



Photo by Fowler, Vinita.

First Congregational Church.

This church, as well as Worcester Academy and its dormitory, known as Aldrich Cottage, also shown upon this page, are proteges of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. The society began its work in this city some fifteen years ago and during that time has expended more than \$2,000 in lots, buildings, salaries of preachers and teachers, and incidentals. The dormitory is a substantial brick structure and the only steam heated building in the city. At present Rev. Preston B. Jackson is in charge of both the church and school.

### TOM STARR.

A COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES OF A NOTORIOUS CHEROKEE CHARACTER.

A Simple Child of the Forest, he Made His Impressions Until a Treaty and Amnesty Resulted.

There is something in human nature that instinctively admires success, especially if it be of an unusual degree, and has been achieved by overcoming great and formidable obstacles.

It is doubtless on this principle that the name of Tom Starr has been enabled to live so long among the popular traditions of this country; for it will hardly be claimed that he ever did anything to lay posterity, in other ways, under obligations to at all perpetuate his memory. He was a success, simply a success. He was the only outlaw of the great southwest, so fruitful of desperadoes, ever produced that had the genius to baffle all pursuit and bring finally a long and lawless career to a triumphant, that is to say, a respectable conclusion.

Tom was a Cherokee Indian with a small admixture of white blood in his veins. He was a man without any special culture, but upon whom nature had been particularly lavish in the bestowment of great qualities. In stature, he was considerably above the average, approaching indeed somewhat to the gigantic. His mind too seemed to be framed upon the same great plan. His intelligence was strictly native, yet exceeding bright and comprehensive. His sympathies were very much in par with those of other great good men; wherever his great trust of human nature would lead them to be reposed, they were always warm and generous. His manner was uniformly gentle and unassuming, standing in marked contrast with any conception of the man that the ready mind could be likely to get of him from perusal of his biography. His words were naturally slow and deliberate; his expression, generally as soft and winning as that of a cultured woman. He was molded in a glow of good humor that never grew cold. His fund of amusing anecdotes was exhaustless. With a great black eye ever twinkling in the reflections of mirth, his jokes were measured off in endless succession, all invariably tipped with a stinging point which, when it struck, never failed to make its victim writhe, and yet, at the same time, to convert another thrust merely for the fun of it.

There was something in Tom's character which, to the eye of an ordinary observer, looked very much like superstition; but which at the same time, considered with reference to actual results, seemed rather to be something of a supernatural prescience.

Tom's own account of the matter was curious and not a little interesting. He denied the charge of superstition, and also disclaimed everything in the nature of a divine favoritism. He ascribed all his good luck to natural causes. He claimed to be on terms of the most intimate friendship with all the forms of animal life, except man. He had nothing to fear from wild beasts and reptiles. The only enemies he had belonged to his own species. His many hairbreadth escapes from the fatal clutches of the national police that were ever on his trail, he afterwards said, were due to the timely warning brought to him by some friendly bird, or animal, or movement, in the material world.

However this may have been, it

is certain that he evinced, at times, a capacity for anticipating future events with an accuracy that was truly astounding.

While Tom's superstition found but little sympathy with his more philosophic brothers, they had on more than one occasion, during the period of their outlawry, good cause to repent of their infidelity. One bright morning, he and two of his brothers, after an all-night ride, ventured to alight and take breakfast with friends at the home table, a pleasure which, owing to the assiduity of their pursuers, they rarely had a chance to enjoy. Having dined and fed their horses, the attractions of home caused them to linger and defer their departure until the major part of the forenoon had passed away. In the meantime, a rooster, the apparent headman of a large flock of chickens that peopled the doorway, hopped in upon the floor of the veranda, and taking his stand upon the spot where the stanzas of old Jim Starr's blood, Tom's father, (he had been assassinated right there by the police just a few weeks before,) was still visible, began to send forth salvos of his best crowing. Tom eyed the bird thoughtfully for a few moments, and then, rising from his seat with a spring and speaking in tones of explosive earnestness, said, "Boys, it is time to be off; that rooster says the police will be here within thirty minutes." The boys, however, only laughed at their big brother's whimsy and retained their seats. The rooster ceased his crowing and went about his business; and pretty soon Tom was seen galloping off into the woods for a place of safety. But, sure enough, within the time limited, the thunder of horses feet was heard just up the road a way; it was the police coming in full force and speed, making "a run" on the Starr house. The two boys, who, through unbelief, had almost sinned away the day of grace, understood only too well the nature of their situation. With the precipitation of two startled cats, they leaped from the back door of the kitchen and, burying themselves in a covert of tall weeds that skirted the back yard, they were enabled thence to reach unobserved the adjoining field of growing corn. The police dashed up to the gate, dismounted and surrounded the house; but the game had flown.

