

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

## Maine Has Many Outlaws.

George Washington Jones of North Waldoboro, in Lincoln county, Maine, is by all odds the most picturesque figure in the state just at present. George has gone into business as an outlaw. He is attending to it steadily and so far he has met with entire success. He is standing off the high sheriff, the deputies and all the constabulary of the county of Lincoln and appears to be doing it with comparative ease. He has won the sobriquet of 'The Terror of the Woods.' When his neighbours see him coming they directly step to one side. There are various suspicions as to what might happen to the private citizen, who would tackle, trip or trifle with G. W. Jones while he is engaged in the outlaw business. As to what Jones can be expected to do to officers who chance to run up against him he has already shown. There are half a dozen black eyes and sore shins scattered around among Lincoln's constabulary as the result of getting up against Outlaw Jones.

'The Terror of the Woods' stands 6 feet 4 inches in his stockings and is 'big 'erdin' tew.' He isn't exactly a vicious man nor a blood thirsty one. He doesn't yearn to slaughter anyone, but he is determined to resist arrest.

Some months ago it was discovered that George Washington Jones was levying altogether too freely and indiscriminately on the flocks and fodder of his neighbors. It had been known in the community for a long time that Mr. Jones wasn't as careful as he should be about property rights. At last several flagrant thefts and robberies were traced to him. He insisted in his conversation with several parties who went to him to remonstrate that he should steal all he wanted whenever it suited him to steal.

Long immunity had made Jones both bold and a braggart. At last his talk grew a little too strong for even the tolerant folks of Lincoln, who are willing to see an outlaw do well if he doesn't get too uppish. But uppishness isn't forgiven in Lincoln county, even in outlaws. Therefore complaint was lodged against Mr. Jones. A constable went to arrest him. George Washington Jones cuffed the constable and sent him home. The constable reported and resigned, and a bigger constable was sent. George Washington Jones had more of a job cuffing his second emissary, but the cuffing was administered.

The high sheriff of the county was notified. He sent one of his deputies. The deputy had a rough and tumble with the recalcitrant George. George licked him. This matter was reported to the sheriff, and he came himself and brought several deputies. One of the deputies located George. This deputy had preceeded the rest and was alone. He lacked discretion. He should have called his fellows and planned a mass attack on the outlaw. But he tackled Jones single-handed. He explained to the Terror of the Woods that others were right at hand and that he might as well give up. But Jones made at him like a wild bull, and besides blacking his eyes and jarring him very much indeed tore about all the clothes off the officer. When the sheriff came up the deputy was in very bad shape, indeed, and looked as if he had been out in a gale.

A descent was made in force on the outlaw's house, but he had escaped to the woods. He has been there ever since. Jones's house is near the edge of the forest, and so he is able to make occasional visits to his abode. On these trips he gets more food and his wife posts him up on the latest developments in his case. A few days ago the officers got a tip that he was at his house, and they hurried around that way.

Mrs. Jones is a pretty good outlaw's wife. She met the officer at the door. She carried an axe and had a healthy looking bulldog by her side. The sheriff could not have entered the house without being very impolite to the lady and the bulldog. And the bulldog looked as though he would have resented intrusion. The officers decided that they would make no muss at that time and so they retired.

At another time the officers were in the house while Jones was upstairs, but he

talked to them so terrifically that they didn't venture up. They wanted no serious trouble with Mr. Jones. They could of course, have had a pitched battle and might have been able to overcome him by brute force. But that might have meant damage to one side or the other. The officers prefer to catch the Terror of the Woods by craft. While the officers were in the house the outlaw leaped from one of the upper windows and ran for the shelter of the woods. The man might have been shot, but the officers don't like to hurt Mr. Jones, who isn't such a bad sort of a man outside of the outlaw habits. No one down that way wants to see him killed. They just want him locked up until the crops are sold and the hens sent to market.

