

### Jessie James.

Missouri City Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

Yesterday a Globe-Democrat correspondent, in company with his best girl, visited the home of Mrs. Zerelda Samuels, mother of the James boys, in the northern part of this (Clay) county, fifteen miles north of here and three miles east of Kearney. The Samuels farm is one of the best in the county. To the west and south beautiful and extensive bluegrass pastures lie, with lowing herds grazing thereupon, while northward the country is heavily timbered, with many by-paths leading through, oftentimes traveled by Frank and Jesse in the midnight hours, when visiting their old home. The Samuels house is a one-story structure, with the exception of the front, which has a small attic room above, with small windows, which has been described in the past as "port holes," through which Jesse and Frank would pour forth their deadly volleys on all who might dare attempt their capture. The "L" is long, and contains four rooms, with a porch extending along the south side. The house fronts east, and was built in the early days, and its design was such as was quite fashionable in the pioneer times.

On arriving at the house, and after timidly knocking at the door, Mrs. Samuels opened it and kindly invited us in, where were seated her son John and wife and daughter, and her husband, with their families, they having gathered there to spend and enjoy the bright, beautiful Sabbath day. Mrs. Samuels was quite talkative from the first, and was not at all reticent or reserved in her conversation during the stay of two hours. She is a large, portly woman, close on to six feet tall, very graceful and easy in her bearing. Her head is covered with silvery-gray locks, which add much to her attractive appearance. Her eyes are steel gray, and continually moving in their sockets, closely observing everything, though in such a way as to be hardly noticeable. Her presence and appearance indicate a lady of more than ordinary intelligence. She is sixty-three years of age.

She talked of Jesse and Frank, as to how they had lived and the many means and means that were employed in attempting to effect their capture, but at no time did she speak harshly or exhibit any ill-feeling toward those who made the efforts; not even in speaking of Robert Ford, or of the nights when her home was raided by Pinkerton's band of detectives, and a hand-grenade, wrapped in an old gunny-sack saturated with oil, was thrown through the window, and exploding caused the loss of her little boy, as well as her own arm.

"Do you miss the loss of your arm as much as at first?"

"Yes; more, I believe, as I grow older. But there is another loss I suffered on that memorable cold January night that I feel more—that robbed me of much sunshine—the loss of my fair, sweet, young boy. He was eight years of age, and he often would say to me: 'Mamma, isn't it strange that both the men I was named after were killed?' His name was Archie Payton, Jesse having christened him after two of his guerrilla friends who were killed. And the poor little fellow was killed, too. The James boys were not at home that night."

In speaking of both Frank and Jesse, Mrs. Samuels would invariably say the "James boys."

Part of the hand-grenade she has in her possession yet.

"How often would the boys come to see you?" she was asked.

"Not very frequently. Frank was away once for four years; that was while he was in Tennessee. Eighteen months was the longest period Jesse ever remained away. He would come home and say, 'Mother, I could not stay away longer without coming to see you and the old home for a little bit.' They would always come in the night, and only remain a day or so. I would never know when they were coming, nor did I ever hear from them when away. My mail, of course was closely watched."

"Did any officer ever come here while they were at home?"

"Yes, twice. Once Capt. Thomason and son Oscar, present sheriff of this county, came here, and Jesse was at home. They inquired for Jesse, but I kept talking to them and inviting them in, trying to delay them as much as possible. Jesse, in the meantime, was going out a back window across to the barn and making for the woods. They discovered him, and followed in hot pursuit, and engaged in a sharp encounter, thirty shots being exchanged. Capt. Thomason's horse was killed while he was standing behind it shooting. Jesse told him he did not want to kill him, though he could and would if he followed further. He returned to the house and rode a favorite horse of Jesse's away. Jesse came back shortly afterward, and when he learned the horse had been taken he was very angry, and followed, vowing he would kill Capt. Thomason if he overtook him, though he did not wish to do so before. Jesse told me often afterward these two brave men were as brave men as he ever met."

