SAVED BY JESSE JAMES

A Remarkable Shooting Scrape in Northwestern Missouri.

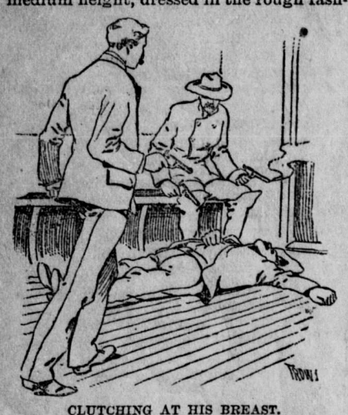
A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S PERIL.

Those Were the Times That Tried Men's Nerve, When All Carried Pistols and Many Used Them—Shooting at Close Quarters—Jesse Saved the Boy.

A recent writer in the Cincinnati Commercial reports the experience of a telegraph operator in Princeton, Mo., many years ago, when things in that region were "powerful unsettled like," as the Arkansas people say. The operator, who had never been west of Chicago, was delighted with an assignment in the new free country, which he had so long admired at a distance, but he soon found that a certain element of the population was a little too free, especially with revolvers. The rest of the story is best told in his own words:

One evening I reported at my usual hour of 7 o'clock and found the usual relay of hangers on smoking, chewing and discussing the latest "scrap," which sent "Long Jim" Pike to join the silent majority and St. Joe Bill to an improvised hospital in the back room of the Golden Sun saloon, with his carcass full of knife wounds. The weather, however, was evidently not encouraging for discussions that required an effort, and this one grew lifeless and uninteresting, till one by one my companions dropped out and I was left alone.

At 3 in the morning a through passenger train was due from the north, and about an hour before train time there entered the one waiting room of the depot a man about medium height, dressed in the rough fash-



CLUTCHING AT HIS BREAST.

ion of the country and wearing a slouch hat that well shaded his face and left one to guess at the character of the wearer. "Ticket to Cameron," was all he said as he stepped to the window, and receiving his piece of cardboard retired to a dark corner, where he sat down.

I might have paid a little more attention to his appearance had he not been shortly followed, first by a party of six or seven rather hard looking customers, who were evidently under the influence of "Missouri lightning," and a moment later by three or four ladies with escorts. One of the gang of roughs commenced using language that was more expressive than elegant, and I had no other recourse but to go over and remonstrate with him. Somehow as I stepped across the room the feeling came over me that I was to have trouble, and a little tremor of fear passed up and down the seam of my waistcoat.

However, I kept bravely on, and in a gentle and gentlemanly way reminded him of the fact that there were ladies present, and it was necessary for him to modify his language. His friends sided with me and attempted to keep him quiet, but without avail, and they finally arose and went out on the platform, expecting of course that he would follow. With drunken perverseness, however, he remained, and his talk growing more and more vulgar I forgot my fear, became mad, and walking over to the tough seized him by the collar, and before he had time to offer any resistance had thrown him out of the door and on the platform, where I left him in the hands of his friends.

A half minute later I saw what made my hair stand on end. In the door stood the man I had thrown out, pistol in hand and ready to shoot. Were you ever under fire? Do you know what it is to stare death in the face and realize that within the next second a bullet will go plowing through your body and but the tick of a watch separates you from eternity? In a moment I thought of every incident in my life, and closed my eyes to receive the leaden messenger that would send me, fearfully unprepared, into the great unknown. Almost instantly two shots rang out, sounding like the reports of cannon in that small room. I felt a sharp twinge in my right knee, and then all the animal in my nature was aroused and I thirsted for blood. We always kept a revolver in the money drawer, and with a quick lunge through the ticket window I reached it and turned to kill, if possible, the man who had fired at me. I was too late. He lay on the floor clutching at his breast, from which the blood was flowing in a crimson stream. His revolver lay beside him. Over in the corner sat the man with the slouch hat, revolver in either hand, but not moving a muscle or giving a sign.

The friends of the apparently dying man rushed in, and seeing me standing with a revolver in my hand reached for theirs to avenge their companion. At the first movement a quick, sharp voice rang out from under the slouch hat in the corner in no undecided tones.

"The man that pulls is a dead man!" and the words were emphasized by the click of the two guns that covered the party. No one "pulled," but they looked sullenly at the man who had dared single handed to call them down.