Jones had a cave in the woods and stays there part of the time. He also dodges around from one logging camp to another. He likes his wife's cooking too well to go very far away, and he shows up pretty regularly to get fresh doughnuts and a new supply of cream o' tartar biscuits. Therefore the officers are laying plans to capture him at home without any one getting hurt. But as the Terror of the Woods is crafty himself the chances seem to be that Maine will have an outlaw all winter.

But even if George Washington Jones stands off the constabulary of Lincoln for a few months he will not be establishing a record. Maine outlaws are stayers. Bartley Campbell of Moose River defied capture for years. When he was caught the fight that ensued between him and the officers was the biggest thing that ever happened in the North Somerset wilderness. The battle in the darkness of the rough tavern room would make a story equal to some of Scott's tales of personal combat.

Outlaw George Nadeau in his little house on the upper St. John River in Aroostook county defied the United States officers for three years. Nadeau was as much talked about in Maine during those years as the governor of the state. Nadeau didn't mean to be an outlaw. He sort of got crowded into it. Major Dickey used to tell me that Nadeau was an industrious farmer and as good a French-Canadian as there was in the St. John Valley. But one winter his work in the woods was interrupted by an accident that befell him. He had a large family and in order to earn a little money to support his children through the hard winter he sold "morson," or white rum, in small quantities to the Canadians who passed his house in St. Francis. The next spring he gave up selling liquor and went to work. About a year later United States Marshal McNally and Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue Miller started after Nadeau. It was claimed that he had been selling liquor without paying a United States tax. Nadeau's friends sent word to him that the officers were coming. They advised him not to submit. They reminded him that he hadn't been selling liquor for a year and probably wouldn't do so again, and that all the officers were after were to get their mileage and fees for taking him to Portland.

Such counsel inflamed Nadeau. He feared that if he were arrested and taken to Portland another winter's work would be interrupted. He prepared to defend his home against the officers. 'Twas in the winter and the Nadeau house was surrounded by a high dirt banking. One standing at the front door was on a hill-lock. There were steps on the inside leading down to the door. McNally stood on the banking and rapped on the door with the handle of his whip. He cried for Nadeau to come out. There was no sound from within. Then the Deputy Marshal commenced to kick the door. Almost instantly there was a deafening report and a gunshot charge came tearing through the door. A portion of the charge entered the leg of the deputy and he fell. But he was up again straightway and ran like a deer. Nadeau was out after him. The Frenchman was so excited that for the time he was a veritable maniac. McNally says that the man's eyes glowed like coals of fire. Nadeau raised his gun again and

fired the other barrel. But the officer dropped and the charge passed over his head.

Nadeau evidently thought he had killed the marshal for after standing a while at the corner of the house and bellowing hoarsely he went inside and shut the door. McNally crawled painfully down the road and finally overtook Capt. Miller, who was waiting for him with the horses. The first bullet from the gun had passed through McNally's leg and had chipped the ice under the horses' feet. They thereupon ran away with Capt. Miller, who was a one-legged man, and therefore hardly to be considered a combatant.

McNally lay for weeks at Fort Kent, and the doctors didn't know whether he would get well or not. He did. But he didn't capture Nadeau. Nadeau defied the whole United States, so he declared. He never went anywhere unless he carried his gun over his arm. He never allowed a stranger to come within a dozen feet of him. On the occasion when he drove down to Fort Kent he was as watchful as a cat. He never set down his gun even when he was making purchases at the stores.

Major Dickie and some of the rest of his Yankee friends at the fort advised him to give up to the authorities and take his sentence. They assured him that they would appeal to the court to make allowance for the circumstances attending his hasty act. But Nadeau was too frightened to give up and come out. No one wanted to run the risk of getting killed for the sake of the dubious honor of arresting him.

A year or so ago it was announced that Nadeau had been arrested and brought to Portland. But it was another Nadeau. Outlaw Nadeau is still at his home in St. Francis. He doesn't carry his gun now and probably no one will molest him.

