

TWO GIRL OUTLAWS.

DUO OF DARING FEMALES NOW IN TROUBLE.

Jessie Findley's Black Eyes Captured a Bold Robber—Their Lawless Deeds in the Southwestern Country—Both in the Tolls.

MARY SMITH, a young woman, was arrested in Noble county, California, at the home of a family named Hughes on the charge of counterfeiting a few days ago. Prior to her arrest she arrived in Arkansas City from southeastern Kansas, procured a livery rig and went to Mr. Hughes, home. She had been there but a few days, however, when an officer followed her, placed her under arrest and took her back to Kansas. From the meager facts learned it seems she had formerly been engaged in teaching school in southwest Missouri, and while so engaged formed the acquaintance of an outlaw from the Indian territory named Huffman. As Desdemona became enraptured with Othello for the deeds of daring he related, this little Missouri school teacher became fascinated by the bold outlaw of the Indian country and she forsook school, friends and all for him.

There was another gay and dashing robber in the gang who looked upon Mary's charms in a lovelike way, regardless of Huffman's prior claims thereto. Mary became smitten with the new robber lover and forgetting Huffman, ran off with the new love. Such actions upon the part of Mary and her new outlaw lover aroused the ire of Huffman, and, arming himself with a whole arsenal, he swore dire vengeance upon lover No. 2, and started upon his trail.

Week before last the two rivals met at Caney, Kan., and when the smoke cleared away both men were lying bleeding upon the floor, with empty six-shooters beside them. They were placed under arrest and physicians summoned to attend them. An examination revealed that they were both pretty thoroughly "shot up," but their wounds not necessarily fatal. By telling each that the other confessed a confession was drawn out of each, in which the fact was disclosed that they were members of a counterfeiting band, and that Mary Smith, the school teacher, was the person relied upon to get the money into circulation. In the meantime Mary had decamped, but officers were upon her trail and located her in Noble county.

The arrest of this Miss Smith revives interest in another notorious woman lawbreaker known as Jessie E. Findley, who was indicted by the federal grand jury of Oklahoma county on Nov. 25 last, and is now confined in the United States jail awaiting her trial, which will take place at the next term of the United States court. The indictment against her is based on the fact that she took weapons into the county jail of Oklahoma county in June last to assist the Christian outlaws in making their escape, which they accomplished on June 30, 1895, and killed Chief of Police Jones. There is a great contrast between Miss Smith and Miss Findley; the former is as yet an embryo in crime, while the Findley girl, although but 17 years of age, possesses a finished criminal education and is hardened to the wild, uncertain life of the frontier outlaw.

Jessie came to Oklahoma when the country was thrown open to settlement seven years ago from Ozark, Mo., where she was born and reared. Her father, who was a carpenter, died when Jessie was 3 years of age, leaving a wife and four children. Being a member of several secret orders, Mrs. Findley received several substantial death benefits and was enabled to properly support and educate her family. Before Jessie was 9 years old a brother and



JESSIE FINDLEY.

Her sister died. The remaining brother went to Montana to embark in the stock business and Jessie and her mother were left alone to struggle with the world. The little girl was placed in school at 6 years of age and made rapid advances. When Jessie reached the age of 10 her mother married a cattleman named Woods, and in April, 1889, the family moved to Oklahoma and took up a homestead in Pottawatomie county. Up to this time and four months after coming to this county Jessie's life was like that of most all girls of tender age—uneventful. About the house she was bright, apt and decorous and thought of little else save "going to meeting," doing home work and reading novels.

But one day Bob Christian called at Jessie's home, met the little brunette, and it was a case of love at first sight, at least as far as she was concerned. Bob and two others of his gang had stopped there for something to eat, and Bob, while waiting for the meal, made love to the cook. He was a very presentable young desperado. The meal over Bob mounted and rode away, but

not before he had made an appointment to meet his fair mistress at a not far distant day. The courtship extended over a period of only two weeks, and one morning Jessie was missing. She had eloped with her Robin Hood.