There was an awful pause of a few seconds; then the rough nearest to the stranger, after a close scrutiny, sprang back with the exclamation, "Jesse James, by ——!" It was enough. That name carried with it a power to subdue fiercer, more bloodthirsty and braver men than those in front of me.

Carefully they picked up the wounded man, and as they carried him out again that voice was heard, and this time it said, "The man that harms that lad will answer to me."

The train soon arrived and he departed with it. My wound was slight and the badly wounded man eventually recovered. A few days later a train was robbed on the same railroad, only a few hours' ride from Princeton, at the little hamlet of Winston. Two men lost their lives because they resisted, and yet I somehow find a very tender spot in my heart when I think of Jesse James.

Titus died in the third year of his reign. Suspicions were entertained of poison, the poisoner being believed to be his brother Domitian, who succeeded him.

In the fall of 1890 G. C. Sexsmith, a farmer living near Atchison, Kan., found an ear of corn which showed an odd number of rows of grain—nineteen.

She Was Doing Her Share.

The young physician was tired when he returned from his evening's calls, but as he settled back in his easy chair and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him he asked affectionately:

"And has my little wife been lonely?"

"Oh, no," she said animatedly; "at least not very. I've found something to busy myself with."

"Indeed!" he said. "What is it?"

"Oh, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook," he asked interestedly.

"Oh, we send them to the neighbors just to show what we can do. There's one boarding house gets most of it. It's lots of fun."

"Dear little woman," he said, leaning over and kissing her. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice. Always anxious to extend it."—Detroit Free Press.

The Consolations of Matrimony.

She—I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me?

He—Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have known it.—Life.

Stories of Lord Tollemache.

After landing on the south coast of England, Lord Tollemache put his wife and children in a cab and himself walked to the station. Stopping suddenly before a barber's shop, he said to the shopman: "I like the look of that wig in the window. How long would it take to shave my head?"

"A quarter of an hour, sir."

"I can give you twenty minutes, and I shall then have five minutes to catch the train." When he joined his wife and children he had the wig on. This story I had from my father's own lips; the other came to me less directly, but I have no reason to doubt it. My grandmother—Lady Elizabeth Tollemache—had a house in London, and another Lady Elizabeth lived in the next house, which was exactly like it. My father, calling accidentally at the wrong door, asked the servant, "Is Lady Elizabeth at home?"

"Her ladyship receives nobody, sir; she is ill in bed,"

"Stuff and nonsense! She is my mother."

And rushing past the astonished footman he ran up stairs to what he supposed to be his mother's bedroom.—Spectator.

The Inspiration of a Famous Line.

The Drawer has very little sympathy, as a rule, with those who make light of the thoughts of great poets, but once in awhile there comes a time when such perversions are quite excusable. One of these times occurred recently, and the result will not prove unpopular with those who have suffered from the irregularities of Bridget or the idiosyncrasies of Dinah.

Two men seated on a hotel veranda were looking at the moon and quoting poetry, when one of them said impressively:

Man may work from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

The other turned his back upon the moon at once, and breaking away from the sentimentality of the moment ejaculated to his wife, sitting at his side:

"Gad! The poet that wrote that must have had a hired girl like ours!"—Harper's Magazine.

Ready for an Emergency.

Young Tutter (nervously)—I hope, Miss Clara, your young brother won't touch my new silk hat in the hall. I hear him playing there.

Miss Pinkerly—Would you like to have me speak to him about it?

Tutter—Yes; I wish you would.

Miss Pinkerly—Willie, bring Mr. Tutter's hat into the parlor and put it down by his chair, where he can reach it at any moment.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Why He Came Early.

Mother (sitting down just as the train starts)—Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window.

Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic politeness)—With pleasure, madam. I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour.—Life.

Hard on the Dogs.

First Dog—We'll be tied up every Thursday and Saturday nights now.

Second Dog—What's up?

First Dog—That new dude that comes to see Miss Susie has money.—New York Weekly.

Not Enthusiastic.

Charlie—May I announce our engagement at once?

Clara—Not yet. Perhaps both of us may be able to do better.—New York Herald.

Reflections on Poesy.

