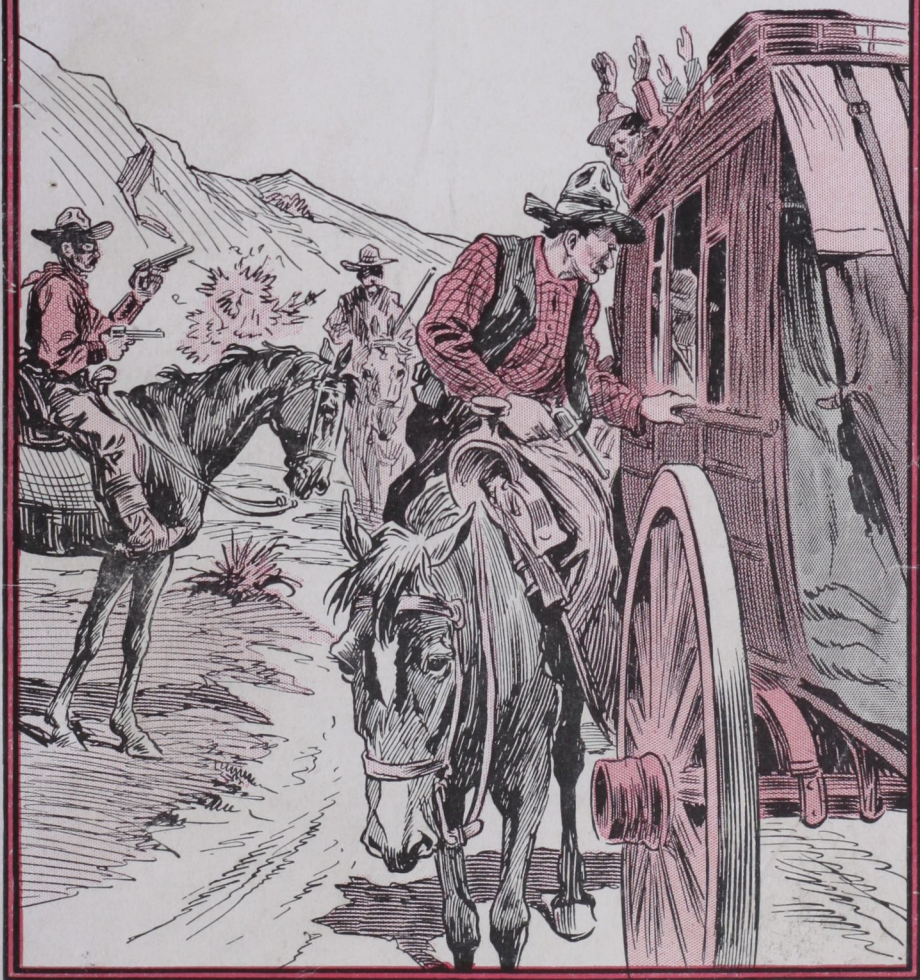
THE JAMES BOYS



THE JAMES BOYS

A COMPLETE AND ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THESE FAMOUS BANDIT BROTHERS

FRANK AND JESSE JAMES

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THEIR NOTED BAND OF BANK PLUNDERERS, TRAIN ROBBERS AND MURDERERS

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THE JAMES BOYS

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD OF THE BANDIT BROTHERS.

"The boy is father of the man," and those who read this opening chapter of the life of the noted American bandit will not fail to recognize in Jesse James the boy the promise and prophecy of all that afterwards appeared in Jesse James the man—bandit and murderer.

Like many another noted criminal Jesse James had for a father a minister of the Gospel, but the only benefit he derived from that fact was what he received through the law of heredity, and if that was anything to the credit of his father or for the good of the son or anybody else, the fact has never been discovered, or at least pointed out.

Jesse's brother Frank was four years older than Jesse, and was born in Scott County, Kentucky. Shortly after Frank's birth the family moved to Clay County, Missouri, where Jesse was born, in 1849.

The Reverend James did not remain long in this new charge as pastor of the little Baptist church in Missouri. Before Jesse was a year old, the father, becoming enthused with the gold fever of '49, bade

good-bye to his little family and started for the gold fields of California. He never returned, but died in the then far-off Golden State of the Pacific coast. Jesse, therefore, could not have had any remembrance of his father whatever. About all that is known of Reverend Robert James, father of Frank and Jesse, is the fact that he was a Baptist preacher, that he preached for a number of years in the State of Kentucky and afterward for a short time in Missouri. The only thing that will cause his name to be mentioned in the pages of history is the fact that he was the father of the two most noted bandits America has ever produced.

But though he was responsible for these inhuman plunderers of their fellow-men being brought into existence, he was in no way responsible for their education in the school of crime, or the shaping of their desperate characters.

It were idle to discuss what might have been the career of Frank and Jesse James had not death deprived them of a father's care and admonition in early infancy. From what little is known of the life and character of that father it is safe to conclude that it would have made but little if any difference to the boys; for the mother was the ruling spirit in that household, and in any event would have exerted the dominant influence in shaping the characters of her sons.

An old proverb says, "Like father, like son," but history establishes the fact that most of the remarkable men that the world has produced received their

characters from their mother. Frank and Jesse James were no exception to the rule.

In many respects Mrs. Zerelda Cole James was a remarkable woman, and it is probably as natural that she should have given birth to Frank and Jesse James as that Cornelia, the famous Roman matron, should have been the mother of the Gracchi.

Mrs. James has been represented by certain self-styled "compilers" of the lives and exploits of the James boys as being little short of a brutal, uncivilized Amazon. Such misrepresentation is uncalled for as it is untrue. No one who knows anything about the personal life and character of the noted bandits' mother would make any such outrageous, because unfounded, assertion.

Mrs. James belonged to a respectable and well-to-do family, and though by no means a model of meekness, she could not truthfully be called a termagant.

While she could not be considered of a refined and gentle disposition, she had the reputation among her neighbors of being a kind and helpful friend and an affectionate and only too indulgent mother.

If, like the famous Roman matron, her character was cast in an iron mold, and her temper and bearing were stern and imperious, so too, like the Roman mother, she idolized her sons and in her heart said of them, "These are my jewels." Indeed, so wrapped up in her boys was she that she believed that, like a king, they could do no wrong.

And this confidence and devotion of the mother was fully reciprocated on the part of the sons. No

matter how hardened they grew to all other human sympathies, their affection for their mother never faltered, but throughout their unparalleled criminal career, as in the case of Byron's Corsair, they held fast to this "one virtue linked with a thousand crimes."

Being left by the death of her husband with a family of four children, two boys and two girls, to provide for single handed, Mrs. James had to struggle pretty hard for a number of years. She sent the children to school, and did the best she knew how to train them up in the way they should go. But as she lacked tenderness of feeling herself, she failed to inspire it in her children, the boys especially.

At an extremely early age they displayed traits of character which have ever since distinguished them. Their hatreds were always bitter and the cruelty remorseless.

They manifested especial delight in tormenting dumb animals, frequently amusing themselves with cutting off the ears and tails of cats and dogs, and sometimes even going so far in their cruelty as to bury small animals alive.

Among other boys they were domineering and cruel, and would rarely participate in innocent amusements.

In 1857, when Frank was eleven years old and Jesse seven, their mother married Dr. Reuben Samuels, a native of Kentucky. Dr. Samuels was very kind and indulgent to his stepsons, and knowing their bent presented each of them with a double-barrel shotgun. Frank was fourteen and Jesse ten years old when this eventful period in their lives was reached. For a year

or so after the boys practiced almost incessantly; shooting at a mark or going gunning for small game and domestic fowls in the neighborhood of their home. In this way they soon became very expert marksmen. But after awhile their tired of their shotguns and provided themselves with revolvers for a change.

Just at this eventful period in their lives the country was excited over the struggle of the free soldiers and slave-holders for the possession of "bleeding" Kansas. The Fire-Eaters of the South were determined to make Kansas á slave state and the Abolitionists of the North were equally determined that it should forever remain free soil. Bold, reckless men of both factions flocked into the state and many deadly encounters occurred between them. Not only Kansas, but Kentucky and Missouri as well, were overrun with bands of lawless and bloodthirsty men, known as Jim Lane's Jayhawkers, who, under the pretense of making Kansas "free soil," went about murdering and plundering indiscriminately.

The newspapers were filled with blood-curdling accounts of farm houses pillaged, harvest fields laid waste, and men, women, and children mercilessly butchered by Lane's anti-slavery Jayhawkers or Hamilton's pro-slavery "Border Ruffians," afterward Confederate guerrillas.

Everybody in the border counties sided with one or the other party of marauders.

The excitement was intense.

The mother of Frank and Jesse James was pro-slavery in her sentiments and sided with the "Ruf-

fians." Frank and Jesse naturally did likewise, and young as they were, burned with the fever of hellish hate for the interloping bands of "black Abolitionists," as the Jayhawkers were sometimes termed.

In this unwholesome atmosphere of feverish, excitement to unlawful deeds of pillage and murder, were the young minds of the James boys nurtured, and their natures hardened for future deeds worthy only of devils.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOW OF ETERNAL VENGEANCE.

Close upon the heels of the border warfare in Missouri and Kansas followed old John Brown's murderous raids to free the slaves in Virginia. Brown had been one of the most daring and zealous leaders of the Jayhawkers in the border warfare of Kansas and Missouri, and had transferred the scene of his bloody operations to the sacred soil of Old Virginia. Here he soon met his fate. He was indicted for treason against the Commonwealth of Virginia, tried, convicted and hung. Then came the exciting political campaign of 1860, when the whole nation was worked up to fever heat over the question whether the country should be ruled by the slave power or by the advocates of universal emancipation.

Lincoln, the Republican candidate for President, was elected. As he had made the declaration that the nation could not live half-free and half-slave, the friends of slavery concluded that he would endeavor to carry out the doctrines of the Abolitionists and abolish slavery in the South. They rebelled and the slave states resolved themselves out of the Union. Civil war followed.

At the beginning of hostilities, in 1861, the border warfare increased in virulency, and the sympathizers

were forced into extreme measures. The "Border Ruffians" were now termed guerrillas, among the most noted of whose leaders was Charles William Quantrell.

Quantrell is said to have been the most heartless, blood-thirsty marauder that ever lived in any country.

As Frank and Jesse James were introduced to guerrilla life and started on their career of crime by this celebrated guerrilla chieftain, it may be of interest to the reader to know something of his history, and the causes which made him the inhuman dare-devil ruffian he was.

Charles William Quantrell was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, July 20, 1836. Whiles Charles was yet a boy in his teens his father died, and shortly afterward the family moved to Cleveland, Ohio, where Charles and a brother several years older attended school. Shortly after they arrived in Cleveland the mother died; the older brother moved to Kansas, but Charles continued to attend school in the Ohio city. For several years he paid his way in Cleveland by doing odd jobs out of school hours, and was progressing finely in his studies. His habits were good and he was respected by all who knew him. In 1856 his brother wrote him from Kansas that he was about to start on a trip to California to seek his fortune in the new Eldorado of the Pacific coast, and he would like to have Charles accompany him. Although much attached to his friends in Cleveland, and anxious to complete his education in the splendid schools of that city Charles had such affection and confidence in his

brother that he could not resist the latter's appeal. So, bidding his friends and schoolmates good-bye, young Quantrell joined his older brother in Kansas.

Charles William was now twenty years old, and his brother's representations of the great opportunities offered by California for the speedy accumulation of wealth filled his mind with visions of a glorious future. He little dreamed what terrible things the immediate future had in store for him. The bright visions of a life of honorable distinction and usefulness among his fellow-men were destined to be speedily turned into a hideous nightmare of crushed hopes, hellish hate and eternal vengeance.

The brothers set to work getting ready for their overland trip to California soon after Charles William's arrival in Kansas. Having procured a "prairie schooner" and the necessary articles to enable them to make the trip with a negro servant, they started on their long journey across the prairies and "Great American desert" for the land of California.

Though the brothers knew that Kansas and Missouri were at that time infested by the murderous bands of "Jayhawkers" and "Border Ruffians," neither of them felt any apprehension of harm from them, as they had never actively sided with either of the contending factions. But they little knew the animus of those fiends in human form who, in the name of freedom, plundered friend and foe alike.

All went well with the Quantrell brothers on their overland journey to the land of gold until they arrived at the banks of the Cottonwood River. Fate had de-

creed that thus far and no farther should the brothers continue on their journey toward the setting sun.

Death was to snatch one from among the living, and the other, though left to live, was to have the buoyant spirit of his hopeful young manhood forever blasted, and be turned into an avenging instrument of hate and vengeance.

It was early evening when the brothers arrived at the river. They at once pitched their tent on the river bank, prepared and ate their supper, and were just on the point of retiring for the night, when the negro they had with them called their attention to a company of horses dashing over the brow of a neighboring hill in their direction.

The older brother recognized them at once to be a company of Jim Lane's Jayhawkers, and immediately advanced to meet them, waving his white handkerchief in the air as a sign that they were not enemies. A volley of pistol shots was the response to the signal, and the elder Quantrell fell a bleeding and lifeless corpse on the river bank. Charles William was just behind his brother when the death-dealing volley was fired, and was fearfully, though as it proved, not mortally wounded.

Believing they had killed both their victims, the Jayhawkers paid no further attention to the bodies, but proceeded to plunder the camp. The negro was not harmed, but was commanded to place the tent upon the wagon that had belonged to the Quantrells and follow in the wake of the Jayhawkers.

All that night young Quantrell lay unconscious on the ground by the side of the dead body of his brother. When morning dawned a faint glimmer of consciousness returned, but a raging fever was consuming his brain, and he raved like a wild man.

All day long the fever and the raving continued. But the bleeding from the many wounds he had received at last abated the fever, and as the second night drew near, consciousness once more came back to the poor bullet-riddled body. Oh, the agony he experienced when the horror of his situation dawned upon his mind! He reached out one hand to see if he could touch the corpse of his murdered brother. It was not within reach. Had it been devoured by hungry wolves whose howling even then seemed to be ringing in his ears? He would see. With agonizing efforts he managed to crawl to where the dead brother lay, and all that awful night, and all the next day, under the rays of a scorching sun, did that faithful brother keep sacred vigil over the body of his beloved dead.

Toward evening of the third day after the murder, young Quantrell, though suffering almost unendurable agony from his many wounds, and faint from the loss of blood, managed to crawl to the bank of the river and quench his feverish thirst. When about to make his way back again to the side of his dead brother's body for another night's vigil in fighting off the ravenous vultures of the air and prowling wolves of the desert, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of an approaching human being.

It proved to be an old Shawnee Indian, named Golightly Spiebeck, who happened to pass along that way on his route home from a day's hunt. Spiebeck acted the part of the good Samaritan toward the wounded white man, bound up his wounds, and with his long-bladed knife dug a rude grave and buried the murdered brother.

But before the shallow grave with the poor bleeding, uncoffined body of his brother lying within it had been filled in with the clods of the desert, young Charles William Quantrell dropped upon his knees beside it and registered a solemn vow before high heaven that he would from that time on live only for vengeance — eternal and untiring vengeance against the dastardly murderers of his brother and their entire Jayhawker breed.

Some wise white man has said "There are no good Indian but dead ones." The Christian conduct of the old Shawnee Indian, Golightly Spiebeck, toward those wretched victims of the white man's diabolical inhumanity to white man, proves the author of the assertion to be a falsifier and wholesale slanderer of the noble race of Red Men.

Had it not been for the kindly deed of Christian charity performed by the old Shawnee Indian toward the Quantrell brothers, strangers to him and of a different race, Charles William Quantrell, in all probability, would never have lived to become the avenger of his brother's massacre and the greatest guerrilla chieftain that wielded a sword in behalf of the Southern Confederacy.

The old Indian conveyed the wounded Quantrell to his humble home and tenderly nursed him back to health and strength. Charles William Quantrell proved faithful to his vow of vengeance.

As soon as his strength returned he was on the war-path, dealing death and destruction to the Jayhawkers and all who sympathized with their cause. He gathered beneath the folds of his black flag scores of the most daring youths of the West, among them Frank James, and the story of their desperate deeds is almost the entire history of guerrilla warfare in the Southwest.

CHAPTER III.

JESSE JOINS THE GUERRILLAS.

The exciting accounts of the dare-devil doings of Quantrell and his chosen band of guerrillas, which the papers published with glaring headlines at the commencement of the war, sent a thrill of feverish excitement through the nation, and many a youth in Missouri burned to be enrolled under the folds of the black flag of Quantrell's guerrillas.

Jesse James was among them. His brother Frank was already with Quantrell. Jesse made repeated and persistent efforts to join the band, but was rejected by Quantrell on account of his youth, he being then but little over fourteen years of age.

The sympathies of his mother and step-father, Dr. Samuels, were all with the South. Mrs. Samuels, especially, was loyal to the Confederacy. By various means she managed to learn of the movements of the Union troops, and whenever the information was important she would mount Jesse upon a fleet horse and send him to Quantrell. So open and obnoxious was Mrs. Samuels in her demonstrations of Southern love that the Federal militiamen began to notice it. From mere notice suspicion was aroused.

Her house was watched and it became known that several secret midnight conclaves had been held there.

The part played by Jesse and the open and de-

cided expressions frequently made by Dr. Samuels and his decidedly demonstrative wife greatly excited the Federal soldiers, and it was determined to make an example of the family. Accordingly, in June, 1862, a company of Missouri militia approached the Samuels homestead, which is near Kearney, in Clay county, and, first meeting Dr. Samuels, they addressed him in language that could leave no doubt in his mind that they meant to carry affairs to the bitter end. It was in vain he pleaded that he was leading a peaceful farmer's life, and didn't desire to be mixed up in the strife of the time. They told him—what he knew much better than they did—that he and his whole family were in secret alliance with Quantrell and his followers. Frank was at the camp, Susie was away from home, Jesse was plowing in the fields. Mrs. Samuels was nowhere to be seen. But she saw all that was going on, just the same.

They had not come unprepared for their work. A strong rope was produced, with which he was securely pinioned, and then led away from the house a distance of about one hundred yards. Here the rope was fastened in a noose around his neck, while the other end was thrown over the limb of a tree, and several men hastily drew him up and left him suspended to choke to death. Mrs. Samuels, however, had followed stealthily, and the moment the militia had departed she rushed to the rescue of her husband, whom she hastily cut down, and by patient nursing saved his life. The enraged troops decided also to hang Jesse James, whom they found plowing

in the field, but his youth and manifest courage had some influence with his tormentors, so after further abuse, and after pricking him freely with their swords, they gave utterance to the most awful threats, garnished with sundry oaths, as to what they would do if he ever dared to ride to Quantrell's camp again with any message, good, bad or indifferent.

Supposing that they had made a full end of Dr. Samuels, and being pretty well satisfied with their day's diversions, they departed, leaving Jesse to follow his plow.

But, instead of producing the effect desired, this act of outrage on the part of the militia only excited Jesse the more, and led him to deeds of graver importance. He continued to communicate almost daily with Quantrell, which so exasperated the militia that they paid a second visit to the Samuels' residence, and decided upon killing both Dr. Samuels and the daring Jesse.

When they reached the place, however, they found their intended victims absent, but, determined not to return without some trophy of their vengeful sortie, they arrested Mrs. and Miss Samuels and took them to the jail at St. Joseph. Here they were kept for weeks, subjected to all the insults which the ingenuity of the vulgar crowd could invent, but, an implacable hater herself, Mrs. Samuels gave them as good as they sent, and they were glad to let her go. This last act drove Jesse to desperation. With his brother Frank a member of Quantrell's band, his mother and sister prisoners, his step-father and himself hunted fugitives,

Jesse determined to join Frank, and forthwith mounted his horse and rode to Quantrell's camp, where, after detailing the particulars of this last outrage, he begged the guerrilla commander to accept his services as a private. So hard did he plead for permission to join the ranks that marched under the shadow of the black flag that at length the barrier which his youth imposed was overlooked, and the terrible Quantrell oath was administered to him.

The oath, which was always administered to the newly-made member at the solemn hour of mid-night, read as follows:

"In the name of God and Devil, the one to punish and the other to reward, and by the powers of light and darkness, good and evil, here, under the black arch of heaven's avenging symbol, I pledge and consecrate my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs, and swear by all the powers of hell and heaven to devote my life to obedience to my superiors; and that no danger or peril shall deter me from executing their orders; that I will exert every possible means in my power for the extermination of Federals, Jayhawkers and their abettors; that in fighting those whose serpent trail has winnowed the fair fields and possessions of our allies and sympathizers I will show no mercy, but strike with an avenging arm so long as breath remains.

"I further pledge my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs never to betray a comrade; that I will submit to all the tortures cunning mankind can inflict, and suffer the most horrible death, rather than

reveal a single secret of this organization or a single word of this, my oath.

"I further pledge my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs never to forsake a comrade when there is hope, even at the risk of great peril, of saving him from falling into the hands of our enemies; that I will sustain Quantrell's guerrillas with my might and defend them with my blood, and, if need be, die with them; in every extremity I will never withhold my aid nor abandon the cause with which I now cast my fortunes, my honor and my life.

"Before violating a single clause or implied pledge of this obligation I will pray to an avenging God and an unmerciful devil to tear out my heart and roast it over the flames of sulphur; that my head may be split open and my brains scattered over the earth; that my body may be ripped up and my bowels torn out and fed to carrion birds; that each of my limbs may be broken with stones, and then cut off by inches, that they may feed the foulest birds of the air; and lastly, may my soul be given unto torment, that it may be submerged in melted metal and stifled by the flames of hell; and may this punishment be meted out to me through all eternity, in the name of God and the devil. Amen."

Jesse was now a full-fledged member of "Butcher" Quantrell's dare-devil band of border guerrillas, and fairly entered upon his headlong career of crime.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLOODY WORK BEGINS. RICHFIELD AND PLATTSBURG RAIDED.

When Quantrell organized his band of Border Ruffians to avenge the murder of his brother he never dreamed that he would ever have to fight the soldiers of the United States in addition to the murderous Jayhawkers. But when the Civil War began the Jayhawkers, being Abolitionists, were all ranged on the side of the Union, while the "Ruffians," being pro-slavery, sided with the South, and Quantrell and his band found themselves more often pitted against the boys in blue than against the Jayhawkers.

The guerrilla chieftain accepted the situation, however, without faltering in the least, and entered the service of the Confederacy with greatest enthusiasm. Up to the time when young Jesse James was accepted as a member of the band the guerrillas had been engaged in but few skirmishes, their services consisting chiefly in small foraging expeditions, making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the country, preparatory to engaging in more effective measures.

The town of Richfield, on the northern bank of the Missouri River, was occupied by a squad of thirty Federal soldiers, under the command of Captain Sessions. Quantrell determined to attack this garrison,

and detailed a small company of his most intrepid guerrillas to make a dashing raid on the town.

Frank and Jesse James were among the number, Frank James leading the attack.

The garrison was taken by surprise and a desperate conflict ensued.

Ten of the Federals were killed, including Captain Sessions, and the remainder taken prisoners.

When the attacking party returned to their company Jesse James was sent out with orders from Quantrell to scour the counties adjoining Clay and locate the militia.

After passing through Clinton county he paid a short visit to his mother, who received him with many manifestations of pleasure, and then began to unload herself of the valuable information she had gathered for the benefit of the guerrillas. She told him that the attack on Richfield had resulted in massing the militia for a determined stroke, and that the troops were concentrating near that point; that Plattsburg had been almost entirely relieved of its garrison and would fall an easy prey to the guerrillas if they chose to profit by the opportunity.

Jesse lost no time in communicating the situation to Quantrell, and, accordingly, three days after the capture of the squad of militiamen at Richfield, Captain Scott took fifteen men and silently stole upon Plattsburg, which he found defended by less than a score of Federals, under the command of a lieutenant. The guerrillas dashed into the town about 3 P. M. (August 25) yelling like a tribe of Comanche Indians. The citizens fled into their houses with

such fear that few ventured to look into the streets even through keyholes. The Federal lieutenant chanced to be in the public square when the charge was made, and Jesse James had the honor and credit of capturing him. The rest of the militia gained the court-house, where it would have been impossible to dislodge them, and to have attacked the building would have exposed the guerrillas to the fire of the enemy. It was here that Jesse James' strategy and military tact was first manifested. Turning his prisoner (the lieutenant) over to Captain Scott, he said in a loud voice: "Captain, there is no use parleying with these cut-throats; shoot this fellow if he don't order his men in the court-house to surrender immediately."

Captain Scott replied that he would if the court-house was not surrendered in two minutes. The result was that Plattsburg fell into the hands of the guerrillas, who pillaged the town and gathered booty, consisting of two hundred and fifty muskets, several hundred rounds of ammunition, ten thousand dollars in Missouri warrants, besides a large quantity of clothing, etc. The money was divided among the participating guerrillas, each of whom received nearly one thousand dollars in warrants, besides clothing and other articles of value. The guerrillas compelled the landlord of the principal hotel to prepare them a good supper, to which they invited their prisoners, whom they paroled, and after feasting until 9 o'clock P. M. they withdrew to the cover of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.

