night. There's a powerful lot of water in the hold by this time, and you'll hev to work hard, I tell you."  
The pay was high and a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd; those among the Kaffirs who did not understand English having it explained by those who did. The terms were good enough for many a white man standing around to jump at; but to work side by side with niggers was too degrading and they were obliged to let the chance pass.  
"Well, boys, what say?" asked the Yankee.  
Several voices accepted the terms, and the harbor-master asked how many he would engage.  
"Just stand in a row, boys, and I'll pick out the likely ones. Be smart; the sun'll be down before we git aboard, if you don't be slick."  
The Kaffirs were soon in line. The captain walked up and down surveying them and carefully picking out the biggest and strongest until he had selected about sixty. This was a large number for the work; but it was put down by Mr. McKay and the harbor-master to Yankee enterprise; and in a few minutes the surf-boats with the negroes aboard were afloat.  
"I'll come off to you in the morning, captain, and bring you a pilot," said the harbor-master.  
"Wal, now, that's friendly, boss. Really, if you would I should take it kindly," responded the Yankee.  
"I will," said the harbor-master. "I'll come off when the tide makes."  
"Thank you, sir," said the captain, as he stepped into the whale-boat.  
"You won't forget to come, will you?"  
"Of course not," replied the harbor-master. "Good night."  
"Good night," said the stranger, with a grim smile, waving his hand as the boat pulled away.  
When the surf-boats returned the men with them reported the Southern Cross to be just as smart and trim a craft as the captain said he was. They also reported the safe transference of the dingy volunteers. The sun went down, and in ten minutes the scorching hot day gives way to a beautiful tropical night.  
Before the sun had arisen on the morning following, the port captain, McKay, and the look-out men, were assembled on the land point; and as the first flush of daylight came rapidly spreading over land and sea, they trained their eyes across the bay, eager to catch an early glimpse of the schooner whose arrival and condition had caused such unusual excitement the day before. Well might they start and stare in speechless astonishment. There was the bay all right, and there was the luff beyond it, but nothing else! No Southern Cross! No ship at all! Nothing to mark where she had been the previous night. What could it mean! Could she have broken away and gone ashore? Impossible, for the wind, a mere capful, was off the land.  
"She's gone!" was the first exclamation which broke the silence—"clean gone!"  
"What can it mean?" asked Mr. McKay.  
"Mean?" said the harbor-master. "Mean? That we're all born fools—that's what it means."  
"Why, how?" gasped the bewildered agent.  
"How?" responded the harbor-master. "Why was he so particular about the sort of Kaffirs he engaged? Wouldn't any

kind of Kaffirs do for working pumps? Of course they would. I can see it all now. She was no whaler. She had sprung no leak. She was a Yankee schooner, that's what she was; and we ought all to be shot for not seeing it before."  
A thrill of horror passed through the group. It was clear as daylight now.  
"But we saw them pumping the water out of her," said the agent, after a pause.  
"Of course you did. But you did not see the other side of her, did you, Mr. McKay?"  
"Well, no," responded the agent.  
"No; but if you had you'd have seen 'em pumpin' the water in! That is what it is, Mr. McKay—the rascals were pumpin' it in on the starboard side, and out again on the port, don't you see?"  
"Yes, I see now," sighed the agent.  
"Sixty niggers kidnaped before our very eyes!" continued the harbor-master. "A pretty thing, upon my word!"  
"Beg pardon, sir," said one of the men; "t'paps she's in sight now, sir—if we was to pull off in the boat round the bluff head, sir."  
"What's the good of that?" growled the harbor-master.  
"On'y p'rops we might see what course she was a-takin'; and in case the admiral was to come round, we could see which way she was agoin', sir."  
"Oh, she's out o'sight by this time, never fear," said the harbor-master; "but man the boat, and we will see."  
Away went the men to get the boat out; and away went the harbor-master and McKay after them down to the beach.  
"No wonder he was so particular, the rascal! Why, every one of those Kaffirs will fetch five hundred dollars in America. He's done a very fair day's work, and no mistake, Mr. McKay."  
"Yes, and never paid me for the hire of my boats," dolefully responded the agent; "and I lent the secondnd my horse, too."  
"Well, it's no use now. But where our senses were, Mr. McKay, to be out-critted like that, I can't think. I shall have to think again. If only the admiral would cruise around here, we might catch 'em now; but we shan't see 'em for months maybe. It's about the deepest move that I ever heard of."  
By this time the boat was out and manned, and a hearty pull took them to the bluff head in half an hour, but no sign of the slaver was to be seen.  
The next day a southern-bound brig dropped anchor in the outer bay, and sent ashore for some fresh meat. The harbor-master went off to her, gave the captain a letter to deliver to the admiral if he fell in with him, or to leave it at the Cape if he did not. Although the letter reached the admiral within a week, and he put off to sea on the chance of falling in with some news of the Southern Cross, no more was ever heard of the Yankee whaler.  
