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Saint Mary's Beacon

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Washington City and Potomac Railroad Company.

Time Table—In Effect Monday, October 4, 1897, 9:30 A. M. STATION—SOUTH. A. M. STATIONS—NORTH. P. M.

Doors, any size, 1 1/2 inches thick, \$1. Nails, best steel, 100 lb. kegs, \$1.60. 12 inch boards, 1 cent a foot. Blinds, any size, 1 and a-half inches thick, \$1 a pair. Flooring, 6, 8, and 10 inches wide, \$1.25 per 100 feet. Mantels, No 1, any size, \$1. FRANK LIBBEY & CO., Corner 6th St. and New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

The Maryland Commission Agency. OF BALTIMORE CITY. For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Wool and Farm Produce Generally. S. E. Corner Pratt & Charles streets.

Farmer's and Planter's Agency. 27 East Pratt Street, Baltimore. For the sale of Tobacco Grain, Fruit and all kinds of country produce. Philip H. Tuck, President; Judge John P. Briscoe Vice-President; Samuel K. George, Treasurer; Samuel M. Hinks, Cashier.

LANDS WANTED. THE MARYLAND REAL ESTATE AND HOME-SEEKER'S ASSOCIATION is now making up its Catalogue of Farms and Lands for 1898, for the use of Home-seekers and other immigrants.

HOTEL LAWRENCE, LEONARDTOWN, MD. In first-class order. Good table and accommodations. \$1.50 per day. Special prices by the week or month. Stables and feed and good care of horses. A. A. LAWRENCE.

THE STORY OF FRANK AND JESSE JAMES.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II. St. Louis Republic. Through the long afternoon of the hazy October day Mrs. Samuels sat and talked about her boys. Two of her daughters who are married to well-to-do farmers called with husbands and children to see her and formed a unique family group on the broad porch.

Certain of Jesse's Salvation. "I am thoroughly satisfied about Jesse's salvation as I am about my own. When I come to die I will be just as certain that I will meet my boy Jesse in heaven as that I am going there myself. Jesse was a Baptist. He joined the church during the war. He came home terribly wounded, shot twice through the lungs, and for months we nursed him while he lay near death. When he got well he went to a meeting at the Baptist Church and was baptized. He was a good Christian. You know the Baptists believe that when a person is once saved he is always saved. There is no going back. And I am a Baptist."

After the war others who had been out with Quantrell came home and were allowed to stay peacefully. But the home guards, a gang of Northern outcasts, organized to plunder and kill Southern sympathizers, hated my boys and would not let them stay here. My boys were accused of the murder of every man killed around here. Sheriff Thomason and his boys and a posse were the first to get after my boys. Jesse was here one day when Thomason and his posse came after him. Jesse saw them in time to get out the kitchen window and run to the barn for his horse. The posse saw him as he mounted and they chased him up through the pasture. When Jesse thought they had gone far enough he turned and shot Thomason's horse under him and warned the posse that the first man who came a step nearer would be shot in his tracks. They knew he would do as he said, and they came back here and Thomason took Jesse's favorite horse, Stonewall Jackson, out of the barn and rode away. Jesse came back in a few minutes, and when he found they had stolen his horse it made him so mad that he swore he would kill the whole gang. He started after them, but they got away. Jesse rode on to Kearney and mailed a letter to Thomason saying that he did not want to kill him because he had been an officer in the Confederate Army, but if Stonewall was not back in his stall before the end of three days he would kill the whole Thomason family. Two days later the horse was returned and Thomason never tried to catch Jesse again. Once was enough for him.