After raiding Plattsburg Quantrell broke camp and moved southward, passing through Independence, and bivouaced near Lee's Summit. The residents of that section suffered pitilessly from the sack and pillage of both Federals and Confederates. They occupied a middle ground which was subject to the incursions of both armies, and what was left after the forays of the Union forces was remorselessly appropriated by the guerrillas. There were skirmishes almost daily, and every highway was red with human blood. The James Boys, young as they were, became the terror of the border; the crack of their pistols or the whirr of their pirouetting bowies daily proclaimed the sacrifice of new victims. The sanguinary harvest grew broader as the sickle of death was thrust in to reap, and the little brooks and rivulets that had babbled merry music for ages and laved the thirst of man and beast with their crystal waters suddenly became tinged with a dye fresh from the fountain of bitterest sorrow. And thus the days sped on heavy with desolation. Quantrell and his followers were scarcely interrupted by the militia, who never attacked them except at the price of terrible defeat, until at length a direful scheme was

proposed in which the desperate character of these free riders was manifested in its blackest hues.

And that scheme materialized in the sacking of a city and the massacre of the inhabitants. Lawrence, Kansas, a thrifty town located on the Kaw River, was selected by Quantrell as the place to wreak a long-pent-up vengeance. Sitting around the camp fire on the night of August 18, 1863, the chief of the black banner held a consultation with Frank and Jesse James, the Younger boys, the Shepherd brothers and others of his most daring followers, as to the next advisable move upon a place which would furnish the best inducements for their peculiar mode of warfare. There was a concert of opinion that Lawrence was the most available place. The point having been selected, Quantrell did not neglect to inform his followers of the danger such an undertaking involved; that their road would be infested with militia, the forces of which would be daily augmented when the first intimation of the purposes of the guerrillas should be made known; that it would be ceaseless fighting and countless hardships, and many would be left upon the prairies to fester in the sun. He then called his command to arms and acquainted every man with the decision in the following speech: "Fellow-soldiers, a consultation just held with several of my comrades has resulted in a decision that we break camp tomorrow and take up a line of march for Lawrence, Kansas; that we attack that town, and, if pressed too hard, lay it in ashes. This undertaking, let me assure you, is hazardous in the extreme. The territory through which

we must pass is full of enemies, and the entire way will be beset by well-armed men, through whom it will be necessary for us to carve our way. I know full well that there is not a man in my command who fears a foe; that no braver force ever existed than it is my honor to lead; but you have never encountered danger so great as we will have to meet on our way to Lawrence; therefore, let me say to you, without doubting in the least your heroism, if there are any in my command who would prefer not to stake their lives in such a dangerous attempt, let them step outside the ranks."

At the conclusion of Quantrell's remarks a shout went up from every man, "On to Lawrence!" Not a face blanched, but, on the other hand, there was but one desire, to lay waste the city on the Kaw.

On the following day the order was given to "mount," and with that dreadful black flag streaming over their heads the command, two hundred strong, turned their faces to the west. As they crossed the Kansas line at the small town of Aubrey, in Johnson county, Quantrell compelled three men, whom he found sitting in front of a small store kept by John Beeson, to accompany him as guides.

The command passed through Johnson county midway between Olathe and Spring Hill, and through the northern part of Franklin county. When they reached Cole creek, eight miles from Lawrence, the three guides were taken into a clump of thick woods and shot by Jesse and Frank James.

One of the party, an elderly man, begged piteously to be spared, reminding his executioners that he had

never done them any wrong, but his prayers for mercy ended in the death rattle as a bullet went crashing through his neck.

Quantrell had been agreeably mistaken concerning the resistance he expected to encounter. Not a foe had yet appeared, but he never permitted a person to pass him alive. No less than twenty-five persons whom he met in the highway after getting into Kansas had been shot, and yet he avoided the public roads as much as possible.

Early in the morning of August 21 Quantrell and his band came in sight of the fated town. The sun was just straggling above the undulations of the prairie and the people of the place were beginning to resume the duties of a newly-born day.

With a cry which froze the blood of everyone in the town who heard it, Quantrell and his two hundred followers descended upon the place with pistol, sword and firebrand.

The prime object of this sortie, as has been already said, was to lay a strong hand on General Jim Lane, who, with his relentless Jayhawkers, had burned and sacked the town of Osceola, Mo. Lane lived in Lawrence, but the moment he heard that the followers of Quantrell were at hand he fled like a dastard and a coward and hid himself in a cornfield. The guerrillas, foiled and maddened by being cheated of their chief prey, shot down every man who came within the range of their revolvers.

Quantrell's orders were to shoot down every man, but to spare the women and the children. Many women and children, however, were shot, and others

met a more horrible death, for the murderers became incendiaries, and with flame and torch set the beautiful city of Lawrence on fire. The groans of the dying mingled with the shrieks of the burning, and house and home fell a prey to the devouring flames. The guerrillas became demoralized; they broke open saloons and stores and soon became a mob of howling drunken devils. The holocaust of murder and rapine lasted all day, and when the night closed on the ghastly harvest of hell the city of Lawrence was swept wholly from the face of the earth.

In all their after career of crime Frank and Jesse James never surpassed the bloody record made by them that day. It was their baptism of blood, their consecration to a career of crime and cruelty that was to startle and terrify the entire population of whole states of the Union.

Though youngest of the band, the James boys were the most inhuman, most bloodthirsty of them all. They seemed very fiends incarnate, frenzied for human blood. They reveled in their butchery of innocent, unoffending fellow-beings, and under the terrifying folds of the black flag glutted their vengeance to satiety.

The ready aim of their deadly revolvers dealt death in every direction, and as a total result of their bloody day's work sixty-five human beings lay dead and a score or more most fearfully wounded. Of the sixty-five killed by the James boys, Frank is credited with thirty-five and Jesse with thirty.

Quantrell was terribly chagrined over the failure of the main purpose of his murderous raid on Law-

rence. Jim Lane, the Jayhawker chief, had escaped him.

What cared he for the glory won to his name by the sacking of the unprotected and defenseless city. It would bring him not fame, but infamy. And, indeed, because of that inhuman act he has ever since been known as "Butcher Quantrell."

Disgusted with the extent of their own hellish propensities, Quantrell and his band of murderers hastily retraced their steps, but they were terribly harassed during the entire return march by the Kansas militia and federal troops that hurriedly concentrated and went in pursuit of them.

Just how many men engaged in this pursuit of the retreating guerrillas is not definitely known, but the force has been reliably estimated at fully seven thousand, and nothing but hard marching, determined fighting and an endurance that has never been equaled saved the guerrillas from total destruction. At Black Jack, about fifteen miles from Lawrence, a stand was made, and some brisk fighting occurred. The guerrillas took to cover in a large barn which stood at the edge of an orchard.

Several assaults were made to dislodge them, but in vain. The horses of the guerrillas were suffering severely, however, and realizing that without horses they would be unable to get out of Kansas, the guerrillas made a desperate charge, in which thirty-two of the militia were killed and a panic was the result. But the guerrillas did not care to follow up the victory, as every moment was precious. The militia were swarming and closing in upon them rapidly,

and it was only by the rarest stroke of fortune that Quantrell and his men ever escaped from Kansas. When once more safely across the border on their old stamping ground in Missouri, the guerrillas disbanded and once more mingled among their friends and sympathizers in Jackson and Clay counties. Here they were perfectly safe from pursuit, and for nearly a month remained comparatively quiet.

During this lull in hostilities Frank and Jesse James made frequent visits to their home, and were received by Mrs. Samuels with as much pride and hearty welcome as ever greeted a Roman warrior on his return home flushed with victory. She gloried in their reckless daring, and encouraged them by every means in her power to do and dare in behalf of the Southern Confederacy.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANK AND JESSE ON THE RAMPAGE.

The James boys could not long remain quiet, even under the most favoring conditions, and their mother's nagging at and urging them on to fresh deeds of pillage and slaughter inflamed their impatience beyond all bounds of restraint. They became wild and almost frenzied at Quantrell's delay in calling the guerrillas back into active service.

At last the summons came. Quantrell once more called his command together for active hostilities. The James boys were among the first to respond to the call.

The guerrilla chief had resolved upon a new plan of campaign, and immediately proceeded to carry it out. He divided his band into squads of twenty and thirty, by which means they could make bold dashes at various points almost simultaneously, and so confuse their enemies as to make pursuit futile.

Indeed, this peculiar and remorseless warfare gave rise to the strange superstition that Quantrell was some spirit of darkness who could transport himself and troops from place to place in the twinkle of an eye.

He became no less dreaded by the Federal troops than by Union citizens, and day and night non-com-

batants as well as armed militiamen fell victims to the terrible guerrillas.

To his unspeakable delight Jesse James was appointed to the command of one of these squads. He regarded his appointment as a recognition of his valor and efficiency as a fighting guerrilla, and the thought that he was deemed worthy of a command under the great guerrilla chieftain filled his heart with a warrior's pride.

Jesse was placed in charge of a squad of twenty-five picked men, and shortly afterward, learning through his mother of the movements of a company of Federal cavalry under the command of Captain Ransom, who was marching toward Pleasant Hill, made a rapid detour and flanked the Federals five miles north of Blue Springs.

Jesse selected a place near the road which was well screened by a dense thicket; here he stationed his men, and when the Federals came riding leasurely by, unconscious of any lurking danger, suddenly a storm of bullets poured upon them from the thicket and men fell like wheat stalks in a tempest of hail.

Thus suddenly surprised, the whole company of horsemen were confused and panic-stricken. Jesse was quick to take advantage of their bewilderment, and immediately ordered a dash into the confused and stricken ranks. The havoc was terrible, for out of nearly one hundred Federals less than one-third the number escaped, while the loss of the guerrillas was only one killed and three slightly wounded.

One week later Frank and Jesse James, with fifty men, suddenly appeared in Bourbon county, Kansas, five miles south of Fort Scott, and swooped down upon Captain Blunt and his company of seventy-five mounted infantry, and with a yell of rage and triumph swept with deathly missiles the astonished Federals, leaving forty of them to bleach in autumn rains.

Jesse and his squad of picked fighters next made an attack upon Lieutenant Nash's command, three miles west of Warrensburg, Missouri, which was taken completely by surprise and cut to pieces. Then came the sacking of Camden. The little town was garrisoned by a small company of Federals, who, upon the day in question, were in the midst of bacchanalian revels and unable to offer resistance. This fight was simply a massacre, for the drunken soldiers were helpless, and the riot of murder was a pastime of sport for the guerrillas. After completing their slaughter of the soldiers, the little town was pillaged and burned.

The next engagement in which Frank and Jesse took part was an encounter between a squad of guerrillas under command of George Todd and a company of Colorado cavalry under command of Captain Wagner. This was a conflict in downright earnest. The Colorado troops understood guerrilla warfare, and Wagner was as brave a man as ever mustered a company. The guerrillas made a furious charge, but the onslaught was met with such resistance that the opposing forces mingled together in a hand-to-hand contest. The fight was terrible, the

rattle of revolvers being at times almost drowned by the clash of sabers.

Jesse James fought like a hungry tiger, and his death-dealing pistol made terrible inroads among his foes. Singling out the Captain, who was fighting with wonderful desperation, Jesse rode by him at a furious pace, and, discharging his pistol with remarkable accuracy, he sent a bullet through the brave Captain's heart. This act sent consternation through the ranks of the Colorado troops, and a retreat in confusion was soon begun.

Those that were founded received no mercy at the hands of the guerrillas, but were shot or put to the sword and then left unburied. In the early part of 1864 Quantrell learned that the Federal forces were being massed at Harrisonville, and Frank James was sent out to number the Federal forces at that point. The duty was fraught with much peril, but it was danger the James boys courted as the spice of existence. He rode straight for the town until within sight of the picket lines. He then hitched his horse in the closest thicket he could find, after which he approached with great care, and at night succeeded in passing the pickets.

Very soon after reaching the outskirts of Harrisonville he met a negro, from whom he obtained what information he desired, and then crept back again through the lines and mounted his horse. At this juncture he was spied by two of the picket guards, who commanded him to halt. The reply came from his pistol, and, though the night was without moonshine, he sent a bullet through the

brain of one, and another shot tore through the body of the other picket.

The camp was speedily in arms, but Frank rode rapidly out of harm, and delivered the information he had gained with such risk to Anderson.

Two days afterward an attack was made on the garrison at Harrisonville, but the Federals were prepared and ready for their assailants. The guerrillas were compelled to retire, and this was to them most humiliating.

They heard, however, of a band of Federal volunteers who were encamped on Grand River, at Flat Rock Ford. Thither they bent their steps, only again to be defeated.

In this fight Jesse James—who seemed to have borne hitherto a charmed life—was seriously wounded. A musket ball passed through his breast, tearing away a large portion of his left lung, and knocking him from his horse. He fell as if dead, and but for the bravery and fidelity of his companions would have been made a prisoner of war, and probably the world would have heard no more of Jesse James.

But these guerrillas were bound by an awful freemasonry to stand by each other in the hour of peril, and Arch Clements and John Janette rode back through a terrible rain of bullets and rescued their fallen comrade. He was taken to the house of Capt. John A. M. Rudd, where for many days his death was hourly expected.

Careful nursing and the best surgical skill, however, saved his life, and in one month's time he was

able to resume the saddle, and in six weeks he reported again for active duty.

December 16, 1864, while Jesse was on his way to pay a visit to his mother, he was suddenly confronted by three uniformed militia, who ordered him to halt; but instead of obeying the summons he whipped out two pistols, and in a moment the three men were struggling in the throes of death. Jesse was not further molested on his way, and after spending two days with his mother returned to the camp of the guerrillas. Immediately upon his return he was informed of the plans conceived during his absence of attacking Fayette, Missouri. On the 20th the attack was made, and charge after charge, with all the force the guerrillas could command, was hurled against the stockades which protected the Federals, but every onslaught was firmly met and left a trail of dead and wounded guerrillas. Lee McMurty, one of the bravest of Anderson's forces, fell dreadfully wounded directly under the Federal parapets. Jesse James was an intimate comrade of McMurty, and he determined to rescue his friend. He braved that lurid stream of fatal fire and drew away the gasping form of his friend, and yet escaped unscathed. This battle also resulted adversely to the guerrillas, and they were driven with great loss from Fayette.

From this time on fortune seems to have turned against the guerrillas. Indeed, the career of the Quantrell band was rapidly approaching its end.

Their inhuman deeds of massacre and pillage were disowned and condemned by the regular forces of

the Confederacy, and for a time it was seriously considered by many of the prominent Confederate officers advisable to unite with the Federals in the effort to rid Missouri of this terrible scourge. But the Federals alone proved sufficient for this task. The guerrillas were routed at every point, and defeat followed defeat in rapid succession.

A band of guerrillas headed by the desperado Bill Anderson was attacked by a company of Federals while crossing the Missouri River, in Howard county, and Anderson and five of his men were killed, the others fleeing to the hills to escape the same fate. Another squad of the guerrillas was surprised by a company of Federals on the Blackwater, and Jesse James was badly wounded in the leg and had a horse killed under him. Soon after this George Todd, one of Quantrell's most trusted lieutenants, was killed in an engagement on Sugar Creek, and the whole band of guerrillas was so closely crowded by the Federal troops that Quantrell concluded it was best to disband. Quantrell, Frank James and other members of the band crossed over into Kentucky, while Jesse James and George Shepherd, with a company of fifty guerrillas, went to Texas.

CHAPTER VII.

JESSE'S RIDE FOR LIFE.

It was late in the fall of 1864 that Jesse James, with a company of fifty picked men under command of Lieut. George Shepherd, set out for Texas. Their route lay through the most perilous portion of the Indian Territory. It was necessary to be on constant guard against a covert attack of Indians.

All went well, with never a sign of an Indian or enemy of any sort in sight, until the morning of November 22, when the guerrillas were suddenly confronted, not by a band of the dreaded savages, but a company of loyal Texas Rangers, under command of Capt. Emmet Goss, who was well known to the guerrillas to be a famous and fearless fighter, who never asked for nor granted any favors.

There was no chance for parleying, and both parties instinctively knew that either victory or extermination awaited them. But there was no faltering on that account by either band. Both guerrillas and Rangers dashed forward and met in a murderous hand-to-hand fight.

For a while victory seemed certain for the Rangers, but by a desperate, dare-devil deed Jesse James turned the tide of victory in favor of the guerrillas. Singling out Captain Goss, he made a headlong dash for the person of the brave Union officer, and sent

two bullets crashing through his body, one into his brain, another through his heart.

The death of Captain Goss demoralized the Rangers and ended the fight, for those that were killed after his fall were simply massacred.

Elated by their victory, the guerrillas continued their journey, forgetting for the moment that they were trespassing on the hunting grounds of hostile Indians.

A day or so after the killing of Captain Goss, Jesse James met with one of the most exciting adventures of his life.

He was riding alone along the bank of a stream, when suddenly to his horror he heard the fearful warwhoop of a body of Pin Indians. He turned quickly about and beheld only a few rods away ten mounted, well-armed Indians coming pell-mell in his direction. There was only one thing for him to do, and that was to fly. Jesse fled. The terrific yells of the Indians rang in his ears louder and louder, and Jesse was conscious that they were gaining ground every moment. It was a race for his life, with all the odds in favor of the Indians. On they came like a pack of hounds on the track of a fox. Frightened by the fearful yells of the Indians, Jesse's horse dashed on as if goaded by a gadfly. Jesse's spurs were pressed deep into the frightened horse's flesh, but all to little or no purpose, for the yells of the Indians sounded nearer every instant. Death was sure to be his if once within range of the redskins' rifles.

Suddenly just ahead of him he beheld a high precipice. To go over it seemed certain death to both horse and rider. But not to go over it was just as certain and more fearful death. Lightning quick he resolved to make the leap and cheat the redskins of their prey. On, straight toward the terrible precipice, dashed the daring guerrilla, and with a wild yell of defiance both horse and horseman went over the cliff into the unknown depths below. As good luck would have it, there was a deep pool of water at the foot of the precipice, and Jesse and his horse escaped without injury.

The Indians did not attempt the leap, and Jesse soon made his way back to his company without further adventure. The band of guerrillas reached Texas without further adventure worth mentioning.

After spending the winter in the Lone Star State, and making a murderous raid across the border into Mexico, the guerrillas early in the spring decided to return to Missouri. No sooner had they arrived on their old stamping grounds than their return was made only too well known in the community where their lawless deeds had made their names synonymous with murder.

Upon reaching Benton county Jesse James, Arch Clements and another comrade proceeded to the farmhouse of James Harkness, who was known as an uncompromising Union man. They decoyed him a short distance from his house by requesting him to direct them to a spring which they knew was in the neighborhood. When out of sight of the house Jesse James and his comrade caught Harkness by the

arms and held him firmly, while Arch Clements drew a large bowie knife, with which he cut the throat of the defenseless farmer, almost severing his head. Fresh blood being upon their hands, they rode into Johnson county to the house of Allen Duncan, another Union man, and, finding him chopping wood in his yard, Jesse James first accosted him and then sent a bullet into his brain.

The guerrilla band, now numbering scarce a score, before getting out of Johnson county were surprised by a company of Federal volunteers and almost annihilated. Jesse James had his horse shot under him and a musket ball went crashing through his lungs. Supposing him dead, the Federals gave pursuit to the fleeing guerrillas, and chased the remaining few for nearly fifty miles. The wounded guerrilla lay for two days where he fell, in terrible agony, and would have died except for the kindly ministrations of a farmer who chanced to find him. The care he received, after weeks of suffering, enabled him to again resume the saddle, and he went to Nebraska, where he remained until the return of his brother Frank from Kentucky, late in the following summer.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUANTRELL'S LAST STAND.

Leaving Jesse to recuperate his health and strength in Nebraska, let us now follow Quantrell and Frank James into Kentucky. In January, 1865, Quantrell collected together some fifty or more of his old followers, among them Frank James, and started for the hills of Kentucky, where he expected to continue his warfare. Their route lay southeast. and before they got out of Missouri they came near falling into the hands of Curtis, who pursued them hard almost to the Arkansas line, where the trail was lost. The guerrillas crossed the Mississippi River at Gaine's Landing, nearly twenty miles above Memphis, and made their way through Tennessee, entering Kentucky from the south. At Hartford, in Ohio county, the command met a squad of thirty militia under command of Capt. Barnett, whom they readily deceived into the belief that they were Federal troops searching for guerrillas, and that Quantrell was a Federal captain.

Indeed the deception was played so successfully that Barnett was induced to accompany them upon an expedition. Quantrell managed to communicate with each of his men, whom he instructed to ride beside the Federals, and when he should draw his handkerchief and throw it over his shoulder it was the signal for the slaughter. At about five o'clock in the after-

noon Frank James rode up beside Capt. Barnett, while Quantrell moved forward, and as his horse stepped into a shallow branch. where all his men could see him, he drew the fatal handkerchief and, without looking back, he waved it and then threw it over his shoulder. There was a rattle of pistol shots and Capt. Barnett and his men fell dead under their horses.

Near Hopkinsville the guerrillas met twelve Federal cavalrymen who sought the shelter of a barn and gave battle. The fight lasted for more than an hour, and until the barn was fired, when the twelve brave fellows were forced from their defense and were shot as they rushed from the flames.

Their horses then became the property of the guerrillas. Frank James stoppepd one day with an uncle, who lived about fifty miles from Hopkinsville, and thus permitted the command to get so far ahead of him that he did not engage in any more skirmishes in Kentucky; for—two days afterward Quantrell was driven into a small village called Smiley, where, finding escape impossible, he made his last stand.

It was forty against nearly three hundred, and Quantrell knew it was a fight to the death. Bleeding almost at every pore, the black-bannered bandit fought like the gladiators, until, blinded by his own blood, and with a score of gaping wounds, he fell mortally wounded. with an empty pistol in one hand and a bloody sword in the other. It was thus that the entire force of Quantrell's guerrillas died, excepting Frank James, whose life was saved by his accidental absence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE JAMES BOYS TURN BANDITS.

When the civil war closed and the occupation of the guerrilla as an authorized fighter was gone, the James Boys were loath to change the exciting and dangerous vocation to which they had become inured by nearly four years of ceaseless activity.

Other guerrillas, who had been their comrades in so many desperate struggles, which had made their very names a terror, had surrendered themselves when the bond of national union had been repaired, and returned to peaceful pursuits; but Jesse and Frank James affected to despise the ordinary walks of life and refused to tread other than paths which bristled with danger and anxiety. Both were sorely wounded and a period of recuperation was necessary; and this respite from the turmoils of bandit life was employed in the conception of bold schemes by which to enlarge the notoriety of their names and to accumulate wealth.

When they had somewhat recovered from their wounds, Mrs. Samuels returned to her old home, in Clay county, while the boys paid her occasional visits as opportunity offered, but generally keeping themselves well hidden in the fastnesses of Jackson county.

In the latter part of 1866 Jesse James was attacked with a severe type of malarial fever, which the exposure he had to endure so intensified that he deter-

mined to secretly visit his mother and place himself under her immediate care. The record which he had made during the war rendered him amenable to the vengeance of a large number of the residents of Clay and adjoining counties, who had suffered by his desperate acts. Consequently, Jesse knew that eternal vigilance was necessary, but hoped to so conceal his presence at the Samuels' homestead that no one would suspect his location or condition. But in this he was deceived, for only a few days had elapsed after his arrival at home when, by some means unknown to the writer, it was discovered that Jesse had taken up at least temporary residence with his mother.

It was a bitter cold night in the month of February, 1863, that a band of six persons, each of whom had a special grievance of revenge, knocked at the door of Dr. Samuel's residence and demanded immediate admittance. Jesse was in bed upstairs, but he was the first to hear and understand the peremptory challenge, as it were, of the men outside.

Hastily drawing on his pantaloons and boots, he grabbed his two heavy pistols and looked out of the window, where, by the light reflected by the snow, he saw six horses and only a single man. He knew then that the house was surrounded and all chance of escape lay in a bloody fight. He silently descended to the first floor, where Dr. Samuels was rattling the door and explaining to those awaiting admittance that the lock was out of repair so that the key would not work readily. This was a ruse, however, to secure time for Jesse, who, Dr. Samuels hoped, would be able to escape through a back window. Locating the voice of

one of the men who was threatening to break in the door, Jesse fired through the panel and a stifled groan told him that his arm had been perfect.

On hearing the shot, the other five rushed to the front of the house. Jesse threw the door partly open and the light from the snow made the men outside easy targets for his unerring aim, while he was so hidden by the door and darkness within that the attacking party could not fire with the least accuracy. In half the time it has taken the reader to even scan this report three of the six men were lying dead in the snow and two others were desperately wounded, while the other fled in mortal terror.

Suffering, as he was, from a very high fever, Jesse lost no time in mounting his horse, and with a hurried good-bye, he again rode into the wilderness, leaving his mother and her family with the dead and wounded. It was a ghastly scene, there upon the white-shrouded ground, one man dead on the doorstep, two others stiff and frozen in their own blood which crimsoned the yard, while the groans from the wounded made the place more hideous. Dr. Samuels notified his nearest neighbor as soon as possible, and, with the assistance he secured, the two wounded men were taken into the house and cared for, while a lonely vigil over the dead was kept until morning.