Charles Morris shot and seriously wounded a game warden at the mouth of the Allegash river not far from where Nadeau nailed his deputy United States marshal. Collins, the warden, was attempting to arrest Morris. Morris got away after his act and poled a hundred miles or so up the Allegash and took up his station in the section above Moosehead lake, where he dodged about for a year and a half. Game Commissioner Wentworth sent men into the woods by the hundred, but that mode of man hunting was about like trying to catch a deer with a brass band. Morris was an old woodman, and he used to sit in the bushes and watch the bands of officers go past. The processions afforded him more or less innocent amusement. He told me so himself. I was sent by my paper to interview him in the woods while he was still following the business of an outlaw.

There was no trouble about securing an interview. I merely got a man who knew him to go along with me and assure Morris that I was simply after an interview and not after him. We met on the bank of West Branch, a few miles from Northeast carry, and he explained how sorry he was that he had shot Collins and how much he had wept since that time. He laid the entire trouble to too much Holland gin.

But Morris had a curious crochets in his noddle. He allowed that if he believed they wouldn't do anything to him except send him to State prison, he would come out of the woods and surrender himself up. But he declared that he knew perfectly well that he would be executed when the law got hold of him. He said they were going to hang him up by the heels and cut his throat, just as they kill veal calves. I talked with him an hour—till my throat was parched—trying to convince him that such an idea was only an hallucination that had got hold of him in some mysterious way. He listened gravely and carefully, but still insisted with pensive stubbornness that he was right—he would be put to the torture just as soon as the officers got him.

The man had worried so over the matter that he had gone out of his head. He was better off even in State prison than wandering around the woods in that lamentable state. He was grieving himself to death. And he was frightened half out of his wits all the time.

A year or so afterward Game Commissioner Carleton surprised the man in a little camp on the shore of Moosehead Lake and captured him after a little tussel. They sent Morris to state prison for seven years.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks, can be dyed black. Magnetic dye gives a handsome, permanent color. Price 10 cents.

## Life of an Indiana Recluse.

An investigation which has just been completed by the attorney-general of Indiana, and which was undertaken for the purpose of legally declaring 100 acres of land to have escheated to the state, has developed some strange phases in the life of a Scotchman and solved a mystery that for years caused the people of Lawrence county a great deal of concern.

Soon after the close of the Civil war a man arrived at Bedford, the county seat of Lawrence county, and registered at the hotel as George Donaldson. He was well dressed, his manners those of a man of culture, and his Scotch accent clearly indicated the place of his nativity. He stayed at the hotel for several days and made occasional trips into the country. Returning from one of these he announced that he had purchased a farm and intended to make it his home. The conveyance was duly made and Donaldson left the place and did not return for several months. In the meantime the owner of the farm purchased another, and what was unusual at that time, paid a part of the price in gold, saying that he had received it from Donaldson in payment for his farm.

When Donaldson again visited the town he purchased modest furniture for his home, and a few days afterward four or five large drygoods boxes, a couple of hunting dogs and a shotgun and a rifle were brought to his farm in a wagon from Seymour, the nearest railroad station. A woman at Bedford was installed as housekeeper and through her it was learned that the boxes contained books, many of which were printed in foreign languages, and she stated that Donaldson, when not out in the woods, with his gun and dogs, devoted all his time to reading. With the coming of spring, Donaldson employed a number of men to fell trees and make rails, and his farm was soon inclosed by a high rail fence which was built just within the fences that separated his land from that of his neighbors. This act was construed to mean that he did not want to 'neighbor' with those around him, and the extraordinary height of his fences added force to the suggestion and those who would have cultivated his friendship gradually drew further and further away from him. After a time his housekeeper returned to Bedford, but she entered no complaint against her employer, saying only that it was intolerably lonesome at his farm.