They Always Got Their Man. "A few days ago," said Mrs. Samuels, "a man came here to look around and said to me that he believed my boys were after him once. 'No, sir,' I told him; 'my boys were never after you. If they had been they'd have got you. If my boys ever started after a man they always got him.' 'My boys were brave. I saw enough of it.' Mrs. Samuels laughed heartily and went on: 'I remember one day during the war Jesse and Frank and two more of Quantrell's men rode up here to

wash up and change shirts. They told me they were hard chased, and while they were washing my colored boy held their horses back of the house and I watched in front. By and by I saw about 40 Federal soldiers going up through that field over there towards old Dan Askew's house. Dan was a Northern spy. I shouted to Jesse: 'I see some Federals.' 'How many, mother?' asked Jesse. 'About 40.' 'Where are they?' 'Going up through the field to old Dan Askew's.' 'Well, keep your eye on them, mother,' said Jesse, and they went right on washing. 'In a minute I saw them coming down toward our house and I shouted: 'Boys, they're coming to the house.' 'Jesse was spluttering with his face down in the water basin, and he stopped long enough to say: 'Let 'em come, mother; there are four of us, and I guess we can whip 40 Federals all right enough.' 'I got scared and ran back where the boys were washing and begged them to run. 'Do go, Jesse,' I said. 'They're crossing the branch, and will be right here in half a minute.' The Dare-Devil Bravery of Jesse. 'Jesse just laughed at me and said: 'Don't get rattled, mother. I'm not going away from here with a dirty neck if I have to fight 240 Federals instead of 40.' 'Well, sir, those four boys did not mount their horses till the soldiers were at the front gate and they heard the latch rattling. Then they sprang into their saddles and leaped the back fence and rode across the pasture like mad. The Federals galloped around the house, part one way and part the other and pulled their cavalry pistols, and such shooting and cursing you never heard. Our boys shot back as they ran, and the last I saw of them was a waving line of horses' tails going over the top of the hill. I waited half an hour and then I could stand it no longer. I got out my horse Betsy, and went up over the hill, expecting to find the bodies of our boys shot full of holes. About a mile from the house someone hailed me from the brush. 'Where are you going, ma?' 'It was Jesse, and he and the others were coming down from the old schoolhouse leading their horses and looking for their caps they had lost during the fight. They would not listen to anything I'd say, but rode back to the house with me after they'd found their caps. They washed up again and then rode away.

Jesse seemed to take a delight in getting me scared and playing jokes on me. You know I was always watching out for detectives, and we had plenty of them springing around here. That was long after the war, when Jesse and Frank were accused of every bank and train robbery that was done. One day a big man rode up to the gate, hitched his horse and stalked right up to the house and demanded to know where Frank James was. He said he was a detective and he pulled out a big long revolver and threatened to kill him on sight. He took Jesse's gold watch out of his pocket and showed it to me and said he had killed Jesse and took his watch. He searched the house and barn, bulldozed my colored man and woman, and I followed him around, daring him to harm a hair of anyone around the place. At last he sat down in a chair and laughed till I thought he'd spit. He told me he was Dave Paine, a friend of Jesse's, and he handed me a letter from Jesse, who had told him to pretend he was a detective and give me a scare. Jesse had said to him: 'The old lady may take a shot at you, but if she doesn't hit you go right in.' The Detectives Dared Not Enter. 'Some of the detectives that came prowling around here had narrow escapes,' continued Mrs. Samuels.