She remained with him for several months, riding with the gang on several forages, but usually staying at the cabin and acting as housekeeper and cook. Bob taught her to shoot and to ride, and she soon became proficient in the use of the revolver and rifle and not afraid to mount the wildest broncho. She ventured where even the bravest of the gang were afraid to go, and it is related that at one time she plunged into the North Canadian with her pony when it was running bank full, and not one of the boys dared follow until they were goaded to it by her revilings and epithets.

About this time Bob and Bill Christian were arrested for killing Deputy Sheriff Turner, of Pottawatomie county, who was attempting to arrest them for cattle stealing. This was the first murder that could be brought home to them, and the prosecution was thorough and prompt. They were convicted of the murder and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary, and were brought to Oklahoma to await the action to prison. Jessie was a constant attendant at the trial and at the Pottawatomie jail, bringing her lover nice things to drink, and when they were taken to San Francisco for safe-keeping, pending their transportation to the penitentiary, she followed them and was a daily visitor at the jail.

Jessie succeeded in smuggling three revolvers to them, with thirty rounds of ammunition. The attempt to escape was to be made on Sunday, June 30, and on Friday, after she had performed her mission, Jessie went to their old home, near Violet Springs, Okla., to await her lover's coming. Sunday came and the attempt was made. The two Christians and James Casey, another murderer confined in the jail, overpowered the jailer and made their way into the street.

A Sabbath stillness was over the city, it being about 5 o'clock in the evening, and very few citizens abroad. The desperate men, each with a cocked revolver in his hand, ran down the street,



MARY SMITH.

Pending Chief of Police Milton W. Jones, on the way. He noticed they were in their shirt sleeves, and suspecting something wrong, called upon them to halt. They answered with a shot, which killed the chief instantly. Their volley was answered by shots from Officers Jackson and Stovall, which killed Casey and badly wounded Bill Christian. The two Christians made their escape with the aid of confederates, who met them on the edge of the town with fresh horses and were soon beyond pursuit.

Jessie was instantly suspected of having introduced the weapons into the jail and while strenuous efforts were made to recapture the Christians, a posse of men were sent out to Bob Christian's cabin to effect the capture of Jessie, believing she would give the whole snap away if she could be once got from under the influence of her lover. The friends of the desperados received a tip of the intentions of the authorities in some manner, and at once spirited the girl away, passing her from member to member of the gang in different parts of the Territory.

To facilitate her escape Jessie was dressed in a cowboy costume—slouch hat, highheeled boots, storm-coat and all the paraphernalia of the typical rustler. Putting her on horseback, they compelled her to ride from point to point, some of them accompanying her all the time and permitting her to have no converse with strangers. They gave her but little rest for five days, and it may be said she was in the saddle continually, night and day, for that length of time, doubling and redoubling upon her pursuers. She estimates that she rode 250 miles in those five days, and when she was finally taken to a negro settlement in the Choctaw country she was almost dead with fatigue.

She had made up her mind by this time that her life was in great danger. By what the different members of the gang who had ridden with her had let drop from time to time she knew almost to a certainty that they were fixing to sacrifice her for the good of the gang, fearing that she would give them away if she was captured. She made up her mind that they had brought her to this negro settlement to kill her, for all the negroes were sympathizers of the Christians or members of the band. Besides this, she had found that Bob was playing her false—had other women in different sections of the country—and with all the bitter feelings of a woman scorned, resolved to give herself up to the officers if an opportunity presented itself, and tell the whole story.

She was taken to a lone cabin in the depths of the forest, and there remained for two days and nights alone. She was subsequently rescued by Sheriff De Ford and brought to Oklahoma City.

In Ireland a cat must not be taken to a new house by a moving family especially if water has to be crossed.

HALF CENTURY AGO.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1840.

The Most Vindictive Political War Ever Waged in This Republic—Cartoons Used by the Whigs—Money Was the Real Issue.

(Special Letter.) HE presidential campaign of 1840 was the longest in the history of the country, and, excepting that of 1860, altogether the most exciting. It began eleven months before the election with the nomination of Gen. W. H. Harrison at Harrisburg in December, 1839, a nomination effected by the most extraordinary of sharp political contrivances, ingenious and complicated beyond anything ever since attempted in a national convention; that was intended to defeat and did defeat Mr. Clay, whose nomination, except for this contrivance, was almost certain to have been made.