"Another time Capt. John S. Grooms, Sheriff of this county at the time, came here when Jesse was at home, but his presence was not discovered."

Mrs. Samuels spoke of many unkind things that had been told of her, of

how her true character had been understood or misrepresented by the world. She said: "I know that the James boys have done wrong, or done things that they should not have done, but they were driven to it by that cruel and bloody war, and then outlawed and not permitted to settle down and live the lives of peaceable and orderly citizens. Jesse wrote to three Governors—McClurg, Woodson and Phelps—asking if protection from mob violence would be guaranteed should he surrender. He was willing to be tried for all charges that might be brought against him. He never received any reply from any of them. I have often regretted that I did not go personally to see the executives, especially after I visited Gov. Crittenden, after Jesse's death, to make terms and conditions for Frank's surrender. I think since Frank's surrender his conduct and citizenship have been such as to win approval and respect."

We then walked out to Jesse's grave in the southwest corner of the yard. There quietly rest the earthly remains of a man whose deeds and acts gained for him a world-wide notoriety; one who battled the skill of the best detective agencies on the continent, and the mention even of his very name would send terror to the hearts of the timid. On the grave bloom flowers that drink up the dew from heaven; myrtle vines climb round the shells that are scattered here and there, while overhead, in the trees, the song birds are nesting and warbling their notes of spring.

Upon the tomb is simply described:

JESSE W. JAMES.
Died
April 3, 1882,
Aged
31 years, 6 months and 28 days.
JAMES.

Returning to the house, Mrs. Samuels escorted us through the different rooms, pointing out pictures and other things of interest. She laughed and chatted about the many interesting incidents which would happen during the visits of the many "curiosity visitors," as she termed them, most of whom were from the eastern states.

### Negroes and Earthquakes.

Two good stories of the Charleston earthquake, which have not been published heretofore, are told by the Florida Herald of Jacksonville, Fla.: During the terrible panic just after the first shock an old negro, in the midst of a crowd of his terror-stricken people, knelt down and prayed after this fashion: "Oh, God! we know you am displeased wid us, an' we desarev thy wrath, but, good Lawd, cum down now an' cumfo' an' care fo' us. If you can't cum, sen' thy Son; but if possibul cum thyself, as dis is no time fo' boys!"

A white man had a very valuable dog of large size chained in his yard, which he thought a great deal of. When the shock came and house began to tumble about his ears he made for the street, forgetting all about his faithful dog. The dog however, broke his chain and escaped with part of it dangling to his neck, and after searching through the frightened crowd on the street, finally found his master. The man was frantic and hardly knew what was transpiring about him. The dog, in his joy in finding his master, jumped up on his breast, making the chain rattle very loud. The man thought the dog a devil, and in his fright yelled out: "Oh! Mr. Devil, do not chain me; I'll go right along with you as I am." Mr. Beal, the Herald's informant, vouches for the entire truthfulness of the above stories.

### Curing His Liver.

The Philadelphia News tells how and why one man's liver ceases to trouble him:

Dr. Crawford of Baltimore is related to have advised a patient, who fancied he was dying of liver disease, to travel. On returning he appeared to be quite well, but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother, who actually died of a scirrhous liver, he immediately staggered, and falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended; and on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, exclaimed: "Oh, yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place." He called for a carving knife and whetting it, as a butcher would when about to open a dead calf, he stepped up to the patient and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so terribly frightened that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out "Murder! murder! murder!" ran off with the speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted, and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver, nor had he for more than twenty years afterward any symptoms of this disease.

