

PALENGERISM.

When silent mystery of night
Had faded and the dawn of light
Drew dimly this vision shown,
And faint and far I heard a
"The world is empty, dark and drear;
No ray, no gleam, no light, no cheer;
No sound, no voice, no life, no stir;
No heart, no soul, no love, no fire."

And then I saw a pale and thin,
A ghastly, wretched, woe-begone,
A creature of the night, a thing
Of horror and of dread, a thing
That made the heart sick and the soul
Shudder and shudder and shudder,
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Thick darkness shrouded her like a pall,
And conscious silence broods over her,
And mute and cold and gray and dead,
Her life has given way to death.

Around her flowed, on every side,
Of woe and sin an endless tide,
Harsh children near the dark knees crept,
And women wailed and strong men wept;

While many a hungry, sick and cold
Exhausted vainly to her side,
And vainly looked for God's dear grace
In that sad, silent, stormy place.

Within her hair was shining gold,
And in her hair was shining gold,
But no one saw the gleam of gold,
Nor stretched her hand to help or save.

"O God!" I cried, "must such things be?
She will not see, she will not see!
In self and silence slumber still,
Nor know one word of mortal ill?"

"Truth-teller, wake! 'tis not thy hand
Gave up to God that woe-stricken band;
Not the wretched, woe-begone, nor why?
Nor seek to live, nor seek to die!"

But only silence answered me,
Nor pulse nor motion could I see,
More hard than death, more cold than ice,
She only knew, she could not see.

Then one with sunny eyes and hair,
That brightened all the presence there,
Into the silent one I drew,
And spoke in accents soft and clear:

"The world is dark to blinded eyes,
But to the heart that sees and feels,
Who will not see, who will not feel,
And selfish heart grow cold and dead."

"Forget thyself! for others live;
Thine to others' lives, thy life to give,
Bid joy from pain and sorrow spring;
But thou art dead, thou art dead!"

"In healing pain and woe and weal,
Fresh life through thy dark heart will flow;
Thy life is dark indeed, harsh and strange,
Too heavily laden with woe and pain."

Lake lady hands on mother's breast,
The angel wings above her head,
The shining sea of life and love,
Before her voice was hushed again.

Breath she took the dark awake,
And light through the dark darkness broke;
The dead eye lost their dark shade,
And she arose—a present fair.

No longer alone and woe-stricken,
Nor waiting for the dawn of light,
But to the heart that sees and feels,
Arose a glad, radiant saint.

"Thy name," I cried, "O holy light,
Who in the dark world art so bright,
My name is 'Love,' O holy light,
Who in the dark world art so bright."

—HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

QUEER TYPES OF OUTLAWRY.