A large crowd collected at the homestead on the following day and removed the bodies, while more than fifty mounted citizens went in pursuit of the youthful desperado, but after a week's fruitless search they returned to their homes, and quiet again brooded over the distressed neighborhood.

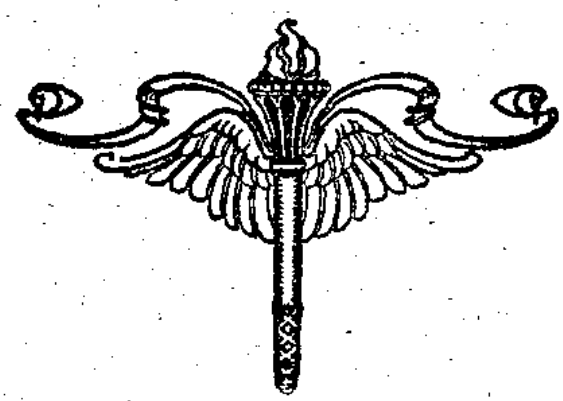
In the meantime Frank James, also, was passing through a bit of "unpleasantness."

The border states at the close of hostilities were infested with numerous bands of horse thieves. Indeed highway robbery and horse stealing was the order of the day. Vigilance committees for the summary suppression and punishment of horse thieving were organized among the citizens on every hand. It was a fearful thing for a suspected thief to fall into the avenging hands of one of these regulating committees. There was little ceremony in the method of their trial, conviction and execution. Any stranger found with a horse in his possession for whose ownership he could not satisfactorily account to the committee was made to stretch hemp without further ado. Jesse and Frank James were already well known to these people as desperate characters. Their deeds of outrage while guerrillas under Quantrell made their names rise to the lips of the citizens whenever any daring robbery was perpetrated in their neighborhood. It is not improbable, therefore, that many crimes were laid at their door of which they were entirely innocent. One day while Frank James was sitting quietly in the hotel of a small town in Meade county, Kentucky, he was called upon by one of these law and order committees. Frank had only arrived at the hotel that morning, and from his easy-going, careless manner, it was evident that he knew nothing of the excitement that existed in the community regarding the depredations of horse thieves and highway robbers.

There were four of the committee who waited upon him at the hotel. The leader of the vigilants, a large,

stalwart fellow, approached Frank, and tapping him gently on the shoulder, remarked: "I apprehend you as a horse thief. Please consider yourself under arrest." The response was most unexpected, for, with an oath, he drew his pistol and shot three of the party, and in return was badly wounded in the thigh. The others fled, but a large crowd soon collected, to intimidate, which Frank backed up against the house and threatened to shoot any one who made the least motion to harm him. A horse was standing hitched conveniently near, and, compelling the crowd to fall back, he drew his suffering body up into the saddle and made his escape.

The wound proved a very serious one and kept him confined to his bed at the house of a friend, where he found refuge, nearly seventy-five miles from Brandensburg, for several months.



CHAPTER X.

ROBBERY OF THE RUSSELLVILLE BANK.

Frank and Jesse James were now looked upon by the farmers of Missouri as nothing less than horse thieves and murderers. It was said that the James boys both claimed to be innocent of the crimes that had been charged against them since the close of the war, but, as they had to stand the infamy of the accusation, they proposed to have the benefits of the business. This is the excuse given by them for organizing their band of outlaws. For some time after Frank James' exploit at Brandensburg nothing was heard of either him or Jesse. They had not been seen in Clay county for many months, and no specially reckless deeds had been committed to bring back a remembrance of them. Their bloody record had been almost forgotten, when, it was suddenly and most startlingly brought to mind, and the town of Russellville, Kentucky, thrown into the greatest excitement it ever experienced. The James boys had paid the place a visit and left a souvenir of their desperate valor.

On the 20th of March, 1868, Jesse James, accompanied by four comrades—George Shepherd, Oll Shepherd, Cole Younger and Jim White, dashed into the town like a hurricane, yelling and firing their pistols until everyone was frightened from the streets. They

then rode to the bank, where four of them dismounted and entered, with drawn revolvers, so intimidating the cashier that he opened the safe to Jesse James, while Cole Younger gathered the cash from the money drawer and counter.

Besides $14,000 belonging to the bank, the bandits took from the vault, the door of which was standing open, several bags of gold and silver. This specie consisted principally of dollars, half-dollars and quarters, and had been placed in the bank on special deposit by several of the neighboring farmers. The amount has never been ascertained, but it will not, we understand, exceed five thousand dollars. Several private boxes which were on the shelf in the vault, and contained bonds, were broken open, but none of the bonds were carried off—doubtless because of a fear that they had been registered and would lead to the detection of the robbers. Two robbers kept guard outside while the work of pillage was going on, and, though the alarm had spread, kept the citizens at bay until a Mr. Owens had the courage to begin firing upon them with a pistol. He was seriously, but not dangerously, wounded. Finally the sentinels became alarmed and called for their accomplices inside to come out. They quickly complied, bringing with them saddle bags crammed with gold and greenbacks.

They were greeted with a heavy volley by a squad of citizens who were advancing up the street. All of the badits, however, safely mounted their horses and dashed at full speed out of town.

When the excitement and surprise had somewhat subsided the Sheriff summoned twenty deputies and

started in pursuit. The chase continued through Kentucky and Western Tennessee. Telegrams were sent in every direction with the hope of intercepting the robbers, who, finding themselves close pressed, scattered, as was their custom, and all save George Shepherd eluded pursuit and gained the marshes and dense coverts of Arkansas, where it was impossible to trail them. Shepherd was captured two weeks after the robbery in a small drug store in Tennessee and taken back to Logan county, where he was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of three years.

Oliver Shepherd, a brother of George, who was also connected with the bank robbery, was afterward found in Jackson county, Missouri, and a requisition being first obtained, a dozen men attempted his arrest. But Oll. as he was called, was made of that sterner composition which would not brook a curtailment of his liberty, and he threw defiance at the officers of the law. Then began a battle of extermination. The officers had armed themselves with carbines, because they knew that to come in range of the old guerrilla's pistols would be death to many of them.

The hero of a hundred desperate conflicts felt that his time had come, so, bracing himself against a large tree, he stood and received the fire of his slayers at a range of nearly two hundred and fifty yards. His pistols were useless, although he fired every shot, fourteen rounds, at the officers, who, from behind trees, shot seven terrible slugs into his body before he fell; even then, like Spartacus, he struck out toward his foes in the last throes of death.

CHAPTER XI.

THE JAMES BOYS TACKLE THE CALIFORNIANS.

After the Russellville bank robbery Jesse James was not so well as usual. The long and exciting ride from Russellville through rough ravines and over precipitous hills to his hiding place in Missouri told fearfully on his constitution, and set the old wound in his lungs to bleeding again. His physician recommended a change of scene and air, and advised a sea voyage to the Pacific Coast.

Frank James also seemed the worse for his fearful five hundred miles ride from Russellville. He was suffering very much from the old wound in his hip, and his physician also advised a sea voyage for rest and repairs.

Accordingly, shortly after the Russellville robbery, both the James boys were on their way to California. Jesse took passage from New York city for Panama, and thence for the Golden Gate and California. Frank made the trip independently of Jesse, and arrived at San Francisco in advance of him.

They met at the home of their uncle, Mr. D. W. James, and for the first time since they left their boyhood home in Clay county, Missouri, to join Quantrell's band of guerrillas they breathed an atmosphere of quiet, free from the apprehension of attack by avenging foes. Their uncle, whose guest they

were, was at the time proprietor of the Paso Robel, Hot Sulphur Springs, Hotel. Here for several months the brothers rested and recuperated their health and strength. Visitors and guests of the hotel little suspected that the two genial young men introduced to them as the nephews of their host were really the bloodthirsty ex-guerrillas whose daring deeds of robbery and murder had made their names a holy terror to at least four states of the Union. Jesse, especially, won for himself golden opinions on account of his kindly, genial disposition. Through the whole of that summer of 1869 the brothers lived without a single adventure, save the very desirable change from weakness to robust health. Frank's hip grew strong, Jesse's lung yielded to the kindly influences of the beautiful climate, and before the autumn sun had touched the far-spreading woodlands with tints and hues of golden splendors, the young men who came to Paso Robel broken down and emaciated were as strong and robust as ever. And with returning health and vigor came back the old spirit of daring and wild adventure. Whatever firm resolves they made in the day of their weakness as to a quiet, honest life for the future, these resolves began to weaken with their increasing strength.

Moreover, just at that time the newspapers of the Pacific Coast were filled with thrilling accounts of daring robberies by "road agents" who infested the mountain passes of California, Nevada and Colorado. These accounts were read with avidity by Frank and Jesse James in their quiet retreat at their uncle's hotel. The told desperado spirit was reawakened

within them, and they began to look back upon their three months of indolent rest as just so much of their lives thrown away. The fever of unrest burned on in their veins until it drove them forth into the mountains in search of adventure. Burnishing up their old-time trusty friends, their ever-faithful revolvers. they buckled on their fighting paraphernalia and sallied forth into the mountain passes, prepared for any sort of adventure that might happen to turn up. When we remember that the mining camps of that region were filled with reckless adventurers, cutthroats and gamblers, it is not at all surprising that Frank and Jesse James did not have far to go before they found all the excitement and adventure they wanted.

One bright, sunshiny morning Frank and Jesse. with two of their old guerrilla comrades from Missouri, whom they chanced to fall in with, took a journey into the region of the Sonoma Mountains, where a small tributary of the Humbolt River cuts the foothills of the range. There was a new encampment called "Battle Mountain." And, to use the emphatic language of these four Missouri boys, they thought they would break the monotony of life by going to Battle Mountain "just to shake up the encampment."

These camping towns spring up as if by magic, and very often just as rapidly pass from sight. So that now the traveler in these mountain regions comes often upon the relics of a deserted hamlet that served the purpose of the hour and then was left to rot and ruin. Some lucky "find" would determine the locality.

A main street would be laid out. Saloons, eating houses, dance houses and gambling hells, with a sufficient number of shanties for the dwelling of the men would make up the place. And over and over again the gold for which men had toiled so hard for weeks would all be squandered in a single night's debauch. Battle Mountain had the reputation of being a "rattling place." It had among its strange inhabitants men of honorable positions, charmed by the hope of finding sudden wealth; and men of easy mind and careless mien, who were simply traveling to see what was to be seen, and others of dark intent; who knew best of all how to gamble and carouse, and always to be ready with bowie knife and revolver as the quick and sure settlers of any argument that might arise. Hard work by day, and at night women, whiskey and cards; this was the order of Battle Mountain. And it was to "shake up" this encampment that Frank and Jesse James and their two companions from Missouri came. They had not been here long when a number of gambling blacklegs, who little knew the sort of men they had to deal with, formed a plot to swindle these green boys from Missouri. While the James boys did not drink, they were somewhat proud of their skill at cards. One fatal night the boys of Battle Mountain. thirty or forty, were gathered together. Some were drinking, others playing cards, others mapping out plans for future prospecting. One of the ex-guerrillas, sitting at the same table with Jesse and acting as his partner in a game of cards, had just called the hand of his opponent, one of the men in the plot.

"Three kings," responded the gambler, confidently.

"Three aces," exclaimed the guerrilla, as cool as a cucumber, and showing down his cards he raked in the pot.

The gambler was about to remark something or other, when his opponent cut him short by saying: 'I discarded a king; when the cut for your deal was made the bottom card was exposed. It was a king. You got your third king from the bottom. You mustn't do that again."

'You lie!" retorted the gambler, with a gleam of murder in his eyes.

Immediately all was confusion in the room. An ominous calm prevailed for a moment, while all eyes were fixed upon the excited players. Then Jesse rose to the emergency. Cheating had been charged and the lie given direct. This meant death to one or other of the parties concerned. Jesse's ready revolver decided that it should not be his friend. While the excited gambler was fumbling for his weapon Jesse's trusty pistol cracked twice, and the murder-plotting gambler fell dead on the floor. Lightning quick the partner of the slain gambler made a lunge at Jesse with a dirk, but with a quick movement Jesse avoided the knife, swung round his ready revolved, cracked away at the gambler, and literally blew the entire top of his head off.

Pandemonium reigned at once. With a wild yell the excited gamblers made a mad rush for Jesse and his companions.

"Back, you devils, back!" cried Jesse. The wild mob wavered for a moment, the lights went out, and

Jesse and his comrades under cover of the darkness made a dash for the door.

Once outside they turned and fired a volley into the midst of the howling mob of pursuers. Two men dropped dead and three were mortally wounded. Someone struck a light. The scene that the mob of demoralized gamblers gazed upon made the blood curdle in their veins. Three men lay dead upon the floor, and five others, fearfully wounded, were groaning and crusing by their side. Half-drunken women, sobered by the ghastly sight, were screaming like beldames. For a while those of the gamblers who had escaped death or wounding at the hands of the Missourians were too utterly dazed by the sight of their dead and wounded comrades weltering in pools of blood to take any action for revenge. Suddenly one of the gamblers shouted:

"Now, boys, for vengeance. Let's follow them to hell if necessary!" and with a yell of revenge ten stalwart gamblers put off in hot pursuit of the plucky Missourians.

The moon was shining brightly down upon the path of the fleeing ex-guerrillas. and the maddened gamblers, made desperate by the death of their comrades, followed close and sure upon the heels of the fugitives.

About a mile away they overtook the four greenhorns from Missouri, as they had considered the James boys and their two friends to be, and with a wild yell of triumph dashed forward and demanded their surrender. "Surrender nothing!" cried Jesse, and, turning to his comrades, he said: "Let her go, boys!"

and instantly four revolvers flashed in the moonlight and three more Battle Mountain gamblers joined the company of their departed comrades in the happy hunting grounds of disembodied shades. The seven remaining gamblers turned to retreat, but the ready revolvers of the Missourians flashed forth again, and two more of the Battle Mountain desperadoes fell to the earth wounded. The five others were glad to escape with their lives and whole skins. Jesse lost his hat in the encounter and one of the ex-guerrillas had a finger shot off.

With these slight exceptions no damage was done to the brave quartet of Missourians, who had demonstrated their ability to do what they set out to accomplish—give Battle Mountain a good shaking up. Of course, after this dare-devil exploit it was no longer any use for Frank and Jesse James to play the role of goody-good boys in the State of California. They had given themselves away, and the only thing for them to do was to take French leave and quit the state for some more congenial clime. They went back to their old stamping ground in Missouri.

CHAPTER XII.

THE JAMES BOYS TRAVEL INCOG.

Frank and Jesse James were great travelers. We have seen that they frequently made quick trips clear across the country, from East to West, from North to South, and vice versa.

The question naturally occurs, how did they travel? Openly or secretly?

Those who knew the James boys intimately say that they seldom or never traveled together, but when bound for the same destination Frank would take one route and Jesse another, as they did on their trip to California. They made no attempt to disguise themselves, but trusted to their reputation as crack shots to protect them from molestation by any ambitious detectives who might by chance stumble upon them in their travels. Everybody knew enough about them to know that it was best to mind one's own business when either of them was about. The very name of Jesse James was a terror to the people in all parts of the country, and no one cared to place himself in a position to incur the bandit's hatred. The James boys had so many friends and abettors in various portions of the country that no one could safely take any step toward bringing the bandits to justice without the fact being made know to Frank and Jesse. And the fact once known, the life of him who had been too

officious was not worth more than the cost of a revolver cartridge. A man's life was as nothing when it stood in the way of Frank or Jesse James. The knowledge of this fact by the people constituted the James boys' most perfect safeguard.

But on their return trip from California the bandit brothers departed from their usual custom and traveled together. They had lived like gentlemen so long at their good old uncle's Hot Sulphur Springs Hotel that they became somewhat socialized and concluded not to abandon their new mode of life completely just yet awhile.

Frank and Jesse, you may imagine, traveled as first-class passengers. They had not exhausted their supply of greenbacks and gold obtained by them in their Russellville raid, and they proposed to experience something of the luxury of trans-continental travel. In this way they were thrown into the society of wealthy people traveling for the benefit of their health, and experienced no difficulty whatever in passing for well-bred gentlemen of the Pacific coast.

They stopped over at Denver for a few days, and while there Frank was recognized by an ex-detective from Missouri, named Ed Ballintine. Ballintine was not inclined to let Frank James know that he understood who he was, but the latter stepped to the ex-detective on the street and, extending his hand, said: "Shake hands, my friend. Like myself, you seem to be having a 'layoff' from your usual occupation; can't you join Jesse and me in doing Denver for a day or two?" The result was that Ballintine, who was a little hard up just then, was treated to as jolly a three

days' and nights' dissipation as he ever experienced in all his life. All the places of amusement, both reputable and disreptuable, were visited by the trio, and, as the society reported for a country newspaper sometimes says of a Sunday-school picnic, "A nice time was had."

After seeing all the sights Denver had to show them, Frank and Jesse boarded an east-bound train for Chicago, where they put up at the Palmer House, registering as James and Frank Jesse, San Francisco, California.

"Do you see that rather sedate, well-dressed fellow, sitting over in that large chair just by the pillar?" asked a gentleman of his companion not very long ago, as they sat smoking in the great central hall of the Palmer House, Chicago.

"I do," was the response of the gentleman, who happened to be a justice of the Peace for Cook county.

"Well," said the first speaker, "do you know that that is the notorious outlaw, Frank James?"

"Indeed!" said the magistrate.

"Yes," said his informant, "no doubt at all about it. He has registered as Edwin Jackson, of Detroit; but he has been spotted by a dozen men; there is no doubt about his being the great Missourian bandit, Frank James. Say, Judge, what a grand opportunity for you! You might have him arrested, and make quite a name and fame!"

"No, thank you!" said the legal dignitary.

"But you are a Justice of the Peace and society looks to you!" said his friend, growing quite eloquent.

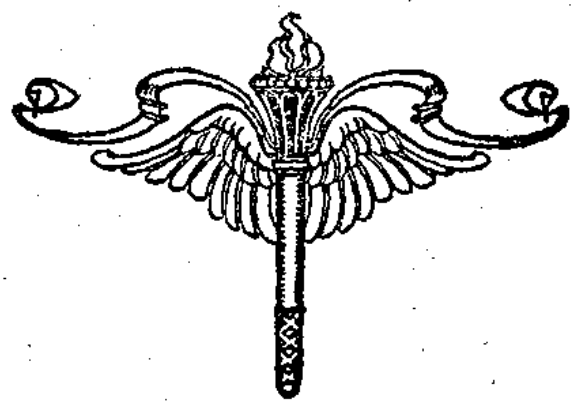
"That's just where it is," said the magistrate; "I'm a Justice of the Peace, and I want peace. Society looks to me, and I want it to go on looking to me. That may or may not be Frank James; it's none of my funeral. But if it were Frank or Jesse James or any of that infamous gang, and I arrested him, it would probably be my funeral, and soon! Do you think that because a man is a magistrate he must therefore be a fool? Come and let us take a turn along State street."

For fully a week the James boys enjoyed themselves in the great metropolis of the West, right under the eyes of the smart detectives of the Pinkerton headquarters, and had many a good-natured remark to make as they from time to time passed by the well-known sign of the Pinkerton's bearing the boastful motto, "We never sleep."

It is said by some who pretend to now what they are talking about, that Jesse even went so far in his good-natured bantering as to make a visit to the detectives' headquarters and ask for a job, but this seems hardly probable, for a chance recognition by any of the Pinkerton force would certainly have resulted in Jesse's arrest. Jesse, of course, knew this, and as he was no fool, it is not likely that he took any such reckless chances.

After enjoying themselves to their hearts' content in Chicago, the James boys went to Missouri to visit their mother. Of course, their conduct in the neighborhood of their old crimes was not so open and above board as while on their travels, but they felt perfectly safe at home, where their faithful and affectionate mother was ever on the alert against surprise.

The James boys were not altogether idle while at home, for they were thinking of new ways and means for replenishing their pretty well exhausted treasury. After a few days' rest they retired to their Jackson county cave, where with the advice and consent of a number of their old fellow-bandits, they speedily arranged a plan of campaign for another bank robbery.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE GALLATIN BANK ROBBERY.

For a period of some eighteen months after the Russellville robbery the people of Missouri, Kansas and Kentucky were free from the raids of the bandits. Frank and Jesse were rusticating in California, and the good citizens of the border states were beginning to believe they were rid of them forever.

The country banks had relaxed their vigilance, and detectives, anxious to pluck honors by bringing noted criminals to justice, looked no longer toward the border bandits.

Suddenly, and with a surprise which shook society like a social earthquake, the outlaws returned to their old haunts in Missouri, and descended like some terrible avalanche upon the Daviess County Savings Bank at Gallatin. It was but a fragment of the old crowd, however, Cole Younger and the James boys, the most desperate trio that guerrilla warfare ever gave birth to.

It was on the 7th of December, 1869, when the three rods leisurely into Gallatin and stopped in front of the bank. Cole and Jesse dismounted, leaving Frank with the horses and to keep the outside clear of interference.

In the bank, at the time, was a young man named McDowell making a deposit, and Capt. John W.

Sheets, the cashier. Jesse James threw a one-hundred dollar bill on the counter and asked the cashier to give him small change in return. Capt. Sheets took the bill, walked to the safe, took out a handful of money, and, returning to the counter, was in the act of counting out the change, when Cole Younger suddenly thrust a navy revolver forward and commanded the cashier to surrender to them the keys of the inner doors of the safe, the outer ones being open. Before the startled McDowell could recover from his astonishment he found the deadly revolver of Jesse James covering his person, and was forced to consider himself a prisoner. Cole Younger went behind the counter, plundered the safe and till, and secured in all about seven hundred dollars in currency.

After rifling the safe, there was a whispered consultation, and the next moment Jesse James turned and deliberately shot Capt. Sheets dead. Meantime one or two persons who had come to the bank on business had been driven away by the confederate outside, and this, together with the sound of the pistol, had caused an alarm to be given. The whole transaction occupied but a few minutes, but by the time the robbers emerged from the bank a dozen citizens had snatched up various weapons and were moving up the street toward the bank.

Frank James called out to his comrades, his cry being answered by the immediate appearance of Jesse and Cole, who rushed out of the bank. The horses, spirited animals, were headed for flight; affrighted by the shouts of the advancing crowd, Jesse's horse gave

a plunge just as he, with one foot in the stirrup, had made an effort to mount. The suddenness of the horse's movement completely discomfited the robber, who fell to the ground and was dragged about thirty feet head downward with one heel fast in the stirrup. By that time, however, he succeeded in disengaging himself.

For a second he lay prone on the ground, while the fractious steed went careering away in the distance. The crowd of citizens began to open a lively fusillade, but Frank James instantly wheeled and rode back to his dismounted brother, who leaped up behind him, and away they went together. Less than ten minutes had elapsed when the citizens were mounted in pursuit, and they must soon have overtaken the overloaded horse that was carrying double. It so happened, however, that about a mile southwest of town the fugitives met Mr. Dan Smoot riding an excellent saddle horse. Without a moment's hesitation they rode up to him, and with the muzzle of a revolver an inch from his nose, requested him to dismount. Of course, he took to the bush with great alacrity, and the three bandits were once more thoroughly equipped. They appeared to have little fear for the result after this. Between Gallatin and Kidder they talked with several persons, boasting of what they had done. On nearing Kidder they met Rev. Mr. Helm, a Methodist minister. They pressed him into service by the use of the usual persuasion, the revolver, and made him guide them around so that they could avoid the town. On leaving him one of them told Mr. Helm that he

was Bill Anderson's brother and that he killed S. P. Cox, if he hadn't made a mistake in the man. He claimed that this was an act of vengeance for the death of his brother Bill.

The pursuing posse followed hot upon the heels of the fugitives, who were once or twice almost in sight.

About six miles south of Kidder they took to the woods, going toward the Missouri River, and there their woodcraft and the approach of night enabled them to escape. The horse which had escaped and so nearly killed Jesse in front of the bank was held by the sheriff of Daviess county.

The escaping robbers were traced across into Clay county, and the abandoned horse, according to an account in the *Kansas City Times*, of December 16, 1869, was fully identified as the property of "a young man named James, whose mother and step-father lived about four miles from Centerville, Clay county, near the Cameron branch of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad."

The account adds that "both he and his brother are desperate men, having had much experience in horse and revolver work." The most careful inquiry was made in order to leave no question as to the identity of the robbers, and it is still held that there was no doubt about Frank and Jesse James and Cole Younger being the trio.

As soon as it was definitely ascertained who the men were and where they lived, two of the citizens of Gallatin, thoroughly armed and mounted, rode away to Liberty, Clay county, where they called on Mr. Tomlinson, the deputy sheriff, and stated what they

knew about the three outlaws, and what they had done in Gallatin.

Tomlinson, accompanied by his son and the two pursuers from Gallatin, started at once for Dr. Samuels' house, the step-father of the brothers James. This house is some twenty miles from Liberty. Approaching it, some strategy was displayed. The Gallatin detachment watching it from the side next the woods, the Liberty detachment—father and son—dismounted at the gate in front of the house and walked very deliberately up to the door. Before reaching it, however, a little negro boy ran past them and on to the stable, and just as he got there the door opened suddenly, and out dashed the two brothers on splendid horses, with pistols drawn, and took the lot fence at a swinging gallop. The Gallatin party, from the fence above, opened fire on sight; the sheriff and his son followed suit; the brothers joined in at intervals, and then the chase began.