### The Hot Springs of Yellowstone Park.

It can do no possible harm to tell the whole truth about the Yellowstone, and to acknowledge that while the great park contains certainly the seven wonders of the world in natural magnificence, the great spaces between these different wonders are immense distances of utterly uninteresting scenery, which one traverses over roads covered with a white binding dust which is very nearly intolerable. It is true that the hot springs, and the geysers, and the Paint Pots, and the falls, and the canyon, and the lake, and the many colored pools, are worth any amount of trouble in getting to them; but it is also true that they are worth taking any amount of trouble to lessen the trouble, and since it could all be removed by so simple a thing as a few rails and a locomotive, it is certainly a pity that a state of things should be left existing which prevents the very young, and very old, the very fastidious or the very weak from enjoying the real wonders of such a journey.

In the meantime, however, there is no railway, and our friends, as the next best thing, would hire special teams and camp out.

Joseph was pressed into service as guide. It was very cold in the corridors of the hotel, but a single step from the piazza proved their light satteen travelling dresses more comfortable than the blue flannel gowns still waiting for the reputed frost of the Yellowstone. Colored glasses were necessary to shield the eyes the intense glare in the sunlight of the snowy terraces, dropping one after another for two miles from the dark pine woods above and around them, like a series of beautiful frozen cascades.

"I notice there is only one man who has the courage for figures," said the man of sense, referring to his guide-books as they crossed the white plateau at the base of the extinct springs, and paused at the foot of Old Liberty cap, the cone of an extinct geyser, towering fifty feet into the air. "He seems to know all about it, and declares that it took just fifty-four centuries to build up this thing."

"I can tell you who he is said the knowing Joseph, with a laugh. 'He's the man that tells you the boiling river puts 50,000 barrels of hot water into the Gardner every twenty-four hours. I've often told him he'd oughter have let us know when he was going to measure it.'"

"Any estimate of the age of the lower terrace would be pretty conjectural" read the man of sense from another guide-book. "Still I suppose there is no doubt about its being a matter of centuries. In that case, how soon do they expect to finish repairing Devil's Thumb?"

For they had walked over the smaller column, which was not only extinct but crumbling with age and decrepitude. Art was endeavoring to assist nature and repair the waste by bringing water from the hot springs just above in wooden troughs, letting it trickle down the sides of the cone and evaporate, to leave its snowy deposit to repair the ravages of time.

"Well, that feller that knows so much about the figgers," explained Joseph, "says the orange geyser builds a foot in a century. And he says the hot springs will deposit a sixteenth of an inch in four days. All I know about it is that I can put a beer bottle under some of the fallins, water and turn it round once or twice and have it beautifully coated over with a white crust that won't crumble in a day or two."

"Question: If you can coat a beer bottle in a day or two, how long will it take to build a geyser cone? Come, Mabel, you were last at your books."

"Fifty-four centuries," answered the maiden, promptly.

"Correct. You may go up to the head; and the imperturbable pointed to the upper terrace towering above them.

It was not at all a steep climb, but they had to be wary about stepping into the little hills of hot water trickling down from the upper springs.

"What is that dust?" exclaimed the convert, suddenly. "I never saw dust rising from ice before."

"Well, marm," said the smiling Joseph, "in the first place, 'tain't dust; and in the next place, 'tain't ice. The dust is steam, and the ice is formation."

"Of course," said the convert. "I ought to have known. But I can't divest myself of the idea that all this white rock is arctic snow."

"Well I don't know," said the imperturbable; "this isn't exactly what I should call arctic."

He had been, with the maiden, the first to reach the top, and was gazing into the depths of the first of the mammoth hot springs. The wind had blown toward him a sudden whiff of hot, sulphurous steam, and he had stepped back quickly, only to find that he had stumbled into one of the innocent-looking rills, that was decidedly warm, even through his boot.

But what a magnificent sight it was! The whole snowy mass, that had looked cold and silent under the pale moon the night before, was now glowing, gleaming, pulsating with life under the morning sun. For perhaps a hundred acres the white surface was studded with brilliant pools, set like jewels, clear as diamonds, lovelier in color than opals, in rims of fretted frost delicate as lace and firm as marble. Over these coraline edges trickles softly the gentle overflow of the lovely lakes, falling, falling tremulously and without a sound, over the fluted read-

like columns of the terraces below, only to leave them harder than they were before.

