THE SONS OF A CLERGYMAN.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE EXPLOITS OF THE JAMES BOYS.

Robberies and Murders Surpassing those of the Celebrated Murrill Gang—What the Mother of the Boys Says—A Dozen Express Trains and a Score of Banks Plundered.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 4.—Upon arriving here on Monday the task of finding out something of the history of the James boys was an easy one, for here they were reared and here has ever been their harbor of refuge, when chased from pillar to post and State to State by detectives. Here many of their old guerrilla comrades live, and here too, they have friends and relatives residing.

The James boys were raised in Clay County, within twelve miles of Liberty; the Youngers in Jackson County, within four miles of Independence. There is something suggestive in the names of their homes, for liberty and independence with them have been carried beyond the limits of criminal license.

Frank James was born in Kentucky, in 1841; Jesse in Clay County, Missouri, in 1845. Their father was the Rev. Robert James, a prominent and eloquent Baptist minister, a pleasant and courteous gentleman, possessed of more education than was common with the ministers of his Church in the frontier days of 1843 in this State, when the James family moved from Kentucky to Clay County. He was one of the first trustees of the William Jewell College, located at Liberty, and, though a resident of that vicinity only from 1843 to 1849, he has left a kindly remembrance of himself among the old settlers. In the latter-named year he went to California, and there died, in 1851. To this day the old settlers about the James's homestead, and it has become a tradition, that the Rev. Robert James was driven from home by his wife.

This brings me to speak of the James boys' mother. She is still alive and vigorous, and resides on a well-cultivated farm four miles east of Kearney, a station on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, seventeen miles northeast of this city. She was a Miss Zerenia Cale of Scott County, Kentucky, and, though she has attained the advanced age of 58, she wears the traces still of what in her young womanhood must have made her the famed beauty in all the country round about. Her neighbors say that Aunt Zerel, as she was commonly called, has transmitted to "the boys" all the deviltry they possess. If so, what an exuberant abundance she must have had in her day. No wonder her meek Baptist husband went on a mission to California.

THE MOTHER OF THE JAMES BOYS.

She is 58 years old, well preserved, vigorous in body as well as in spirit. Her hair is gray, quite white, her eyes a steely blue, her face is a long oval, set off by a firm, determined expression about the mouth, marked by a few lines of age, and flushed with a ruddy glow of health. In figure she is a commanding woman, weighing fully 170 pounds, and is six feet high—away above the medium run of womankind. She is shrewd, has dauntless courage, and displays a devotion for "the boys" that can be likened to nothing else but a tigress's love for her cubs. After six years of widowhood she married Dr. Reuben Samuels, a respectable citizen, and he is still under her dominion.

I saw her in a store in Kearney. I said, "I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Samuels." I did not find her disinclined to talk, but found her wholly disinclined to be communicative about the boys. She claims they are both dead, and tears filled her eyes when she said it. "A sure sign," said an old neighbor, when I told him of it, "that the boys was in that thar affair up at Winston." When asked how they died she replied with her customary deliberation when any information of the boys's whereabouts is sought to be pumped out of her, "That's a leading military question." When asked if Jesse had been killed by George Shepherd, as was claimed, she reddened with indignation, and contemptuously exclaimed: "What, that one-eyed fellow? No one-and-fellow could get the drop on Jess. It would take a man with two eyes, and mighty good ones at that, to do it."

Claiming, tearfully, that both her husband and boy are dead, she denied, of course, their connection with the Winston robbery. Warmed upon the subject, she gesticulated violently, and the stump of her right arm—she lost her right hand during a raid on her house by detectives—pointed emphasis to her equally emphatic denunciation of press or person who attributed the Winston or any other robbery or murder to her boys. The talk ended for an hour, and was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the old lady saying, "I must go," but not before extending a cordial invitation to your correspondent "to come out to the house and see us." She then went to a horse block, unaffected by her saddle horse, mounted unassisted, and trotted off home.

Accepting the invitation as a safeguard against any danger, even though the boys were at home, I went out the next day.

The road leading to the Jameses' citadel, for it may almost be called that, is up and down hill through a rather rugged country, with scattered woods on either side, with here and there an opening for a cornfield or a hemp patch. The country is well settled, and farm houses are almost in hailooing distance all the way to Mr. Samuels's. The house stands near the road in a wooded pasture, and just around it there is considerable shrubbery, and a row of lilac bushes to the left of the building. It is a modest three-room habitation built of logs, but about it and all over the farm there is a look of thrift, good management, and comfort. Enough that I was at once recognized by Sallie, who busied herself at once to extend cordial hospitality. My visit, however, profited nothing beyond seeing the home of the James boys.

THE YOUTH OF THE JAMES BOYS.