To mount and away in pursuit was with Tomlinson but the work of a few seconds, and he dashed on after the robbers. His horse alone of all the horses ridden in pursuit would take the fence, and so while the rest of the party were discounting and pulling off top rails, Mr. Tomlinson was riding like the wind after the two brothers. He gained upon them, well mounted as they were. He fired several times at them and they at him, but the rate of speed was too great for accuracy. Carried on by the ardor of the chase, Mr. Tomlinson soon found himself far in advance of the supporting column, and, in fact, hotly pursuing two desperadoes with no weapon to rely on except an empty

revolver. Just what happened will probably never be known, as there were no witnesses except the principals. A short time afterward, however, Mr. Tomlinson came back to Dr. Samuels' house on foot, having evidently made a forced march through the brush. He borrowed a horse and started for Centerville. He had hardly been gone ten minutes when the two James boys returned to the house, and on learning that he had the cheek to come back there, they went after him, swearing they would kill him. They missed him, however. The horse he had first ridden was afterward found shot dead. Tomlinson reached Liberty about ten o'clock that night, and found the town in considerable excitement over the report that he had been killed. His posse having lost track of him, had returned to Liberty and circulated the report.

Tomlinson's story about the affair was that he could not hit the boys from a running horse, and so he dismounted to get one deliberate shot. The outlaws subsequently told some of their friends that when they found only one man close to them they turned on him and killed his horse, whereupon he plunged into a thicket, and they were willing enough to let him get away, but they had no idea he would go to their home for a fresh horse. Of course, the whole country turned out after this to catch the Jameses, but they were not caught. The robbery was, perhaps, the most remarkable of all that had been done by the Missouri bandits, partly because only three men were engaged in it, and partly because of the utter wantonness of the murder committed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CORYDON AND COLUMBIA ROBBERIES.

After the Gallatin robbery Frank aand Jesse James and the three Younger boys temporarily retired from business. Their safety was in separation and seclusion, and for fully a year or more after the robbery of the Gallatin bank they either remained among their many friends in Kentucky, where they were perfectly safe from capture, or hid themselves in their impregnable cave in Jackson county, Missouri. They had a well-defined policy of action by which they were guided in their social intercourse as well as in their dangerous adventures.

Secret communication was kept up when the band was divided, and each one was always on the alert for special opportunities in the practice of their peculiar profession.

But this sort of inactive existence grew to be monotonous, and the outlaws became restless for new adventures.

After a long period of idleness and plotting, the reorganized band, consisting of the two James boys, Cole and Jim Younger, Clell Miller, Jim White and one other, whose identity has never been conclusively established, seven in all, decided to visit Iowa and plunder the bank of Obocock Bros., in Corydon. On the 3d of June, 1871, the seven outlaws, well mounted

and armed, came trooping into the town, like so many countrymen hastening to the political meeting then in progress in the public square. They halted before the bank and three of the party dismounted, while the remaining four stood guard on the outside.

The dismounted trio entered the bank very quietly, and, finding no one inside but the cashier, it being high noon, he was confronted by three heavy revolvers and then bound hand and foot. This was a singular act which the bandits never before or since attempted, and their purpose is not yet apparent, for they obtained the keys of the safe without trouble, and plundered it of nearly $40,000, one of the largest hauls, if not the largest, except one, they had ever made up to that time.

After completing the robbery and placing their treasure in a sack, the three emerged from the bank, and, mounting their horses, the entire party masked themselves with handkerchiefs and rode over to the political meeting, which was being addressed by Henry Clay Dean, where Jesse James asked pardon of the speaker for interrupting him a few moments. Mr. Dean graciously gave way when Jesse, still sitting astride his horse with the other bandits by his side, spoke as follows: "Well, you've been having your fun and we've been having ourn. You needn't go into hysterics when I tell you that we've just been down to the bank and robbed it of every dollar in the till. If you'll go down there now you'll find the cashier tied, and then, if you want any of us, why, just come down and take us. Thank you for your attention."

At the conclusion of this strange speech the seven

dare-devils set up a wild yell, lifted their hats and sped away southward.

The crowd thought the confession was only a plan to break up the meeting, but a few minutes served to prove the truth of Jesse's words.

After discovering the robbery there were hasty preparations for pursuit, and a posse of a dozen men, headed by the sheriff, dashed off in reckless haste to capture the bandits.

On the second day the outlaws were overtaken in Daviess county, Mo., and a fight ensued, but the citizens were forced to give way without inflicting any damage on the bold marauders. Others joined in the chase, however, and the trail was followed into Clay county, and then into Jackson, where the track faded out suddenly.

A whole year passed after the Corydon bank robbery, and things had somewhat quieted down, when the band concluded the time was ripe for another raid, and they planned to plunder the Safety Deposit Bank at Columbia, Kentucky.

First providing themselves with the purest blooded horses they could purchase, and completing every detail for a profitable ride, the James boys and the three Younger brothers set out for Columbia, the county-seat of Adair county, Kentucky.

On the 29th of April, 1872, the five daring outlaws rode into Columbia by different roads, coming together in the public square at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Scarcely had they met when John and Jim Younger dashed down the street yelling and firing their pistols

at every person seen abroad, while Cole and the two James boys rode directly to the bank and entered with drawn pistols. In the bank at the time was the cashier, Hon. R. A. C. Martin, James Garnett and Mr. Dalrymple.

A demand was made on the cashier for the safe keys, which, being refused, one of the outlaws shot him dead. The other gentleman in the bank made a hasty exit, leaving the bandits in undisturbed possession.

Being unable to effect an entrance into the safe, the robbers were compelled to content themselves with the currency they found in the drawers, amounting to about two hundred dollars; they then remounted their horses and the gang galloped away southward.

On the same afternoon of the robbery fifteen men, with such horses and arms as they could hastily secure, started out after the bandits, while telegrams were sent in every direction with the hope of heading them off. Others joined in the chase, and the trail was followed pertinaciously through Kentucky and several hundred miles in Tennessee, but the outlaws gained the dense coverts and recesses of the Cumberland Mountains, where pursuit ended. The shooting of the cashier has been charged to Frank James, but that is merely supposition.

It is almost certain that Cole Younger did not commit the murder, because of his well-known aversion to the adoption of such expedients to effect a robbery; Cole would try intimidation, but his nature revolted at murder, except where the conditions were equally divided, and it was life staked against life.

CHAPTER XV.

RAIDING OF THE KANSAS CITY FAIR, AND ROBBERY OF THE ST. GENEVIEVE BANK.

After raiding the Columbia bank the bandits retired to their Jackson county cave, where they remained in hiding for several months. It was not until the following autumn that they again startled the whole country with one of their dare-devil raids.

It was Thursday, September 26, 1872. The Kansas City fair was in session. Indeed it was "big day" at the fair. There were at least thirty thousand people on the grounds that day, all attracted thither by the announcement that the famous horse Ethan Allen was to trot against a running mate on the exhibition track. Every incoming train poured hundreds of new-comers into the city. The streets were literally jammed during the early morning hours, and by nine o'clock the stream of humanity began to flow toward the fair grounds. It was, indeed, a big day for both the city and the fair association. By one o'clock in the afternoon there was scarcely standing room about the race course or the buildings containing exhibition articles.

Ethan Allen was brought out and shown to the thousands occupying the amphitheatre, and then the pool-selling began on the other races to take place after the noted horse had exhibited his speed. At three o'clock the great horse appeared in harness in the ring, and

when he was sent off the most deafening cries arose from the crowd and continued until the mile was finished.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Hall, the secretary and treasurer of the Fair Association, completed counting the receipts of the day, and in response to a question from the writer, he stated that the day's revenue was only a fraction less than $10,000. This money he placed in a large tin box, which he instructed his assistant to carry to the First National Bank for deposit. No thought was entertained that any attempt would be made to steal the cash-box while so many people were constantly on the highway leading to the city, and the young man started off whistling gayly, carrying the treasure box by a wire handle in his right hand. As he reached the entrance gate, where more than a dozen persons were coming in and going out, three men on horseback (Jesse and Frank James and Bob Younger) dashed up to the young man with such reckless haste that a little girl was badly trampled by one of the horses; at the same moment a pistol shot was fired and Jesse James jumped from his horse into the confused crowd and, snatching the cash-box from the hand of the affrighted messenger, he leaped into the saddle again and the three highwaymen disappeared, with a clatter of fast-flying feet, like the sweep of a whirlwind. For several minutes it was thought that the little girl had been struck by a pistol ball, but after she was carried home it was ascertained that her injuries, which were not fatal, were caused by the horse of one of the robbers knocking her down and trampling upon her hips.

The excitement following the robbery was intense. The police, detectives, and the sheriff with several deputized citizens, went in pursuit of the robbers before night approached, and they had no difficulty in following the trail for a distance of ten miles, when the tracks faded like a fog lifted by a heavy wind; the outlaws had entered their mysterious cave and, while counting their sudden gain, laughed at the foiled pursuers.

Every robbery thus far had been consummated with such signal success that the outlaws could not remain idle, for the love of money increased with its accumulation, just as the love of adventure grew greater with successful accomplishment. Before the winter ended Jim Younger and Frank James left their hiding place in Jackson county and made a trip through the northwest, going through Omaha and as far west as Cheyenne, were they remained for a considerable time prospecting for opportunities. They both had relatives in California, and as shipments of gold over the Union Pacific Railroad were frequent, the purpose of the two bandits was, doubtless, to ascertain the date of contemplated express shipments of treasure.

During their stay in Cheyenne, Cole and Bob Younger, Jesse James, Bill Chadwell, alias Styles, and Clell Miller conceived and definitely arranged a plan to rob the Savings Association at St. Genevieve, Missouri. In pursuance of their arrangements, the five bandits left Jackson county about the 1st of May, and stopped a short time at a country place a few miles south of Springfield. From here they went to

Bismarck, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, but remained there only one day. From this latter point they rode through St. Genevieve county and on the morning of May 27th the five outlaws appeared in the old Catholic town, three entering from the south and two from the north.

It was shortly after nine o'clock when the bandits made their appearance, and as three of them entered the bank they found no one inside except the cashier, O. D. Harris, Esq., and a son of Hon. Firman A. Rozier, the president. No time was given for parley; the robbers presented their pistols at the cashier and commanded him to open the safe. Young Rozier comprehended the situation at once, and as none of the pistols were covering him, he ran down the steps and through the street rapidly, calling for help. The two bandits fired three times at the fleeing boy, one bullet passing through his coat, but doing no bodily injury. Mr. Harris appreciating the critical position he occupied, accepted the more sensible alternative and opened the safe door, permitting the outlaws to secure all the funds then in the bank, amounting to four thousand one hundred dollars. This money, much of which was silver, they threw into a sack, and mounting their horses decamped. Before getting out of town the bandit who carried the sack by some means let his treasure fall to the ground, which necessitated his return for it. All the five robbers came together here, and four of them halted in the road while the fifth one dismounted for the treasure sack; in the attempt to remount his horse became frightened and broke away, running some distance north.

At this juncture a German came riding into town, and the mounted bandits by direful threats compelled him to ride after and secure the fugitive horse, which he accomplished after considerable delay. In the meantime a posse of citizens gathered, and, obtaining horses quickly, they went in pursuit of the robbers, whom they came up with within a mile of the town. There was an exchange of shots, which halted the citizens, and after this the outlaws were not again approached.

The bold desperadoes, in order to exasperate the authorities, it would appear, marked their trail by leaving sign boards in their wake on which they would inscribe the day and hour they were at the spot indicated by the board. On the 30th of May the robbers rode into Hermann, Missouri, and stopped for dinner, telling the people of the place who they were and performing other dare-devil acts which set the authorities after them in a state of fury. The chase continued for weeks, it being joined in by several detectives from Chicago and St. Louis, who arrested dozens of "suspicious characters," only to find they had the wrong men. It was thus the chase ended, as all the other attempts to arrest the bandits had terminated.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY.

"You can't get too much of a good thing," an old maxim says. But the James boys evidently did not believe in the truth of the saying, for after having made a pretty good thing of robbing banks they concluded that they had got enough of that kind of business for the time being, at least.

So, shortly after the St. Genevieve bank robbery, they decided to try their hand at wrecking and robbing express trains.

This idea of a change to a more daring and reckless species of robbery is supposed to have originated with Frank James and Jim Younger.

These two desperate bandits had been absent from the band for several months, and it is probable that they were on a tour of observation. They made a trip westward by rail as far as Cheyenne, and evidently learned a great deal regarding the running of trains, shipment of money by express from the Pacific Coast and other important information necessary to be possessed in the successful carrying on of their new business enterprise of wrecking and robbing railroad trains.

Shortly after the return of the two bandits from their tour of observation a meeting of the bandits was held at their famous rendezvous in Jackson county, Missouri. At this meeting two new acquisi-

tions to the band were present—Comanche Tony, a noted desperado from Texas, commonly known as Texas Tony, and Bob Moore, a tough character from the Indian Territory.

The result of their confab was a determination to inaugurate a new order of "knights of the road." The "road agents" of the Far West were to be completely thrown in the shade. Holding up and robbing mere stage coaches on lonely roads in England had made the names of Claud Duval and Dick Turpin world renowned. What would the world say of this daring scheme to tackle the great railway trains, the giant stage coaches of this latter part of the nineteenth century.

This thought fired the vaulting ambition of the James boys to the intensest degree, and the terrible crime it involved of the indiscriminate slaughter of helpless women and children did not cause them a moment's hesitation.

On the night of July 21, 1873, in pursuance of a plan agreed upon at their meeting in their Jackson county cave, the eight bandits—Frank and Jesse James, Cole, Bob and Jim Younger, Bud Singleton, Bob Moore and Texas Tony—met at a point fourteen miles east of Council Bluffs and about five miles west of the town of Adair, in Iowa, on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

At this point there is a sharp curve in the road, which obscures the rails sixty yards in advance of the engine. The reason for selecting this place and time for their first venture in their new line of business was because of information received of an

intended shipment of a large amount of gold from San Francisco to New York, which would be made over this route, reaching Omaha about the 19th of July. How this information was imparted was never ascertained, but its truth has led to the belief that the James boys had confederates on the Pacific Slope with whom they were in constant communication.

Availing themselves of a dense thicket beside a deep cut in the railroad, the eight bandits hitched their horses out of view of passengers on the train, and then, after a few minutes' work, loosened one of the rails. To this loose rail they tied a rope leading to their hiding place in the tall grass, where, after piling a number of ties on the track they concealed themselves.

The passenger train they expected to plunder was due at the point of ambush at 8:30 P. M. The bandits did not have long to wait after their work of preparation for wrecking the trains was completed. Hardly had they ceased their operations when far down the track they heard the ominous rumbling of the approaching express.

The train consisted of seven coaches, including two sleepers, and was in charge of Engineer John Rafferty, who was looking sharply along the curve and saw the ties piled across the track. He instantly reversed the lever, but at the same moment the bandits pulled their rope and the loosened rail moved out of place. The engineer saw the movement and uttered a cry of despair.

The screaming engine struck the loosened rail and plunged sideways into the bank, while the cars telescoped and piled up in terrible confusion. Engineer Rafferty was instantly killed and a dozen passengers seriously injured. Regardless of all this, however, the robbers quickly boarded the wreck, two of them entering the express car, while the others forced the excited and demoralized passengers to deliver up all their money and valuables.

The express messenger was made to open the safe and give the bandits what money he had in charge, but the amount was small, consisting of about three thousand dollars. From the passengers nearly as much more was obtained. This was a bitter disappointment to the outlaws, for they confidently expected to find not less than fifty thousand dollars in gold, as reported. Fortunately, the bandits were twelve hours too soon, as on the following day the express carried over the same road seventy-five thousand dollars in gold.

After securing all the booty possible, the seven daring wreckers waved their hats and shouted farewell to their victims, and, gaining their horses, they road away to the south.

The excitement created over this dreadful outrage was very great, and hundreds volunteered to assist in apprehending the desperadoes.

The trail led straight through Missouri and to the Missouri River, where there was unmistakable evidence that the outlaws swam the stream with their horses. Following the track on the other side, the band was followed into Jackson county, where, as

usual, every trace disappeared. A party of detectives went down to Monegaw Springs in search of the outlaws, and found Jesse James and two of the Younger boys, but they made no effort to bring them away, and were glad to escape themselves alive.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOT SPRINGS STAGE ROBBERY.

"Variety is the spice of life," and the James boys and their daring band of robbers seemed to like plenty of the spice in theirs.

Having done a splendid business in the bank robbing line, and without rhyme or reason changed from that to the train-wrecking business, they hankered for another change immediately after their first experiment of plundering a train.

It was not because they had not succeeded in their new line of business, for the Rock Island train robbery was a howling success.

It was simply from a love for change that after the train robbery in Iowa they concluded to make their next raid not on a bank or a railroad train, but on a stage coach, in the old Dick Turpin regulation highwayman style.

After the Rock Island train robbery the bandits remained quiet for a while, enjoying the fruits of their raid in seeming security among their intimate acquaintances in Jackson and Clay counties.

Nothing was heard of them in the way of new depredations until the beginning of 1874.

By this time their money was probably well-nigh exhausted, as all the band were known to be high livers during their periods of plenty. During the

holidays of 1873 the bandits proposed other schemes for plundering, and by New Year's Day of 1874 Frank and Jesse James, Cole and Jim Younger and Clell Miller perfected a plan for robbing the stage running between Malvern, on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway, and Hot Springs, Arkansas. On the 21st of January the five bandits left Hot Springs, where they had remained the previous night, and secreted themselves near the stage roadside, five miles east of the town. At 11 o'clock in the forenoon the heavy Concord stage, with two ambulances and fourteen passengers, came lumbering over the rough road en route for the Springs. When the stage came nearly abreast of the robbers they suddenly rose out of their hiding place, and, presenting their pistols, sternly commanded the driver to halt. Frank James acted as leader and was the one who gave the order. The driver, thoroughly frightened by the appearance of the bandits, drew rein quickly and became a quiet spectator of the proceedings that followed.

As the frightened passengers thrust their heads out of the vehicle they saw five fierce-looking men, armed and spurred, whose purposes were at once divined. Frank James, who acted as leader, ordered the occupants of the stage to get out, which, being complied with, the passengers were formed into line, and then submitted to a search by Clell Miller and Jim Younger, while the three other bandits stood guard with cocked pistols.

The fright of the travelers was greatly intensified by the blood-chilling threats of the desperadoes.

They jested with one another and made banters to test their skill as pistol shots on the trembling and unarmed passengers. "Now," said Frank James to Cole Younger, "I will bet you the contents of that fellow's pocketbook," pointing to one of the travelers who was a small tradesman at Little Rock, "that I can shoot off a smaller bit of his right ear than you can." "I'll take the wager," responded Cole, "but you must let me have the first shot, because my eyesight is not as good as yours, and if you should hit his ear first the blood might confuse my aim." Frank insisted on shooting first, and in the wrangle the poor victim trembled until he could scarcely retain his feet, and with the most prayerful entreaties begged the robbers to take what he had but spare his life.

Mr. Taylor, of Massachusetts, a sufferer from rheumatism, then drew the attention of the bandits, and Jesse James offered to bet his share of the booty that he could throw his bowie knife through Taylor's underclothing without drawing blood. It was thus the bandits jested with one another, and in turn had each of the fear-stricken passengers praying for his life.

When the search was concluded Frank James produced a memorandum book and took the names of all the travelers, saying, "I am like lightning; I don't want to strike the same parties twice."

The total amount of money and valuables taken approximated $4,000, the heaviest loser being ex-Governor Burbank, of Dakota, from whom the robbers secured $1,500.

When the bandits left their victims they graciously and with great punctilio raised their hats and bade them a most courteous adieu, wishing them a pleasant visit at the Springs.

When the travelers reached Hot Springs they were in a sorry plight, not one of them having enough money to send a message home for additional funds, but the citizens kindly provided for their wants and exhibited much sympathy, but little or no attempt was made to capture the highwaymen.

Indeed, any such effort would have undoubtedly terminated fruitlessly, for, in addition to the cunning and bravery of the bandits, the mountainous nature of the country would have prevented a pursuing party from making up the time lost in reporting the circumstances of the robbery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GAD'S HILL TRAIN ROBBERY.

After holding up the stage near Hot Springs the bandits took a northwestern direction, and crossed the line into Southern Missouri, where they rested among their friends for about two weeks, and then rode to Gad's Hill, a small station on the Iron Mountain Railroad, in Wayne county, Missouri.

They made hasty preparations to rob the Little Rock express train, which was due at Gad's Hill shortly before 6 o'clock P. M. The station contained a population of not more than a dozen persons, and the country about was very sparsely settled, so that no danger of interference was anticipated from the neighborhood. Their first precaution was to make a prisoner of the station agent and the five other men found about the station. The switch was then turned so as to force a stoppage of the train should it attempt to pass by. Clell Miller then secured the signal flag and planted it in the center of the track, after which the bandits awaited the coming of their victims. Promptly on time the train rattled along the track, and the engineer, seeing the flag, closed the throttle valve and brought the heavy passenger coaches to a standstill alongside the little platform.

The conductor, Mr. Alvord, stepped off one of the cars to ascertain the cause of the signal, but at the same moment he was confronted by a revolver

in the hands of Frank James and made to surrender. The outlaws were then posted one on each side of the train, another covering the engineer and prisoners, while the other two went through the coaches and by fierce threats and more dangerous revolvers compelled all the passengers in the first-class car and the sleepers to disgorge their money and valuables. After completing the robbery of the passengers, the express car was next raided, obtaining from the safe one thousand and eighty dollars, and then the mail bags were cut open and rifled, one registered letter being secured which contained two thousand dollars in currency.

The money and valuables obtained aggregated nearly twelve thousand dollars. None of the bandits entered the second-class cars, saying they were only after the "plug-hat" crowd. During the robbery the band talked constantly, but were always vigilant.

All of them wore masks made of calico with holes cut for the eyes. Only one of them had an overcoat, and it was this one who attended to the switch and guarded the prisoners. When he fixed the forward switch he had thrown his overcoat down on the track. After the robbery was over they released the trainmen and the men imprisoned in the station-house and told the engineer to pull out.

After the train started one of them happened to discover that the overcoat was still lying on the track, when he instantly made the engineer stop until the fellow could go and get it. The amount obtained from the passengers was nearly two thousand dollars.

Having again successfully accomplished their criminal purpose without meeting any resistance, the five desperadoes mounted their horses, which were hitched near by, and, riding into the brush, disappeared in the darkness.

When the train reached Piedmont information of the robbery was telegraphed to Little Rock, St. Louis and all the towns along the road. On the following day a large body of well-armed men started from Ironton and Piedmont in pursuit of the desperate outlaws, and soon got on their track. The pursuing party found where the bandits had breakfasted, sixty miles from Gad's Hill; following the trail closely on the second day, the citizens' posse reached the spot where the outlaws had spent the night, and they were encouraged by the belief that a capture might be effected before the close of the day; but suddenly the party came to a low marsh through which it was dangerous to ride, and in searching for a pathway around the boggy district much time was lost, and the trail of the robbers could not be found again, so the pursuit was abandoned.

CHAPTER XIX.

MURDER OF DETECTIVES ALLEN AND DANIELS.

The Gad's Hill robbery created consternation. Citizens everywhere armed themselves for protection against the bandits. The community at last awoke to the fact that there was a well-organized band of robbers operating in their midst. The frequent daring and successful robberies of banks, wrecking of trains and holding up of stages satisfied everybody that the work was being systematically performed by a single band of robbers.

The people were thoroughly aroused, and a determined effort was made to identify and hunt down the desperadoes.

It was soon definitely learned that the banditti consisted of at least a score of cutthroats and robbers, the best-known of whom were the James boys, the Younger brothers, Clell Miller, Bob Moore, Jim Cummings, Arthur McCoy and Bud Singleton.

Governors Woodson, of Missouri, and Baxter, of Arkansas, offered large rewards for the apprehension of all or any of the bandits, as did likewise the American Express Company, who engaged Allen Pinkerton and his efficient force of detectives to hunt them down at all hazards and at any cost.

Stimulated by these offers of large rewards, armed bodies of men from all points along the line of the

Iron Mountain Road went out in pursuit of the bandits. Several St. Louis detectives engaged in the search, and Pinkerton dispatched two of his best men to the haunts of the bandits. These officers were known as Captain Allen, alias Lull, and James Wright, the latter having been in the Confederate service and claimed to be acquainted with the Younger boys.

At Osceola, Missouri, the two detectives engaged the services of an ex-deputy sheriff named Edwin B. Daniels, and together the three penetrated the Monegaw Springs settlement, where the Youngers spent much of their time.

After leaving Osceola the official trio assumed the character of cattle dealers, and on March 16 they set out on the road for Chalk Level, a little place about fifteen miles northwest of Osceola. On the route Lull and Daniels stopped at the farmhouse of Theodore Snuffer, a distant relative of the Youngers, and asked for directions to Widow Simm's house. Wright did not stop with his companions, but rode on, intending to spend a few moments with an acquaintance two miles west of Snuffer's.