The operation of the contrivance referred to was as follows: Each of the delegations in the convention selected a committee of three of its own members, to which committee the members of the delegation delivered their several "views and opinions" as to the nominations for president and vice-president most desirable to be made. The committees, thus selected and instructed, met together in one body, and after comparing the "views and opinions" of the delegations, proceeded to formulate their own. These were reported back to the delegations. The delegations, enlightened in this way, then proceeded separately to ballot for candidates. The results of these ballotings were laid before the committee again, aggregated into one body, who, after comparing and de-



HARRISON AND PROSPERITY.

liberating upon them, formulated further views and opinions for the information of the delegations.

The delegations assembled for a third time, and, further informed, again considered and balloted, and again sent their ballots to the aggregated committee, who again compared, considered and formulated. This general process was repeated until a majority of the votes was found to have been cast for a particular candidate. Upon discovery of a majority the fact was communicated to the delegations in general convention assembled "for their consideration," the majority of the delegates from each state casting the vote of the state.

It was by means of the foregoing singularly elaborate and remarkable system of procedure that Mr. Clay was defeated and Gen. Harrison nominated by a majority of 42 over the united votes of Gen. Scott and Mr. Clay, Scott receiving 16 votes, Mr. Clay 90, and Gen. Harrison 148.

The campaign that succeeded was one of extraordinary excitement and incident. According to Mr. Benton it was conducted on the Harrison side by the banks and their agents, who "used money in fabulous amounts, and in ways not dreamed of."

In an address to the country Amos Kendall declared that "contempt of the people lay at the bottom of the whole Harrison scheme electioneering." "We have seen vast assemblages collected



VAN BUREN AND RUIN.

together," he said, "at great labor and cost, not to respond to any principles, or to listen to any argument, but to drown the voice of reason in the shouts of revelry and to lead captive the feelings of the people in a senseless excitement, aroused by the hauling of log cabins, canoes, and elder barrels through the streets; the display of banners with unmeaning mottoes; the singing of doggerel rhymes; and the exhibition of vulgar pictures; riot and drunkenness, joined with the mummery and mockery—all alike disgraceful and insult-

ing." Above everything else, however, according to the same authority, was the "use of money without stint, the abuse of official station, and privilege without restraint, and the violation of law without reserve;" altogether forming "a flood of demoralization." In "some of the states resting in stagnant pools, contaminating the atmosphere of liberty, and threatening death to everything virtuous, noble, and free"—even to the republic itself.

This was putting the case very strongly, but no doubt Mr. Kendall devoutly believed all he alleged.

The Harrison men—otherwise the whigs—were not in the least moved by the complaints and charges of the democrats, otherwise the "locofocos," but continued to hold their big meetings, to exhibit their vulgar pictures, to sing their doggerel rhymes, to drink their hard cider, and to drag their canoes and log cabins on wheels through the streets and along the country roads. They "got back" at the loco-focos with charges quite as serious as those against which they were called upon to defend. They declared that Mr. Van Buren—whose father had kept a country tavern—was an aristocrat; a monarchist, in fact; who lived in royal style in White House, who ate his soup out of spoons of gold and his pie with knives of silver; who honored the rich and despised the poor; who demanded a standing army of 200,000 men under his own control, for what sinister purpose of enslavement of the people is easily inferred. He had wasted public revenues, had increased the public expenditures, and had added \$20,000,000 to the public debt. He was hostile to the churches in all their sects, and sought the destruction of the ministers of religion. He was the enemy of free labor, who aimed to bring the wages of American workmen to the European level, and to destroy the profits of American farmers. Among the minor charges were two; that he had established new mints in which it cost 40 per cent. of the value of gold eagles to coin them, and that turned out ten-cent pieces at a cost of thirty cents each! And a great deal

more of the same kind, ending with a declaration that one term was enough for any man.

In fact, however, the real issues of the campaign related to currency and banking and the tariff. As to the latter, the Harrison (or whig) doctrine was not so high as later tariffs. Harrison's position on that subject was authoritatively stated in these words: "He is in favor of such judicious tariff regulations as shall provide for the actual wants of the government and protect the national industry, without affording the means of extravagance, or a surplus beyond what may be necessary to discharge its current and existing obligations," holding it "to be the duty of the government to keep its expenses within its ordinary revenues." It was, however, the opinion of Gen. Harrison and his supporters that even upon this moderate view of tariff legislation a sufficient protection might be had to give to the farmers profitable prices for their products, and to the artisans and laborers of the country constant employment, fair wages, and prompt pay—in short, "\$2 a day and roast beef."