It was here and about Kearney that Frank and Jesse James led uneventful lives until the breaking out of the 1861-65 war. They were not over fond of attending school in their youth, but preferred squirrel hunting, and in horsemanship they became famous, as the other boys in the neighborhood were, so were they. There was nothing vicious about them, though high spirited, and they are remembered to-day as boys of pleasing manners and general favorites. When their comrades would go to drinking the boys never took a part, for then and now they never drank. The latent devil in them was brought out during the war. Both sides in Missouri were guilty of the greatest atrocities, and each party vied with the other in devising devilish and horrible ways of retaliation. It finally became not war, but murder, unsanctioned by anything but the lust of blood. In this school of crime the James boys learned the lesson that has made them at this day the most daring, desperate, and bloodthirsty criminals known to the West.

Frank James joined Quantrell's guerrillas when he was twenty years old. He soon became noted for his daring and murderous ferocity. Jesse, only fourteen years old, sought service at the same time, but was rejected as too young. He followed the guerrillas, however, as a spy for the guerrillas infesting Clay and adjoining counties. His stepfather, Dr. Samuels, was a pronounced Secessionist, and old Mrs. Samuels gave unbridled license to her tongue in advertising her sympathy for the South. The family, on account of their views conspicuous, were marked for vengeance by the Union militia of the State, who were stationed at Kearney and other towns in that locality.

Some time in the early summer of 1862 the Federals, in pursuance of their vow of vengeance against the Samuelses, visited the farm. Dr. Samuels was encountered, and abruptly told it was their design to hang him. A rope was produced, and, conducting him a few rods from the house, he was actually swung up, without being given even a chance to pray. His wife, tearing danger, having seen the guard of soldiers meet her husband and go off with him, followed, and reached the scene of the hanging just after the Federals had turned from their work as a completed job, and cut him down. He was resuscitated with great difficulty. Jesse James was threatened with hanging, but his youth saved him, he escaping with many cuffs and blows at the hands of the soldiers. His mother and sister were imprisoned in St. Joseph. This so enraged Jesse that he sought Quantrell's band and implored to be admitted. He was accepted, his brother Frank interceding for him. Thus the lad of fifteen began a life of murder and crime, a career of daring and desperado deeds that has no parallel in history. Frank had already attained a prominent place in Quantrell's gang of murderers and cutthroats, and Jesse, emulating his examples, soon eclipsed him, and became the leader in all expeditions where nerve, daring bravery, and a reckless disregard for his own or other lives were required.

WHOLESALE MURDER OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

In Quantrell's command the James boys found congenial spirits in Cole and Jim Younger, Jarrette, Clell Miller, George Shepherd, and others who have been partners in their robberies since the war. Both sides in Quantrell's band of 200 when Lawrence, Kan., was sacked, burned, and nearly every male inhabitant ruthlessly murdered, Jesse James boasted at the time to have shot down thirty-six, proving no horror of equal enormity or atrocity was ever perpetrated than the massacre at Centralia, Mo., a way station on the Wabash Railroad in Boone County. Here, on Sept. 27, 1864, Bill Anderson, assisted by Jesse and Frank James, killed thirty-two invalid soldiers in cold blood. They first raided the village and sacked the stores. Then, waiting for the east-bound train, they stopped it and robbed the passengers of their money. Among the passengers were thirty-two sick soldiers on furlough from St. Joseph to St. Louis for better hospital accommodations. These poor wretches were marched out and aligned by Frank and Jesse James, and Bill Anderson, with his own hands, shot and killed every man of them, a pistol being handed him by either Frank or Jesse as fast as he emptied the one in hand.

Scarce had the diabolical massacre been finished before a company of Federal soldiers appeared in the distance, and they, too, became victims to the unerring aim of these bandits. Thus within two hours eighty slain were piled about the village. Such scenes as these hardened the James boys, and make their latter-day crimes merely trivial in comparison.

When the war ended this country became too not to hold the guerrillas. Jesse James accompanied George Shepherd to Texas, while Frank followed the fortunes of Quantrell into Kentucky, where he escaped by the merest accident, from being cut to pieces the night when Quantrell was mortally wounded and his band exterminated.

THE FIRST BANK ROBBERIES.

For three years the James boys sank from public gaze. In the spring of 1868 Jesse James, accompanied by Cole Younger, Al Shepherd, George Shepherd, and Jim White, dashed into Russellville, Ky., and robbed the bank of $14,000. Part of the party entered the bank, while the others remained outside, and began a fusillade up and down the street to intimidate the inhabitants. After securing the money the robbers rode off, and, though vigorously pursued, escaped. George Shepherd, however, was captured two weeks after the robbery, fully identified, and served a three years' term in the penitentiary.

Their first robbery in Missouri took place in Gallatin, where not only did they rob the bank, but deliberately shot and killed Capt. Sheets, the cashier, after they had collected all the money in the bank. Frank and Jesse James and Cole Younger were the only ones concerned in the robbery. Frank guarded the avenues of approach, while Cole Younger and Jesse entered the bank and forced the tribute.