We have just said that the police had slain old Jim Starr. It is right and proper here that we should mention this fact; it is a circumstance which tends powerfully to mitigate the moral darkness of Tom's long and bloody career. Old Jim had taken a conspicuous part in the bringing about of the treaty of 1835. On this account, he fell under the same condemnation in the execution of which Major Ridge, John Ridge and Elias Boudinot had been taken off by the hand of assassination. Charges of a criminal nature were preferred against him and it became the duty of the police to arrest him and hand him over to the civil authorities for trial. It was well understood, however, that in the making of an arrest, the officers would be authorized to use any force that might require to overcome such resistance as might be offered by the accused, even to the taking of life.

The old man was sitting one summer afternoon upon his veranda enjoying his pipe, when a grim squad of horsemen came galloping up to the yard gate; a gruff voice roared out from among the crowd, "We have come for you!" Starr rose from his chair and fac-

ing the men, replied: "All right, gentlemen, all right and come in." This exhibition of hospitality was instantly answered by a volley of rifle shots. A number of the balls took effect squarely in the breast. "Shoot again, you cowards!" he exclaimed. These were his last words. The great body, (he was a very large man,) reeled and sank to the knees, thence falling prostrate, ceased to breathe.

The assassination of his father inspired Tom with the demon of revenge. He and his brothers (there was a host of them) took counsel together in reference to measures of retaliation, and thus sprang into existence that formidable band of desperate men long and widely known in the annals of this country as the "Starr boys."

From this time, the struggle which had grown out of the making of the treaty of 1835, and had divided the nation into two hostile factions, began to rapidly wane in point of interest and was finally well-nigh forgotten in the stirring fight that was carried on for the next two years between the national police and the Starr boys under the leadership of the redoubtable Tom.

It was not long until an opportunity was offered which enabled Tom to sip his first sweet drafts of revenge. There was a certain member of the police force who was specially enthusiastic in the pursuit of criminals (reary men) and was generally relentless whenever he chanced to have it in his power to deal them a blow. He had been present at the assassination of old Jim Starr and managed to behave on that occasion in such a way as to make himself an object of the avenger's special malice.

There was a rural camping in progress not far away. The police generally attended upon such occasions, ostensibly to protect the public peace, but mainly to entrap such "scouters" as might be drawn thither by the force of social attractions. Tom also attended the meeting. However, it was only when the night had rendered the encampment a covert of solid darkness that he ventured within the sound of the gospel. At such hours he would walk in among the crowd of worshippers, and under the screen of some flimsy disguise, hear and make note of all that was going on.

On one of these nightly occasions



Photo by Fowler, Vinita.

Worcester Academy.

he fell in with a man whom he knew to be a reliable friend of the Starr boys, and at the same time wholly unsuspected by the police of any such odious leaning; on the contrary he was measurably within their confidence. This fellow Tom induced to cultivate a drinking familiarity with that particular member of the police force whom, of all others, he desired most to get hold of, and invite him out into the darkness of the bushes to a designated spot where the beverage could be found in secret keeping. This was a mission easy to accomplish; for the fellow loved liquor dearly and was seldom far from under its influence. On arriving at the appointed place, as dark as Erebus, the deluded policeman raised the jug and began to drink with avidity, supporting the vessel with both hands. This was the supreme moment. Just then two mighty arms closed around the man's body from behind and lifted him clear from the ground. He struggled mightily, but in the giant embrace of Tom Starr he was as helpless as a babe. Other hands deftly suppressed all outcry; the next moment the poor fellow found himself firmly bound upon a horse and galloping away in company with the Starr boys.

But, after all, it seems as if Tom's trusted confederates in the lower kingdom of nature were not always at their post of duty; there were times, now and then, when they seem to have left him to shift for himself and to meet emergencies single handed just like other men—when there was no friendly bird or beast or reptile at hand to warn him of his danger. The main quarter of his scouting range lay in the southern portion of the nation, including the border counties of the state of

Arkansas. Yet occasionally he would vary the program by skipping out on a visit to the north, among friends about Maysville and Beattie's prairie. Generally these journeys were made by night and on the state side of the line; because it was allowed that the ambush was not so common an institution over there as it was known to be on this side.

On one of these trips the police became apprised of Tom's movements, and they shadowed him. They determined to "lay" for him on his way back to the south; and this had to be done, if at all, over in the state among the white people. Now the good people over there had no personal interest in the fight between the Starr boys and Ross' police; they were impartial judges as to the real

merits of the contest, and the opinion, widely prevailed that the police were a crowd of armed fellows much more sinning than sinned against. Their conduct had been such as to give rise to much earnest talk among the settlements as to the probabilities of a Cherokee Indian outbreak. Women and children in general were in a trembling state of expectancy, and even men of the best quality of nerve saw nothing in the matter to sneer at or joke about.

