

THE JAMES BOYS.

They Were Visiting in Kentucky in 1880.

There is a libel suit now on trial on trial in Louisville, in which George B. Hite is plaintiff and the Courier-Journal defendant. The Hites, it will be remembered, are related to the James boys by marriage. They have lived in various parts of Kentucky—mostly in Logan county, at a place called Adairville. Mrs. Sarah E. Hite, wife of the plaintiff, was on the witness stand on Thursday, and testified to the following among other things:

Q. Were you acquainted with Jesse and Frank James? A. I was acquainted with them.

Q. Where did you first see them, and when? A. At Mr. Hite's house. The first time I ever saw Jesse James was Christmas eve, 1880. He came to Mr. Hite's that night.

Q. Was he alone? A. No; Dick Liddil was with him.

Q. How long did they stay? A. They left some time Christmas night—some time in the night.

Q. When did you next see them? A. In March, 1881; they came to Mr. Hite's house one night and left the next.

Q. Who did you see that time? A. The same two—Jesse James and Dick Liddil.

Q. Did you ever see them again? If so, when and where? A. Yes I saw them again in April, 1881—Jesse and Liddil—and this time Frank James was with them. They staid only one day and left, as on other occasions.

Q. Had you ever seen Frank James before that time? A. I had not.

Q. Those were the only times you ever met them? A. Yes; I never saw them except those three times, one day at each time.

Q. Did these men visit the place by your consent or against your wishes? A. Without my consent and against my wishes. I did not know at any time that they were coming.

Q. Did you ever enter a remonstrance against their coming? A. I did. I told Mr. Hite that he ought to stop them from coming there; and that they would get us into trouble; and he did stop them.

Q. Was there any one living at the place except yourself and Hite at that time? A. My father and mother, and Clarence and Wood Hite.

Q. Did you see much of the James boys when they were there? A. I did not. I saw them only at meals; they staid up stairs in the boys' room during the day and went out at night.

Q. Were you ever there when the detectives came there looking for them? A. They were there once when three Nashville detectives came by the house. I think it was the third time I saw them there. Clarence Hite came out from Adairville about daylight in the morning and warned them. The detectives rode by the house and returned, but did not stop or come in.

Q. Had you or not any personal intimacy with Jesse James? A. I had not. I met him at meals; that was all the acquaintance I had with him.

Q. Did any correspondence ever pass between you two? A. No, sir.

Q. Did he ever take any liberties with you? A. He did not.

Q. Do you know Ed R. Moore? A. I met him once at the Beauchamp house in Adairville, where he had an interview with me.

Q. What did you tell him in that interview? A. I told him that Wood Hite had killed that colored man, John Turner or Tabor; that I had left home because Wood had threatened to kill me and I was afraid of him. The reason he wanted to kill me was because he was afraid I would tell on him for killing Tabor.

Q. Did you tell Ed R. Moore that you left home because of jealousy on the part of your husband? A. I did not, there was never any cause for me telling anything of the kind.

Q. Did you say to Moore that if you had a friend on earth it was Jesse James? A. I did not; there was no reason for me to say anything of the kind.

Q. Did you tell Moore that if Jesse James was there he would kill Wood Hite? A. I did not.

Q. What was Moore's physical condition when he was talking to you? A. He was very much intoxicated.

The next witness introduced was Silas Norris, the father of Mrs. Hite.

Q. You are Mrs. Hite's father, are you not? A. It is so said that I am.

He then in answer to a question detailed pretty much the same facts of the different moves of the family since Mrs. Hite's birth. Said he did not remember the year of her birth, but that she was the youngest of five children now living, and was about 25.

Q. Did you know Jesse James.

A. I knew a man they said was Jesse James.

Q. When did you meet him, and where? A. I met him at the Hite mansion, so called, on Christmas day, 1880.

Q. Who introduced him to you? A. He introduced him to me.

Q. What did he say? A. He came up and shook hands with me, and said: "I am the notorious Jesse James. I hope we will be friends. So long as you keep my secret, we are; when you do not, death will be your portion."

Q. Did you know any of the other boys? A. I knew Dick Liddil. Jesse James introduced him to me, but by another name. I have forgotten what the name was.

Q. Did you ever see Frank James? A. Once; in April, 1881.

Q. You lived at Mr. Hite's A. Yes, sir, some time after my daughter and Mr. Hite married. She said she wanted her mother for company, because the James boys would be coming there some times and she was afraid of them and we moved out there.

Q. What was your daughter's conduct when the Jameses were there? A. Well, she staid in her mother's room nearly all the time.

Q. Did your daughter have any correspondence or secret meetings with Jesse James? A. She never did.

BOWEN OUTWITTED.

A Client Who Took Advantage of His Advice in a Way He Didn't Expect.

Kansas City Times.