For two years the James boys hung around the Rio Grande frontier, in Mexico. In 1870 they returned, Corydon, Iowa, a prosperous village near the Missouri line, was invaded and the bank relieved of $40,000. At the time of this robbery a political meeting was in progress near the town, and when the boys had efficiently gutted the bank they rode to the public gathering. There Cole Younger interrupted the speaker, and announced the fact of the bank robbery. The crowd was fairly stupefied, and, derisively laughing at the consternation produced, the bandits put spurs to their horses and rode off. Pursuit was given, but in vain.

Two years now intervened before the gang was heard of again. Kentucky was a second time the sufferer. Columbia was the scene of the robbery, and the two James boys, Cole, Jim, and John Younger, were the five who did it. Here, again, murder signalized the visit of these highwaymen, the bank cashier being shot down in cold blood, and another party in the bank being seriously wounded, though effecting his escape by a rear door. Only $200 was obtained by this raid.

A DARING ROBBERY IN KANSAS CITY.

In the fall of this year Kansas City was for the first time visited by the outlaws in an official capacity. The County Agricultural Fair was in progress, and it was on Thursday, the big day, that three men not only might have been but were seen to ride up to the gate of the grounds. They were mounted and wore long linen dusters and the usual wide-brimmed slouch hat commonly affected by Missourians. On reaching the gate one dismounted, handing his bridle reins to his comrades. He approached the ticket office, and, looking through the window, said to the cashier: "What if I was to say I was Jesse James, and told you to hand out that tin box of money—what would you say?"

"I'd say I'd see you in h—l first," was the contemptuous reply.

"Well, that's just who I am—Jesse James; and you had better hand it out pretty d—d quick, or——" And the rest of the sentence was finished by levelling a huge navy revolver at the cashier.

The box was handed out, with its contents of $10,000. Returning with the cash, Jesse remounted, and the three desperadoes began firing their pistols and hurriedly rode off. The alarm became general almost immediately. Pursuit was organized, but the boys got away with the money.

Only three nights after this occurrence two men rode up to the front of the *Times* building, and hailing a passer-by politely requested him to go up stairs and tell Major John S. Edwards the editor, that two gentlemen would like to see him at the bottom of the stairway. In a few moments Major Edwards came down, and one of the horsemen accosted him by saying: "Major, we are the James boys, and we wish to present you with this gold watch and chain because of the fair treatment you have always given us."

At this the taller of the two, and the spokesman, Jesse, pulled out a handsome and costly gold watch, and, holding it by the chain, passed it over to the editor of the *Times*, now editor of the Sedalia *Democrat*. So soon as the watch was accepted with an astonished "Thank you," the boys said "Good-by, old fellow" in a jovial sort of way, and rode off. This occurrence was made known to the police within five minutes after it took place, but the boys were not caught.

This daring exploit was followed in six weeks by the robbery of the bank at St. Genevieve. Nobody was killed here, but $4,000 was poured into the capacious mouth of the bandits' saddle bags. They were followed northwest to the Missouri, where all trace of them was lost.

THE FIRST RAILROAD ROBBERIES.

The next heard of them was in June of 1873. The James boys were recognized around home in Clay County shortly after their appearance a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad was wrecked, and the express messenger was robbed of $6,000. Eight men were engaged in this affair, and it is credited to the James boys, Cole, Bob, and Jim Younger, and three other bandits whose names are not known. Following this event several stage robberies took place about the Hot Springs, Ark., in which the old gang are said to have been implicated.

They put a climax to their audacious career in the autumn of 1873 by the robbery of an Iron Mountain Railroad train at Gad's Hill. They took possession of the station, switched the train on a side track, and, at their leisure, Clell Miller, Jesse and Frank James, and Jim and Cole Younger stripped the passengers of their surplus wealth, and robbed the express car of $11,500.

This robbery, following so fast upon numerous others, aroused the authorities, and especially the railroad and express companies to do something to protect their large interests. Pinkerton's Detective Agency was employed to hunt down and bring these daring outlaws to justice. From the appearance of Pinkerton's detectives on the scene in 1874 until the undertaking was hopelessly abandoned two years after, the most thrilling events of the story occur. The detectives put forth their best efforts to compass the capture of the brigands, but their most adroit schemes were frustrated, and the detectives who undertook their capture came to an untimely end at the hands of the enemy.

THE FATE OF SEVERAL DETECTIVES.

John W. Wicher first undertook the perilous task of finding and capturing the James boys and their associates. He found them, but it was he and not they who were captured. Disguised as a laboring man, he visited the Samuels farm, and applied for work. The boys were at home, and with them Clell Miller. For some reason, whether suspicious of impertinent inquiries made by Wicher in Liberty or not, the boys suspected him. Against every asseveration that he was just what he represented himself to be, Wicher was made a captive. Bound and tied on a horse he was marched by the three to and across the Missouri, and his body was found near Independence, Jackson County, with three gunshot wounds in the head.