By chance John and Jim Younger were stopping with Mr. Snuffer at the time, but did not show themselves. They listened intently, however, and after the directions were given as requested they saw the detectives take a contrary road; this excited the suspicions of the two Youngers, and they decided to watch the strangers. For this purpose they mounted their horses and followed after Lull and Daniels for nearly a mile before coming up with

them. The authentic particulars of this meeting are best given in the ante-mortem statement made by Captain Allen, alias Lull, and subscribed to before Justice of the Peace St. Clair. It is as follows:

"Yesterday, on the 16th of March, 1874, at about half-past 2 o'clock P. M., E. B. Daniels and myself were riding along the road from Roscoe to Chalk Level, in St. Clair county, which road leads past the house of one Theodore Snuffer. Daniels and myself were riding side by side, and our companion, Wright, was a short distance ahead of us. Some noise behind us attracted our attention, and looking back we saw two men on horseback coming toward us; one was armed with a double-barrel shotgun, the other with revolvers; don't know if the latter had a shotgun or not; the one that had the shotgun carried it cocked, both barrels, and ordered us to halt; Wright drew his pistol, but then put spurs to his horse and rode off; they ordered him to halt, and shot at him, and shot off his hat, but he kept on riding. Daniels and myself stopped, standing across the road on our horses; they rode up to us and ordered us to take off our pistols and drop them on the road, one of them covering me all the time with his gun. We dropped our pistols on the ground, and one of the men told the other to follow Wright and bring him back, but he refused to go, saying he would stay with him; one of the men then picked up the revolvers we had dropped, and, looking at them, remarked they were damned fine pistols, and that we must make them a present of them; one of them

asked me where we came from, and I said, 'Oscola'; he then wanted to know what we were doing in this part of the country; I replied, 'Rambling around.' One of them said: 'You were up here one day before.' I replied that we were not. He then said we had been at the Springs. I replied that we had been at the Springs, but had not been inquiring for them; that we did not know them; they said detectives had been up there hunting for them all the time, and they were going to stop it. Daniels then said: 'I am no detective; I can show you who I am and where I belong, and one of them said he knew him, and then turned to me and said: 'What in hell are you riding around here with all them pistols on for?' and I said: 'Good God! is not every man wearing them that is traveling, and have I not as much right to wear them as anyone else?' Then the one that had the shotgun said: 'Hold on, young man, we don't want any of that,' and then lowered the gun, cocked, in a threatening manner. Then Daniels had some talk with them, and one of them got off his horse and picked up the pistols; two of them were mine and one was Daniels'; the one mounted had the gun drawn on me, and I concluded that they intended to kill us. I reached my hand behind me and drew a No. 2 Smith & Wesson pistol and cocked and fired at the one on horseback; my horse became frightened at the report of the pistol and turned to run; then I heard two shots and my left arm fell; I had no control over my horse, and he jumped into the bushes before I could get hold of

the rein with my right hand to bring him into the road; one of the men rode by and fired two shots at me, one of which took effect in my left side, and I lost all control of my horse again, and he turned into the brush, when a small tree struck me and knocked me out of the saddle. I then got up and staggered across the road and lay down until I was found. No one else was present.

"W. J. ALLEN."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1874.

"JAMES ST. CLAIR, J. P."

The shot fired by Captain Allen killed the man on horseback who was covering the Captain with his shotgun. The other man, who had dismounted to pick up the revolvers thrown into the road by Allen and Daniels, immediately fired upon the latter, killing him instantly.

The statement of Captain Allen was used at the coroner's inquest over the bodies of Daniels and Younger, and the examining physicians gave the following testimony:

"All we know concerning the death of the two men, being the same that the inquest is being held over, is that the one, John Younger, came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound, which entered the right side of his neck, touching the clavical bone on the upper side, and about two inches from the meridian, went nearly straight through the neck; the orifice is small, indicating that he was shot with a small ball. The other man, Edwin B.

Daniels, came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound, which entered the left side of the neck, about one inch from the meridian line, and about midway of the neck, opposite the aesophagus, and, as per examination, went straight through the neck, striking the bone; the orifice was pretty large, indicating that the ball was of pretty large size.

"A. C. MARQUIS, M. D.,"
"L. LEWIS, M. D."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1874.

"JAMES ST. CLAIR, J. P.

The jury, with A. Ray as foreman, submitted a verdict to the effect that Daniels was killed by James Younger, and that John Younger met his death at the hands of W. J. Allen.

Captain Allen was struck very hard in the left side, two inches above the hip; he was carried back to Roscoe, where he lingered for a period of six weeks, and then died, surrounded by his family, that had come to him from Chicago directly after the shooting. His remains were enclosed in a metallic case and returned to Chicago, where they were buried with Masonic honors. Ed Daniels was laid away in the little churchyard at Osceola, while John Younger sleeps under a neglected mount in old man Snuffer's orchard.

CHAPTER XX.

TORTURE AND MURDER OF DETECTIVE WICHER.

While the terrible tragedy which terminated the lives of Detectives Allen and Daniels was being enacted in St. Clair county, another more atrocious murder of one of Pinkerton's detectives was taking place in Clay county.

Pinkerton received information that the James boys and others of the band of robbers were in hiding near Kearney, in Clay county, Missouri, and he determined to send some brave, trusty man out there to definitely locate them, get into their confidence and prepare the way for an early capture of the whole murderous gang. Pinkerton had come to the conclusion that open pursuit of the bandits would never result in their capture, for they had too many friends in the community where they operated to make it possible to apprehend them. They always had timely warning of the approach of an enemy, and ready shelter in the houses of their friends on a moment's notice. The chief of detectives, therefore, resolved to capture the gang through strictly detective methods, and called upon his force for a man to do the delicate and dangerous work.

John W. Wicher, of Chicago, one of Pinkerton's most trusted men, volunteered for this dangerous

duty. Wicher was scarcely thirty years of age, but had seen much service as a detective, and was considered by Pinkerton to be one of his bravest, clearest-headed and most trusty men.

Young Wicher was fully informed of the dangers of such a mission, but his self-reliance and pride made him anxious to make the attempt which had already cost the lives of so many courageous officials. The chief gave his consent, and Wicher set out at once for the Samuels residence. In the early part of March the detective arrived in Liberty, where he soon laid his schemes before the sheriff of Clay county, and asked for assistance when the time and circumstances were ripe for a strike. The Sheriff promised all needful aid, and gave Wicher all the information in his possession concerning the habits and rendezvous of the James and Younger boys.

Changing his garb for the habit of a tramp, Wicher left Liberty on the 15th of March, and arrived at Kearney on the same day late in the afternoon. He took the road leading directly to the Samuels residence, and had proceeded perhaps two miles on the lonely highway, when suddenly Jesse James walked out from behind a pile of dead brush, and, with pistol presented, confronted the detective. Wicher's surprise was complete, but he manifested not the least excitement, his cool self-possession never deserting him for a moment. "Where are you going?" was the first remark made by Jesse James.

"I am looking for work," was Wicher's reply.

"What kind of work do you want, and where do

you expect to find it?" asked Jesse, his pistol still pointing full in poor Wicher's face.

"I have been used to farm labor, and hope to find something to do on some farm in the vicinity," responded the detective.

Jesse James smiled contemptuously and then gave a sharp whistle, which brought to his side Clell Miller and Frank James, whose near presence Wicher had not thought of. The conversation then continued. Said Jesse: "You don't look much like a laborer, nor is there any appearance of a tramp about you except in your clothes. Now I want you to acknowledge frankly just what your purpose is in this part of the country."

The detective began to realize how critical was his position, and that unless the most fortuitous circumstances should arise in his favor his chances of escape were exceedingly small.

But with the same coolness he made reply:

"Well, gentlemen, I am nothing more than a poor man, without as much as a dollar in my pocket, and what I have told you as to my purpose is true. If you will be good enough to let me proceed, or furnish me with means by which I can secure work, I shall be thankful."

At this the bandits laughed scornfully, while Jesse James proceeded with the examination:

"I think you are from Chicago, and when you arrived at Liberty a few days ago you wore much better clothes than you now have on; besides, it seems that you and Moss (the sheriff) have some

business together. Say, now, young fellow, haven't you set out to locate the James boys, whom you have found rather unexpectedly?"

Wicher saw that he was in the hands of his enemies, and his heart beat in excited pulsation as he thought of the young wife he had so recently wedded, and from whom an eternal separation appeared certain. Dropping his head as if resigning himself to cruel fate, Wicher hoped to deceive his captors, and in an unguarded moment be able to draw his pistol and fight for his life. Like a flash from a hazy cloud the detective thrust his hand into his bosom and succeeded in grasping his pistol, but ere he could use it the bandits sprang upon him, and in the grip of three strong men he was helpless. He was then disarmed and firmly bound by small cords which Frank James produced. Clell Miller went into the woods and soon returned leading three horses, on the largest of which Wicher was placed and his feet tied under the horse's belly. A gag was placed tightly in his mouth, and Jesse James, mounting behind, the desperadoes rode into the deepening woods with their victim. They crossed the Missouri River at Independence Landing, and just before day they halted in the black shadows of a copse in Jackson county. There they prepared for the punishment and execution of their prisoner. Wicher was taken from his horse and bound fast to a tree; the gag was removed from his mouth, and then the bandits tried to extort from him information concerning the plans of Pinkerton and the num-

ber and names of the detectives he had engaged in the attempt to capture the outlaws.

Though they pricked him with their bowie knives and bent his head forward with their combined strength until the spinal column was almost broken, and practiced other atrocious torments, yet Wicher never spoke. He knew that death was his portion, and he defied the desperadoes and dared them to do their worst.

Finding all their endeavors fruitless, Jesse and Frank James murdered their victim, one of them shooting him through the heart and the other through the brain. The body was then carried to the nearest highway, where it was left to be found next day by a farmer who was driving into Independence.

CHAPTER XXI.

TACKLING COWBOYS AND INDIANS.

The excitement following the murder of Wicher was so great that the James boys, Clell Miller, Arthur McCoy and the three Younger brothers quit Missouri and again visited Texas. After carousing around through the state until their pecuniary means were well-nigh exhausted, they determined upon the commission of a new crime—stealing a herd of cattle. It was in September, 1874, that the seven brigands rode into the southwestern part of the state, where they selected a herd of five hundred of the finest beef cattle in Starr county, which was being tended by three cowboys. The herders were cruelly murdered and the robbers drove the cattle rapidly toward Mexico, with the design of selling them to the Mexicans, who cared little for the real ownership of the cattle after they were upon Mexican soil. On the extensive plains of Texas, where the large herds are left in charge of cowboys to roam from season to season, subsisting entirely upon the rich grasses of the prairies, the owners often do not see their cattle for months, trusting them to the care of the herders. It is due to this fact, perhaps, that the bandits, after killing the cowboys, were permitted to drive the herd over sixty miles and into Mexico without being pursued.

Reaching Camargo, the bandits had no difficulty in disposing of the cattle, and with this money they went on a big spree, which terminated in a fight with fifteen gringos, who were saloon loafers and petty disturbers by profession. The result of this combat was the wounding of Clell Miller and Jim Younger and the killing of two Mexicans. The bandits would have fared much worse, however, had they not gained their horses and made rapid retreat, gaining the Rio Grande so far in advance of their pursuers as permitted them to cross the river before the Mexicans reached the bank.

The freebooters having eluded their pursuers stopped at Camp Hudson for several weeks, where the wounds of Miller and Younger were attended to.

While the gang were resting and caring for the two wounded bandits, Frank and Jesse James crossed over into Mexico again, where they met with a remarkable adventure with Indians.

The Apache Indians from the New Mexico reservation used to make occasional raids into old Mexico, and often attacked emigrants along the Rio Grande.

Frank and Jesse came across a party of three men and their families from Texas on their way to Arizona. They took dinner together and the Texans volunteered much advice to Frank and Jesse, told of the danger they had braved through the Indian country and proposed that they all join company for the remainder of the journey. They represented themselves as old Indian fighters, who had killed hundreds of Indians in Texas. The James boys declined, however, to wait the slow movements of the Texans, and after dinner

rode on. A few hours later they discovered a band of Indians moving along the foothills on the south, in an easterly direction. They at once concluded that it was not unlikely they were on the scent of the Texas party.

Soon coming across footprints of a horse, they were convinced that an Indian spy had preceded them from the east, and it was then almost beyond a doubt that the Indians were on the trail of the emigrants.

With one impulse the brothers wheeled their horses and struck across the prairie to the foothills to try and cut the Indian trail.

They succeeded, and found that they consisted of fourteen warriors, and that from the course they were taking they would soon intercept the emigrants or strike them in camp.

The tired ponies soon caught the spirit of their daring riders and dashed on at the best speed they were capable of.

"Can we make it?" Jesse asked Frank; "will our horses hold out?"

"We've just got to make it," Frank replied; "it's a ground hog case. Think of those little tow-headed young ones, Jess, and whoop her up. If our horses' legs give out, we have each got two of our own."

Rounding a point in the trail just at dusk they came in full view of the emigrant camp. They were just in the nick of time and not a second to spare. At that very instant the blood-curdling yell of the Apaches broke upon the evening air and the savages emerged from a pass on the south and charged the camp.

The worn horses of the James boys were reeling and ready to fall.

Throwing themselves out of the saddles and grasping their revolvers, they started on a run with a yell as fearful as any red devil of them; they threw themselves among the yelling fiends. Panic-stricken and confused as one after another bit the dust at the crack of the ready revolvers, the terrified savages scattered in all directions. A covered wagon stood in their way and the James boys could not see what was going on in the camp, but hearing a child scream out as if in its death agony, Jesse with a six-shooter in either hand sprang under the wagon and crawled out on the other side.

Two big Indians were doing deadly work. Jesse fired both revolvers in quick succession, emptying every chamber into the two Apache devils, and then rushed in to club the life out of them with the butts of his revolvers, if any yet remain in their infernal red skins.

Three minutes after the music began not a live Indian was in sight, and eight dead ones lay spread out on the ground.

After a breathing spell Frank and Jesse began to look about them. The little girl that screamed was only slightly hurt, having been dropped to the ground by the stalwart Indian when Jesse shot him full of holes. Two other little children escaped unhurt, as did also the three women of the party. The three men were all seriously wounded; Frank and Jesse escaped without a scratch.

Early in December the seven bandits returned to Missouri, thinking that, as had been usual, the excitement over their crimes had so far subsided as to permit them to visit their old homes and haunts. Their appearance in Clay county, at least the James boys, was noted on the 20th of January, 1875, and report of their return was at once made to Allen Pinkerton, who, after some correspondence with county officials and others, formed a plan for capturing the bandits.

CHAPTER XXII.

DASTARDLY DEED OF THE DETECTIVES.

The murder of Detectives Allen, Daniels and Wicher created great excitement at the Pinkerton headquarters. The chief of detectives felt humiliated at the thought that three of his most skilful men should have been beaten at their own game and done to death by the bandits.

Spurred on by chagrin and anger, Allen Pinkerton determined that something desperate must be done to avenge the murder of his men and retrieve the honor of the department. No halfway milk-and-water measures were to be thought of now. The bandits must be handled without gloves and no favors asked or mercy shown.

The James boys and their infernal gang of marauders and murderers must be swept from the earth. The business had narrowed down to a fight between the Pinkertons and the bandits. The Pinkertons must win at all hazards. With this determination in view William Pinkerton and five picked detectives were sent to Kansas City, where they were to meet the Sheriff of Clay county, Missouri, and arrange a definite and effective plan of action. Every precaution was taken in advance against any possible surprise or counter-action on the part of the bandits.

Twelve citizens of known pluck and reliability were engaged to watch the Samuels home and report from hour to hour every fact learned which had any possible bearing on the movements of the James boys.

The greatest secrecy was enjoined upon all engaged in the undertaking, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent any alarm reaching the bandits.

On the afternoon of January 25th Jesse and Frank James were both seen in the yard fronting the Samuels residence, and report of this quickly reached the Sheriff and Mr. Pinkerton, who were in Liberty. Arrangements were made for the immediate capture of the two bandits, who, it was confidently supposed, would spend the night in their mother's house. Accordingly, the two officers rode to Kearney late in the afternoon, where they organized a party of twelve men who were to assist them, and, preparing several balls of cotton saturated with turpentine and two hand-grenades, the well-armed body of men proceeded to the Samuels residence, which they reached about midnight. A reconnaissance was first made with great care for indications of possible surprise, and, after completely surrounding the house, four of the men with turpentine balls were sent forward to open the attack. A window in the kitchen of the residence was stealthily approached, but in the act of raising it an old colored woman, who had for many years been a house servant in the family, was awakened, and she at once gave the alarm. But the window was forced up and the two lighted balls

were thrown into the room, and as the flames shot upward, threatening destruction to the house and its contents, the family were speedily aroused and efforts were made to extinguish the fire. At the moment every member of the household, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Samuels, a son eight years of age and the daughter, Miss Susie, and the old colored woman, had partly subdued the flames, one of the detectives, or at least one of the party leading the attack, flung a hand-grenade into the room among the affrighted occupants, and a heavy explosion was the prelude to the dreadful havoc made by that instrument of death.

A scream of anguish succeeded the report, and groans from within, without any evidence of the outlaws' presence, convinced the detectives and citizens' posse that they had committed a grave and horrible crime; so, without examining the premises further, the party withdrew, apparently with the fear that the inexcusable deed they had just committed would be avenged speedily if they tarried in the vicinity.

When the lamp was lighted by Dr. Samuels he found his little boy in the agonies of death, having received a terrible wound in the side from the exploded shell. Mrs. Samuels' right arm had been shattered and hung helpless by her side, but she forgot her own misfortune in the anguish she suffered at seeing the dying struggles of her little boy. What a terrible night was that memorable 25th of January to the Samuels family! Alone with their

dead boy, whom they worshiped, and with a desperately wounded mother, who would certainly have bled to death but for the thoughtfulness of the old colored servant, who hastily bandaged the arm and staunched the flow of the crimson life current.

The funeral of the innocent victim did not take place until the second day after the midnight attack, and then Mrs. Samuels, who had suffered an amputation of the injured member, was too greatly prostrated to attend and witness the last service over her darling boy, but the remains were accompanied to the grave by a very large body of sympathizing people of the neighborhood.

This unfortunate and indefensible attack for a time allayed public animosity against the James boys, and turned the sympathy of people in Western Missouri somewhat in their favor. Those who had been most earnest in their desire to see Jesse and Frank James brought to punishment began to think more lightly of their crimes, attributing them partly, at least, to the manner in which they had been hunted and persecuted. It is a notorious fact that for some time this sentiment predominated in Clay and Jackson counties, and the same feeling extended to other parts of the state, and in March following led to the introduction of an amnesty bill in the Legislature, granting immunity for past offenses committed by Jesse and Frank James, Coleman Younger, James Younger and Robert Younger. The bill was introduced by Gen. Jeff Jones, of Callaway county, and contained a provisional clause that am-

nesty would be granted the parties named in the instrument for all offenses committed during the war, provided they would surrender to the lawful authorities and submit to such proceedings as might be brought against them in the several states for crimes charged against them since the war. After a stormy debate the bill was defeated, although had it passed none of the bandits named would have accepted the terms, for surrender meant either execution or life imprisonment. A rejection of the terms of surrender by the Legislature afforded a fresh pretext, however, to the bandits to pursue their crimes of blood and pillage, and it was not long before the country was again startled by the daring deeds of the outlaws.

The purport and intent of the "Outlaw Amnesty Bill" appears in the following quotations thereon:

WHEREAS, By the 4th section of the 11th Article of the Constitution of Missouri all persons in the military service of the United States, or who acted under the authority thereof in this state, are relieved from all civil liability and all criminal punishment for all acts done by them since the 1st day of January, A. D. 1861; and

WHEREAS, By the 12th section of the said 11th Article of said Constitution provision is made by which, under certain circumstances, may be seized, transported to, indicted, tried and punished in distant counties any Confederate under ban of despotic displeasure, thereby contravening the Constitution of the United States and every principle of enlightened humanity; and

WHEREAS, Such discrimination evidences a want of manly generosity and statesmanship on the part of the party imposing, and of courage and manhood on the part of the party submitting tamely thereto; and

WHEREAS, Under the outlawry pronounced against Jesse W. James, Frank James, Coleman Younger, Robert Younger and others, who gallantly periled their lives and their all in defense of their principles, they are of necessity made desperate, driven, as they are, from the fields of honest industry, from their friends, their families, their homes and their country, they can know no law but the law of self-preservation, nor can have no respect for and feel no allegiance to a government which forces them to the very acts it profsses to deprecate, and then offers a bounty for their apprehension, and arms foreign mercenaries with power to capture and kill them; and

WHEREAS, Believing these men too brave to be mean, too generous to be revengeful and too gallant and honorable to betray a friend or break a promise, and believing further that most, if not all, of the offenses with which they are charged have been committed by others, ,and perhaps by those pretending to hunt them or by their confederates; that their names are and have been used to divert suspicion from and thereby relieve the actual perpetrators; that the return of these men to their homes and friends would have the effect of greatly lessening crime in our state by turning public attention to the real criminals, and that common justice, sound pol-

icy and true statesmanship alike demand that amnesty should be extended to all alike of both parties for all acts done or charged to have been done during the war; therefore, be it

Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein, That the Governor of the state be, and he is hereby, requestetd to issue his proclamation notifying the said Jesse W. James, Frank James, Coleman Younger, Robert Younger and James Younger, and others, that full and complete amnesty and pardon will be granted them for all acts charged or committed by them during the late Civil War, and inviting them peacefully to return to their respective homes in this state, and there quietly to remain, submitting themselves to such proceedings as may be instituted against them by the courts for all offenses charged to have been committed since said war, promising and guaranteeing to them and each of them full protection and a fair trial therein, and that full protection shall be given them from the time of their entrance into the state and his notice thereof under said proclamation and invitation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE JAMES BOYS RETALIATE.

When Jesse James learned the fearful result of the midnight attack on his home he was wild with rage, and swore immediate and eternal vengeance against the perpetrators of the outrage.

With all his crimes and shortcomings, Jesse James still possessed one manly virtue—affection for his mother and home—and it was but natural that the dastardly outrage of the detectives, resulting in the death of the bandit's innocent little brother, should inspire him to direful deeds of revenge.

Jesse communicated with his brother Frank, and the two bandits resolved upon an immediate investigation into the terrible affair.

For reasons known only to themselves they suspected Mr. Daniel Askew of being a member of the posse which made the attack on the Samuels residence, and this belief was justification sufficient, in their estimation, for murdering that gentleman; but the plan of its execution was equally as dastardly as the casting of the hand-grenade blindly and savagely among the several members of Dr. Samuels' family.

The circumstances of the assassination were as follows: Mr. Askew was an unpretentious farmer

living about four miles from Kearney, in a neat frame house, but with no neighbors nearer than one mile. He had returned home from Liberty late in the afternoon of April 12th, 1875, and after eating supper took a bucket and went to the spring, which was fifty yards from the house, after water. This was about 8 o'clock in the evening, but the moon was shining brightly and objects were plainly discernible.

He turned from the spring with the water and sat the bucket upon a shelf on the porch, after which he proceeded to take a drink, but as he was in the act of lifting the cup to his mouth three sharp shots rang out upon the still air, and Mr. Askew plunged forward on his face, dead, the three bullets having taken fatal effect upon his person, one entering the brain and the two others reaching vital spots in his body.

At the sound of the shots and the heavy fall on the porch Mr. Askew's wife and daughter rushed out of the house just in time to see three men steal out from behind the cover of a large woodpile in front of the porch and regain their horses and ride swiftly away. The three assassins were undoubtedly Jesse and Frank James and Clell Miller, for within an hour after the murder these three met a gentleman upon the highway and informed him of Mr. Askew's fate, and told him the murder was in consequence of the acts of Pinkerton's detectives.

This cowardly act, by which a peaceable citizen had been made to surrender up his life for the sake

of a savage revenge, destroyed again every spark of sympathy for the desperadoes, and the determination for their capture was renewed. Armed posses of Clay county citizens set out in search of the assassins, but the pursuit was in vain, and after a week of earnest effort, finding no trace of the brigands, the party returned to their homes, each one recking how soon his turn might come to add to the gory record of the remorseless freebooters.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SAN ANTONIO STAGE ROBBERY.

Frank and Jesse James did not remain long in Western Missouri after the murder of Mr. Askew. The latter was a general favorite in the community, where he had lived for many years, and the James boys knew that there was great danger of some of the murdered farmer's many friends getting them into trouble.

Accordingly, after gathering a remnant of their old band together, Frank and Jesse with said remnant, consisting of Clell Miller, Jim Reed and Cole and Jim Younger, left Missouri and visited their old haunts in the Southwest. They spent several days in the Indian Territory for the purpose of learning with what persistency and the character of the search being made by the authorities.

Finding that all effort at their apprehension was confined to Western Missouri, the outlaws rode into Texas and soon formed a plan for robbing the stage running between San Antonio and Austin. To plan was to execute, and on the 12th of May, 1875, Jesse James, Clell Miller, Jim Reed and Cole and Jim Younger selected a spot on the highway about twenty-three miles southwest of Austin, and there ambushed themselves to await the coming of the stage.