**Stepping to Father's Footsteps.**  
One bright winter's morning after a snow storm, a father took his hat for a walk to attend to some farm affairs requiring his attention. As he started, his little boy of five summers also snatched his hat, and followed his father with mock dignity and an assumed business-like air. When they reached the door, the gentleman noticed that no track or pathway had been made in the snow, and he hesitated about letting his boy follow him. But the soft, fleecy snow looked so tempting, so purely white, that he concluded to allow the child to walk after him. He took long and rapid strides through the untrodden snow, when suddenly remembering his little boy, he paused, looked back for him, and exclaimed:  
"Well, my son, don't you find it hard to walk in this deep snow?"  
"Oh, no," said the boy. "I'm coming for father, I step in all your tracks."  
True enough, the dear child was planting his tiny feet just where his parent's had trodden. The child's reply startled the father, as he reflected that thus would his child keep pace with him, and follow in his tracks through life. He was not a man of prayer, and not a Christian; and well might he pause and tremble as he thought of his child, ever striving "to step in all of his tracks," onward, onward toward life's mysterious mazes and myths toward eternity! The little boy's reply brought that strong, stubborn-hearted man to think. Finally he repented, and sought and found peace. We believe now he is making such tracks through life that some day that son may be able to say: "Father, I step in all of your tracks."—[British Workman.]

**HOURS OF BURNING TO DEATH.**  
Ten years ago, on the same night that Chicago was destroyed, a hurricane of fire swept over several counties of Michigan and Wisconsin, completely wiping out of existence, among others, the village of Peshigo in the latter State. Hundreds of lives were lost, cattle and horses perished by thousands, wild animals were annihilated for leagues, buildings and crops were licked up, and altogether the work of destruction was so vast and appalling that the world stood still and shuddered.  
Now we hear of similar devastation in Michigan, this time covering more territory and probably destroying more lives and property. The heart sickens at the thought, and stands crushed and trembling before the mighty fire fiend, whose hot breath carries away the fruits of man's best labors.  
Among the newspaper accounts of these dreadful things, we often see such expressions as "roasted alive," "burned to death," "lingering death by fire," etc. Those who have lost dear friends know what a living pang it deals to the very center of the heart, to think of physical pain which they had to bear. Persons of sensitive nerves and active imagination can almost drive themselves frantic by encouraging such thoughts. For such people the following ideas are given:  
Persons under excitement and violent exertion are scarcely conscious of pain. Fear of calamity, and frantic struggles to escape it, render one almost insensible. Fright is nature's anesthetic. When a lion held Dr. Livingstone by the arm, he felt no pain whatever, and looked calmly and with perfect unconcern—as far as physical suffering was concerned—upon his captor, and his excited friends. The people who lost their lives during the great fires were thoroughly frightened, and were generally running from the danger or bravely fighting it. Soldiers are fired to the highest degree of enthusiasm by martial display, and with the added excitement of battle, think nothing of any pain they are called upon to suffer.  
And further, these people were not burned to death. They were burned after death. They died of suffocation or heat, and these are not such methods as can draw a file over every nerve filament, and wash up the spinal cord with a buzz-saw. Suffocation is lack of air, whereby the blood not being purified by the lungs, becomes blue and the person is soon in a stupor. This occurs in drowning, would occur in a vacuum, or in any gas that excludes air. I suppose though I never tried it, and don't intend to—that a person could hold his breath until unconscious, when he could be "burned to a crisp" without caring anything about it. A fire not only consumes the air, but gives out a gas which will not support life. Thus the thirty persons in the basement of the Peshigo church were suffocated, had their air taken by the fire above them, before the heat reached them. In this case the fire climbed one corner of the church to the steeple, and then burned the building from above downwards. This was witnessed by the people who were saved, a hundred yards distant, where the thirty might have found refuge but for their fright.  
Unconsciousness from heat is far from being "roasted alive." One man was making great exertions to save himself and his child. As he rushed along with the child in his arms, the heat increased, and all of a sudden he just wilted. His strength vanished instantly from every muscle, and he fell to the ground "all in a lump." His suffering was over, and had not been very great, either. The fire had not touched him, and as for pain, he had not thought of it. A "lingering death by fire" would not have concerned him at all. Instead of taking it, however, he made a superhuman effort for the child's sake, crawled a few feet and was saved, or he never could have described his sensations to me. Thus in saving his child he saved himself, and now says fondly that she saved him.  
Another, while on his knees, covering his family with blankets in a large field, was struck in the back by a blast which by its force and its heat, prostrated him instantly. He thought that if he had been facing it he would have perished.  
Many were burned, but did not know it until afterwards.  