This failure did not deter others of the detectives from continuing the work. Wicher had undertaken to ferret out the James boys, Bob and Cole Younger, Bill Chadwell, and James Wright took upon themselves the task of uncovering the Younger brothers. Disguised as cattle buyers, they invaded the Younger country in Cass County, on quite taking into their confidence and employ Ed McDaniels, a deputy sheriff of Cass County. In the course of their travels they stopped over night at a relative's of the Youngers, where John and Jim were at the time, but they kept out of sight. The three strangers being together awakened the boys' suspicions. The next morning they followed the three strangers, and overtook them on the road. An unguarded exclamation, "My God, here is Jim and John Younger," gave the trio away. The Youngers ordered them to hold up their hands. McDaniels and Tull obeyed, but Wright put spurs to his horse and rode off, John Younger pursuing him. John in the mean time poured the contents of a double shotgun into McDaniels and killed him. Tull at this pulled out his pistol, and firing at John Younger, struck him in the neck, from which wound he died. Jim Younger, attracted by the firing, gave up the pursuit of Wright, and returning took part in the fight, and firing at Tull he fell from his horse, as it was supposed by the robber, dead. John Younger being sore hit, his brother took him in charge and returned to the house they had just left on their murderous mission. Capt. Tull was found that night by some negroes, was taken to a neighboring town, and after lingering for six weeks died.

ROBBING A TRAIN ON THE KANSAS PACIFIC.

For some time the gang disappeared from sight. In December, 1874, however, they robbed a train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, near Muncie. The band comprised Jesse James, Clell Miller, Thompson, Bud McDaniels, and Jim Hinds. The five first placed obstructions on the track an hour before dark. When the train stopped two men jumped on the engine, with revolvers in their hands, and ordered the engineer to move slowly ahead, the express car having in the mean time been detached from the train. Moving ahead about half a mile, Jesse James, Clell Miller, and Bud McDaniels broke into the express car. At the mouth of a pistol the express messenger handed over $24,000 in money and a large consignment of jewelry en route to New York from a Lawrence house. The gang then fired several shots in order to frighten the train hands, and then, mounting horses concealed in the woods, escaped.

Three days afterward Bud McDaniels, whose father kept a livery stable on Grand avenue, in this city, was arrested on Main street while drunk, and upon being searched at Police Headquarters $1,100 and some of the sample jewelry taken from the Kansas Pacific train was discovered on his person. It was the first suspicion the police had that McDaniels was one of the train-robbing gang, but the proof was absolute, and he was taken to Kansas for trial. He finally broke jail at Lawrence in May of the year following, and was shot by a farmer named Bauserman while escaping. Bauserman went into a field to mow, and took a rifle with him, it having been reported that the train-robber was in the neighborhood. He saw McDaniels a quarter of a mile distant, and as he was mounting a horse he had stolen Bauserman fired, and the noted bushwhacker was mortally wounded. With the exception of the killing of John Younger by Capt. Tull, the death of McDaniels was the first violent ending of any member of the famous robber band. Clell Miller and Hinds were arrested for the Muncie robbery, Miller in Carroll County, and Hinds at Independence, the county seat of Jackson County, ten miles from Kansas City. Miller, after his arrest, captured the Sheriff in charge, and, holding him in front of his body, bade him send his deputies away, and with a revolver muzzle in his ear, the officer complied, and the bold highwayman escaped; but his end was not many years distant. Hinds escaped in about the same manner from the officers of Independence, and has never been heard from.

DESPERATE EFFORT TO CAPTURE THE BOYS.

Out of the Muncie robbery grew the tragedy enacted at the home of Mrs. Samuels, in Clay County, in January, 1875, which added one more to the many fancied causes why the James boys should continue their career as brigands. The proffered reward of Kansas Pacific and Express officials for the arrest of the perpetrators of the Muncie outrage again brought Pinkerton's men into the field. One cold evening in January a special train having on board a posse of eight heavily armed men stopped near Kearney, Mo. Wagons being in waiting, they were quietly driven to the neighborhood of the Samuels home. In a few minutes they had surrounded the house, supposed to contain Jesse and Frank James. In order to light up the inside of the house, a prepared cast iron shell, about three inches in diameter, filled with oil and supplied with a fuse, was hurled through a window into the kitchen. Mrs. Samuels quickly pushed it into an open fireplace with her foot, where it exploded, killing her 14-year-old son Arthur, and blowing her right arm off near the elbow.

What followed has never been made public, but it is known that the boys were in the house at the time of the attack, and that a terrible fight took place. A fence on the east side of the house was riddled with bullet holes, made by bullets coming from the house. The next morning when the special train reached Quincy a badly wounded man was transferred on a stretcher to a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy car for Chicago; but who he was, or how his companions, is buried in the archives of Pinkerton's agency. This much is known, however. The boys were not killed or captured; but five days afterward a neighbor of theirs, named Daniel Askew, was called to his door and riddled with bullets. The murderers, awakening a man close at hand said: "We have killed Dan Askew, and if any one asks who did it, tell them Pinkerton's detectives." Askew was killed because suspicious circumstances pointed to him as the one who carried information to the detectives that the outlaws were at their mother's house the night their half-brother was killed. For fear of a lie beneath the officials of Clay County took an indifferent interest in the search for the murderers of the innocent farmer.

