

## THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein;  
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns the chain.  
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childlike boast of human might,  
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting the wayward breeze;  
When I marked the peasant faintly reel,  
With the toll which he daily bore,  
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,  
Or tagged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courier's speed,  
The flight of the carrier dove,  
As they bore the law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love;  
I could not but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last;  
They invited me forth at length;  
And I rush'd to my throne with thunder blast,  
And I laugh'd in my iron strength.  
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change  
On the earth and ocean wide,  
Where now my fiery armies range,  
Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,  
The mountain's steep decline;  
Time—space—have yielded to my power,  
The world—the world is mine!  
The rivers the sun hath earlier blest,  
Or those where his beams decline;  
The giant streams of the queenly west,  
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,  
To hear my strength rejoice;  
And the monsters of the briny deep,  
Cower, trembling at my voice.  
I carry the wealth, and the lord of earth,  
The thoughts of the God-like mind;  
The winds lag after my flying forth,  
The lightning is left behind.

In the darkness depths of the fathomless mine,  
My tireless arm doth play,  
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,  
Or the dawn of the glorious day.  
I bring earth's glittering jewels up,  
From the hidden cave below,  
And I make the fountain's granite cup  
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
In all the shops of trade;  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,  
Where my arms of strength are made,  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,  
I carry, I spin, I weave;  
And all my doings I put into print,  
In the morning and also at eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,  
No bones to be "laid on the shelf;"  
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"  
While I manage the world by myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain.

## JESSE JAMES.

## VIII.

## THE OUTLAW'S FLIGHT.

The commotion and confusion which followed the bursting of the oil-shell in the home of the outlaws resembled the battle scenes of the Modocs in the lava-beds.

From the house a perfect storm of bullets riddled the fences and trees, behind which the assailing party had taken refuge. The interior of the kitchen of the place was illumined as if an electric light had suddenly been sprung in the midst of silence and darkness, and amid the excitement a child's scream of pain and agony and a woman's horrified shriek mingled with the fierce oaths of the corraled bandits.

The shell, filled with oil and a concussion fuse with dynamite, had landed directly in front of Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the James boys. She discerned her peril at a glance, and endeavoured to kick it into the open fireplace. Before she could do so, however, it burst; the ignited oil spread far and wide, illuminating the scene for miles around, killing her little son, Arthur, and blowing off her arm close to the shoulder.

"An inhuman mode of warfare, even against an outlaw," Wardell had said, deprecatingly, to the detective by his side.

"Any worse than James killing the wounded soldiers at Centralia?" was the pertinent response.

"It will only drive James to fight the harder."

He was right in his surmise. The bandits, unseen by their enemies, fired volley after volley, until the officers were compelled to retreat.

Their effort at capturing the outlaws had met with failure. It had only driven the James band to a more secure hiding-place and had afforded the leader a sentimental motive for continuing his deeds of daring and cruelty.

One of their number badly wounded was spirited away, while the place or even direction adopted in flight by the bandits was unknown.

It dislodged the men, however, temporarily at least from a section of the country where their depredations had driven people to abandon their homes. It afforded the gang a full chance to impress the community at large with the belief that the hanging of Dr. Samuels, the killing of Arthur and wounding of Mrs. Samuels, and the fact that the bandits had been driven away from home, had operated to render Jesse James the desperado he was, and not the natural perversity and cruelty of his evil nature and that of the men associated with him.

The bandits marked their flight with one deed at least of desperate revenge. The information furnished the police had, in their estimation, come not through the shrewd trail of the detectives, but from the lips of a traitor in their midst.

The night following the attack upon the home of the James boys a party of five men drove up to the house of Daniel Askew and called him out. They riddled his body with bullets, and after informing his neighbours that he had given them away to the police, disappeared.

Ill-luck seemed to have followed the outlaws for some time. Wardell, the detective, like the other officers, found considerable difficulty in tracking the men after leaving Clay county, and for some months was forced to content himself with patiently awaiting developments.

But the outlaws were not idle. After a hot and determined pursuit by the police, they separated, and the James boys proceeded to Texas, where their brother-in-law, Allen Palmer, owned a fine ranch. Here Jesse James settled down for a spell of rest, his brother Frank with Cole Younger and others organizing a party to rob a bank at Huntington, in Virginia. They obtained over six thousand dollars, and were pursued. In the fight with the police McDaniels was killed and Hinds captured. The others escaped.

It was in July, 1876, that the detective and the outlaws again came upon the scene in their relative characters of criminals and man-hunter. Jesse James had recruited his band with several desperadoes from Indian Territory, and again set the country agog with a second robbery of the Pacific railroad at Ottumville, near Sedalia. The train was stopped at midnight in a deep, rocky gorge and fifteen thousand dollars in currency secured. Simultaneously with the report of the robbery came the knowledge to Wardell that the band were again in hiding in their old resorts in Clay county.