"Isn't it incredible," said the man of sense, "that water so particularly clear should hold anything in solution so particularly hard?"

"I don't know," murmured the imperturbable, dreamily. "It's like the careless remark of a woman who had packed her trunks for Europe, that sometime she would like to go to the Yellowstone; it sounds remarkably simple, but you will find before long that there is an adamantine purpose at the bottom of it."

### A Standard Oil Millionaire.

New York Letter.

Henry M. Flagler of the Standard oil company has rolled up his millions to such an extent that he has built a two-million hotel at St. Augustine, Fla., and has just returned from a trip of inspection. He is a sharp-eyed man, and improved every opportunity when stops were made to observe the country and its inhabitants. A passenger on the same train told me that at one place a tattered negro boy entered the car and exclaimed: "I've got a tame rabbit to sell for a quarter." Flagler replied in his humorous way, "Boy what makes you dress up in your Sunday clothes on week days?" The darkey promptly retorted, "Boss, you ought not to make fun of a poor fellow like me." Flagler felt the power of the lesson, and said, "Boy, you are right; here's a quarter, and you may keep the rabbit." Flagler's new hotel will cover four acres or more, and one of its features will be an annex constructed specially for artists' studios, in which he expects to colonize the numerous artists who make professional visits to the South. The entire series of his hotel buildings will cover six acres, and the establishment will bear the name of Ponce de Leon. This shows what oil can do. Only a few years ago Flagler was a poor man, and now he can put two millions into a hotel and not feel it. Flagler has not forgotten his former habits of hard labor, and when the recent fire at St. Augustine took place he was out in his shirt-sleeves working like an old-fashioned fireman, and in this manner made a decided sensation. He now says he is determined to restore the old cathedral at his own expense, and in that case it certainly should bear the inscription: The fire-king destroyed, but Flagler restored.

### A Word to Amateurs.

There may be a warning to ambitious amateurs in the following, from the Brooklyn Eagle: People in middle life who were interested in local amateur theatricals ten or twelve years ago will remember Frank Bennett. For several seasons he was the star amateur performer of the city, holding much the same position Hilliard occupied before going on the professional stage. Bennett always assumed leading roles, and his appearance upon the stage of the academy was sure to be followed by a tremendous burst of applause. He was flattered to death by the ladies and envied by the other sex. Of course, this could lead but to one thing. He decided that the amateur stage was far to contracted for his histrionic powers, and one day he gave up a good position in a wholesale house on Broadway, and announced himself a professional actor. He friends predicted that he would prove a second Montague. Daly agreed to cast him for a fairly strong part, and he made his professional debut in the presence of an audience largely made up of his amateur friends from Brooklyn. His success was not overwhelming. In fact, the professionals tended to bring out all the faults of the amateur, and both Daly and Bennett were unhappy. Finally the former suggested that the latter had better take a smaller part. He did so, but still failed to come up to the professional standard. Poor Bennett kept on going down until the last time I saw him he jumped about the stage dressed as a cat in a carnival scene. His amateur friends had long since forgotten that he ever existed.

### The Mother of Methodism.

The life of Susanna Wesley, the mother of the founders of Methodism, has recently been written. Her life was one of earnestness and deep religious conviction, of quiet influence and womanly power. Her sons looked up to her, even after they became famous, with trust and reverence. Mrs. Wesley was the twenty-fifth child of her parents and was born in 1669. She says that when they had turned a year old (and some before) they were taught to fear the rod and to cry softly. Again she says: "In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper." In the year 1710, when Samuel Wesley was in London for many months, Mrs. Wesley began to hold meetings in her house on Sunday evenings. She read a sermon and expounded the Bible. The people came to hear her, the house was crowded and the curate made complaint. She wrote a defence to her husband in which she says: "We used not to have above 20 or 25 at evening service, whereas we now have between 200 and 300. We banish all temporal concerns from our society; none are suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading and singing." Here seems to be the germ of Methodism.