Thus it appears that we can suffer almost as much in imagination as the victims do in fact. Death is indeed the king of terrors, but not so much on account of the pain he inflicts upon his victims as the suffering of your loss. Do not dwell upon the sufferings of your lost ones. You suffered more than they. Unconsciousness, partial or complete, usually precedes death, and the "last agony" is no agony at all, but is only the mechanical effects of failure of nerve force and circulation. Thus may you relieve your poor heart of a little of its anguish, although the great fact of an irreparable loss must remain.  
One or two points of interest suggest themselves as I recall those dreadful days and nights. The magnitude and swiftness of these fires are not appreciated by those at a distance. The horizon shows a line of light, and a noise like count of the warrens upon the roof of the sea, is heard. The wind begins to blow, the light increases, sparks fly through the air, the roar becomes frightful, and seems to come from every direction and fill every space, and soon the flames are seen in the woods. Not on the ground, simply, but all among the trees, up to their highest tops, and in the air above them. Great sheets of flame flash along, or spring suddenly into existence in mid-air. Somehow the fire leaps the space between the woods and the first building, or perhaps pounces down in the middle of the village, and the wind, which is now a hurricane, carries it from house to house. Twenty are burning at once, fifty a hundred, the whole town is ablaze, and before one can appreciate the situation the opposite woods, a mile distant, are in flames, and he is surrounded by fire and smoke on every side, while he is in the midst of a vast amphitheater of fiery destruction, blinded and half suffocated, with scarcely the power to guide his family towards some place which promises shelter. This is always a body of water, or rocks, or anything not combustible, and out of the immediate flames.  
This all occurs so quickly, and covers so much territory, cutting off retreat in any direction, that escape is simply im-

possible. Shelter must be found close at hand, if at all. A family living in a small place surrounded by woods, were found in the woods opposite where the fire came from, and in such attitudes as to show that they were going towards their house. The presumption is that they fled from the fire along the road into the opposite woods, and finding the fire had overtaken them, turned back towards the open field which they never reached.  
The sheets of fire, described by perfectly cool and self-possessed witnesses, as spreading through the air like clouds over the trees, are explained in this way, possibly incorrectly probably correctly. Much of the ground was burned so dry that the ground was burned to the depth of 10 to 12 inches. This particularly occurred where in wet weather the surface was covered with fern growth, and in dry times, like those preceding the fire, became so drained that the roots of annual plants, and the accumulated leaves of trees were ready to feed the flames to an almost unlimited extent. Now when this vast quantity of material, over miles of country (the fire covered a space along the shore of Green Bay 60 miles long and from 5 to 15 wide) was burned with great rapidity, the amount of gas produced was so great that there was not air enough to burn it. This effect was favored by the mighty rustling wind, carrying great volumes of gas and smoke from places already burned, and preventing the air in advance from coming back to meet the fire. These great volumes of gas, although not burned, were nevertheless, heated intensely, and being driven upward and onward by the wind burst into flame wherever they reached the air. These effects could of course last but a few seconds, after which, as air rushed in from the sides of the fire path, the fire would be confined to ordinary combustibles.  
Incidents crowd upon my memory, but my letter is already too long. These are given with an humble hope that the ideas advanced may convey a little comfort to some poor mourner.  
**Plowing and Pulverizing.**  
Our first plowing, some fifty years ago, was done with a wooden mold board. Then came in the wrought iron mold-board, hammered out by the blacksmith. About forty years ago the introduction of the cast iron mold-board, with replaceable points, caused no little excitement among farmers, as these could be produced so much more cheaply than wrought iron, and being harder, they wore longer. But on our stony farm the gain was partly counterbalanced by the breaking of the "land-slides," and often of the mold-board itself. A few years later the steel mold-boards and points came into use, and subsequently the chilled iron plows. But during all these fifty years of improvement, and from time immemorial before that, the chief ends aimed at have been the perfecting of the old instrument in form, in material, in the frame, in coulters, guiding wheels, etc. The principle has been the same, viz., the cutting off of a furrow slice and inverting it more or less perfectly.  