So the police went over to select their ground. The job was deemed to be too delicate to be entrusted to a multiplicity of agencies. Hence a few select shots only were detailed to form the ambush. The highway crossed the channel of a dry run which, in wet seasons, formed a torrent down the slope of a hill to the west. The current, in the course of years, had brought down the fragments of the forests and deposited them in an immense drift just a few paces below the road, forming not only a fine place for concealment, but a splendid breastwork against the dangers of attack. Behind this party were squatted in position.

It was about one o'clock in the morning, and the shoes of Tom's horse were heard smiting the flinty surface of the highway, evidently nearing the fatal spot.

We have just said that Tom's guardian angels were sometimes neglectful of their duty and left him to take his chances like other men, and it was certainly seeming so in this case; but the ways of destiny are incomprehensible and it is no use to reason about them.

Pretty soon Tom's body, moving in the starlight, came exactly in range. The platoon fired; strange to say there was only one shot that took effect either in horse or

man. A single ball struck the latter in the right leg just above the ankle, causing only the inconvenience of a little pain and a profusion of blood. At the crack of the guns Tom's horse sprang forward and was off at a rate of velocity which no kind of pursuit might hope to equal; Tom always rode a good horse. The assassins, rose from their ambush, mounted their horses and started in a gallop after the fugitive feeling sure that he was fatally wounded and that they would soon come upon his dead body thrown on the ground. Tom had not gone far when he met a young white man riding a good horse; with the ingenuity of real genius he instantly bethought himself of a plan for eluding his pursuers. The moment his eye fell upon the young man he exclaimed, "Police! Police! Kill him and scalp the people! Run for your life!" The stranger wheeled his horse and started on the back track under whip and spur leading the race by a good number of rods. This state of things being fully established Tom wheeled his horse out of the road and dashing it to a thicket became deathly quiet. Pretty soon his pursuers passed him, and on they went allured by the clatter of horses feet which they took to be Tom's. Tom then hastened away to a place of safety in the woods, kindled a little fire and heating the blade of his big knife cauterized the wound and staunching the flow of blood.

Years afterward, in telling this anecdote, Tom would laugh grimly and say, "I never heard what became of that young man; whether the police caught him or not."

It is said that a pastor in Indiana recently startled his congregation by the following announcement: "Remember our quarterly meeting next Sunday. The Lord will be with us during the morning service, and the presiding elder in the evening."

G. A. Van Hall, the leading druggist of Butler, Mo., writes: "We are having splendid success with Beggs blood purifier and blood maker. It is one of the best sellers we ever had and gives satisfaction to all who have tried it. We take pleasure in recommending it. People's drug store."

W. T. Williams, of Boughton, Ark., says: "Have suffered for years with constipation and indigestion, and one bottle of Beggs little giant pills has cured me. People's drug store."

When a woman exclaims, "That's a likely story!" she means that it is like a lie.

Household Gods. The ancient Greeks believed that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of today is Dr. King's new discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds and for all affections of throat, chest and lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at A. W. Foreman's drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

Additional brands: CUT A A B B C C D D E E F F G G H H I I J J K K L L M M N N O O P P Q Q R R S S T T U U V V W W X X Y Y Z Z



Photo by Fowler, Vinita.

Aldrich Cottage, the Worcester Academy Dormitory.

# LEE BARRETT

## Harness



## Saddles

### VINITA, IND. TER.

Cowboy Saddles at prices to suit the times. A first-class line of TEAM HARNESS, also nice line of SINGLE and BUGGY HARNESS, prices

## \$6.50 TO \$25.00!

RIDING BRIDLES 75c to \$1.50. Give me a call before buying elsewhere. COLLARS and PADS cheap.

## A CAR LOAD OF BUGGIES ON THE ROAD.

### A First-Class Shoemaker Always in Shop.

**Burlington Route**

**BEST TRAINS**

**ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY**

TO

**ST. PAUL and North,**  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA,  
**CHICAGO and East,**  
DENVER, COLORADO,  
UTAH, CALIFORNIA, MONTANA,  
BLACK HILLS, WASHINGTON,  
PUGET SOUND,  
**Kansas City to St. Louis.**

Vestibuled Sleepers,  
Free Chair Cars, Dining Cars.

L. J. BRICKER, T. P. A., KANSAS CITY, MO.  
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MISSOURI, KANSAS, ILLINOIS, ARIZONA

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WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS AND FREE RECLINING KATY CHAIR CARS

DINING STATIONS OPERATED BY THE COMPANY. SUPERIOR MEALS. FIFTY CENTS.