ROBBING A BANK IN WEST VIRGINIA.

So hot and determined was the pursuit of the gang after the train robbery at Muncie, which resulted in Bud McDaniels's death, that the robbers separated, the James boys going to the Pan-Handle of Texas, where their brother-in-law, Allen Palmer, owned a fine ranch. Frank, however, soon went to Kentucky, where he was joined by Cole Younger, Thompson McDaniels, and a man known as Keen, alias Webb, alias Hinds. The Huntington, W. Va., robbery was then planned and executed. This famous bank robbery occurred in September, 1875. It has always been thought that Frank James and McDaniels entered the bank, leaving their companions as a guard outside. The cashier was compelled to deliver up what money he had, about $1,000. With this they rode off, but made rapidly out of town. In less than two hours a posse of over 100 men started in pursuit. In the mountains, nearly 100 miles from Huntington, a fight took place between the officers and fleeing robbers. Thompson McDaniels was killed, and Keen, alias Hinds, captured; but, as usual, Cole Younger and Frank James escaped. Keen was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary, and is now serving his time. He has never told his name or home, and steadfastly refuses to talk a word in truth regarding his companions at Huntington.

ANOTHER PACIFIC RAILROAD ROBBERY.

Frank James joined Jesse in Texas, and the band was increased by the addition of several outlaws from the Indian Territory. In July, 1876, their plans were completed, and the east-bound passenger train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was robbed at a point about twenty miles east of Sedalia, called Otterville. The party consisted of Jesse and Frank James, Cole, Jim, and Bob Younger, Bill Chadwell, Charlie Pitts, and Hobbs Kerry, a green country miner, who eventually was captured, and at Boonville made a full and free confession of the plot. The train was stopped in a deep, rocky cut after midnight by obstructions placed on the track. Seven masked men appeared on board. Jesse James and Cole Younger entered the express car and forced the messenger to open his safe, from which they took nearly $15,000 in currency. None of the passengers were disturbed. After a hasty division of the booty the party of nine separated, the south, while the James boys, Clell Miller, and Chadwell returned to Clay County. They rode about fifty miles before daylight, and the second night reached a safe hiding place in the county.

Kerry was arrested at Joplin, Mo., in August of the same year, while playing faro, and is now in the penitentiary at Jefferson City, serving out a seven years' sentence. In his confession he named all the above parties as participants in the robbery at Otterville, hoping by this to escape himself, but having no attorney his plea was disregarded, and the conviction followed. Several threatening letters were received by Kerry while in jail at Boonville from Jesse and Frank James, and one from the man Pitts. He was told that the most horrible death would be his if he gave them away in the end, and at the hearing of both letters was across of blood as a fearful reminder of what was in store for him. After his conviction a last letter was sent to Kerry, informing him that the entire gang had sworn a solemn oath to kill him as soon as his time was out in the penitentiary. It was added that the last one of the party was dead this deed of blood would be held as a sacred trust. In less than three months from that date three of the party were dead and three in the penitentiary for life, leaving Jesse and Frank James alone to carry out the provisions of the oath.

ROBBERY OF A MINNESOTA BANK.

The immediate pursuit of the Otterville robbers being given up, a plan was arranged for a trip up into Minnesota, where it was proposed to rob the Northfield Bank. Bill Chadwell, who was recruited to the ranks of the Missouri band from the Indian Nation, was an outlawed horse thief from Minnesota, and was undoubtedly the originator of the land journey which ended in the almost complete extermination of the entire party. There were plenty of banks in Missouri and Iowa as easy of access as the one at Northfield, and Chadwell must have used some powerful incentive to draw the James boys and Youngers on that fateful trip, so far from home, into a country of the topography of which they know nothing. Chadwell and one of the Youngers were sent in advance of the others several days to reconnoitre, the main body of the expedition leaving Clay County, Missouri, some time during August, 1876. Cole, Jim, and John Younger, Frank and Jesse James, Clell Miller, Charlie Pitts, and Chadwell comprised the party, the same who operated so successfully at Otterville. At a little station near Northfield the eight desperadoes held a consultation on Sept. 6, and on the afternoon of that day they entered the village in a furious pace, shooting their revolvers right and left in order to intimidate the people on the streets. With their horses on a dead run, the party halted directly in front of the bank. While Frank and Jesse James and Bob Younger entered, the other five remained outside to guard against attack. J. L. Hayward, the Cashier, and two clerks were in the institution at the time. For refusing to open the time lock Jesse James sent a ball into Hayward's brain. Meantime the citizens on the street became aroused to what was going on, and opened on the robbers. Chadwell was shot from his horse by a man from the Court House window, just opposite the bank, and in a few seconds Clell Miller, who had escaped dozens of times in Missouri, was also killed.