But there has all the while been the feeling that Jethro Tull was right in claiming that thorough pulverizing the soil was the great requisite of cultivation. And to secure this we have had a succession of implements devised, as cultivators, rotary diggers, rotary harrows, etc. Most of them have been valuable so far as they have helped towards dividing the soil, so as to provide a finer seed bed. But we are inclined to believe that an inventor has now made such modifications and additions to the common plow as to amount to a radical and most valuable change in its mode of operation and in the desirable results produced. Here is a general idea of it. First, a surface plow, which is readily and quickly adjusted to cut off two, three or four inches in depth of soil, and turn it well over into the bottom of the previous furrow. Following this, upon the same bearer or frame, is another plow, adjustable to take up a sub-furrow of any desired depth. This second or sub-slice is not merely turned over in a mass upon the top of the first one, with only such breaking as the lifting and turning over will secure. Quite different. Upon the frame is an open-work wrought iron wheel or cylinder, say forty inches in diameter, which follows upon and smooths down in part the turned slice of land, with its grass, stubble, weeds, etc. The second furrow is thrown into this revolving wheel, and carried round and round on its inside, among its teeth, and against its open work bars on the rim and outer side, and is so broken and pulverized that it drops out upon the buried sod or surface furrow. The result is that the soil is pulverized quite as much as it could be done with roller and furrow, and without any trampling or packing by teams; it is left light and fine and in excellent condition for receiving seed. There is also provision for attaching both seed drill and fertilizer distributor. In brief, at one operation the soil is plowed, finely divided, sod, stubble, etc., buried and sown down. There are several simple, ingenious devices for raising and lowering the plows and wheels, for various depths, for turning at the side of the field, for self-transportation, etc., that would need engravings and lengthy description to explain them fully.  
**A THIEF'S INGENUITY.**—The Hindoo thief's manner of scaling walls is very ingenious. It is by means of a huge lizard, which he carries with him in his nocturnal rambles. The process is as follows: The lizard, which is perhaps a yard in length, with great claws and flattened feet, and suction-powers like those of a fly, is made fast to the robber by means of a stout cord tied to its tail. When the robber is pursued, and comes in his hasty flight to a wall, he quickly throws his lizard over it holding fast to the other end of the cord. By means of its suction powers the lizard fastens itself to the wall on the opposite side, and the thief draws himself to the top and jumps lightly down. By choking the lizard it is made to release its hold.  
"I saw a big boy and a little fellow quarreling over some marbles to-day," said John. "Did you?" asked his father. "I hope you interfered to stop the quarreling." "Yes," said John, "I took the little fellow's part."

**An Outlaw's Wife.**  
The wife of the noted train robber, Jesse James, was formerly an Omaha girl. During the day a reporter of the Republican met with several gentlemen who were well acquainted with the Ralston family, and who remember Annie, who married Jesse James. From these gentlemen several quite interesting facts were obtained concerning the Ralstons. They came to Omaha immediately after or near the close of the war, as the sympathizers with the lost cause made it no unpleasant for them and caused Mr. Ralston was a Union man and resided in the Union army. They resided in a small brick house standing at that time near the corner of Sixteenth and Davenport streets. Mr. Ralston engaged in the freighting business to the west, and was assisted in his business by his son John. Annie was then a mere child, and there are now in this city several young gentlemen and ladies who can remember her as the playmate of their childhood days. After residing here several years Mr. Ralston's business dwindled away and he returned with his family to Independence, Mo., the bitter feelings originating from the war having almost entirely subsided, and they are living there yet.  
In 1874 Annie Ralston, having grown up to be a bright and handsome young lady, came back to Omaha on a visit, and was the guest of her cousin, who was the wife of a well-known business man here. During her stay in Omaha she attended numerous parties and also Professor Duval's dancing school. She was quite a favorite among those who made her acquaintance, as she had prepossessing manners and winning ways. Among her young gentleman friends was one who fell deeply in love with her, and she received his devoted attentions until he proposed marriage to her, and then she coldly refused him. This was entirely unexpected on his part, and to use a very forcible expression, "it broke him all up." He took to drink, and soon became a moral and nearly a physical wreck. His downfall and ruin were due to Annie Ralston's refusal. Up to this time he had been a model young man, had excellent prospects, and was highly respected by all who knew him, but since that event he became entirely changed, and his course from that time was downward. He is the son of a well-known professional gentleman residing in Omaha. He is now a wanderer in the new towns of the rough West, and is probably leading a reckless life of dissipation.  
Annie Ralston returned to Independence, and one night, about a month afterwards, she ran away from home and married the noted Jesse James, who it seems, had met the girl by chance, and carried her clandestinely until he won her affections. She was full of romance, and no doubt became infatuated with the bold desperado, with whose exciting career she had become very well acquainted.  
Her marriage with the bandit was a complete surprise and a terrible blow to her respected parents, who could not believe the announcement until it was proven to them by indisputable evidence and then they disowned their truant daughter. Her cousin in this city learned the particulars of the affair from John Ralston, who resides in St. Louis, and also from the girl's father.  
Soon after the marriage the Younger brothers made their famous and fatal raid on the Northfield bank of Minnesota, and it was generally suspected that the two James brothers were members of the gang, and that in making their escape they followed the Missouri river down to the vicinity of Kansas City. It was thought that Jesse James would come to Omaha, and here meet his wife. A detective was detailed to keep a sharp look-out for her, but she never came here after her marriage. Such is a chapter from the history of Annie Ralston, the outlaw's wife.—[Omaha Republican.]