It was late in the evening, the sun just descending behind the hills and the chirrup of twilight insects had begun to echo in the solitude of the place. Eleven passengers, three of whom were ladies, were cheerily cracking jokes and relieving the discomforts of the journey by agreeable conversation. Suddenly the driver descried five horsemen riding out into the road one hundred yards ahead of the stage and advancing leisurely. Their appearance and conduct looked suspicious, but as no robberies had been perpetrated on the highway for many years, the driver did not realize what the act portended until, as the stage bowled up, the five men, drawing their pistols, commanded a halt. The order, being accompanied by such persuasive authority, of course the obedience of the driver was prompt. Then the passengers wondered what it meant, but before they could propound a question four of the brigands rode up on either side of the stage and ordered the inmates to get out. The women, seeing such cruel-looking men and their fierce-looking pistols, screamed and scrambled over the male passengers with utter disregard of propriety, and created much confusion. Jesse James and Cole Younger did the talking for the bandits, and in courteous language assured the ladies they had nothing to fear, provided the passengers acted with discretion. Soon the eleven but recently gay travelers were arranged in single file along the road behind the stage, and as not the slightest resistance was offered, Frank James and Jim Younger had no difficulty in expeditiously relieving all the passengers of their money, watches and other

valuables. Among the number was John Breckenridge, president of the First National Bank of San Antonio, from whom $1,000 were obtained; Bishop Gregg, of Austin, contributed his gold watch and nearly $50 in money, while from the other passengers sums from $25 to $50 were obtained.

Having completed the personal plunder, the bandits cut open the two mail bags, from which a goodly sum of money was secured.

The haul aggregated $3,000, which they placed in a sack, carried for the purpose. Having appropriated all the valuables the passengers possessed, the bandits cut out the lead span of horses and, taking these with them, rode away rapidly toward the north.

The loss of two horses so delayed the stage that it was not until four o'clock on the following morning that it reached Austin; this preventing an early report of the robbery, so that fully eighteen hours had elapsed after the perpetration of the outrage before the sheriff, with ten men, went in pursuit. The search for the robbers was fruitless for more than two weeks, the trail, seemingly, being thoroughly covered. After the sheriff returned home a reward of $500 was offered for the capture of the bandits, and some time afterward several detectives came upon a party by the name of Jim Reed, whom they suspected of having been one of the robbers, and in their efforts to arrest him he fought his would-be captors until mortally wounded. Before dying, it is claimed, that he confessed to a participation in both the stage and Gad's Hill robberies.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC TRAIN ROBBERY.

After robbing the San Antonio stage the bandits remained in hiding somewhere in Texas until late in the following fall, and then returned North. In December the James boys learned of an intended shipment on the 12th of that month of a large quantity of gold dust from Denver to the East via the Kansas Pacific Railroad. A scheme was at once devised for the interception and appropriation of the treasure. To accomplish this design, the band, consisting of Cole and Bob Younger, Jesse and Frank James and Clell Miller, took into their confidence a worthless fellow in Kansas City named Bud McDaniels. There is another story to the effect that McDaniels had learned of the intended valuable shipment through a friend in Denver, and that, communicating this knowledge to the bandits named, the six then confederated together, with pledges of confidence, to accomplish the robbery.

On the 13th of December, the outlaws being well mounted, left Jackson county without the discovery having been made of their presence in the locality, and rode over to Wyandotte county. The localities along the railroad were inspected for the purpose of selecting the most available place for the successful perpetration of the crime then in contemplation.

The spot finally chosen was one mile east of Muncie, Kansas, and five miles west of Kansas City. This selection was made because there was a water tank at the place at which trains almost invariably stopped, and because the Kaw River ran alongside the road with a margin of heavy timber and brush, in which the bandits secreted themselves, after placing a pile of old ties on the track, to await the train which was due at 4:45 in the afternoon. They had been under cover only a short time, when a bank of smoke in the distance and the singing sound that ran along the rails signalled the approaching train. It happened on that particular occasion the engine did not require water, and would have run by had not the engineer discovered a pile of ties on the track, which compelled a stop. At the moment the train came to a standstill the robbers sprang from out their hiding place and, advancing with menacing weapons, forced a compliance with their demands. Each one of the bandits was thoroughly masked and their appearance indicated determination. One of these, since believed to have been McDaniels, covered the engineer and fireman with his pistols, while the others distributed themselves among the passengers and the express car. They uncoupled and made the engineer pull the express car forward about one hundred feet, when they forced the messenger to open the safe and took about $30,000 in currency and $25,000 worth of gold dust. They also robbed some of the passengers of money, but left them their watches. There was some jewelry in the express car which the thieves took, however, and this

furnished the evidence which gave them away in a short time. The horses of the gang were hitched in a little clump of brush in plain sight of the train, and after the robbery the passengers saw them run across the intervening open ground and mount their houses with the sack full of plunder.

They rode away across the Kaw River bridge, passing within five miles of Kansas City. Late that evening they overtook a man named Steele and made him exchange horses with one of them.

After the train reached Kansas City due report was made of the robbery, and an armed band of about twenty-five persons went in pursuit. The track was easily found, and on the day following the sheriff's posse traced the bandits through Westport, Jackson county, and discovered the spot, five miles southeast of that place, where they had camped, and doubtless divided their booty.

The robbers made directly for their secret haunts on the Blue, however, and further search by the authorities proved unavailing.

The old band of outlaws was immediately charged with the crime, chiefly because of the manner in which the robbery was completed, the well-known, distinguishing marks of the bandits, so familiar with that section, affording almost conclusive evidence, though the circumstantial testimony would never have been sufficient for the conviction of any of the old band had they been arrested.

Two days after the robbery Bud McDaniels hired a horse and buggy in Kansas City for the purpose of treating his girl to a ride.

Proceeding to her house he found she was absent, and, being much provoked, he drank frequently, and was soon driving through the streets in a very reckless manner, indicative of a decidedly drunken condition. He was at length arrested by the police, and on searching him at the station-house, preparatory to locking him up to sober off, they found on him $1,034 in money, two revolvers and some jewelry, which he said he had bought to give his girl. His statement as to where he had bought it was not very definite, and, besides, the description of the jewelry taken from the train had been furnished to the police. Suspicion was instantly aroused, and investigation resulted in the positive identification of the jewelry. It was also found that Bud had been out of town. The case was too clear. He had to go back to Kansas to stand his trial. He had a preliminary examination, and was held to answer before the grand jury. He had refused to breathe a word about his confederates. McDaniels was confined for a considerable time in the Lawrence jail; when he was taken out by a deputy sheriff, who attempted to conduct him to the court-house for trial, McDaniels made a break and succeeded in escaping. After enjoying his liberty for about one week, he was discovered, and in the effort to again arrest him the officers, meeting with resistance, one of them shot him dead.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HUNTINGTON BANK ROBBERY.

After the train robbery there was a short separation of the outlaws, some going to Texas and others proceeding East, where identification was less liable, for the purpose of enjoying the sights of New York and Washington.

Each of the band was now provided with sufficient wealth to dissipate every desire, for the time, except the best and most enjoyable means for spending it. During a short residence in the East Cole Younger formed the acquaintance of a sharp, black-eyed fellow who went by the name of Jack Kean, alias Tom Webb. This man had spent many years in Kentucky and West Virginia, being at all times a suspicious character, and it was he who proposed the robbery of the bank at Huntington. Cole Younger and Frank James considered the proposition, and meeting Tom, or Tomlinson McDaniels, a brother of Bud's, at Petersburg, they laid the scheme before him, and then the four concluded to raid the bank.

The plan for the robbery being perfected, the bandits decided to wait until fall, when the bank would probably carry a large amount of money for the handling of the harvests.

About the first of September the four bandits rode into town under the leadership of Frank James and proceeded directly to the bank, which they reached at 2 P. M. Frank James and McDaniels dismounted, leaving Younger and Keen standing guard on the outside. When Frank and McDaniels entered the bank they found only R. T. Oney, the cashier, and a citizen who was making a deposit; these the robbers covered with their pistols and compelled the cashier to open the safe and deliver up all the money in the bank, amounting to $10,000. Having secured the booty, the four outlaws rode rapidly out of town, not a single person in the place having the least suspicion of what had occurred until Mr. Oney spread the news.

A posse of twenty-five citizens, headed by the Sheriff, set out in pursuit of the bandits at 3 o'clock, one hour after the robbery was consummated, and followed the trail with the greatest persistency. The officers in other counties were notified by telegraph, and armed bodies of men were sent out from a dozen towns. One hundred miles southwest of Huntington the robbers were sighted, and in an exchange of shots McDaniels was killed. This encouraged the pursuing party, who pressed the bandits so hard that they were forced to abandon their horses and to take to the mountain fastnesses of Kentucky.

The pursuit continued unabated for four weeks, and at length the outlaws were driven out of Kentucky and into Tennessee; here Keen was captured

and taken back to Huntington, where he made a confession and was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Frank James and Cole Younger eluded pursuit and returned to the Indian Territory, where they met Jesse James and his band of highwaymen, and forthwith new plans were laid for another robbery.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC ROBBERY.

Immediately after the Huntington raid Frank James and those of the bandits who joined him therein lit out for the Indian Territory. There they were met by Jesse James and others of the band, and at once began to reorganize their gang. The James boys were recognized as the chiefs in authority, and their word was law among the bandits.

The band spent nearly a year in reorganizing their forces and getting ready for a new series of raids on banks, railroad trains and stage coaches.

They made no demonstration until more than a year had passed away after the Huntington bank robbery, when the old tactics of the bandits were once more put into practice on a train of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, at a point known as Rocky Cut, about four miles east of Otterville, in Pettis county, Missouri. The particulars of this bold adventure are as follows:

About 9 o'clock on the night of the 7th of July, 1876, Henry Chateau, the old Swiss watchman at the Otter bridge, on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, was sitting by the pumphouse smoking his cob pipe and enjoying the balmy air of the eyening. The sound of voices fell on his ear, and looking out into the shadow he saw four men walking across the bridge toward him.

It was an isolated, out-of-the-way place, and though strangers did not very often pass, their very scarcity made company the more welcome.

The men came along and proved to be right sociable fellows. Three of them sat down, passed the compliments of the evening and talked a few minutes about anything that occurred to mind. Presently the fourth, who was a tremendously big fellow, standing just in front of the watchman, asked:

"What kind of a job have you got? What do you have to do here?"

"Just watch the bridge," was the reply. "If there is danger I show a red light and the train stops. If all is safe I show the white light and she goes on."

The big fellow remarked that that was a good, easy job. Then, turning to one of his comrades, he asked:

"What time is it?"

"Ten minutes after 9," said the other.

"It's about time."

One of the others rose to his feet and asked for a drink of water. The watchman stepped into the pumphouse to get it, and was suddenly seized. A revolver was placed at his head and he was a prisoner. The next thing he discovered was that all the men had pulled out masks and slipped them on. The large man then said:

"Come, follow us, and be quiet."

Trembling with fear, the watchman pleadingly inquired: "You do not intend to kill me?"

"What do we want to kill you for?" replied the leader; "we only want you to do what you're told,

and if you are wise you'll do it without any questions."

The large fellow then pulled from his pocket a handkerchief, with which the prisoner was blindfolded, and then taking up the white and red lights, the parties crossed the bridge and walked for more than a mile along the track, when they came to a deep rocky cut two miles east of Otterville, where the captive watchman was ordered to be seated, two of the robbers maintaining guard over him. Meantime others of the gang heaped a lot of ties on the track. Presently the train was heard in the distance. Then one of the bandits lighted the red lantern, which he placed in the watchman's hand, and led him out on the track, telling him to stand there and stop the train or be run over or shot, just as he chose.

The train consisted of two baggage, one express, three passenger and two sleeping cars, John Standthorpe engineer and Captain Tebbitts conductor. On came the train, and the prisoner, who conceived death staring at him from every side, made industrious use of the signal. The vigilant engineer saw it, and, applying the air brakes, brought the locomotive to a standstill about twenty feet from the frightened watchman. Pistol shots were heard, and the old man, slightly moving the bandage over his eyes, saw that his gaurds had vanished; frightened, then, at what he could not define, the watchman threw down the lantern, and fled through the woods in the darkness. The cowcatcher of the engine had actually pushed in amongst the pile of ties on the track, and had the train

stopped less promptly the engine would have been ditched.

The engineer and fireman had company in an instant. Two masked men shoved revolvers at them, telling them to take it easy and come along. They were quickly escorted to the baggage car and forced in. Others of the band had instantly piled an obstruction on the track behind the train, so that it could not back out, and also dispatched a man to the bridge to flag a freight train shortly due. Still others at the sides of the train kept the passengers indoors, firing and warning all not to come out.

The work of robbing was executed with a coolness unparalleled in the history of crimes of this kind. The express messenger, J. B. Bushnell, had in his charge a through safe of the Adams Express Company, for which he had no key, and a United States Express safe. The messenger, divining what was up as soon as the train stopped, made his way back to one of the sleepers and gave the United States safe key to a brakeman, who put it in his shoe; hence, when three of the robbers rushed into the express car, which was also a baggage car, they found the baggageman sitting there looking demure. They asked him for keys to the safes, and when he said he had none they searched him. Then they advised him somewhat earnestly to hunt them up or say his prayers. Finally he convinced them that he was not the messenger. Without a moment's warning they bade him show them the messenger. Through the train they marched him in front of their revolvers until the messenger was found. The

arguments used to induce him to give up the key proved irresistible. The brakeman was pointed out, the shoe pulled off and the key found. The messenger and brakeman were then marched forward to the baggage car and locked in, with the injunction not to be "too fly."

The United States safe contents were speedily transferred to a grain sack without examination. The messenger once more found himself in peril, because he had no key to the Adams through safe, but, as his explanation was reasonable, the robbers were convinced. One of the bandits then ran out, got the fireman's hammer and began banging at the safe. He was unable to produce much impression, whereupon a herculean bandid caught the hammer, and with a few tremendous blows broke a hole in the side, into which he vainly attempted to force his hand. The first striker, however, remarked that he "wore a No. 7 kid," and could do better.

In just two minutes the safe was plundered and the booty bagged. No attempt was made to rob the passengers. The trainboy's box was broken open, and peanuts and apples were gobbled up voraciously. Only one or two shots were fired from the train, the robbers keeping up a fusillade on both sides and moving from point to point, so that in the darkness it seemed as though the brush was full of men.

The train boy had a revolver, and early in the fracas he stepped out on the platform and blazed away at one of the robbers, who gave a loud, croaking laugh and called out: "Hear that little —— bark!" As

soon as the safes had been emptied the robbers told the trainmen to remove the obstructions before and behind and pull out, which was done with alacrity. The train was stopped an hour and ten minutes, and the booty secured amounted to fifteen thousand dollars.

All the robbers who were seen in the cars were tall men, except the one who said he wore the No. 7 kid, and he was the only one who wore no mask. The others were masked in various ways, some having the whole face covered, except holes for the eyes, and some having a mask covering only the nose and lower part of the face. The one who seemed to be the leader was tall and had light or yellowish hair.

The mustering for the pursuit was hot and zealous. Bacon Montgomery started out from Sedalia with a picked crowd and ran the robbers to within three miles of Florence, where they scattered temporarily and took to the hills. Sheriff Murry led another band. On every side the country was in arms. The robbers were eight in number. It was found where they had eaten at farmhouses the day before the robbery. Accurate descriptions were given, and it was positively stated that the Youngers had been recognized both on the advance and retreat. Major Wood accordingly visited the Younger settlement and reported that the boys had not been away from home.

The Osage River was high, all the fords were guarded, and from the other side the country was scouted in every direction, yet the robbers were cunning enough to get away without apparently ever

being run to close quarters. Matters fell to a dead quiet, and the pursuit changed to a still hunt, till about the 1st of August, when Hobbs Kerry and Bruce Younger were arrested at Joplin and Granby, the St. Louis police having taken a hand at working up the case. Bruce Younger was soon discharged, as it was easily shown that he was not at Otterville. Kerry, however, was positively identified. It appears the name of every member of the band had been definitely ascertained, and most of them had been traced to their lairs. Charley Pitts and Bill Chadwell had gone to Cherokee and Coalfield, Kansas, where an attempt was made to arrest them by agreement on the same day Kerry was taken in. Pitts was captured on Spring River with one thousand eight hundred dollars in his pocket, but subsequently got away. He had been engaged to marry a widow named Lillie Beamer, but about three weeks after the robbery he married another girl in Coalfield. As he had already temporarily intrusted a two-thousand-dollar package to Mrs. Beamer, and talked freely about the robbery, she was not slow to tell of it when he married the other girl. Pitts' real name was Wells. An effort was made to arrest Chadwell the same time that Pitts was taken, but he got into a cornfield and escaped. The officers, who were sheriff's deputies, then rushed back into Missouri after the James and Younger boys, but, as usual, did not get them. Kerry made a full confession about a week after he was captured. He said Cole and Bob Younger, Frank and Jesse James, Clell Miller, Charles Pitts, Bill Chadwell and himself did

the job. They rode twenty miles the first night before dividing the money. Then they emptied the sack, ripped open the packages, put all the money in a pile and Frank James counted it.

Kerry's duty was to watch the horses while the robbery was being accomplished.

His share was one thousand two hundred dollars. Then he and Chadwell and Pitts went out together. They got away easy enough. Kerry left them at Vinita, then back to Granby, where he spent money, gambled, gave himself away and was sent to the penitentiary for four years.

The usual proffer of an alibi came from the James boys in spite of Kerry and the Widow Beamer.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NORTHFIELD TRAGEDY.

After the Missouri Pacific Railroad robbery, Frank and Jesse James, with Charley Pitts, Clell Miller and Bill Chadwell, went to Texas, while the Younger brothers proceeded to Jackson county and secreted themselves in the famous cavern, where they felt secure against molestation.

About the middle of August Cole Younger concluded to visit Texas, and in order to make the trip without interference, he conceived the idea of masking his identity behind the make-up of a teamster. To prepare for the journey, he went to Lee's Summit, accompanied by his brothers, Jim and Bob, where, after a short stay, he purchased a pair of horses and a substantial wagon, which, being loaded with provisions of various kinds, the three started for Texas on the following day. They had proceeded only a few miles in Kansas, through which the route was taken, when they met the James brothers with their confederates, Clell Miller, Charley Pitts and Bill Chadwell. At this meeting plans were discussed respecting the plundering of a bank in Minnesota.

Bill Chadwell, alias Styles, who was with the James boys, had been a former resident of Minnesota, in which state he had some respectable relations. His ac-

quaintance in the eastern part of the state led to a consideration of the result of a bank robbery in that section. He told a long and plausible story concerning the wealth of that country; the heavy deposits carried by some of the banks, that of Mankato being especially mentioned, and then declared his knowledge of every road and hog path, cave and swamp within two hundred miles of St. Paul. His story produced a most favorable impression, and the reorganized party proceeded to Minnesota by railroad.

On September 7th the eight daring brigands rode into Northfield, a town of two thousand inhabitants, located on the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, in Rice county.

A small stream runs through the place, called Cannon River, over which there is a neat iron bridge, and just above this there is an excellent mill race, with a large flouring mill owned by Messrs. Ames & Co.

The town is chiefly noted for the location of Carlton College, one of the finest educational institutions in the state.

Just before noon three of the bandits dined at Jeft's restaurant, on the west side of Cannon River. After eating they talked politics, and one of them offered to bet the restaurant man one hundred dollars that the state would go Democratic. The bet was not taken, and they then rode across the bridge into the business part of the town, hitching their horses nearly in front of the First National Bank. They stood for some time talking leisurely near the corner. Suddenly there came like a whirlwind ruse of horsemen over the bridge.

There were only three of them, but they made racket enough for a regiment. Riding into the square with whoops and oaths, they began firing revolvers and ordering everybody off the streets. Almost at the same moment two others rode down from the west, carrying out a similar programme. It was a new experience for Northfield, and for a few minutes the slamming of front doors almost drowned the noise of the firing.

At the first sound of the onset the three men who first entered town—Jesse James, Charley Pitts and Bob Younger—had walked quickly into the bank and leaped nimbly over the counter. The cashier, J. L. Haywood, was at his place, and Frank Wilcox and A. E. Bunker, clerks, were at their desks. All were covered by revolvers before they apprehended danger. The robbers stated that they intended to rob the bank. The cashier was commanded to open the safe, and bravely refused. The outer door of the vault was standing ajar, and the leader stepped in to try the inner door. As he did so Haywood jumped forward and tried to shut him in.

One of the others, afterward found to be Charlie Pitts, promptly arrested the movement. At this moment Bunker thought he saw a chance, and so he broke for the back door. The third robber, Bob Younger, followed and fired two shots, one of which took effect in the fugitive's shoulder. The others then insisted that Haywood should open the safe, and, putting a knife to his throat, said, "Open up, d—d you, or we'll slit you from ear to ear!" A slight cut was

made to enforce the demand. Haywood still refused. Meantime the firing outside had commenced, and the men then began to cry out, "Hurry up! It's getting too hot here!" The three hastily ransacked the drawers, and finding only a lot of small change, jumped over the railing and ran out. Jesse James was the last to go, and as he was in the act of leaping from the counter, he saw Haywood turn quickly to a drawer as if in the act of securing a weapon. Instantly the outlaw presented his pistol and shot the brave cashier dead.

The bullet penetrated the right temple and, ranging downward, lodged near the base of the brain. Haywood fell over without a groan, a quantity of his blood and brains staining the desk as he reeled in the death fall. The shot which struck Bunker entered his right shoulder at the point of the shoulder blade and passed through obliquely, producing only a flesh wound.

As the bandits rushed into the street they met a sight and reception quite unexpected. Recovering from their first surprise, the citizens began to exhibit their pluck, and were ready to meet the outlaws half way in a deadly fight. A search for firearms was the first important step, and Dr. Wheeler, J. B. Hyde, L. Stacey, Mr. Manning and Mr. Bates each succeeded in procuring a weapon, which they expeditiously put into service. Dr. Wheeler, from a corner room (No. 8) in the Dampier House, with a breech-loading carbine, took deliberate aim at one of the bandits as he was mounting and sent a big slug through the outlaw's

body. The death-stricken man plunged headlong from his horse and never uttered a sound afterward. This man proved to be Bill Chadwell, or, properly, Bill Styles.

Mr. Bates was in a room over Hananer's clothing store, in the Scriver block, while Manning stood fearlessly on the sidewalk, and the two kept firing at the robbers as opportunity presented. At length Manning walked out, and seeing one of the bandits riding rapidly up Division street, he fired, and was rewarded by seeing the robber grow unsteady in his seat, and then, checking the speed of his horse, tumble to the ground. This second victim proved to be Clell Miller, and as he fell Cole Younger, seeing the fatal result, rode up to the prostrate comrade, from whose body he unbuckled a belt containing two pistols, securing which, he remounted and rode back to the others, who were still firing. Another of the outlaws used his horse as a barricade, and from behind it he continue to shoot until another shot from Manning's gun killed the horse. His protection being destroyed the bandit ran for the iron stairway which leads to the second story of the Scriber block from the outside. Behind this stairway were a number of empty pine boxes, from behind which the bandit used every effort to kill Manning. Dr. Wheeler was a critical observer of everything occurring in the street, and, bringing his carbine to bear on the outlaw, he fired, sending a bullet through the bandit's right elbow. This man proved to be Bob Younger, who, not in the least discouraged by his painful wound, cooly maintained his position, and,

shifting his pistol to the left hand, fired at Bates, who was standing with his weapon unraised inside his store. The bullet passed through a window plate and cut a furrow through Mr. Bates' cheek, but not deep enough to draw much blood.

A Norwegian by the name of Nicholas Gustavson was on the street, when one of the bandits ordered him to get indoors. His limited knowledge of the English language caused his death, for not understanding the command, the outlaw shot him in the head, producing a wound from which he died four days afterward.

By some means Jim Younger lost his horse, and the other bandits, finding the citizens' fire too destructive, mounted their horses and fled. At this moment Jim shouted: "My God! boys, you don't intend to desert me? I am shot!" At this Cole Younger dashed back and took his wounded brother up behind him. The gang then rode rapidly out of town, going in a westwardly direction.

After getting out of Northfield the outlaws galloped hard for a mile, and then stopped for a few minutes to dress their hurts.

It was afterward ascertained that every man in the party was wounded more or less severely, some of them being merely punctured with small shot. This was the result of Mr. Stacy's double-barrel shotgun, which he had no time to charge with large shot.

At Dundas, three miles from Northfield, they stopped again and made another application of cold water and bandages. One of them was so badly

hurt that another of the band got on the horse with him to hold him on, the riderless hores being led by a comrade. Thus adjusted the six rode away again.

On the road they met a man by the name of Empey, hauling a load of hoop poles. As he had one fine horse, they knocked him into the ditch, cut the horses out of the harness and went ahead a little way, when they had to pull up again to dress their wounds.

Starting on again, they stopped another farmer, but, concluding that his horses were not as good as some of their wounded ones, let him go.