By this time firing became general, and Jesse James was in the tightest place of his life. Jim Younger had a bullet in his mouth and Frank James one through his left leg, but the entire six succeeded in mounting their horses and escaping from the town. Then began a flight and pursuit, which for perseverance and endurance is almost without a parallel. The robbers were in a strange and unknown country, followed by fifty armed men. When it was seen that the chase was to be to the death a proposition was made to separate. Before this time Jesse James wanted Bob Younger killed, as the blood from his wound made a trail; but Cole Younger would not allow it, and said he would kill the first man who dared lay a finger on his wounded brother. Jesse and Frank James went off in a northerly direction, while the three Youngers and Charlie Pitts remained in a body. Across Minnesota the chase lack followed the James boys, for, while they escaped after being pursued nearly 500 miles, the Youngers were shot down and captured, and Pitts was killed. The three former were terribly wounded before they would surrender, and are now serving life sentences in the Minnesota Penitentiary at Stillwater.

Jesse and Frank James, after being chased for weeks, succeeded in reaching Texas, and at Waco Frank had a surgical operation performed upon his leg in consequence of the bullet he received at Northfield. The wound was so many days without care that it made Frank a cripple for life, and a detective told your correspondent that Frank James would be captured either in bed or on horseback, as he could never walk again for any distance.

THE ROBBERY ON THE CHICAGO AND ALTON.

In the fall of 1879 the boys returned to their old haunts in Clay County, and very soon had about them a new gang ready to follow wherever a rich haul was in sight. Among the recruits were Ed Miller, brother of Clell, killed at Northfield; Jim Cummings, a noted Clay County horse thief; Tucker Bassham, Ed Ryan, and Dick Little. The last three were young farmers' sons, who, led on by the persuasive power of these James, went blindly into the work, and two of them are now in the hands of the law. Frank James, in consequence of the wounds received in Minnesota, did not leave Texas with Jesse, but remained on the ranch of his brother-in-law, Allen Palmer, and was not one of the gang who again made Missouri soil obnoxious to persons from abroad.

After looking about for a few days, Glendale, a little station in Jackson County, seventeen miles from Kansas City, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, was selected as the scene of their next exploit. On the evening of Oct. 8 the attack was made by Jesse James, Ed Miller, Jim Cummings, Ed Ryan, Tucker Bassham, and Dick Little. Like all preceding train robberies, it was a success. After battering down the door of the express car, Jesse James and Ed Miller entered with revolvers in their hands and compelled Grimes, the messenger, to unlock his safe and hand over the contents, variously estimated at from $25,000 to $30,000. With this amount the gang left that section, and in less than twenty-four hours were scattered about Jackson and Clay Counties. James Ligget, at that time Marshal of Jackson County, at once organized a strong party to capture the robbers, if possible, and George Shepherd, a former friend of Jesse James, and one of the Russellville, Ky., bank robbers, was taken into the confidence of the officials.

THE FIGHT WITH GEORGE SHEPHERD.

Shepherd was a lieutenant under the noted guerrilla Quantrell, and was known as a brave and desperate man. He had an old grudge against Jesse James, who he claimed murdered his nephew and robbed him of $5,000 shortly after the trip into Kentucky when interment for three years. A plan was arranged whereby Shepherd was to go and join Jesse James, who it was thought would try and reach Texas, and when the right time arrived he was to betray him into the hands of the officers. Shepherd accepted the trust and did join Jesse James, and remained with him several days. Ed Miller and Jim Cummings were also of the party, but the leader seemed to mistrust Shepherd from the start, and watched him so closely that no chance was given to communicate with Marshal Ligget.

In southwestern Missouri the gang made arrangements to rob the bank at Galena, in the lead district. Shepherd was sent into the town to reconnoitre, but, to be on the safe side, Ed Miller was sent in to watch Shepherd and see if all was right. Shepherd easily fell into the trap, for when he reached Galena he at once sent a telegram to Ligget giving the date of the bank robbery, and also warned the bank officials. All this Miller ascertained by closely watching Shepherd. After satisfying himself of the treachery of the man, he rode back to camp and related what had taken place to Jesse James. It was at once decided to kill Shepherd when he returned, and about 10 o'clock the following morning, when he came back, the attempt was made. What occurred at that time has never been known, except from the lips of Shepherd, who said that as soon as he came in sight of the camp he saw something was wrong, and immediately determined to kill Jesse James then and there. As the boys saw him returning they mounted their horses, and when he was close enough as they thought they opened fire upon him. He returned it, and says he shot Jesse James in the back of the neck, and that the latter fell from his horse dead. Shepherd then turned his horse's head and fled, and was shot through the left leg by Jim Cummings, who followed him three miles.