How many romances and thrilling
stories are allowed to bloom unseen,
to run to seed without being
attaining more than the dignity of a three
or four line mention in the metropolitan
press no one knows perhaps but the mail-
readers of the papers. A glance at the
files of exchanges for a week, for a
stance, reveals as many tragedies and
sensational developments of crime as
would make the *Saturday Review* go
into moral hysterics over "American
Civilization." For instance, a paper
of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* which
has been spending some days in the
domains of "King Jim" Simmons and
his band, a gang of murderous outlaws,
furnishes some interesting particulars
concerning the gang, their methods, and,
above all, the country in which they
operated. Jim Simmons, he says, was a
man of great courage and ability in
doing crime and hiding it; the son of a
member of the famous—that is to say
infamous—Murrell band. As an in-
keeper many years ago at Harmony his
house became notorious for the robberies
and even murders of the guests, and
setting aloft of counterfeit currency. At
the outbreak of the war he had to fly to
Crab Ridge, a remote locality, where he
did a lively business in horse stealing
by guerrillas. At the close of the war,
fearing the vengeance of retreating Federals,
the Simmons removed to Arkansas,
where they killed and hid away, and
lynching by padding down stream in a
horse trough, hearing behind them the
disappointed baying of bloodhounds at
fault on their track. In 1873 "King
Jim" tried to kill his wife with a bottle;
then, when she recovered, he turned her
vengeance, led to the lead mines near
Lockport, leaving her with her two sons
in Emimence; a third lives in Meade
county, a price on his head, and he is
on the head of the fourth. Nigh of criminal
kin to them were the Goodriches. All
five of the boys are "hard citizens,"
thriftless and illiterate, and three of them
are in jail to await trial. Dave Carter,
an ignorant and worthless inebriate,
with, however, more ability than he
would be credited with for usual in-
spection, incapable of executing many
of the crimes in which he partici-
pated, and without, apparently, that
keen delight in committing crime or ap-
preciation of its results, which is his
successful commission to be noted in
his companions. He is out on his own
recognizance, which is as much as to say
that he is in a fair position to be "re-
moved" by some of the lawless mem-
bers of the gang, or the vindictive friends
of the prisoners. The latter say confi-
dently that he "has gone a-ghosting,"
and the people interested in a successful
presentation of the gang wish him sent
to jail, to be in safe-keeping. He, however,
feels confident that he can kill as well as
any one else in daylight, and has re-
solved not to move out of night. The
country over which this gang ruled was
bloody to a hilly district extending from
Harper's Ferry, near the Franklin line
in the south, to the lead mines in the
north, bordering on the Kentucky line,
some eight or ten miles, and running
back from the river nearly an equal dis-
tance. The roads are narrow, rocky
bridle-paths, there is little cultivated
ground, here a small tract of wheat,
a smaller bed of tobacco, and the fre-
quent gulches and beds of streams are
thickly wooded. Every inch of these
lands so difficult to walk, as well as sit-
uated for ambush or concealment, was
known to the gang. The gang was
born in 1871 and Bob Goodrich
battered a pedler named Darrell with
a cart in a long and bloody dispute,
Shuck came on them while they were
wreathing the body and got \$25 as the price
of his silence. In August of the same
year Jack Horn, himself a desperate
character, was hunted out in cruel rain
storm by Shuck and a dozen others to
be killed. He was shot in the arm, and
then began a frightful scene, as recog-
nizing the purpose of comrades he knew
so well, he pleaded for mercy. His
pleading was vain. A bowler was
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pretended to hear a strange noise in it,
and then he was shot down to go
to it and lean over the cavity. As he did
so Jack Simmons put a pistol to the
back of his head and blew out his brains.
His body was stripped and tumbled into
the cave, and the man covered with blood
and stones, on top of which was thrown the
corpus of a hog, to throw off inquirers
should the stench of decomposing
flesh attract attention. And more hor-
rible was the murder of Seedy James,
the 17-year-old son of John James,
who had married as his second wife one
of "King Jim" Simmons' daughters.
Enter the boy, a innocent and some-
what gawky youth, knew too much of
the gang's secrets or his stepmother
could not get along with him; in any
case, his death was decided on. Bob
Goodrich, Dave Carter and Jack Sim-
mons, pretending to sympathize with
him, induced him to rob his father and
run away from home; then, meeting him
in a secluded part of the marsh, they
took from him the money he had
concealed in a shoe. It is altogether
probable, if local belief is entitled to any
credence, that the father at least con-
sented to his slaughter. Over the body
where the murdered boy's remains were
buried was placed the carcass of a slain
hog; the strategy to which allusion has
already been made thus appearing to be
to divert attention from the murder of
one of the gang was the murder of one
Gallagher, a tree-peddler. Him they am-
bushed on a narrow path high above
the river bed, and, having taken his
money and valuables, they rolled him
down the river. The horses, being driven
beat out his brains with a stone, and
rolled a bowler to his corpse, and rolled
into the river. It was for the murder
of Nelson Parish that Shuck, the in-
vincible, was made known to the world;
declared his innocence, while admitting
that he had taken part in other crimes
as heinous. Shuck was Parish's son-in-
law. Parish was shot in the daytime,
and his body taken to a remote place,
house, where, in the course of the
night, it was burned. As Shuck could
not account for his whereabouts on the
day of the killing, and money and par-
ticulars belonging to the murder were
found in his possession, his sentence
is generally regarded as just one.
Shuck's grave lies under two little wal-
nut trees on a hill overlooking the river.
His body was about to be lowered into
the coffin when the body found to be
coffin was opened and the body found
to be bathed in a profuse sweat—when,
probably, across the river, now current
toward the neighborhood of the murder,
the murderer was resuscitated. There
is not much travel now of nights in Hen-
ry and Owen counties, save by armed
bodies of men in search of Jack Sim-
mons. Says the Louisville paper: "In a
ride of seven miles on a public road
through a thickly-settled district, and in
the early part of a pleasant summer
night, not one living being did I see,
every one having a mental recognition
of the fact that travel is safer now than
for years previous, but all the horrors of
the recent revelations hang like a pall over
the country, and the name of the 'nomadic
negro gang' is never out of mouths."