It was at Joplin that he struck the first clue leading to the tracing down of the bandits. Hobbs Kerry, a green miner, had gone in with the band, and while at the town named was in communication with Cole Younger. One day a telegraph message came which was intercepted by the detective.

It read:  
"The Northfield break is ready. Come down and inspect log house in Clay county."

Wardell needed but the clue the telegram afforded to post him as to the whereabouts and movements of the band. Quiescent as he had been, with the patient vigilance of the ferret, he had devoted his time and energies to hunting down the James band, and he felt convinced that the end would be success.

He had not seen Lillian for some time, and after a day or two devoted to locating the band, he went to see his backwoods fairy.

How she had grown—how the beautiful face under the influence of a more refined civilization than that which had existed at the Bacher hotel, showed intelligence, quick perception and talent, and the girl developed literary tastes of a no mean order. As school teacher she occupied a pleasant, moderately lucrative position, and the heart of Wardell beat proudly as he surveyed the handsome, graceful young lady who had saved his life on two occasions.

Lillian's cheek flushed as she met his enraptured glance, and returned the warm pressure of his hand with a shy look.

"You have returned, you have succeeded?" she asked, eagerly.

"I have come to see you again—succeeded, no."

"And the James band?"

"Have defied arrest. Twice in Texas, once in Virginia, I have come almost face to face with them. At last I believe they are cornered."

Lillian shook her pretty head dubiously.

"I fear you only imperil your life," she said.

"And if I do, is it not in the interest of justice, for your dear sake?"

The girl blushed deeply and averted her eyes.

"Lillian!"

She ventured to raise her glance to Wardell's face, at his words, but she secretly trembled with the impassioned thrill of awakened love.

"We have known each other for a long time," said the detective, "and no word of love has passed between us, yet I feel that you are not indifferent to my affection, and upon the threshold of a new series of perils, I feel that the knowledge that you love me would spur me on to noble deeds; speak, Lillian, do you love me?"

No need for the blushing, happy girl to reply. The tell-tale eyes, the confused face hidden on Wardell's shoulder, told him that his love was returned.

"It is a long quest," he said finally, after the first raptures of reciprocal love had somewhat subsided, "this search for the outlaws, but the detective expects and awaits disappointments, perils, adventures. He must be patient, vigilant, undaunted in will and action. When I return, if I return safely, and my mission is accomplished, will you be my wife?"

"Yes."

"Then I go. From Younger I must learn the secret of your parentage."

"And if you fail?"

"Then, even as I love you now, a homeless, nameless girl, I will continue to claim the proud privilege of protecting you and calling you mine."

He was gone as he spoke. His words were a prophecy concerning the perils which awaited him.

Strange and startling adventures were in store for him in his search for the Jesse James band.

## IX.

## IN PERIL.

"On time?"  
"Yes."  
"Good. Where is the captain?"  
"In the woods. He will be here in a few minutes."

The speakers were Wardell and a Kansas City detective named Moore. The former had formed a coalition with three officers, as he had found them working the same clue he had obtained.

They had met at a point near the county line and secreted in a little clump of timber, were awaiting the arrival of Captain Todd, who had been reconnoitering the situation.

It was he who a few moments later came hurriedly to the covert where his companions were.

"Any news?" inquired Wardell.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"The outlaws."

"Have you located them definitely?"

"No, but I am certain of one point—they are at a little landing seven miles down the river."

"Do you know where?"

"That is just it. I know that they are hidden somewhere near Point Rock settlement and are off their guard. In fact I have just overheard an interview which settles the fact beyond doubt in my mind that if we could but surround these men to-night victory would be assured."

"An interview?"

"Yes."

"Between whom?"

"The landlord and the wife of Jesse James."

"His wife?"

"Yes."

"Is she here?"

"She was at the tavern a few minutes since. She was talking confidentially to the landlord and I overheard her. She has come down the river in a boat to get some provisions and is on her way home."

"To the den of the band?"

"Yes."

"What do you propose to do, to follow her?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because she is too keen for us and would discover us. Again, at Point Rock James has friends and we would be seen."

"What do you propose then?"

"For you to adopt the disguise you carry with you and try and get into this woman's confidence."

"You say she is shrewd?"

"Yes."

"She will suspect me?"

"Not if the game is worked right. The point to be gained is the discovery of the exact whereabouts of the band. That once ascertained we can approach them by a circuitous route, and, evading the settlement, possibly capture them."

Todd proceeded to detail a plan he had formed.

Its outline given to Wardell caused him a few minutes later to don the disguise of the average border ruffian. A large sombrero, short, thick whiskers and general ensemble caused a marvelous change in the detective.

Todd had sent a man to the river. He returned just as Wardell had completed his disguise.

"Well?" asked the police captain.

"She's started."

"Mrs. James?"

"Yes."

"Ready," said the captain to the detective.

The denouement of their scheme was now developed. It was, indeed, the outlaw's wife who occupied the store boat proceeding down the stream to Point Rock.