Subsequent events proved that the lucky highwayman, Jesse James, had only been badly wounded. Protected by his friends, he was taken to a place of safety, and his wound attended to by a doctor from Joplin, who was heavily paid for his services. Before he saw his patient, however, he was blindfolded and driven an hour or more through the heavy timber in the neighborhood of Galena, to the spot where the wounded outlaw had been carried by his friends.

It was weeks before Jesse recovered sufficiently to travel, but in January he was removed to Texas, where it is thought he remained until he came back and planned the Winston robbery on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Road. Shepherd is now living in Kansas City, in hourly fear of his life.

THE WIVES OF THE BANDITS.

Both of the James boys are married. Frank was married in 1875 to Miss Annie Ralston, whose father resides in this county, at Jackson, eight miles from Kansas City. She is reputed to have been a beautiful and intelligent but sentimental girl, who became carried away by her romantic temperament with accounts of the James boys. Accidentally meeting Frank, she fell in love with him, and a clandestine marriage followed. Jesse was married to his cousin, Miss Zerenia Mimms, in 1874. At the time she was a public school teacher in this city. On the occasion of one of Jesse's rare visits to his mother's, she was summoned there, and the ceremony was performed. Both ladies are represented to be devoted to their husbands, who in turn are kind and affectionate. They have lost their identity to their friends, and share with their husbands the perils they encounter in fear of detection and arrest. Their whereabouts is as much a mystery as the ubiquity of their husbands.

Heavy rewards are hanging over the heads of these two outlaws. But hereabouts it is believed nobody will ever earn them.

THE YOUNGER BOYS IN PRISON.

Studying Law and Medicine and Professing Thorough Repentance for the Past.

From the St. Joseph Herald.

From the uncle of the notorious Younger boys, now under life sentence in the Minnesota penitentiary, who arrived in the city yesterday, we get the following interesting account of the prison life and condition of those outlaws. Mr. Younger says:

"The boys are principally engaged in making threshing machines. Jim is studying law, while Robert has devoted himself to reading medicine. They have a deal of good literature sent them, especially to Gen. Sibley, which they read and consider very satisfactory, during all trashy writings, which prisoners generally delight in devouring to all time. Coleman says that the only peace they have enjoyed since the war is where they are now, and that they will spend the remainder of their lives there rather than go without a clear record and a full pardon. The boys are thoroughly reformed, and, having repented, I think they should have a chance to redeem their present reputations."

"What do they propose doing in the event they effect their release?"

"They will pass into new hands and I'll take good care of their future. I shall probably take them with me to Oregon, and there send them up into the British possessions, where they will be provided for. Coleman assured me that they would forever leave their old haunts and former companions, and become good citizens."

"How do the boys support their confinement?"

"They are in a deplorable condition compared with their former vigor. James is the worst of any. He suffers from a pain between his shoulders. On the strength I believe in two years the use of them will be alive, unless they are removed into the open air. Bob, the youngest, is now 26 years old; Cole is about 38. Cole has ten bullets in his body and Jim has six."

The circumstances which led to the boys' entering upon a career of desperate daring are narrated by Mr. Younger as follows:

Charles Younger, the father of the subject of the foregoing interview, immigrated to Missouri in 1818, settling in St. Charles County, where Coleman and Harry W., two of his sons, were born. He afterward was appointed Colonel of a band of Indian Rangers, consisting of half-breeds and French, when he returned to Kentucky in 1833, where Littleton first saw the light of the world. Five years later he moved back to Missouri and settled in Montgomery County, thence removed to Calloway, and later to Cass County, where the remainder of his three sons attained to manhood. In 1853 Major Littleton Younger, then a young man, moved to Oregon and settled there. Harry W., the father of the famous brothers, stayed in Clay County and married the daughter of Judge Flournoy, of Jackson County, shortly after his marriage. He remained there until five years before the war, and then went to Harrisonville, county seat of Cass County. The Younger boys were born in Jackson and Cass Counties. At the beginning of the war he is reputed to have been a wealthy man, paying taxes upon $1,000 worth of taxable property in and about Jackson. He owned a large livery stable and dry goods store in Harrisonville at this time, and was a well-to-do citizen. During the war unknown parties robbed the stable of fifty horses and burned the store. Younger at that time was a heavy government mail contractor, and frequently had cause to Kansas City. On his return home from one of these trips he was murdered and robbed near Westport. Suspicion fastened upon certain men, but nothing could be proved against them, and they were discharged from custody. Coleman, the noted desperado, had barely attained his seventeenth year, and having reasons to suspect that his father's murder was committed by certain parties in Kansas, he joined Quantrell's famous band of guerrillas, and quickly became one of its most dreaded members. The surviving branch of his family were in consequence subjected to a bitter prosecution, and the boys fled for their lives, three of them besides Cole finding refuge with Quantrell. They returned after the war only to find a state of affairs more aggravated than ever, and their mother as well as one of their brothers dying from the effects of the persecutions instituted against them by detectives and others. As they claim, nothing remained for them to do but to emigrate, the only chance they had of saving themselves, namely, this career of desperadoes and robbers.