Among the whig pictures described by Amos Kendall as "vulgar," we reproduce two of the most characteristic, entitled respectively "Harrison and Prosperity," "Van Buren and Ruin." The method of these pictures is familiar enough now, but they were a great deal of a novelty then, and rendered power-

ful service for the whig cause, as although much exaggerated, of course, they were descriptive of an actually existing condition, for which, however, Mr. Van Buren was not in fact responsible. R. M. THOMPSON.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

NOTES AND COMMENT OF THE GREAT NATIONAL GAME.

Bert Wood Abbey of the Brooklyn Club Believed to Have a Future in the Box—Phelon and "Dad" Clarke—Submission of the Western League.



BERT WOOD ABBEY, one of the pitchers of the Brooklyn Club, was born November 29, 1869, at Essex, Vt. He learned to play ball while at the University of Vermont, where for three years he captained its teams. He went from the University to Washington, D. C., in June, 1892, and accepted his first professional engagement with the Washington Club, taking part in nineteen championship games that season. He signed with the Pittsburg Club, of the major league in 1893, but was allowed to play with the Macon team, of the Southern League, until August 1, when the Pittsburg Club called him home and exchanged him for Gumbert, of the Chicago Club, also of the major league. While with the Macon team Abbey took part in twenty-nine championship contests, and was considered by competent judges to be one of the best pitchers in the Southern League. He certainly pitched magnificent ball for the Macon Club. He remained with the Chicago until July 1, 1895, when he was released, and immediately signed with the Brooklyn Club, of the same league. He did very little work in the pitcher's position for the Chicago Club during the two years he was on its payroll, but what little he did do was satisfactory enough to keep him there. After joining the Brooklyn he did good work, but did not officiate in enough games to get a record in the official averages of the major league. He has not had chances enough thus far this season to show whether or not he will prove a winner. When the regular season closes he goes to Batte, Vt., where he acts as physical instructor at the Goddard Seminary. He is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height and weighs 180 pounds, and is always in good condition.

It is about time that Phelon, Jr., let up on William H. Clarke, of the New Yorks, whom he has been abusing at every opportunity. Why does the Chicago end keep nagging at Dad about that row of last season? Does he suppose that Clarke is called "Dad" because he is not worthy of being classed with other players who are called Willie and George, and Danny and Dobby? It is ten to one that the Chicago man has never seen Clarke except on the field. It is true that Dad, as we are wont to call the great pitcher, is not handsome, but he is popular; in fact, more popular than any player on the New York team with the fans in this city. Of course Dad picked a fight with old Fiegel for no cause whatever! There are two sides to every story, and it is more than probable that the little scrap—an account of which seems to appear in the Chicago columns frequently—was brought about by the people who are continually howling about "Dad" Clarke's assault on "an old man." Clarke never professed to have a very extensive vocabulary, but in this respect he is not below his fellow-players generally. There is no player in the league who is better natured than Dad Clarke, and this sentiment can be verified by getting the opinions of most of the league players. The trouble lies here; some people, including some of the Chicago players, sized up Dad as being "dead thick." When they discovered that they were not up against a post they abused Dad to such an extent that the Osewego boy probably made some of the alleged gentlemen feel somewhat cheap. Now, Phelon, Jr., take a tumble, and let up on Dad Clarke. If he deserves criticism because of poor work in the box, or if he stoops to dirty ball playing, then let loose with all your might. Until then be fair and do not forever keep abusing one of the league's most brilliant pitchers because some Chicago players are sore on him.

A threatened revolt and consequent big flare-up in base ball has been avert-



BERT WOOD ABBEY.

ed by the resolute attitude of the National Board, and the submission of the Western League to the Board's mandates.