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CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGANS

WERE GIVEN HIGHEST AWARDS

At the World's Exposition for excellent manufacture, quality, uniformity and volume of tone, elasticity of touch, artistic cases, materials and workmanship of highest grade.

JATALOGUES ON APPLICATION FREE.

CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF PIANOS AND ORGANS IN THE WORLD

**STOCK BRANDS**

Not occupying more space than the first following will be inserted at \$5.00 per year. The verdict of men owning large or small herds is that it pays to advertise the brands.

J. C. ARNETT, Chelsea, I. T.

Ranch 3 miles east. No cattle sold except for shipment. dec 31 8

J. C. HOGAN, Pryor Creek, Ind. Ter.

Swallow fork and underbit in right ear, underbit in left. Range on Pryor Creek.

WATT MAYES, Pryor Creek, Ind. Ter.

Some steers branded stripe across the nose. Cows branded LAD crop and split each ear. Range near Pryor Creek.

J. O. HALL, Vinita, Ind. Ter.

Additional brands: CUT A A B B C C D D E E F F G G H H I I J J K K L L M M N N O O P P Q Q R R S S T T U U V V W W X X Y Y Z Z

Range on Carl Creek. \$50 reward for conviction of theft of these cattle.

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Range on Carl Creek. \$50 reward for conviction of theft of these cattle.

**THE LIVE STOCK MARKET OF ST. LOUIS.**

he St. Louis National Stock Yards.

Located at East St. Louis, Ill.

Directly opposite the city of St. Louis. Refers for all description of Live Stock always in attendance, and within the grounds of the Stock Yards is a Beef Canning Company, with a capacity for slaughtering 2,000 head of cattle daily, and pork. Packing establishments have a capacity for slaughtering 12,000 hogs daily.

C. C. KNOX, Vice-Pres.  
CHAS. T. JONES, Supt.

C. L. WASHBOURNE, Southwest City, Mo.

Smooth crop in each ear, underbit in right. Range on Spring prairie, 3 miles east of Bolen's Ferry. Home brand O on left jaw and thigh. Some cowboys and wild brand half circle W

J. S. LEFOROE, Vinita, I. T.

Some have OP 22

Crop and two splits in each ear. Range in miles northwest of Vinita

D. L. DENNY, Claremore, Ind. Ter.

Either side. Left side. Various marks. Range 9 miles east of Coates.

G. HAYDEN, Chouteau, Ind. Ter.

CH in left side, slip or hole. Left side. Horse brand C H Range: On Chouteau. Pryor Creek. Range head of Big creek, C. S.

JOHNSTONE & KEELER, Bartlesville, I. T.

On right side; some have the bar & on right side without the cross. Various old brands and ear marks. Range on the west side of Caney river on Double creek.

W. H. NOBLES, Edna, Kan.

Horse brand same. Road brand under half crop in each ear. Range head of Big creek, C. S.

R. R. TAYLOR, Postoffice, Vinita, I. T.

Smooth crop in each ear, underbit in right. Some cattle in various other brands & marks. Range on Lo-out creek, four miles s.e. of Vinita.

W. N. STEWART, Southwest City, Mo.

Brand is U S. Aug. 1, 95.

S. H. MAYES, Pryor Creek, Ind. Ter.

Swallow fork and underbit in one ear, overbite in the other. All cattle are branded SA and notch on nose. Range on Wolf creek. Also 7 heart on left side & O on left jaw. A few branded J W E on side.

E. B. FRYSEY, Vinita, I. T.

Horse brand same. Range on Big Cabin creek. Thistle west of Bismarck. All cattle of this brand sold only for shipment. \$100 reward for conviction for stealing this brand.

ED. ADAIR, Adair, Ind. Ter.

Overbit & underbit in right, swallow fork & underbit in left ear. Horse brand AD (consequently on the left shoulder). Range on Pryor Creek.

ELI GRAVES, Postoffice, Chelsea, I. T.

Brand, EC on both hips. Range on Pryor Creek, 2 miles north of Chelsea. apr 17

WM. HOWELL, Fairland, Ind. Ter.

Some have brand F H on left side. Max, crop & underbit in right, underbit in left. Range on north-west of Bismarck, I. T.

N. SKINNER, Vinita, Ind. Ter.

Also some branded Y on earlope. Crop in each ear; various other marks. Range on Verdigre river, 12 miles west of Chelsea.

WM. LITTLE, Vinita, I. T.

Brand on hip or side. Crop in left ear, under half crop right. Also on cross. Range on White Oak.