'You see they were all cowards; I never saw a detective in all my life who wasn't a coward, and Jesse and Frank knew that well enough, too. The detectives used always to come when they thought my boys were away, but two of them missed it once and came very near getting killed. Jesse and Frank were here one day when I saw two men coming down the road. We could tell a detective on sight and we knew they were detectives. They stopped at the gate and hallooed. Jesse and Frank stepped just inside the door to the stairway leading to the attic and stood there with their revolvers in their hands. Jesse said: 'Go to the door, mother.' 'I opened the door and one of the men said they were cattle buyers, and asked me if we had any fat cattle. 'Tell them yes, mother,' said Jesse. 'Tell them the cattle are here and for them to come in and get them.' 'The cattle you are looking for are in the house; come in and get them!' I shouted. They talked together awhile in whispers and then went on. I guess that was as near as ever I came to seeing shooting right here in the house. Made the Sheriff Eat Dinner. 'But the funniest thing that ever happened was, one day when a sheriff—I won't mention his name, because he is living yet—came here alone after Jesse and Frank. I had 10 harvest hands at work in the field, and Jesse and Frank were hiding in the attic. When dinner was ready I brought Jesse and Frank down to eat first before the hands came in at noon. Just as they came downstairs, there was a knock at the door. Jesse peeped out the window and said it was the sheriff. He and Frank both drew revolvers and Jesse said: 'Open the door, mother.' 'I opened it and the sheriff walked in. 'Your gun, please,' said Jesse, as cool as you could be, and the sheriff took out his revolver. 'Throw it over on the bed, ordered Jesse, and he did so. 'Now sit down and have dinner with us,' commanded Jesse, and all three sat down at the table and chatted like old friends while they ate a hearty meal. After it was over Jesse handed the sheriff his revolver and bid him good by. The sheriff never came back. He was always a great friend of my boys after that.' Mrs. Samuels turned to her grandson, young Jesse James, and inquired: 'Did I ever tell you how they killed old man Bain?' 'The Murder of Farmer Bain. 'No; let's hear about that.' 'Well, old Bain was a Northern spy who lived a few miles above here. He was very bitter against us. It was during the war, and Jesse and a lot of Quantrell's men, disguised as Federal soldiers from Colorado, went to Bain's house. Jesse told him they were hunting for the James family, and were going to exterminate them and burn every building on the place. Bain said to Jesse: 'I want a chance to get at the old woman. She's got two devils of sons, who have killed more Northern men and soldiers than any two butchers in Missouri.' 'Bain said he would pilot them if they'd give him the privilege of putting the torch to our house. They started down the road, and when they got nearly here Jesse said: 'Now, you old reprobate, pray if ever you prayed in your life, because you've only got about a minute to live.' 'Peyton Long shot old Bain, and they left him in the road. I was against that killing, because I did not think old Bain had right good sense. 'I was against the killing of old Dan Askew, too, and saved his life twice. The first time was when Bill Anderson was here and swore he'd kill Askew. He started over to Askew's house—you can just see the top of it through the trees. I followed Bill down across the

branch, begging him not to do it. He told me: 'Saved Dan Askew's Life. 'Mrs. Samuels, the Federals killed my sisters in Kansas City, curse them, and I swore over their dead bodies that I would never spare a blue coat; and I never have. I've had wives and mothers and children go down on their knees and beg me, but I've never spared a blue coat, and I never will! 'I argued and pleaded with him there for half an hour, and the only way I succeeded in saving Askew was by convincing Anderson that if he killed him, the soldiers would kill me and mine within a week. 'Mrs. Samuels, said Bill, 'no other woman on earth could get me to spare the life of a blue coat, but I'll do it this once for you.' Anderson was Quantrell's right-hand man. The Kansas red legs and Javahawks used to come over here and steal everything they could lay their hands on,' continued Mrs. Samuels. 'Once a gang came here and among them was one they called Sam. It was a cold day and he came in here to warm himself by my fire place. He said to me: 'These Southern fellows are all thieves!' He had just come from our barn and I saw one of my bridles hanging down below his coat. 'All thieves, are they?' said I. 'Well, what's that you've got there?' I inquired, and as I said it I jerked three bridles out from under his coat. 'Oh, I only pressed them into service,' he said. 'Well, I'll just press you,' I replied, and grabbed him by the throat and backed him up against the wall and choked him till his tongue stuck out. A month later he came back with another squad and when he went to come in the door I threw a shovel of hot coal in his face and drove him away. I believe if I had my life to live over I'd use strychnine on the detectives and soldiers,' Mrs. Samuels snapped out. They Were Looking for Jesse. 'Why, if those detective were half as brave as my boys were they would have caught them a dozen times,' she said. 'Once long after the war Jesse and eight others started from here for Tennessee by way of Kansas City. It was just after a big train robbery and the country was full of detectives looking for my boys. The ten of them started in a farm wagon with a lot of hay in the bottom. When they got near the Hannibal bridge, crossing the river into Kansas City, the eight men lay down in the hay with their revolvers ready. Jeff Hites put on one of my dresses and a sun-bonnet and sat on the seat alongside of Jesse, who was disguised as an old farmer. On the bridge were three detectives watching for the James boys. When Jesse reached the bridge he shouted: 'Get up there, you fellows; you'll scare my team and throw my old woman out. 'I've heard Jesse laugh about that many a time. He used to say that if those detective had stopped him they'd have thought the wagon was empty. A Pension for Stealing Chickens. Mrs. Samuels is noted for two things—her hatred of the enemies of her boys and her ready wit in conversation. It is not on record that anyone ever got the better of her in an argument or succeeded in saying a disparaging word about her sons or the Southern cause without getting worsted. Recently a veteran of the Northern army visited her with a company of 'curiosity seekers,' as Mrs. Samuels calls them. During the conversation Mrs. Samuels held out her right arm and remarked that she thought she deserved a pension. 'But you were on the wrong side to get a pension,' said her visitor. 'On the wrong side, hey?' retorted Mrs. Samuels. 'Why, I know a man over here in Holt who was shot off a fence and broke his leg while he was stealing chickens and he draws a pension for that. Do you call that the right side?'