Such gangs always come to grief, how-
ever successful may be their operations
for a while. That the wages of sin is
death was strikingly exemplified in the
fate which overtook at Kansas City a
gang of desperadoes known as the Payne
Jones boys, consisting of Payne Jones,
Bill Hulse, Andy Maguire and one
Burnes. One rainy night, about eleven
years ago, information was received at
Kansas City that the boys were at the
house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Evans,
a very respectable citizen, residing near Independence. A posse
was organized, and the posse proceeded to
the place indicated, and surrounded the
premises. The door was opened by Mr.
Evans, and a party entered. In the mean-
time a young girl, daughter of Mr. Evans,
was in the act of going out of the house,
where she had been passing the night, and
was in the act of crossing a board fence on
her way home, near which a young man
named Wilkerson, one of the boys, was
standing, when Jones appeared at the
door with a double-barreled shot-gun,
and shot both the girl and Wilkerson
dead. The pistols of the posse were wet
with blood, and the posse returned from
the house and made his escape. Jim
Crow Childs, another desperate man,
was living near Westport, and he received
information that Payne Jones was at
the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Evans.
He concealed himself in the stable loft
and awaited developments. About mid-
night the fence leading to the woods was
let down by Jones, and he and his com-
rades went out of the house, and he was
found lying dead near a haystack, with
his skull crushed in, and the general
opinion was that he had been killed by
the posse. The posse returned, and the
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"Well, pard, we may as well die game,
as 'well,' drew their revolvers to gaze
ridged with balls, newspaper readers
are familiar. These phony desperadoes
were at the dancing hall, and the
Deadwood, in the Black Hills, by the
chance of robbing stage-coaches and
plundering express stages. The business
began last April, when three gangs were
organized between the Shively, Cheyenne
and Bismarck lines. The first at-
tack was an unusually cowardly one. A
coach from Cheyenne, says a correspond-
ent of the *Chicago Times*, entered
Whitewater, ten miles from Dead-
wood, a little after dark. The roads
were very heavy, the stage crowded, and
the darkness of the gulch impenetrable.
The driver, John Smith, a bright
little fellow, was joking with Mr. Her,
a passenger upon the box, when he dis-
covered a body of men walking along in
front of the horses. Believing them to
be the regulars, he called out in his
pleasant voice, "Look out, boys! let me
pass; I can't see, or I would turn out
for you." The men stepped to either side
of the road, and when the stage came
between them the darkness hid the
Halt!" at the same time discharging
a volley from shot-guns, rifles and pis-
tols. One charge of thirteen buckshot
entered Mr. Her's coat at the left shoulder,
passed between the ribs and his
hand passed out at the right shoulder,
and, entering poor Johnny's left breast,
lodged in his heart, killing him instantly
and knocking him from the box. An-
other shot at the point of Mr. Her's
finger. The horses, being driven,
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