When the snow falls in the winter;
When it falls upon the mountain.
On the meadows, in the valleys,
Soft and white and rather pretty,
Then the poet sings the praises
Of the Frost King, with his mantle
Made of ermine, very royal.
When the spring comes and the weather
Makes the mantle somewhat dingy,
Quite maltese and not so pretty,
Then the bard begins another
Song of nature light and airy,
With a soft refrain of verdure
And the breaking of the shackles
That the Frost King forged and welded—
That which used to be the mantle.
In the summer he is full of
Gush about the blooming daisies
And some other things and nothings
Which would take a mighty volume
Just to mention in their order.
Then in autumn he becomes a
Devotee of smiling Ceres,
Dedicates his pen to singing,
His new fountain pen to singing
Songs of bursting bins and harvests;
Makes the corn grow on the marshland
And some other things as doubtful,
For your poet is a dandy.
Facts have never yet disturbed him;
Nothing scares him; nothing stops him;
He is there at any angle;
Till his ink runs out he'll go it
Up one side and down the other.
Neither flies nor brakes are on him;
He's a cyclone, that's what he is,
And he doesn't care who knows it.
—Detroit Tribune.

It is stated as remarkable that in most ancient statues the second toe is longer than the great toe. The reverse is the case in men of the present time.

Amaziah, king of Judah, fled from Jerusalem on the discovery of a conspiracy against him, but was followed and killed.

IN THE LAND OF SUNFLOWERS.

How Thrifty People Utilize the State Flower of Kansas.

[Special Correspondence.]

ATCHISON, Kan., Oct. 4.—Beginning with the middle of July and lasting until late in October, Kansas does her best to earn her right to the title of the Sunflower State. The little black eyed Susans that grow along creek banks and hide under the trees are the first to make their appearance, and as many as a hundred will be found on one little bush. They are followed in a few weeks by a larger yellow hearted sunflower, which is the shiest of all varieties.

It is found only in occasional spots, bearing but one or two blossoms on each stalk, that lack the peculiar resinous smell that is part of the beauty and attractiveness of the other varieties. From its delicate appearance it might be called the invalid of the sunflower family.

There are about twenty different kinds of sunflowers in July that straggle along one after the other—a sort of an advance guard to proclaim the coming of the real Kansas emblem flower that bursts into bloom about the middle of August. It is a drooping plant and often grows to an immense size. The leaves are heart shaped, and the sunflowers are the largest known. When cultivated in gardens the seed pod alone often measures seven inches in diameter. It grows on creek banks, fills up unsightly hollows in the towns, casts a shade along dusty roadways, claims a corner in every flower garden, nods in at the second story windows of houses, runs riot in the fields, climbs the fences to get in the way of the plow in the corn field, and in a saucy, impudent way claims the whole state as its territory and empire.

Thrifty people save the seeds for chicken feed; the leaves are used for fodder, the stalks make good fuel, and the time is coming when the farmers will convert the seed into oil. They make an oil that is little inferior to olive oil. An acre of land will produce sixty bushels of seed, and each bushel is equivalent to a gallon of oil. The flower yields the best of honey, and besides being the prettiest thing in the state it can be made very useful.

The women wear them for corsage bouquets, fill vases with them for every room in the house, paint them on china for the dining room and on lambrequins for the parlor. The emblem of the state is found all over the house. The children make gum of the wax that accumulates on the stalk. The maiden who wears them in her hair has a lover who wears the badge of a sunflower to denote his patriotism, and the old folks love their brightness while condemning their cheerfulness in sturdily growing and blooming where corn and oats will refuse to live.

They are the state emblem of loyalty and patriotism. Interwoven in every part of the state history, they have furnished a theme alike for the patriot and poet. Albert Bigelow Paine, the Kansas poet, says of the sunflower—and all Kansas people echo him:

When all the sky above is jest ez blue ez blue can be,
An the prairies air a-wavin like a yaller driftin sea,
Oh, 'tis here my soul goes sailin an my heart is on the boom,
In the golden fields of Kansas when the Sun-Flowers Bloom.

FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

A BRIGHT NEWSPAPER MAN.

The Career of Montgomery Schuyler, of the New York Times.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Among the newspaper writers in New York there is no one who has a more attractive or more engaging personality than Montgomery Schuyler, of the New York Times.

In appearance he is handsome, strikingly so, and in manner he is genial and democratic, but he is plainly a person with whom no one would care to take a liberty or to make a joke with any personal bearing. For an amateur Mr. Schuyler has singularly accurate knowledge of architecture, and upon this subject he writes with understanding and appreciation. An architect whose work meets with Mr. Schuyler's critical approval is usually a very happy man. In music, too, he is a connoisseur.