While the papers are recounting reminiscences of Tom Bowen, the senator-elect from Colorado, some of the pioneers of Corydon, this state, remember him as having practised law here when the town was yet in its infancy. An amusing anecdote, which is well vouched for, is related of the future senator, who was then a lawyer in embryo—a sort of legal fledgling. One of the wealthy and prominent citizens of this place had a misunderstanding with his wife, which finally resulted in a divorce and heavy alimony for the injured fair one, culminating in the almost complete bankruptcy of her husband. The peculiar feature of this case seems to have been that the woman had quietly used her husband's credit to her own advantage without his knowledge, and made a large number of debts which he was compelled to pay, while she had so successfully secreted all money and property that nothing could be found, and he was compelled to pay all her debts. This result was obtained through the adroitness and finesse of Tom Bowen. Mr. Bowen thought he had earned and well deserved a handsome fee, but when he went to his fair client for his reward, she replied with an arch smile, "Sir, my husband pays my debts." The shrewd woman had outwitted both her husband and the lawyer.

The Hedge-Hog Husband.

Kindness is a good investment at any time or anywhere, but in no place does it give better returns than at home. There, above all other places, is it bread cast upon the waters that will return a hundred times in the love and affections of your family. If a man does not possess the hearts of the little ones that gather around his fireside, he is a hundred times a bankrupt, though he owns stocks and bonds, and lives upon the interest of his wealth.

It would be time wasted to attempt to paint the loyalty of a woman to the hedge-hog husband. He knows that if his own parents should disown him tomorrow, and misfortune overwhelm him, he could still find a pillow for his cares on the bosom of his wife. While we appreciate that nothing is gained by reasoning with this creature, there is some satisfaction in letting him know occasionally that the world is watching him.

A Picture from Life.

Franklin Press.

Take a young man, a tall young man, with a small hat, a long face, a lengthy neck, a short body, a pair of long and slim legs, with arms to match, and both arms and legs largest at the extremities, put him in a Seymour coat, encase his legs in eel-skin pantaloons, with sufficient bow in the legs to give passing glimpses between them of the mashed and astonished world that lies ahead of him as he walks; cram his flat feet into pointed shoes; tie an eye-glass to his lappel; give him a delicate mustache and a cane to play with—and if there be a grander sight under the canopy of heaven, we have no time to think it up. Perhaps a monkey with a tin tail comes nearest to the phenomena.

Hale's Honey of Horsehound and Tar will arrest every ailment of the lungs throat, or chest.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

For the skin—Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

GOT THE BILLS MIXED.

And Hence the Wrong Person Got the Doctor's "Rebate for Kisses."

Chicago Times.

A little child, the pet of the entire household, was taken sick at a fashionable boarding house a few weeks ago. A young and handsome physician, who was the medical favorite about the premises, was called in and brought the patient safely through its illness. Later on he sent in the bill, which was for \$15, with a rebate of "\$1 for kisses." The fond mother regarded this as a very neat thing and a delicate compliment for her child, and proudly exhibited the document to her friends. Where the kisses came from and who contributed to the doctor's enjoyment, the bill did not state. The mother supposed, as a matter of course, that her offspring was the one meant, but some of the boarders shyly intimated that explanations were in order, and that the osculatory mystery ought to be investigated. The question was taken up and discussed until it became a subject of comment about the whole house. The innocent mother continued to exhibit the slip of paper, and one day brought it out in the presence of a young and quite pretty maiden who had lately been on the sick list.

"A rebate for kisses," she exclaimed, when the matter was explained to her, "why, isn't that nice?" but then, — and she paused while a frown appeared on her face and an angry flush crept over her cheek. Some emotion was struggling for mastery. The flush deepened and she shook her head defiantly as she completed the sentence. "But the mean thing never cut down my bill a cent, and I don't think it is fair."

The outburst of laughter that followed brought the fair maiden to a realization that she had said something dreadful. She had betrayed herself. In the language of the world, she had "given herself dead away," and at the same time let out the secret. The careless doctor had got his bills mixed, and but for that unfortunate slip the mystery would probably never have been solved and the juvenile patient would have received the credit of the medicated kisses.

The Pioneer Peck.

At a meeting of the Milwaukee Old Settlers, George Peck responded to a toast of "Peck's Sun" as follows:

It may be news to you, gentlemen, that I am one of the oldest pioneers of this section, but it is true. Forty-one years ago I landed in Milwaukee. I think the schooner struck mud about where Henry Wehr's saloon is now. I often go down there now to see if I can find the schooner that brought me and my parents and another threshing machine, and while I often see schooners of more recent make, I have never found the one that brought me from Buffalo. My mother carried me ashore, and my father got the inhabitants of the village of Milwaukee to help him haul the threshing machine from the landing up to dry ground. My father was here visiting me a few years ago, and one day I found him down at the foot of Grand avenue looking around, and I asked him what was the matter. Pointing to the river he said: "There, that is about where we landed," and then pointing up Grand Avenue, to a church spire, he said: "And I think it was about where that church stands that we first got the threshing machine where it wouldn't sink in the mud." If father had taken my advice he would have traded that threshing-machine off for a dog, and traded the dog for land in this town, and we would now be rich, I was only two years old then, but I knew more than I do now, and I could see that a man who owned land here forty years from that time would have a soft thing. It was a soft thing then, to get a threshing-machine over. We settled in Jefferson county, near Whitewater, where my father threshed wheat part of the time and children part of the time, and shook with the ague at intervals and had typhoid fever, and it was one continued round of pleasure. So you see, I am one of Wisconsin's pioneers as well as you are. As you have in your programme so kindly placed Peck's Sun on as one of the toasts it may not be out of place for me to say a few words about it. It will be five years next month since the paper first appeared here, in a modest way. Its policy is to speak only good of all, and it will try and never do discredit to the city of its adoption, and never cause a blush to mantle the cheek of an old settler. Not wishing to use the occasion to advertise the Sun, I will, however, state a fact that can but be of interest to every gentleman who loves Milwaukee, that its circulation is to-day 57,000 and increasing about 5,000 per week, and its business this year will aggregate about \$100,000. By keeping a few hens and saving my own wood, and practicing economy that I