At this time Frank James was wearing a bandage around his leg outside his trousers, and Jim Younger had a cloth around his arm and was holding one hand in the other, the blood dripping from his fingers, while his horse was led by a comrade. This, of course, explains how it happened that they got away no faster. Had they abandoned the worst wounded ones to their fate, there is little doubt but that the others would have gotten away easily enough. As it was, the story of the chase abounds in incidents almost too marvelous for belief.

Every point, including St. Paul and Minneapolis, was immediately notified of the robbery by telegraph, and police officers, detectives and sheriffs' posses were sent out after the fleeing bandits in such numbers that it was thought impossible for any of the outlaws to escape.

Very soon rewards were offered for the apprehension of the desperadoes, which stimulated the already

active hunt. The state offered $1,000 for the arrest of the six bandits, which offer was changed to $1,000 for each of the gang, dead or alive; $700 was offered by the Northfield bank and $500 by the Winona and St. Peter Railroad.

A posse of fourteen men overtook the bandits on the night of the 11th in a ravine near Shieldsville, and fell back after a fight in which one of the robbers' horses was killed. The dismounted rider was immediately taken up behind one of the others and the band took to the woods.

More than 400 men turned out to cut them off. They got into a patch of timber at Lake Elysian and were run out of it the next day, and, though the scouting parties increased to a thousand, two days later the robbers had been completely lost. They aimed to go southwest and follow the timber, which reaches to the Iowa line, but on the 13th all six were surrounded in the timber near Mankato, and all bridges, fords and roads guarded, so that it was thought they could not escape. At 2 o'clock in the morning four of them came out, ran the guard off Blue Earth bridge and crossed over, and left a regiment of pursuers behind. Next night two of them, Jesse and Frank James, broke through a picket line on one horse. They were fired upon, and, abandoning the horse, took to a cornfield.

While riding double a ball fired by one of the pursuing posse struck Frank James in the right knee, and, passing through, imbedded itself in Jesse's right thigh, producing painful wounds. They stole two gray horses that night from a man named Rockwell, and went

into Madelia in the morning and bought some bread; then they took to the prairie and struck out for Dakota. The two gray horses ridden and the overcoats worn by the James boys left the pursuers an easy means of keeping track of them. Both were so badly hurt and so stiff that when they went to a farmhouse and forced the farmer to swap horses with them at the muzzle of the pistol they had the greatest difficulty in climbing upon a fence to get on the horses' backs. For saddles they had bags stuffed with hay. Yet they got clear away eventually. A posse from Yankton had a fight with them about eight miles out of town, and, after having one man wounded, gave it up as a perilous business.

The two soon after raided a stable, captured two horses and again outran pursuit.

Near Sioux Falls they met a Dr. Mosher, and made him dress their wounds and change horses and clothing with them. That is the last that was seen of them by their pursuers, they being then in Sioux county, Iowa.

They were traced further south to where their horses gave out, and they hired a man to take them on their way in a wagon. Again they were heard of still further down, evidently making for Missouri. Every sheriff and marshal along their line of retreat was constantly in receipt of letters from Missouri and Kansas, threatening assassination if they arrested the two robbers, and finally the fugitives were lost track of entirely. It is now known that these two—Jesse and Frank James—continued their journey by wagon directly to Mexico.

The other four—Cole, Jim and Bob Younger and Charley Pitts—passed through the town of Mankato on the night of the 13th, and got into the woods west. They robbed a hen roost, and were in the act of cooking breakfast when a posse, who had discovered them, made a charge and drove them out of camp, but without getting sight of them. The worst luck for the robbers was that they had not eaten breakfast, the chickens being left in camp, all ready for breakfast.

Jim Younger afterwards said he felt real mean when he was robbing that roost. Large bands of farmers and citizens followed close on their trail, yet the bandits showed such consummate woodcraft that for two days the pursuers thought the four were only three.

One was barefoot, and at every camping place they left the ground littered with bloody bandages. Finally all trace was lost of them again, but on the morning of the 21st one of the outlaws went to a farmhouse eight miles west of Madelia and bought some bread and butter. The early hour of his visit and the stiffness of his actions caused a prying young fellow at the house, Oscar Suborn, to take particular notice of the man. He discovered that the stranger had big revolvers, and that he, with three others, left the road and started west across the country. In less than an hour the boy had taken the news to Madelia. It was yet early in the day, and in fifteen minutes' time after getting word Sheriff Glispin and others set out on horseback. For a couple of hours parties were continually starting off as fast as they could be equipped with arms and horses. Meantime the four stiff and

footsore wayfarers were trudging along across the prairie toward the timber skirting the Watonwan River. Just at the Hanska slough they were overtaken by the Sheriff and advance guard of three or four men, who rode up within one hundred yards and ordered them to surrender. The quartette paid no attention to the summons, but, plunging into the slough, waded across. The slough could not be crossed by a horse, so the Sheriff had to ride around. The robbers continued to hobble along as best they could toward the river, and had made about two miles before the Sheriff headed them off. They kept straight on for the timber, and the Sheriff's party opened on them with rifles. The robbers returned the fire, the bullets whistling so close that the officer and his deputies hastily dismounted and the Sheriff's horse was wounded.

The robbers got into a belt of timber, and, going through to the other side, saw a hunting party in a wagon, which they made a rush to capture. The men in the wagon instantly presented their shotguns, and the robbers, taking them for pursuers, went back into the brush. It so happened that the patch of timber they had struck was only about five acres in extent, and had bare, open ground all around it. Before they had discovered the disadvantage of their position the people began to flock in from all directions, in wagons, on foot, on horseback, equipped with shotguns and rifles. They soon established a cordon of one hundred and fifty men around the patch and began shooting into it to drive the game out. As the robbers paid

no attention to this, Sheriff Glispen called for volunteers to go in and stir them up.

The following went with him: Colonel Vaught, James Severson, Ben Rice, George Bradford, Chas. Pomeroy, and Captain Murphy, of Madelia.

These seven formed in line a few yards apart and moved cautiously through the brush. The hiding place consisted of about five acres of thick timber, with considerable willow about the marshy parts, but not sufficiently dense to offer any considerable protection.

After the volunteers had advanced into the brush a distance of fifty yards, Charley Pitts jumped up in front of Sheriff Glispen and leveled a revolver, which exploded almost at the same instant as the Sheriff's rifle. The robber ran a couple of rods in a cornering direction and fell dead. The three Younger brothers were discovered a moment later, and, as soon as they saw they were in for it, stood up and opened fire. One of the posse was slightly wounded and another had a watch knocked into flinders. Six of the posse returned the volley, the Sheriff being busy reloading, and so well directed were their shots that Cole and Jim dropped on the ground, groaning with the pain of shattered bones. Captain Murphy fired rapidly with a Colt's revolver; Rice and Severson had carbines, while Vaught, Bradford and Pomeroy attacked with double-barreled shotguns.

While discharging his pistol Captain Murphy was struck by a 44-caliber ball, but fortunately the bullet hit a pipe in his vest pocket, which so spent its force that the only result was a painful bruise. After the

first skirmish the bandits retreated a little further, which, while hiding them from the attacking party, exposed them to a large body of men stationed on the north side of the thicket; a volley of gun and pistol shots drove them back again to within twenty yards of the seven volunteers. Cole and Jim were now entirely helpless; in fact, Jim was suffering so badly from the wound in the mouth that he had been unable to assist his brothers in defending themselves.

Bob, with one arm hanging broken by his side, stood his ground between the other two, and continued to blaze away with a revolver in his left hand, aiming first at one end of the line and then at the other, then at the center, but apparently trying rather to scare the men off than to hit anybody. One revolver being exhausted, he was handed another. As the posse kept on firing, however, he finally called out to let up, as the boys were "all shot to pieces."

The Sheriff made him throw down his pistol and walk forward into the line, when he was secured. Out of all the shots fired at him only one had taken effect, wounding him slightly in the side. The broken arm he had carried all the way from Northfield. The prisoners were secured and taken, with the dead bandit, to Madelia, and placed under the surgical care of Drs. Overholt and Cooley. They confessed that they were the Youngers, but always refused to give any information as to their confederates. Cole had a rifle ball under the right eye, which paralyzed the optic nerve and has never yet been extracted. He also had a large revolver bullet in the body and a shot through

the thigh, which he got at Northfield, and was wounded altogether in the fight eleven times.

Jim was looked upon as a hopeless case by the surgeons. He had eight buckshot and a rifle ball in the body. An ugly wound in the shoulder had been received at Northfield, and he had lost nearly half his jaw by a minie ball. Bob was the only one who was able to remain on his feet at the surrender. The wound he had received at Northfield had shattered his elbow so as to leave his arm and hand stiff forever. All the wounds were almost festering for want of attention. After they had rested and had their wounds dressed every effort was made to get them to tell who were the other two, but without avail. They were always on their guard. One day a man went in to them and said word had just been received that their two comrades, the James boys, had been overtaken, and one killed and the other wounded and captured.

"How do you know they are the James boys?" said Cole.

"The wounded man confessed."

"Which one was killed?"

"Frank."

"Which one, I say? The big one or the little one?"

"The big one."

"Did they say anything about us?"

"Good boy to the last!" the old guerrilla exclaimed. to show a man was game. And that was all that could be got out of them. They were ready to talk about the "big one" and the "little one," but that was all.

No names were in their vocabulary. They would

not tell who their dead comrades were. The two killed in town were positively identified, however, as Clell Miller and Bill Chadwell. Miller first came into bandit fame in connection with the Corydon bank robbery, and was afterward with the band at the Otterville and Muncie robberies. He was a hard fighter under Quantrell. Chadwell was said to have been driven out of Minnesota for horse stealing once. His father is reported as having identified his body. Other reports have it that his family belonged in Kansas. The one killed at Madelia was Charles Pitts, or more properly Charles Wells. His chief record was made at Baxter Springs and Otterville.

Worn out, festering wounds, exposed to terrible inclement weather, camping without blankets in the cold nights of a Northern autumn, and, above all, not having had a full meal in two weeks, the Younger brothers gave an exhibition of endurance in this retreat which must be taken as an illustration of unparalleled heroism, which only the most remarkable constitutions could survive.

After the death of Chadwell and Miller they were carried into an empty store on Mill Square, where they remained for some time the object of popular gaze and attention.

Chadwell's death wound was located about one inch to the right of the sternum, tearing away his lungs and passing out at the back below the shoulder-blade. Clell Miller was struck by a minie ball which penetrated the left breast just below the clavical. Besides this wound he was struck in the shoulder and face

by a charge of shot, evidently fired from Stacy's gun.

The captured Younger brothers were taken to Madelia, where they received surgical attention at the Flanders House. Cole and Jim were placed in the same bed, while Bob was accommodated in another room.

Their wounds, though of a serious character, were pronounced not dangerous. During their stay at Madelia they were daily visited by hundreds of men and women, many of the latter bringing testimonials of regard for the heroism displayed by the stricken bandits.

Cole Younger, though badly wounded, received his visitors in a most affable manner, and all the brothers demeaned themselves in such a way as to win the respect of all who called, each having some kind and cheerful words with which to answer even impertinent questions. After some telegraphic correspondence between the Governor, who was attending the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and Captain Macy, his secretary, an order was received to place the prisoners in the county jail at Faribault, the county seat of Rice county, and to convey the remains of the dead bandits to St. Paul, which was accordingly done, the dead bodies being given to the Surgeon General of the state for embalming.

After the Younger brothers were incarcerated in jail several detectives from Northwestern cities and James McDonough, chief of St. Louis police, met in St. Paul and went by special train to Faribault to interview and identify the prisoners. The entertain-

ing trio had so far recovered as to be able to receive their visitors in excellent style.

When the party entered the jail they found Cole and Bob smoking and reading the daily papers. Jim, however, was still suffering severely from the wound in his mouth. A very interesting conversation of more than two hours' duration was had, in which no information was gleaned of importance.

Miss Retta Younger, a sister of the bandits, and a lovely lady of refinement and exceptional character, seventeen years of age, visited the brothers directly after their capture; her grief and refined deportment gained for her the sympathy of everyone, and the impression she created was of the most favorable nature. Mrs. Fannie Twyman, an aunt, was also with the brothers, and she, too, met with the greatest respect from the citizens of Faribault.

The grand jury that was summoned returned four bills of indictment against the captured bandits, and Cole Younger was speedily charged with murdering the Norwegian, which bill was found on the testimony of two witnesses, who swore they saw Cole commit the deed.

On the 7th of November the District Court convened, Judge Lord presiding. The presecution was represented by the prosecuting attorney, George N. Baxter, Esq., and the prisoners had for their counsel Thomas Rutledge, Esq., of Madelia, and Bachelder & Buckham, of Faribault. It was the intention of the Youngers to plead "not guilty," but when they were forced to stand a trial on the charge of murder

in the first degree, in order to avoid capital punishment they entered a plea of "guilty." Had the charge of murder been confined to Haywood the brothers would have stood a trial, because they could have proved positively that neither of them fired the fatal shot at the cashier, and, as a conviction could only have resulted in a life sentence, they could have afforded to take the chances.

After entering the plea of "guilty," Judge Lord ordered the prisoners to stand up and receive sentence. The order of the court was that each of the brothers should be confined in the state penitentiary at Stillwater for the period of their natural lives. When this sentence was pronounced the young and beautiful sister almost fainted; recovering her strength, she fell on Cole's neck and gave expression to such intense suffering of mind that nearly everybody in the courtroom was moved to tears. Sheriff Barton could hardly persuade the devoted sister to abate her manifestations of grief.

Thenceforth she did not leave her brothers until they were conveyed to the penitentiary, to which place she accompanied them, and when circumstances compelled them to part she was fairly overwhelmed with sorrow. Her love was fully reciprocated by the erring brothers, and such an attachment could not fail in creating a strong bond of sympathy between the citizens and the unhappy sister.

XXIX.

THE JAMES BOYS IN MEXICO.

Frank and Jesse James were successful in escaping the wrath of the avenging Minnesotians after the Northfield raid, and arrived safely in the land of the Montezumas.

They kept perfectly quiet for a while, recuperating their strength and energy, both of which were pretty much petered out after their long double-quick run from Minnesota to Mexico.

They made their first public appearance at Matamoras, where their attention was attracted by an advertisement of a fandango to take place at a public house on the night of their arrival. They decided to attend.

Accordingly when it opened up in the evening they paid the price of admission and entered the hall, which was rapidly filling up with swarthy senoritas and hidalgos. From the belts of the latter protruded the glittering handles of bright, keen stilettos, in preparation for the affray which is always anticipated.

The dance began about eight o'clock, with much spirit, and the whirl of the graceful girls soon excited a desire on the part of Frank and Jesse to participate, although they were not familiar with the movements and figures of the Spanish dances. Nevertheless, they

essayed an attempt, which only served to excite the ridicule of the Mexicans, who, by gesture and speech, went so far in their sport and mimicry of the outlaws that at length Frank James knocked down one of the boldest. This act came near proving disastrous to both the boys, for the moment the Mexican fell to the floor another powerfully built hidalgo struck Frank a blow on the cheek which sent him spinning into the laps of two girls who were seated on a bench awaiting partners. For a moment he was so stunned as to scarcely know what to do, but Jesse saw where his aid was most needed, and the next instant the powerful Mexican fell with a bullet in his brain. A general fight then ensued, in which Jesse and Frank rushed for the door, but their passage was impeded; so nothing remained for the boys except to clear a way by shooting those who stood before them. Frank received a thrust in the shoulder from a stiletto and Jesse's right forearm was punctured with a similar instrument, but the boys fired rapidly and with such effect that four Mexicans lay dead and six others were dreadfully wounded, some mortally. Jesse was the first to break through the doorway, and as he did so he turned at the very instant a dagger, in the hands of a strong Mexican, was directed at Frank's heart, but ere the hand fell to its purpose a bullet from Jesse's pistol entered the Mexican's eye and he dropped dead at Frank's feet, striking the dagger deep into the floor as he fell. This fortunate shot enabled Frank to escape from the building, and as the Mexicans had no arms except stilettos, they were powerless to

continue the fight, but many of them rushed to their homes to procure firearms and horses, and the place was swarming so rapidly with blood-craving hidalgos and greasers that the only avenue of escape lay in the river. They accordingly rushed toward their horses, which were hitched in the woods near by, but just before reaching them three powerful Mexicans suddenly sprang upon Frank James, who was a little in the rear and attempted to bind him with a stout cord, which they threw over his shoulders. Fortunately, in running he had picked up a large bludgeon which lay in his path, and shaking himself loose from the grasp of his assailants, he laid about him so briskly with this formidable weapon that in a moment the three Mexicans lay stunned on the ground at his feet; then, hastily joining Jesse, who had already mounted and was holding his horse for him, he sprang into the saddle, and, putting spurs to their restless steeds, they plunged boldly into the Rio Grande and swam to the other side, while the Mexicans were riding about in every direction trying to find the bandits, whom they did not imagine would dare take to the river.

For some time the James boys remained quiet in Texas, and then crossed over again into Mexico. They gave Matamoras a wide berth, went to the little village of Carmen, in the northern part of Chihuahua, and settled down for business. The place was well chosen for the successful carrying on of their peculiar profession, for this quiet little village was on the highway of travel, where wealthy Mexican merchants and traders passed along almost daily with loads of costly wares and well-filled purses of money.

One bright May morning, a short time after the James boys had placed their plant at Carmen, Frank and Jesse went forth from their business headquarters to meet a company of Mexican traders, who were on their way from Chihuahua, where they had disposed of their wares, and were now returning to their homes loaded down with the current coin of the realm which they had received in exchange for their merchandise.

The company consisted of eighteen men, including twelve who were along in the capacity of guards. Undaunted by the odds in favor of the merchants, the bold bandits, consisting of but the two James boys and three confederates, advanced to meet them, not with drawn revolvers and a command to throw up their hands, however, but in a friendly insinuating way, pretending to be very green American young men from the United States, unacquainted with Mexican localities, and timidly inquiring the proper routes to take. The whilom dashing, dare-devil guerrillas and cut-throats were for the moment meek, innocent, unsophisticated lambs. The chief guard was soon prevailed upon to allow these five "innocents abroad" to accompany the caravan on their journey until they should arrive at a point where the traveling was less dangerous and the country better adapted for newcomers to earn a living. The five bandits gradually ingratiated themselves in the good opinion of the merchants and their guards, who were just congratulating each other on the fact of having fallen in with five such good men and true to accompany them on their journey through the most perilous portion of their

route, when one day, while the company were enjoying their noonday rest, these five innocent lambs suddenly developed into as many ravenous wolves. The guns of the guards were stacked against a tree and the five bandits were holding a quiet confab on a strip of ground that separated the guards from their guns. Two of the guards, however, still retained their guns, but held them in a careless manner, while they ostensibly stood guard over the guns stacked against the tree. "Now's your time, boys; let'er go!" was the laconic command from Jesse, accompanied by a low tremulous whistle, the agreed-upon signal for attack. Crack! crack! Two pistol shots rang out on the air, and the armed guards fell dead in their tracks. The five bandits at once backed up to the arms stacked against the tree and ordered the remaining guards to hold up their hands. The order was complied with double quick, and in less time than it takes to tell it the five mild-mannered Americans went through the pockets of those Mexican merchants and left nothing behind that was considered worth carrying away.

The horses of the entire company were shot to death by the bandits to prevent pursuit, and the five daring robbers made quick time for the Texas border, crossed over safely and divided the spoils on the Yankee side of the Rio Grande.

For several months afterward the James boys lived the free and happy life of cowboys on a Texas ranch, and then crossed up the border again for further adventures among the Mexicans.

This time they chose for the scene of their exploit

a far-away place on the River of the North, called Piedras Negras. This place had long been famous as a rendezvous of desperate characters.

The James boys had been mistaken for what they were not more than once in their eventful career. Out in California they had been mistaken for suckers, and on their last visit to Mexico they had been mistaken for "innocents abroad." But the strangest case of mistaken identity was about to occur to them.

While they were leisurely riding along together one day a short distance from Piedras Negras, they were observed by a number of Mexican brigands, who evidently mistook the two noted American bandits for wealthy Yankee prospectors on the lookout for a chance speculation in Mexican mines. Thinking, no doubt, that there was a splendid chance to make a good haul, the Mexicans followed the brothers for a while at a little distance away, and then boldly struck out to overhaul and rob the supposed prospectors from over the border. This was a new situation for Frank and Jesse. Heretofore they had always acted the part of the outlaws in the fearfully realistic dramas in which they had taken part, but now they were the honest men and the other fellows were the outlaws. At first they were at a loss just how they ought to act in the premises.

But the Mexicans gave them but little time to consider the matter, for, dashing forward, they began a fusillade of shots from their pistols, at the same time yelling like demons, in hopes, no doubt, to frighten the two travelers into immediate and utter submission.

There were at least a dozen of the Mexicans, and they were the most surprised men in the world when they witnessed the result of their onslaught. Instead of endeavoring to escape or throwing up their hands in token of surrender, the supposed-to-be intimidated prospectors wheeled about and poured a red-hot fire of pistal balls full in the face of the Greasers, and as a result four of the foremost pursuers lay weltering in their blood. The rest of the Mexicans at once retreated, but the James boys did not intend to let them escape without further punishment.

They put spurs to their horses, and instead of being the parties pursued, themselves became the pursuers. Overtaking the bandits, they began a merciless fire upon them, and before the affair was finished two more Mexicans lay dead upon the road. The others swore a speedy revenge, and that night as the James boys were crossing a stream they were fired upon by ten brigands secreted on the opposite side of the stream, and Jesse was slightly wounded in the left shoulder. The James boys pressed ahead, however, and by rapid and well-directed firing soon routed the Mexicans from their ambush, and they scampered off at the top of their speed, leaving one of their number lying dead on the ground.

This adventure ended the career of the James boys in Mexico. There have been other marvelous adventures related of them during their stay in the land of the Montezumas, but there seems to be no authentic foundation for them.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GLENDALE TRAIN ROBBERY.

Three years elapsed from the time of the attack at Northfield until the James boys were heard of again in connection with criminal escapades. Their names existed in tradition, and the horror which was once manifested at the mention of their savage natures had become dwarfed into mere expressions of surprise. It was reported that Frank James had died of consumption in the Indian nation, and that Jesse was living peaceably in one of the remote Territories, following the profitable occupation of cattle-raising.

On the evening of October 7th, 1879, the people of Western Missouri were suddenly shocked by the intelligence of another great train robbery, committed in the old guerrilla haunts, where crime had held such high carnival during the dark period of the great rebellion. On the day in question Jesse James, Jim Cummings, Ed Miller, a brother of Clell, Daniel (Tucker) Bassham, Bill Ryan and six others, whose names are not known, appeared suddenly at the little station at Glendale, which is on the line of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, twenty-two miles from Kansas City. The town consisted of a postoffice and store combined and a station house, and is a flag station only.

About six o'clock in the evening the party of bandits rode into the place and proceeded at once to put every one present under arrest, which they readily accomplished, as there were but three men at the station, and these were locked in the station house. The train going east was due at 6:45 P. M., at a time when darkness clothed the scene, and the masked robbers compelled the station operator to display his signal to stop the train.

Previous to this preliminary the masked bandits had piled a large number of condemned ties on the track only a few hundred yards east of Glendale, and had everything fully prepared to execute their purpose expeditiously. The train was on time, and seeing the stop signal displayed, the engineer obeyed its import, and in a moment the conductor, John Greenman, was facing an ominous pistol, while others of the robbers covered the engineer and demanded submission. Meeting with no resistance, the bandits broke in the door of the express car, but while they were thus engaged William Grimes, the messenger, hastily unlocked the safe and took out thirty-five thousand dollars in money and valuables, which he attempted to conceal. He was too late, however, for at the moment he was placing the money bag behind some boxes in the car, the door yielded and three robbers rushed on him. Refusing to deliver the safe key, Grimes was knocked down and badly punished. The key was taken from him and the few remaining contents of value in the safe were appropriated, as was also the bag containing the money.

The haul was a very rich one and, the attempt hav-

ing been successful, the passengers were not molested, and the train was permitted to depart after a detention of no more than ten minutes.

The commission of this crime again aroused the officers, and as Glendale is in Jackson county, Major James Leggitt, the county marshal, took immediate steps to discover and arrest the perpetrators. Being a shrewd and fearless man, he went to work intelligently. He soon discovered who composed the party that committed the robbery, notwithstanding the fact that they were heavily masked. Tucker Bassham, one of the robbers, who was raised in Jackson county, was suspected directly after the deed was accomplished. He left the county for a time, but returned and buried his share of the booty, which was one thousand dollars. Soon he began to exhibit an unusual amount of money, and a spy was placed upon him until enough information was obtained to conclusively establish his connection with the robbery. But Marshal Leggitt deferred the arrest with the hope that he might learn of some communication between Bassham and other members of the gang and accomplish their arrest. In June last (1880) Deputy Marshals W. G. Keshler and M. M. Langhorn arrested Bassham and lodged him in the jail at Kansas City.