PLEDGED TO QUIT WORK.

Men who will Not Serve under Contractors in the Public Stores.

The engineers, firemen, foremen, elevator men, and hook and track men employed in the United States Public Stores next at Hudson and Jackson streets yesterday afternoon to protest further against the contract system in the stores. The men marched to the place of meeting as soon as their day's work was over. Eighty-five of the 100 employees answered to the roll. The names of Charles Sexes and William Keyes were called, but neither made response. One was said to be the son and the other a relation of one of the men who have the contract. The Secretary announced that only four employees had failed to pledge themselves to the movement against the contract system.

John J. Schlarbe, the Chairman, said that a strike in the interest of the employees was not the object of the present meeting. Superintendent Day Dodge had said the time for the new contract to take effect had been extended until Monday. He was certain that if work had been under the contract on Wednesday it would not have lasted more than three or four days.

The employees are paid from $2 to $3 a day when they are employed directly by the Government. They resolved not to do any work under the contractors. It was announced that Collector Robertson and the chief officer at the public stores were opposed to the contract system and in sympathy with the employees.

Base Ball Polo Grounds To-day.

Metropolitans vs. Atlantics 4 P. M.—*Adv.*

Take Hop Bitters three times a day, and you will have no doctor bills to pay.—*Adv.*

GALE ENDS HIS WALK.

He Makes 6,000 Quarter Miles in Consecutive Periods of 10 Minutes Each.

Wm. Gale, the English pedestrian, finished his long walk of 6,000 quarter miles in the Bowery Garden last evening. He did not look at all like the cuts of him which were posted up on the bill boards outside to call the attention of the public to his extraordinary performance. He bore no resemblance to an ironclad gunboat, and chunks of muscle were not screwed on to him at divers points, like heavy metallic plates. He was a slender man whose breast ran straight down, whose shoulders hung forward, and whose calves did not bulge. Wiry he was, and without an ounce seemingly of superfluous flesh. An expert doubtless would have picked him out to walk 1,500 miles almost without sleep in preference to the swell-breasted and knob-covered man in the cuts outside, but yesterday he was the reverse of a thing of beauty, and, more than anything else, he resembled a bantam that had just come out second best at the end of a terrific fight.

During the past six weeks Gale has walked one-quarter of a mile every ten minutes. He began his task in a beer garden at Eighty-seventh street and Madison avenue at ten minutes past 3 o'clock on the morning of June 28. He walked there for nearly four weeks. His health during this time was generally good, but he suffered sometimes. The sun and the rain beat upon him, and he was made nearly sick by drinking a brandy smash just after eating a cup of custard.

On July 26 he changed his quarters, going to a hall in the Bowery, just below Grand street, where he believed that his performances would draw a greater number of spectators. He quitted the beer garden at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and, walking his quarter of a mile every ten minutes and driving in the interims, reached his new quarters, where he continued until the conclusion of his task. His time keepers and scorers throughout have been from the *Sporting Life's Journal*, and two of these accompanied him in the transfer. When he made the change he discarded his walking costume, wearing ordinary street clothing, and attracted very little observation.

The fastest time in which Gale made any one quarter was 2 minutes 4 seconds. This he made on his 1,686th quarter. His slowest time, 8 minutes 12 seconds, was made on the 4,893d quarter, and was due to his stopping to remove a pebble which had got into his shoe. Some of his attendants think that he slept while walking, but Gale himself says that while he was on his feet he never went further than just to the verge of sleep. Such sleep as he got during the six weeks, he says, he got in the brief intervals between the conclusions of each quarter-mile walk and each ten-minute period. The nightly grind was severe on the Bowery Garden, that while walking he fell through one of the canvas scenes with which his track was surrounded.

The night before he began his walk Gale's pulse was 75, his respiration 17, and his temperature 98½. Up to the 1,000th quarter his pulse was only 75, his respiration 18, and his temperature 99°. After that date no note was made in these respects, because there was so little variation. His general health was excellent. He had slight headache, owing to lack of sleep, and slight blisters appeared on both his feet. He ate whatever he pleased, generally chops or steak, and he drank moderately of beer and milk punch.

Gale finished his 6,000th quarter mile about 7 o'clock last evening. He made it in 2 minutes 35 seconds. He continued to walk for fourteen additional quarters, finishing the last about 9 o'clock in 2 minutes 21½ seconds. He walked during the evening in fine form and with remarkable speed considering what he had been through. His pins were terribly puffed, his feet carpeted with sawdust, and was a hard one. Part of it was up hill, and he had to go twelve times around to make his quarter. But few spectators witnessed the finish of his performance; the heartiness of their applause, however, made up in a measure for the lack of numbers.

Gale, at the conclusion of his 6,014th quarter, advanced to the front of the platform on which he walked, thanked those who were present for their kindness, and turned in. He was to pass the night in the hall, his attendants intending to wake him at intervals of two hours and make him walk a quar