### Personal Paragraphs.

Sidney Wollett, the elocutionist, can repeat from memory more than 300,000 verses of poetry.

Hyatt is the second United States treasurer from Connecticut within a few years, James Gillfillan, treasurer under Garfield, being the first.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins paid out \$150,000 for the construction of a church at Great Barrington, Mass., and she pays the preacher's salary. Her own house there will cost \$2,000,000.

The Baltimore Sun will soon be 50 years old. Mr. Abell, the proprietor, is the richest newspaper man in the world. He is rated at \$15,000,000.

A resident of Boston has been in the habit of giving his five-year-old boy a nickel every time he brought his slippers to him. The other day the boy struck for more pay on account of the near advent of a circus. The indulgent parent refused an advance, and for two days fetched his own slippers, and then the next older child, a little girl, undertook to do the work at the old price. But the scheme, after one trial, had to be abandoned, because she said she wasn't going to be called a "scab" by her own brother any longer.

A scandal in New York high life has been raised by Mrs. Grace Deems, who is the daughter of a rich Cincinnati banker, bringing suit for divorce against her husband, who is a physician and the son of Rev. Charles F. Deems, of New York. Each party charges the other with being a confirmed opium-eater.

Greenfield, Mass., gave a striking example of neighborly kindness by voting not to prosecute the bonds of the defaulting Treasurer, Foster, because prosecution would throw the entire loss, \$10,000, upon the shoulders of his only responsible bondsman, Charles Henry. Mr. Henry is an old and respected merchant, who recently retired with just enough money to pass an old age of comfort. The suit, if successful, would have stripped him of everything. This issue was squarely made in the meeting, and the town voted not to prosecute.

Alexander Crummell, rector of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., is one of the most learned colored men in the country. When he desired to study for holy orders he applied at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, but was refused admission. He made applications elsewhere, which were equally unsuccessful. He finally went to Oxford, Eng., and there took a full course. He is an eloquent preacher, and his congregation embraces a large number of prominent colored citizens.

Dr. Moritz Schuppert, whose death has been announced, was one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in New Orleans. Among his notable achievements were resection of the second branch of the fifth pair of nerves; cure of oblique fracture of the thigh-bone without shortening of the limb; double resection of the superior maxillary bone of the face; a large number of rhinoplastic operations—that is, rebuilding of the nose after it has been destroyed by disease; total resection of the shoulder-blade; resection of the head of the femur (thigh-bone) in ankylosis of the hip-joint, resulting in a normal function of the limb; ligature of the internal iliac artery for aneurism of the femoral artery, with recovery; successful ligature of carotid artery for Fothergill's pain; and on all these subjects he wrote clear and concise treatises.

### High-Toned Snugglers.

The New York Epoch speaks its mind very freely on all subjects that it treats. Here is an illustration of the vigorous way in which it handles a topic of considerable interest at present:

At this time of the year many wealthy Americans go to Europe, where they spend much money. In September or October they return with less money, but abundantly provided with personal apparel, household goods, presents for relatives and friends, etc. It is a well-known fact that a large proportion of these pleasure-seekers omit to pay duty when they come home. Their expenses abroad have been exceedingly heavy, so they think that Uncle Sam can go without his share. There is no doubt that the United States treasury is literally robbed of millions of dollars every year by these high-toned and luxurious travelers. The man who, on an order from his wife's cousin, brings from Paris a diamond worth \$500 without declaring duty on it is just as dishonest as the importer who smuggles a bale of merchandise. Respectable retail dealers in this country are continually deprived of their legitimate profits because so many things are brought here by travelers free of duty. It is not an un-heard-of thing for a custom-house inspector to accept a \$10 dollar bill and thereupon pass trunks and boxes on which hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars of duty should have been paid. We are not discussing the merits or the demerits of our complicated system of customs law, but merely advocating the enforcement of the law with a nearer approach to impartiality and honesty than is at present the rule.