'But how do you know that?' 'Because it was my chickens he was stealing,' replied Mrs. Samuels. Mrs. Samuels boasts that she can tell a Federal sympathizer on sight even at this late day. One Sunday afternoon a boy of young women from Kansas City visited her and as soon as they entered one asked for a drink of water. 'Thought Them Tallies of the Dead. 'There's a well full of water back of the house. You freed my niggers and I've had to wait on my self since then. You can wait on yourself if you want a drink. What's the matter with your husbands and sons? They're better able to get it than I am. 'Well, they just went and got a drink,' chuckled Mrs. Samuels, and they brought me one, too.' In the parlor of the home of Mrs. Samuels is a large picture of Jesse James at the age of 22, the present age of his son. It stands on an easel in a corner. Just beneath it is a case from which hang nearly a hundred 'loving ribbons' sent Mrs. Samuels by people who had visited her. An inquisitive and presumptuous young woman, who was looking around the house, asked Mrs. Samuels: 'Do those ribbons represent the number of men he killed?' 'That young woman left the house in a hurry. Mrs. Samuels has made her will. When she dies she is to be buried in the family lot at Kearney, by the side of Archie, who was killed by the Pinkerton bomb. The body of Jesse will be disinterred and buried there, also. The farm is to be divided between Frank James and the two children of Jesse. There are 76 acres of it now and it is worth \$5,000. Jesse, Jr., a Mother's Boy. Since the death of Jesse James his family has lived quietly in Kansas City. For eight years the home has been at 3492 Tracy avenue, a neat little cottage of five rooms, standing on 25 feet of ground, owned by the widow. Jesse paid the last cent of a mortgage a few months ago. It was a proud day for the lad. Fake stories of the million dollars or more which Jesse James and his band are alleged to have stolen and stored away have been printed and has been asserted that the widow has plenty of means but this is far from the truth. 'The sole support of the family has been Jesse, who is employed at Armour's packing house. He is well liked by his employers, who speak in the highest terms of his steadiness and unremitting application to duty. Three years ago he was promoted to the position of keeper of stock in the cured meat department, and it is said that he has yet to be caught in a mistake. His salary is not large, but it suffices for the family of three. Jesse seems contented with his lot. He is domestic in his tastes. Notoriety of any kind seems to be entirely beyond his thoughts and desires. He has a good face, a clear eye and an unassuming manner. About a year ago a New York theatrical firm offered him a handsome salary to play the part of a robber or a deputy sheriff in a sensational melodrama, but the boy declined. He believed his duty to be at home and the care of his mother and sister. When Mrs. James was asked about her son going on the stage, she remarked: 'No, I couldn't get along without my boy. He's a good boy, Jesse is. He doesn't know nothing about the world and he might be led away. There's some sharp people about. No, Jesse's going to stay at home with his mother.' The Widower and Daughter. Jesse is a Democrat in politics. His first vote was cast last fall. His hobby is athletics and particularly baseball, at which he is an expert. Mrs. James is short in stature and inclined to stoutness. Her hair is only partly gray and her eyes as bright as a girl in her teens. She speaks with a strong Kentucky accent. Mary, the daughter, will graduate this year from the High School. She is 18 years of age and more than ordinarily good looking. She is retiring and modest in disposition and abhors public attention or gossip. She is a student and a lover of books. She reads George Eliot, Longfellow, Victor Hugo and other standard authors, as is evidenced by well-thumbed volumes in the James home. On the marble top stand in the parlor is a copy of the Holy Bible which bears signs of wear.

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