Keen-witted and shrewd she turned the boat towards the shore, as a mile from the tavern loud yells and a series of shots broke upon her ear.

Hidden by the osier bushes which lined the shore of the stream, she watched the open country, startled somewhat as a man dashed towards the river and secreted himself within five feet of where she was.

A minute later the white moonlight revealed three men dashing upon his trail.

They were Captain Todd and his men, and pausing within hearing distance of the woman, they proceeded to converse for her benefit, in accordance with the plan they had formed with Wardell, who was no other than the pretended fugitive.

"He's escaped," fell upon the woman's ear, from Todd's lips.

"Yes."

"And a big reward gone. It's my opinion, boys, that Indian Dick, who has just outwitted us, has made for the James boys."

"Are they friends?"

"No, only fellow outlaws, and as such they will work together."

"Shall we abandon the chase?"

"Yes, he's gone," and the police officers retired.

"A lucky escape," the woman heard the pretended outlaw mutter. "If I could only reach Shelby, ten miles below Point Rock, before midnight, I could warn Dakotah Bill, and get into Arkansas before these police reach our trail again."

The game of the detectives was to enlist the sympathy and gain the confidence of Mrs. James. They had succeeded, for she was completely deceived.

Never mistrusting that the pretended fugitive was playing a ruse, she caused him to feign a start of surprise as she spoke.

"Stranger."

"Who's there? speak or I'll fire!" broke from Wardell's lips in his pretended alarm.

"A woman."

Wardell approached the boat.

"Who are you?" he asked, peering into the woman's face, a revolver in his hand.

"A friend."

"You know me?"

"No, except that you are hunted by the police."

"That is true."

"And wish to get down the river to friends?"

"Yes."

"I will aid you."

"You?"

"Yes, I, the wife of Jesse James."

Wardell played his part to perfection as the boat moved away from the shore.

Deftly he led the way into a conversation regarding the outlaws. Within half an hour the unsuspecting woman had furnished him all the information he required.

They had almost reached Point Rocks, and the detective had decided to proceed to Shelby and see his friends and visit James afterwards, when he stooped over in the boat quickly and picked up an object which had fallen from the inside of his vest.

He glanced quickly at the woman, but her eyes were fixed on the shore.

"She did not see it," he muttered.

It was his official star, carelessly fastened, which had fallen to the bottom of the boat.

"I will hurry on to Shelby," he said to the woman as the boat touched the shore.

She had thrown down the oars and he supposed was about to land.

Fool that he was to suppose that she, the shrewd wife of the outlaw, would betray by look or gesture the fact that she as well as himself had seen the official badge.

She arose in the boat. The next moment she flashed a revolver before his startled gaze.

"What does this mean?" demanded Wardell, bewildered, amazed.

"It means," replied the woman, slowly and impressively, "that you are an impostor. You are not Indian Dick, a fugitive outlaw. You are a detective. One word, one move and I will fire."

And covering his heart with the pistol the outlaw's wife raised a whistle to her lips and gave a shrill resonant signal to her friends on shore.

"I am lost!" muttered the detective.

(To be continued.)

## CARRYING IT TOO FAR.

Colonel Charles Spencer, counsellor-at-law, some years ago had to defend one Marshall charged with larceny, against whom there was very strong evidence. Before the trial, Spencer went to his client, and told him his only chance was the plea of insanity, and advised him to play the lunatic, and to answer all questions put to him with the word "spoons." The day of the trial came on, and Marshall took his place in the dock, pale, haggard and wild-looking.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Spoons," drawled the prisoner, with a blank stare.

"Come, plead guilty or not guilty," the clerk repeated.

"Spoons," was the reply.

"Prisoner, will you answer the question put to you?"

"Spoons," he bawled.

At this point, the counsel for the prisoner interfered, and told the Court the prisoner was insane, and not responsible for his actions, &c.

"Do you understand what is said?" asked the judge of the prisoner.

"Spoons," was the reply.

The judge discharged him, as he was evidently insane.

Counsellor Spencer congratulated him on his escape, and suggested it would be a good idea to pay him. His client stared, and moved away with the simple remark "Spoons."

## HUMOROUS.

NEVER judge a man by his clothes. His tailor may have a suit against him.

"I SEE this has a little dashed your spirits," is what the man said when he put too much water in his friend's goblet.

"I DON'T like winter," said one pickpocket to another; "everybody has his hands in his pockets."

A LADY was asked,—"At what age were you married?" She was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded,—"At the parsonage."

THE latest aesthetic slang the ladies use when reproving their admiring gentlemen friends is: "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."

"Isn't there an awfully strong smell of pigs in the air?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," replied Jones, "that's because the wind is from the south-west."

A POPULAR clergyman in Philadelphia delivered a lecture on "Fools." The tickets to it read, "Lecture on fools—admit one." There was a large attendance.

Mr. Editor: Tell me why colonel is spelled in a style so infolensal? Shed one ray of light On a sorrowful wight, Who for years has subscribed for the Jolensal.