Last fall Proprietor Denny Long, of Toledo, realizing that he was to be frozen out of the Western League sold five of his best players to the Pittsburg Club. For the balance of his players and the Toledo franchise he received a snug sum from the Western League, and the Toledo franchise and players were awarded to George Ellis, of Grand Rapids. When it came to signing the Toledo players, however, Pittsburg claimed the five men purchased from Long, and the National Board sustain-

ed the claim, and the Western League could do nothing but make the players ineligible to play in the Western League except with Grand Rapids.

Subsequently Minneapolis in defiance of this rule purchased one of the five players, infielder Corcoran, from Pittsburg, but was prohibited from playing the man by President Ban Johnson, Minneapolis, therefore, refused to pay for the player, and the Pittsburg Club appealed to the National Board. The latter decided in favor of Pittsburg, awarded the player to Minneapolis, and authorized the latter to play him.

The Western League, however, remained obdurate, and it was not until President Johnson was flatly notified that unless the mandate of the Board was promptly complied with the protection of the National Agreement would be at once withdrawn from the Western League, that brought Mr. Johnson to his senses, and during the week he rescinded his order forbidding Connors to play with Minneapolis.

The Washington team will not be tail-enders if they can keep up anything like the gait at which they have been going since the opening of the season. They play with the confidence and vim of a three-times winner, and if they can keep up their good work they will help to make the race more exciting. In their games in Brooklyn when they won the series they displayed a large amount of sand for a Washington team. Demoutreville, McAuley and Rogers are new men who are already playing Class A ball. Win Mercer pitched a game against Foutz's men that would have made a Young, a Ru-



CAPT. O'BRIEN, sic, a Nichols or a Brittenstein feel proud.

Brooklyn's new left-handed pitcher, Payne, has a delivery very much like the famous old Detroit left-handed pitcher, "Lady" Baldwin. Both men are very much alike in appearance and action. Payne has not much style to boast of; neither had Baldwin, but my! how he could pitch. The great trouble with "Lady" was his lack of "sand" or nerve. His heart was about as big as a pea. Payne, however, seems to have plenty of gameness and should do well.

The badly-rattled Louisville directors have made the mistake of leasing Manager McClosky and making Captain O'Brien manager, pending the negotiations with John M. Ward, McClosky's release puts an excellent manager upon the market. O'Brien has declined to supersede McClosky, and the directors are now negotiating with ex-manager Billy McGunigle and Billy Watkins, present manager of the Indianapolis team. The latter is the man really wanted.

There is a gay jumble of nations on the Brooklyn club. La Chance represents France admirably—a typical, big, hulking Norman peasant. Anderson is a type of the brawny, blond Swede, Schuch is a first-class German burgher. Stein would look as well playing Samuel of Posen of running a pawnshop as he does on the diamond. Nobody needs to ask where Kennedy, Griffin, Daly and McCarthy came from. Yet the Washington club can do just as well. Tom Brown is an Englishman, McJames is Scotch, Selbach is a stocky German. De Montreville is French. McGuire will do for Ireland.

How names repeat themselves! There was a little game played down in Boston the other day between two nines of high-school boys, and old-timers who picked up the paper the next day and chanced to look at the score thought the days of long ago had returned. Among the lads who played were a Lewis, a Hutchison, a Manning a Parker, a Wise, a Robinson, a McGuire, a Murphy and a Kelly!

Arle Latham and Harry Diddlebock had a quarrel the other day and went to Chris Von der Ahe to have it settled. Chris and Diddlebock immediately began to sputter in German. Latham cannot speak German and would have been left in the cold, but his nerve never failed him. He began to yell "Rausmittem! Rausmittem!" and kept it up until Von der Ahe, almost exploding with laughter, decided in his favor.

Diamond Dust. Of the six games the Bostons have played with the Baltimore Nichols has pitched in three and won them all.

President Cleveland says he was very fond of base ball when he lived in Buffalo and had time to see it played. Philosopher McKean truly remarks that any team, no matter how strong, looks like a dub lot when it cannot hit. So far President Young has had little or no trouble with his umpires, and is enjoying an unusually peaceful season. Aneon has always played base ball as a true sportsman. He has always preserved his dignity. Never in his long, and, at times, successful career, has he ever played to the galleries or appealed for support of his team on the grounds of local pride.