Shortly afterward Major Leggitt obtained a full confession from his prisoner, which was reduced to writing and made in the form of an affidavit. Afterward Major Leggitt engaged George Shepherd to act as a detective in the matter of capturing Frank and Jesse James. Shepherd promised to betray his old

comrades into the Major's hand, but having a grievance against Jesse James and Jim Anderson, Shepherd determined to take vengeance into his own hands and murder both of those bandits. It seems that Shepherd's brother had been murdered and robbed of $1,000 and he accused Jesse and Anderson of the deed.

Shepherd decoyed Anderson into a lonely place and cut his throat with a bowie knife, and shortly afterward he shot Jesse James while riding alone with him on a country road. Shepherd supposed he had killed Jesse, and so reported the fact to be to Major Leggitt. It turned out, however, that Jesse, though severely, was not mortally wounded.

The people of Missouri had only begun to congratulate themselves over the fact of the bandit's "removal," when their joy was turned to mourning by the report that Jesse was not dead, but only seriously wounded and would recover.

Jesse's mission was not yet ended.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BASSHAM'S CONFESSION OF THE GLENDALE ROBBERY.

The robbery of the Chicago and Alton train at Glendale, Missouri, as already described, had been surrounded with considerable mystery concerning the identity of all those engaged in the outrage.

The large rewards offered for the apprehension of the robber band—amounting to $75,000—caused a very active search, which resulted, at last, in the capture of Daniel (better known as Tucker) Bassham, under circumstances already related.

On the 6th day of November, Bassham was brought into court for trial, having entered a plea of "not guilty," despite his confession, but this plea was soon changed to that of "guilty," and he then threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The following summary of his confession appeared in the Kansas City *Journal* of November 7th:

"On Monday night preceding the robbery," said Bassham in his confession, "two neighbors of mine came to me and said they had put up a job to rob a train, and wanted me to go in with them. I told them I didn't want nothin' to do with robbin' no train, and wouldn't have nothin' to do with it no how; but they kept on persuadin' and finally went away, sayin' they would come back in the morning and that I must go

with them. They said a very rich train was coming down on the C. & A., and that we could make a big haul, perhaps $100,000. Wa'al, that kind o' half persuaded me, but still I didn't like to go. They finally told me that Jesse James was arrangin' the thing and that it was sure to be a success.

"Wa'al, then they left. My wife kept pesterin' me to know what was goin' on an' what they wanted, but I didn't like ter let on. I kept thinking about it all night. Of course, I'd heerd often of Jesse James and kinder had confidence in him; then I was pretty poor, there wasn't much crops on my place and winter comin' on, and I tell you it looked pretty nice to get a little money just then, no matter whar it kum from. 'Sides, I thought to myself, ef I don't go it'll be done jest the same anyhow; they'll be down on me and ten to one I'll be more likely to git arrested if I ain't thar as if I am.

"Wa'al, I kep' kinder thinkin' it over an' in the morning they came to the house early and eat breakfast, and then went out and loafed around the timber and in the cornfield all day, so nobody wouldn't see 'em. In the evenin' they all cum in and we eat supper and then they giv' me a pistol, an' we all got on our horses an' rode off together. We soon met another man on the road, an' when we got to Seaver's schoolhouse, 'bout a mile and a half away from my house, they giv' a kind of a whistle for a signal, and two men came out of the timber an' rode up. I was introduced to one of them as Jesse James. This was the first time I had ever seen Jesse James in my life."

"And who was the other?" demanded the prosecutor.

"The other was Ed Miller, of Clay county."

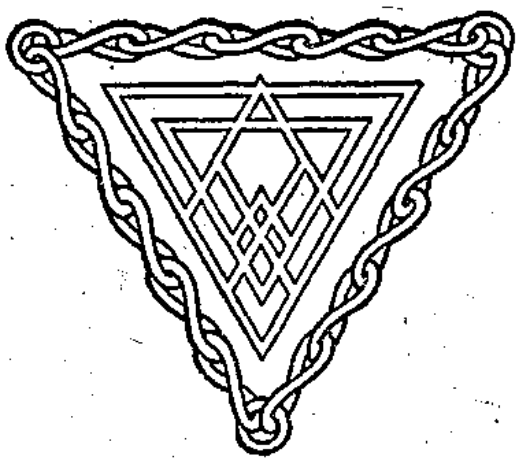
Bassham said that Jesse James then gave him a shotgun and furnished each man with a mask, and that they all then rode on in silence toward Glendale. No instructions were given to any one man. When they arrived at Glendale they noticed the light in the store, and Bassham was ordered by Jesse James to go in, capture the inmates and bring them over to the station. On looking in the windows he found the usual crowd of loiterers had left the store and lounged over to the depot to wait for the train to come in. He then went over to the depot and found the crowd in the waiting-room guarded by one of the men. Jesse James then told him to walk up and down the platform, as the train approached, and fire off his shotgun in the air as fast as he could. The telegraph operator was forced, at the point of the pistol, to lower the green light and thus signal the train to stop. Jesse James then asked him if there were any loose ties there they could lay across the track, and he said he didn't know of any. The men then went and got logs and laid them across the track to obstruct the train if it should take the alarm and not stop for the green light. Meanwhile the train approached. Bassham walked up and down the platform firing off his gun; Jesse James and one of the men jumped into the express car, and Miller jumped on the engine in the manner already described and with which all are familiar. The train was not stopped more than five or six minutes.

"As soon as it was over, Jesse James fired off his pistol, which was the signal for all to leave, and they jumped on their horses and rode rapidly for about half a mile, till they came to a deserted cabin. Here they alighted and entered. Somebody produced a small pocket lantern and somebody else struck a match. Jesse James threw the booty down on a rude table in the middle of the compartment, divided it out, and shoved each man a pile as they stood round the table. Bassham's share was between $800 and $900. Jesse then said. 'Now, each one of you fellows go home and stay there. Go to work in the morning, and keep your mouths shut, and nobody will ever be the wiser. This country will be full of men in the morning hunting for me and you."

It will be observed that in the confession, as reported, only the names of Jesse James and Ed Miller appear, when it is now positively known that the gang comprised not less than six persons. The confession implicated two of the most respectable farmers in Jackson county, Kit Rose and Dick Tally, one a brother-in-law and the other a cousin of the Younger brothers, both of whom were arrested, but soon afterward released, as not a scintilla of evidence could be discovered corroborating Bassham's disjointed statements. The other party, who Bassham swears was connected with the robbery and (in this he certainly guessed rightly) was Jim Cummings.

In November last (1880) Bassham was brought into court with a plea of "not guilty," notwithstanding his confession, but he had so completely convicted him-

self that the plea was withdrawn, and he threw himself upon the mercy of the court. He was then sentenced to the penitentiary for a period of ten years. Since his confinement at Jefferson City there has been a considerable change of opinion respecting his guilt, and there is no doubt that now a large majority of persons believe Bassham innocent of any complicity with the train robbery, and that his so-called confession was the result of influences which the writer does not wish the responsibility of naming.



CHAPTER XXXII.

SHOOTING OF JESSE JAMES BY GEORGE SHEPHERD.

The purtuit of the Glendale robbers did not cease after a week's efforts, as previously, as Major Leggitt was determined to accomplish his purpose. He resolved upon an expedient which evidences his cunning and strategy. Living in Kansas City at the time of the robbery was George Shepherd, one of the most courageous men that ever faced danger. He was one of Quantrell's lieutenants, and fought in all the terrible and unmerciful encounters of that chief of the black banner. He was at Lawrence, and rode beside the James boys in that dreadful cyclone of remorseless murder. He had run the gauntlet of a hundred rifles and fought against odds which it appeared impossible to escape. After the close of the war Jesse James accepted Colonel Shepherd as a leader and followed him into Texas, and would still be following his counsels had not circumstances separated them.

Major Leggit evolved a scheme out of his hours of study toward the capture of Jesse James. He sent for Shepherd, who was working for Jesse Noland, a leading dry goods merchant of Kansas City, and to the ex-guerrilla he proposed his scheme. It was this: Shepherd, being well known to have formerly been a

comrade of Jesse James, it was to be reported that undoubted information had reached the authorities establishing Shepherd's connection with the Glendale robbery. A report of this was to be printed upon a slip of paper having printed matter upon the reverse side, so as to appear like a newspaper clipping. Shepherd was to take this printed slip, find Jesse James and propose to join him, saying that he was being hounded by detectives, and, although innocent, he felt that his only safety was in uniting his fortunes with Jesse and his fearless band. This being accomplished, Shepherd was to find an opportunity for killing Jesse James, and the reward for him, dead or alive, was to be divided. In addition to this, Shepherd was to be provided with a horse and to receive $50 per month during the time of his service.

The conditions and terms were satisfactory to Shepherd, and the latter part of October, about two weeks after the Glendale robbery, he started out in quest of Jesse James.

The plan of Shepherd's operations and the manner in which he accomplished his hazardous undertaking is herewith detailed just as he related the story to the writer, but, while the relation is interesting, it is now proved to be untrue in part.

When Shepherd left Kansas City he was mounted upon a sorrel horse, and his weapons consisted of a 32-caliber single-barrel pistol and a small pocket-knife. He rode directly to the Samuels residence, which he reached at dusk, and tied his horse in a thicket about two hundred yards from the house. He

found Mrs. Samuels and the Doctor at home, just preparing to sit down to supper. The story that any enmity existed on the part of Jesse James against Shepherd is untrue; reports of this kind may have been circulated, but there was not a semblance of truth in them. Shepherd was warmly received by Mrs. Samuels and her husband, and at their invitation he took supper with them. While they were eating Shepherd explained that his life and liberty were in great jeopardy, and that, owing to reports, false as they were, of his connection with the Glendale robbery, he had been forced to flee, and for mutual protection he wished to join Jesse James and his confederates; thereupon Shepherd produced the apparently newspaper clipping already referred to, which Dr. and Mrs. Samuels both read. After finishing supper Dr. Samuels told Shepherd to ride to a certain point in the main highway, where he would meet Jesse and some of his associates. The Doctor went out in the woods where he knew the bandits were concealed, while Shepherd mounted his horse and rode to the spot indicated, where, after waiting for less than five minutes, he was met by Jesse James, Jim Cummings, Ed Miller and another party whom Shepherd did not know. Shepherd repeated his story to Jesse James and showed him the clipping, after which he was immediately received into the full confidence of Jesse and the band. Why should Jesse have entertained suspicions? Shepherd had been his intimate comrade for many years; the two had ridden and fought in a hundred terrible conflicts, and were

associated together in the Kentucky bank robbery. Shepherd was the very man of all others whom Jesse wanted for a companion in his daring deeds, and it was unnatural, under the circumstances, for any of the bandits to doubt Shepherd's story.

The party remained all night at the Samuels residence, and on the following day they proceeded to a spot in Jackson county called "Six Mile," which is eighteen miles from Kansas City, and spent the day at Benjamin Marr's. It was here a plan was laid for robbing the bank at Empire City, in Jasper county. After the scheme was fully understood Shepherd told Jesse that it would be necessary for him to procure a better horse and some effective weapons, which he could do at a friend's near Kansas City. Jesse urged Shepherd then to return at night to the friend's place, get a good horse and at least two heavy pistols and meet the party at Six Mile on the third night following.

Shepherd then rode back to Kansas City and imparted the information of his meeting and arrangements with Jesse James to Major Leggitt, who provided Shepherd with a splendid horse and three large-sized Smith & Wesson pistols. But in order to prevent any possibility of deception, Major Leggitt took Shepherd to Independence and placed him in jail, and then sent three trusted men to Six Mile for the purpose of ascertaining if Jesse James and his party were really rendezvoused at that point. Major Leggitt soon learned that Shepherd had reported nothing but facts, and he was then sent out, splendidly armed

and mounted, for the meeting place.

Shepherd did not reach the trysting place until the morning after the time agreed upon, and he found Jesse James and his followers gone, but the party at whose house the meeting was to occur—Benjamin Marr's—gave Shepherd the following letter, which is herewith copied verbatim:

Friend Georg.

I cant wate for you hear, I want you to meet me on Rogs Iland and we will talk about that Business we spoke of. I would wate for you but the boys wants to leave here, done fale to come and if we dont by them cattle I will come back with you. Come to the plase whear we meet going south that time and stay in that naborhood until I find you. Your Friend.

J— ———

Thus instructed Shepherd started for Rogue's Island, but met Jesse James at the head of Grand River. This fact furnishes one of the proofs of Jesse's anxiety to have Shepherd as a comrade, for he was so anxious lest Shepherd would not meet them, or fail to get the letter he left with Marr, that he returned to find him. Jesse and Shepherd returned to the camp, where they found Cummings, Miller and the unknown, and then the party rode directly for Empire City, the vicinity of which they reached about noon on Saturday, November 1, 1879. They went into camp on Short Creek, eight miles south of Empire City, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon it was agreed that Shepherd should ride into the town and learn what he could respecting the surroundings and loca-

tion of the bank. It was after dark when Shepherd reached the place, and, pursuing his story, he was astonished at finding the bank lighted up, and a close inspection revealed to him a dozen men inside the bank armed with double-barreled shotguns. Shepherd stated to the writer that Major Leggit must have notified the bank officers of the intended raid by telegraph, but Major Leggitt denies having done so, and says that Shepherd must have told some person who communicated with the bank. Anyhow, the arrangement was that Major Leggitt was to be in Empire City with a good force of assistants, and was to be aided by Shepherd in capturing the outlaws when the attack on the bank should be made. Circumstances prevented Major Leggitt from appearing in Empire City at the time agreed upon, but he sent word to the town authorities.

Finding everything in readiness to meet the intnded attack, Shepherd went into a restaurant, and while eating his supper Tom Cleary, an old acquaintance, greeted him. After supper the two went to Cleary's house and remained all night, and Shepherd told his friend the part he was acting in the effort to capture Jesse James. Ed Cleary, a brother of Tom's, was also informed of the scheme, and Shepherd asked their assistance, or at least to follow him the next morning to the camp of the bandits. The understanding was at the time Shepherd left the outlaws that he should return to the camp by 9 o'clock Sunday morning, and, if his report was favorable, the raid on the bank would be made Sunday night.

Shepherd kept the appointment and returned to the place where the bandits had encamped, but found the camp deserted. He thought this strange, but soon found the old sign of a "turn out" had been made to let him know where they were. It is well known that the James boys and their comrades frequently separated. They had a sign, however, by which it was not difficult for them to find one another. This sign is the crossing of two twigs along the highway, which indicates that one or more of the parties, according to the number of twigs, has turned out of the highway at that point. Shepherd saw the twigs, and, after riding about half a mile in the direction the branches lay, he found the party, all of whom were slightly intoxicated. He knew they had no whisky with them when he left on Saturday afternoon, and at once concluded they had been in town. Cummings was the first to speak. He said:

"The bank is guarded; how is this?" Shepherd responded: "Yes, and I think the best thing for us to do is to separate and get out of this."

Cummings had ridden into Galena on Saturday night, where he had purchased some whiskey, and there heard rumors of the intended bank raid.

The party agreed with Shepherd that it would be wise for them to get out of that section, and they mounted their horses and divided, riding southward. Ed Miller's position was one hundred yards to the right, while Cummings and the unknown rode at the same distance to the left of the center, which was taken by Jesse James and Shepherd. The woods

were open enough for all parties to remain in sight of each other.

When they reached a point twelve miles south of Galena, all parties maintaining their respective positions, Shepherd gave a smart jerk of the bridle rein, which caused his horse to stop, while Jesse rode on. It was the work of an instant, for as Jesse's horse gained two steps forward Shepherd drew one of his large pistols, and, without speaking a word, fired, the ball taking effect in Jesse's head one inch behind the left ear. Only the one shot was fired, for Shepherd saw the result of his shot, and Jesse plunged headlong from his horse and lay motionless on the ground, as if death had been instantaneous. Shepherd says he viewed the body for nearly one minute before either of the outlaws made any demonstration. Ed Miller first started toward him in a walking pace, and then Cummings and the unknown drew their pistols and rode swiftly after him. Shepherd's horse was swift, and he put him to the greatest speed, soon distancing the unknown, but Cummings was mounted on a superior animal, and the chase for three miles was a hot one. Each of the two kept firing, but the rapid rate at which they were riding made the shots ineffectual. Seeing that he was pursued only by Cummings, who was gaining on him, Shepherd stopped and wheeled his horse, and at that moment a bullet struck him in the left leg just below the knee, producing, however, only a flesh wound. As Cummings dashed up Shepherd took deliberate aim and fired, and Cummings reeled in the saddle,

turned his horse and retreated. Shepherd says he feels confident that he struck Cummings hard in the side and that he killed Jesse James. He rode back to Galena, where he remained two weeks under a surgeon's care, and after recovery returned to Kansas City.

This story of Shepherd's is partly true, but so far as it relates to the shooting it is false; the facts as gathered from members of the gang are these: When Shepherd left Empire City he was slightly intoxicated, and when he came in sight of the gang they mistrusted his motives, particularly as Cummings had himself returned to the trysting spot from Empire City, and had ascertained that the bank was guarded. Cummings and Miller were both half drunk, and as Shepherd came riding toward them they opened fire on him. Shepherd was not so badly intoxicated but that he comprehended the situation, and, considering discretion the better part of valor, he turned his horse's head and made a rapid retreat, followed by the bandit quartette. During this retreat toward Empire City Shepherd received a shot in the leg, but he succeeded in effecting his escape without further injury, as he was not followed more than half a mile.

The prime motive which actuated George Shepherd in his attempt to shoot Jesse James has never been suspicioned by more than one man, and, acting upon suggestions made by that single person, the writer verified the theory. It is true that the rewards, amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars, for the apprehension or dead body of Jesse

James, was a strong temptation, and it certainly had its influence with Shepherd, but there was a stronger motive.

Directly after the war Ike Flannery, a nephew of George Shepherd, reached the age of manhood and came into possession of five thousand dollars, a sum he had inherited from the estate of his deceased father. Ike was somewhat wayward, and was well acquainted with the James boys and the guerrillas. Jesse James and Jim Anderson, a brother of the notorious Bill, knew of Ike Flannery's inheritance, and they induced him to buckle on his pistols, take his money and go with them upon a pretended expedition. Near Glasgow, Missouri, the three stopped at the house of a friend, where there were three girls, the men of the house being away on business. After eating dinner the three started away, but they had been gone only a few moments when the report of two pistol shots was heard, and Jim Anderson came riding back to the house where they had dined and told the girls that his party had been fired on by the militia, and that Flannery had been killed. Jesse James and Anderson rode away, while the girls notified some of the neighbors, and when the body of Flannery was found in the road there were two bullet holes in the head and the five thousand dollars were missing. Shepherd did not learn all the circumstances connected with Flannery's death until sometime afterward, when he was told how Anderson and Jesse James acted he was convinced that they murdered his nephew and plundered his dead body.

It was more than one year after this tragic occurrence before Shepherd met either of the murderers. He was in Sherman, Texas, when Jim Anderson came up to him with a cordial greeting, little suspecting the terrible result of that meeting. The two drank together and appeared on the best of terms until the hour of 11 o'clock at night. The saloon was closing and the darkness without was most uninviting. Shepherd asked Anderson to accompany him over to the courthouse yard, as he wanted to talk secretly concerning a certain transaction.

When the two reached the yard, and about them was nothing but somber shadow and the quiet of sleep, cautiously, yet determinedly, Shepherd drew from his sheath a long, bright, deadly knife, which gathered on its blade and focused the light unseen before, and then made ready for a horrible deed. Anderson had never thought of danger until the keen edge of the terrible weapon was at his throat.

Said Shepherd: "You murdered Ike Flannery and robbed his body of five thousand dollars. I have determined to avenge his death, and to accomplish my purpose I brought you here. What have you got to say?"

Anderson had killed many men, and he knew how to die. There was no begging, no denying; only a realization of what he could not avert, and he accepted fate with a stoicism worthy of a religious fanatic. Before receiving the fatal stroke, however, he told Shepherd that Jesse James was the one who proposed the murder and robbery of young Flan-

nery, that each fired a fatal shot and then divided the stolen money. When this admission escaped his lips Shepherd sprang upon him like a tiger, drew the glittering blade of the terrible knife across his throat, and the spirit of the murderer and robber took its flight into the realms of the unknown.

On the following morning the dead body with a ghastly gash in the throat, from which the blood had poured until it dyed the grass a yard in diameter, was found and identified as that of Jim Anderson. De Hart, an old-time guerrilla, was in Sherman at the time of the murder, and was known to have a grudge against the murdered man, so suspicion attached to him so strongly that he had to leave Texas. No one ever suspected Shepherd of the murder, but his own confessions to the writer are given in this account of Anderson's execution.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE ROBBERY.

For a period of eleven months after the Glendale robbery the James boys remained in seclusion, and with the report of George Shepherd having shot Jesse James still indefinitely impressed upon the minds of the people, it was thought that the last remnants of the ex-guerrilla bandits had entirely disappeared.

But the robbery of the stage running between Mammoth Cave and Cave City, in Edmonson county, Kentucky, on the afternoon of September 3, 1880, brought Frank James and Jim Cummings once more prominently into notice.

At this season of the year Mammoth Cave is visited by thousands of tourists and sightseers, who are usually people of means, furnishing fat pickings for the robbers. One of the routes to the cave, and the one selected by the large majority of its visitors, is by way of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to Cave City, and thence by the Concord stages to the cave, which is about eight or ten miles distant.

The stage road is through a lonely and rocky region, and about midway on the route through a dense wood, which adds considerably to its dreariness.

About 6 o'clock Friday evening, while the coach from the cave was coming to Cave City, it reached

this wood, and while coming through the narrow road in a walk, two men, one mounted on a thin black thoroughbred horse, and the other on a fine sorrel, rode out of the dense forest, and, dashing up to the stage, covered the driver and passengers with their revolvers and called a halt. The stage was pulled up, the driver was ordered down to the door of his vehicle, and then calmly dismounting and holding their horses by the bridle reins, the work of delivering the booty began. The rider of the black horse, a man about thirty-five years old, with a straggling red mustache and beard, was the leader and spokesman. He was rather small, not appearing to be over five feet six inches in height, and would weigh about 140 pounds. He had light blue eyes, a pleasant smile and distributed his attentions to the defenseless party of eight passengers with a sangfroid and easy politeness which did much to alleviate their feelings. His accomplice was about the same age, with black whiskers and mustache rather ragged in trim, and had a pair of black eyes. He was rather slow in his movements, but the business in hand suffered nothing for that.

"Come out of the stage, please," said the spokesman, in the light, high-pitched voice.

The passengers looked through the open windows and saw the muzzles of the impassive revolvers covering the whole length of the vehicle, and, as there was not a weapon in the party as large as a penknife, they could not resist or parley.

There were seven gentlemen and one lady in the coach, and the lady naturally was nervous and alarmed.

In the excitement and bustle attendant upon rising and leaving their seats Mr. R. S. Rountree, of the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin,* who was making the trip with relatives, slipped his pocketbook and gold watch under the cushion of the seat.

Very few words were spoken, though the highwaymen seemed impatient and ordered them to "hurry up."

As each gentleman stepped out he was covered with the muzzle of a revolver and told to take his place in line and hold up his hands. The lady, a daughter of Hon. R. H. Rountree, of Lebanon, Ky., was permitted to remain in the stage.

After the passengers were all out the leader of the two villains tossed his reins to his accomplice, who covered the line, while the spokesman proceeded to rifle their pockets, talking pleasantly as he went. J. E. Craig, Jr., of Lawrenceville, Ga., lost $670; R. H. Rountree, of Lebanon, Ky., handed out a handsome gold watch, valued at $200 and $55 in cash; S. W. Sheton, of Calhoun, Tenn., gave up about $50; Miss Lizzie Rountree, of Lebanon, Ky., lost nothing but rings, one of them a handsome diamond; S. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., lost $23; Geo. M. Paisley, of Pittsburg, gave up $33; W. G. Welsh, of Pittsburg, lost $5 and a handsome watch; R. S. Rountree, of Milwaukee, saved his money as stated. Hon. R. T. Rountree felt very sore over the loss of an elegant engraved watch, which was presented by Hon. J. Proctor Knott, the member of Congress from the Fourth district.

The spokesman of the marauders explained that they were not highwaymen, but moonshiners, and were pursued so hotly by the government officers that they were compelled to have money to get out of the country. He asked each passenger his name and place of residence, and noted them down saying that some day he would repay them their losses. When he came to Mr. Craig, of Georgia, he remarked that he hated to take his money because he had fought in a Georgia regiment during the war, but the case was a desperate one and he was compelled to do it.

When Miss Rountree gave her name and place of residence at Lebanon, a pleased smile lighted up the robber's face, and he asked:

"Do you know the Misses ——, of Lebanon?"

"Quite well," answered the young lady.

"So do I," he rejoined, "and they are nice girls. Give them my regards when you see them, and tell them I will make this right some day."

After getting all the valuables of the party, the marauders returned the pocketbooks with the railway passes and tickets, and giving the passengers orders to get in, mounted and rode off. They told the passengers, for consolation, that they had robbed the out stage, getting $700 from Mr. George Croghan, one of the owners of the cave.

The rider of the black horse was Frank James and his companion was Jim Cummings. These facts have been fully established by information of an indisputable character, which came into the possession of the writer since the robbery.

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