In the mean time the people of the neighborhood were gossiping at Donaldson's expense. Every few weeks a wagon drove up to his home and unloaded demijohns and boxes, supposed to contain bottles of wine, and it was said that he was living a life of debauchery and was rarely sober. The woman, who had been his housekeeper for a few months, denied these reports, but said that he drank regularly and in great quantities, but she had never seen him affected by the liquor, and that his manner toward her had always been that of a polished gentleman, treating her, in fact, as an equal. She stated that his table was provided with the best of everything that the country afforded, and that some of the things which came to his home from Seymour were delicacies that she had never heard of before and that he had taught her how to prepare many dishes entirely new to her. It also developed that he had correspondents in several parts of the country, and it was learned later that he had lived in Alabama and also in Virginia.

Years went by, and Donaldson continued to live at his farm, but completely isolated from his neighbors. They did not wish to intrude upon him, and he showed no disposition to cultivate their friendship. The wagon from Seymour arrived at intervals till a railroad line was completed to Bedford, and that the demijohns and boxes came to that point and were sent to Donaldson's home. It was then learned that the shipments came from a house in Cincinnati, and that the boxes contained champagne, sherry and other fine wines, and occasionally one was labelled "Old Kentucky Bourbon." In the years that followed Donaldson was frequently away from home for several weeks, sometimes for two or three months, but nothing was known as to where he was on such oc-

casions. Soon after one of these trips a number of young women arrived at the station at Bedford one evening, and were met by Donaldson. They ranged in age apparently from 17 to 20, and the greetings between them and Donaldson were of the most cordial character. Carriages were hired in Bedford and they were driven to Donaldson's home.

The visit lasted for two weeks and the people of the neighborhood testified that they had never seen anything like the commotion that it caused. The young woman rambled through the woods, climbed the fences, sang and rollicked all day long and even late into the night, for one of the neighbors found his curiosity so strong that he could not resist the impulse to go near the house and listen. At the end of two weeks the visitors departed and each purchased a ticket at the railroad station for Louisville, but their destination beyond that point was never known. A second visit of young women, but not the same ones, was made two years later, and was protracted nearly a month. While there was nothing to indicate a suggestion of immorality in these visits, the strangeness of the affairs increased the bad esteem in which Donaldson was held by his neighbors but they continued to keep watch over him and note his every movement. When away from home he would send money to meet the taxes on his farm and would have repairs made through an agent at Bedford, and paid the bills always without a murmur.

Four years ago he went away, closing up the house, but saying nothing to his friends at Bedford regarding the care of the farm. When the taxes fell due and no one appeared to pay them, it was assumed that the owner would return and thus time passed. But Donaldson failed to come; nor was any word received from him. Several months ago the state began an investigation, with a view to collecting the taxes. It was then learned that Donaldson was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and that for years he had maintained a residence in Donaldson square, in that city; that he was a bachelor and wealthy, and had left his native country because of disappointment in some political ambition, and that, during his residence in this country he had received remittances regularly through his agents from the proceeds of his estates. When these facts came to the knowledge of the attorney general, Donaldson had been dead nearly four years, and it appears that he died at his home in Donaldson square soon after reaching that place from this state. Proceedings were then instituted to declare the land escheated in the circuit court at Bedford.

At some time, not certainly known, Donaldson adopted a girl and made her his heir. She is now grown and living at Bath. As Donaldson was never a naturalized citizen, his Indiana estate under the law cannot be inherited by an adopted child, and as he has no near kin, the land in Lawrence county will doubtless fall to the state.

### BOSTON EXCURSIONS

From St. John by All-Rail Line.

The Canadian Pacific Ry. has arranged for special excursions to Boston on account of Christmas and New Years Holidays as follows:—To students and teachers of schools and colleges on presentation of standard school vacation railway certificate at rate of \$10.50 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 8th to 31st, inclusive, good to return until January 31st, 1901.

To the general public at rate of \$10.50 for the round trip, tickets on sale Dec. 20th to 31st, inclusive, good to return for thirty days from date of issue. All tickets good only for continuous passage in each direction.

- 'When does a man become a seamstress?'
- 'When he hems and haws.'
- 'No.'
- 'When he threads his way.'
- 'No.'
- 'When he rips and tears.'
- 'No.'
- 'Give it up.'
- Never if he can help it.