learned of necessity in the pioneer days when you gray headed men were doing the same thing, there is no reason why the paper should not succeed in paying its expenses. It is read in every state in the union and all foreign countries, and has friends till you can't rest, and I am proud to say it is doing considerable to bring Milwaukee to the notice of thousands of people who would not otherwise appreciate that this city is the finest of its inches in the world. Five years ago I pre-empted a claim here, and here I shall live my allotted time notwithstanding flattering offers to remove to other cities. This is my home, and I desire no greater glory than to live and die among the friends of forty-three years in loved Wisconsin. As each year some of the old settlers pass away, let us hope that there will be a duorum of them that will pre-empt a claim on that New Jerusalem, and when we all get there let us have an old settler's festival that will remind us of the happy days in Cream city.

Sensitive Feelings.

"The very next time I meet you," exclaimed an angry man to a passer-by, "I'll whale you till you can't stand up."

"What's the matter?" asked an acquaintance.

"You see, I owe the devilish fellow, and he persists in meeting me."

"Does he insultingly remind you of your obligation by speaking of it in the presence of others?"

"No, he never says anything."

"Then what right have you to complain?"

"Why, he knows devilish well that it is embarrassing for me to meet him, that it makes me feel bad, but when he sees me coming he doesn't get out of my way. Why doesn't he leave town until I pay him?"—Little Auck Gazette.

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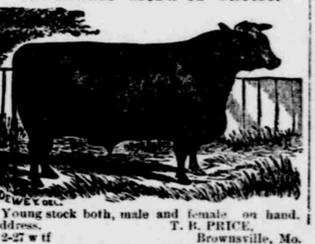
Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION. STATE OF MISSOURI, COUNTY OF PETTIS.

In the Circuit Court of Pettis county, January term, 1883. The state of Missouri, at the relation and to the use of R. H. Moses, collector of the revenue of Pettis county, Missouri, plaintiff, vs. Howard L. Pigg, Nancy H. Combs and Charles S. Bojanon, defendants.

Now, at this day comes the plaintiff herein, by his attorney and files his affidavit, alleging, among other things, that defendant, Howard L. Pigg, is not a resident of the state of Missouri:

Whereupon it is ordered by the court that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to enforce the lien of the State of Missouri, upon and against the following described real estate, situate in Pettis county, Missouri, to-wit: Five acres, the east side of the west half of the southeast quarter of section eleven, in township forty-five of range twenty; also sixty-six acres, being the south part of the east half of the southeast quarter of section eleven, in township forty-five, of range twenty; also one hundred and twenty acres, being the west half of the northwest quarter and the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section thirteen in township forty-five of range twenty, for back and delinquent taxes for the years 1878, 1879 and 1880, and unless the said Howard L. Pigg be and appear at this Court, at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the court house in the city of Sedalia, in said county, on the first Monday of May next, and on or before the sixth day of said term, if the term shall so long continue—and if not, then on or before the last day of said term—answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published, according to law, in the SEDALIA WEEKLY BAZOO, a newspaper printed and published in Sedalia, Pettis county, Missouri—for four weeks successively, the last insertion whereof shall be at least four weeks before the commencement of the said May term of this court.

Attest: B. H. INGRAM, Circuit Clerk.

A true copy from the record. HENRY LAMM, Plaintiff's attorney.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. All creditors and others interested in the estate of B. S. Miller, deceased, are notified that the undersigned administrator of said estate intends to make a final settlement of said estate at the next term of the Probate Court of Pettis County, to be holden at Sedalia, in said County, State of Missouri, on the 14 day of May, 1883. A. S. MILLER, Adm'r. H. C. SINNET, Atty. 3-13-84

FOR SALE. A small farm of twenty acres for sale at \$200 each. It lies six miles southeast of Sedalia, on the west side of Flat creek, in the Davis neighborhood. Eight acres in cultivation and twelve acres in good, young timber. A good lined hog house, smoke house and stable. Some fruit trees and garden. Handy, good range of view for stock. This farm is high and level, splendid for gardening and a beautiful view. You can see the country in every direction. Address: 2-21-1883 Sedalia, or call on the premises

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