He is descended from the first Peter Schuyler, of Albany, and was born in Ithaca forty-nine years ago, though he

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

does not look nearly so old. He entered Hobart college in 1858, but was not graduated. His first newspaper work was in 1865 on the New York World, when Manton Marble was editor and William Henry Hurlbert and the late Ivory Chamberlain the chief editorial writers. Mr. Schuyler soon made his mark even in such brilliant company as this, and for eighteen years he retained a desk in that office, now writing editorials, now art and theatrical criticisms, and again serving as managing editor. He was managing editor three or four times, but he had a hearty distaste for the drudgery of executive work. On several occasions he did reporter's work, and each time he showed the youngsters in the office what could be done in the way of first class descriptive writing. He reported among other occurrences the bursting of a dam in New England, several college boat races and the hanging of Guiteau.

In 1883 Mr. Schuyler joined the staff of the New York Times. Keeping up his work on The Times he served for several years as managing editor of Harper's Weekly. The work in the two offices after awhile became too burdensome and he relinquished his place at Harper's. As an editorial writer he is singularly happy. It matters not how dry the subject may be upon which he treats, he always makes it interesting and never fails to say something bright. The view he takes upon any public or social question is that which is natural to a gentleman and a clean and cultivated man of the world, and what he has to say is usually expressed in language which it would be very difficult to improve.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

Swallowed a Trout.

A calf belonging to a Nazareth (Pa.) farmer, while drinking water from a stream swallowed a trout about ten inches long. The fish ran down the calf's throat, causing the animal so much pain that the owner was obliged to kill it.

They call a bicycle "the devil's chariot" in Turkey, and the sultan forbids its use.

A Fortunate Cat.

A cat which patronizes the soda water fountain is an attraction of a drug store in Sixth avenue, near Jefferson market. It is a fine plump animal, with a layer of fat for each of its thirteen years, but between its age and weight it is most deliberate in its movements. Its teeth are not what they once were by any means, and so it gets along most easily with liquid food. Long ago it discovered that the "cream" of the fountain suited its tastes, and it has a habit of going up to the counter and waiting until it is served with light refreshments in its own particular saucer. Then it sits in the sunlight and blinks contentedly, the envy of all the small boys of the neighborhood, whose visits to the fountain are limited by circumstances over which they have no control.—New York Times.

A Possible Use for Serpents' Poison.

The experiments which I have been making consist chiefly of soaking scraps of meat, bits of hard boiled eggs and things of that sort, in the poison of vipers and analyzing the changes which resulted in them after a given interval. From these and from similar trials it was found that this fluid had the power of dissolving the albumen of flesh like the gastric juice has, so it is thought that one great use (perhaps the greatest) of the venom is to aid in the digestion of the serpent's food. Of course it might do that and serve as ammunition to kill the prey as well.—Manchester Times.

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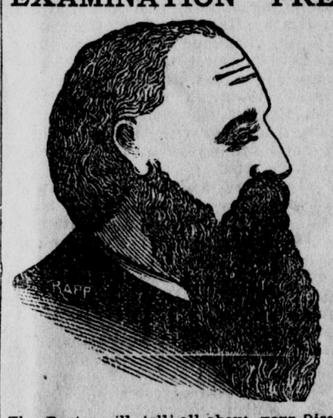

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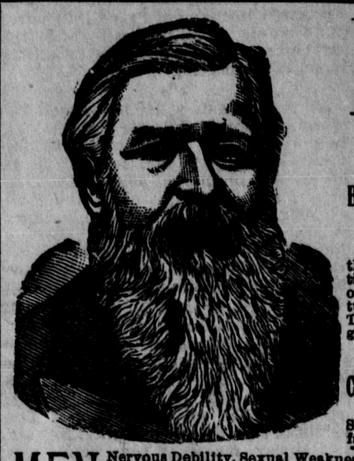

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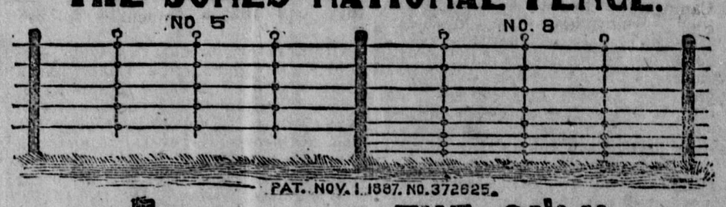

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