

### LITTLE VASQUEZ'S NERVE.

The Last Hours of a Dreaded Mexican Outlaw.

The subject of the recent conviction of several of the notorious outlaws in the Southwest came up for discussion in a party of ranchmen and miners at the hotel in this place, the other evening. Every one in the party had had long and varied experiences in California, New Mexico and Arizona since he came across the plains with an ox team or across the isthmus in the '50's or early '60's, and, naturally, all had interesting recollections to tell of what they had seen of wild, lawless and irresponsible characters on the plains and among the mountains.

Col. Dan Fillmore, who is one of the principal cattlemen in Ventura county, and came to California in the '40 days, told the most interesting reminiscence of the evening.

"I reached Sacramento," said he, "in the days of the wildest and most bonanza-like days of gold-washing among the creeks and through the canyons of Central California, and in the forty-six years since then I have, as a mining prospector, and later, as a cattleman, seen a good bit of the genuine frontier life, and have had some dealings with desperadoes and outlaws. First and last, I have seen many of the hangman's noose, twenty-seven men and the shooting of several more. I think I have myself acted as an officer of the peace in the lynching of eleven or twelve of the most cruel, deliberate and scheming bandits that ever figured in flash literature. But, gentlemen, the calmest, coolest and most collected man I ever saw in the presence of an appointed and inexorable death, and one which seemed most indifferent to his doom, was that famous little effeminate-looking outlaw, Tiburcio Vasquez, who was hanged in San Jose fourteen years ago. I have seen many men go upon a scaffold and under the hangman's noose, with an apparent carelessness of their fate, and have heard men call that nerve job it was all summoned and exhibited for the last few moments only. Now, Vasquez had the genuine article, and while he appreciated fully that he had but a day longer to live, his constant effort was to make those about him as cheerful as possible.

"Tiburcio Vasquez was, as you remember, the son of a prominent family in Chihuahua, Mex. His grandfather was an intimate friend with General Iturbide and Santa Anna and was rich seventy years ago. Young Vasquez was given a good education until he was sixteen years old and he was to be sent to Barcelona, Spain, for a college education. But he was born with a too wild, desperate, lawless and cruel disposition. When he was scarcely more than a youth he broke through all restraint at home and at school and became an outlaw. When but twenty-two or twenty-three years of age he had developed into the boldest and most ruthless brigand we cattlemen and miners along the Rio Grande region ever knew. In the summer of '73 I am sure that the Vasquez gang of Mexican cut-throats killed from eight to twelve men, and got by robbing mining camps, and a United States army paymaster, something over \$22,000. As he grew older he became bolder, and his field of operations for ten or fifteen years was all the way from Tucson, Ariz., up to Stockton, Cal. The Vasquez band was known all over the coast in 1876 and 1878. Part of the gang was lynched at Maricopa, Ariz., in 1877, and two of the bandits then confessed that they had taken the lives of over eight men and boys on the coast and along the Rio Grande in the course of five or six years. They did not know how many other men had been slaughtered by Vasquez and his followers before they came to know the chief bandit.

"At last Vasquez was caught and held so securely that he could not escape trial and sentence of death. None of his friends could save him, notwithstanding the money that was spent on the lawyers who worked day and night in his behalf. That was in 1881. He was confined in the jail at San Jose, and, as I knew Sheriff Adams well, I went to see Vasquez, of whom I had many times been in terror, and whom I had great curiosity to meet. As I, in company with several ranchmen, went into the jail corridor the afternoon before the day of the execution, Vasquez was let out of his cell to chat with us. He was a little, dapper fellow, with bright, laughing eyes, a pleasant mouth and thin, clean-shaven face. He did not weigh over 120 pounds, and his dress was scrupulously neat. It was hard for many of us ranchmen in the jail corridor to believe that he was really the Vasquez of whose wholesale robberies, dreadful slayings of human life and unprecedented recklessness we had heard almost daily for over a decade. We had had cowboys who seemed able to swallow that little fellow, but who had held even the name of Vasquez in constant dread.

"The little Mexican was writing farewell letters to his friends as we came into the corridor, and as he came out of his cell he tucked his penholder behind his ear and smilingly extended his hand to each in our party. 'I'm pleased to see you,' said he, 'but if I have not my wits at command please remember that for several hours I have been putting my brain to severe letter writing. When one comes to write the very last letters of all to his dear ones, you know, it is quite brain taxing.'

"We offered him a handful of cigars, and he said: 'Many thanks to you, gentlemen. I love to smoke, but I don't think I shall have time to smoke all these. So I'll leave some for the guards.' Vasquez was put out that there were not enough seats for all of us, and in whispers begged the guards to go and get a chair in another part of the jail, and he remained standing while we sat. He gossiped about the latest news from San Francisco, and asked a Mexican gentleman in our party for further bits of political information from the City of Mexico. He told a neat little story about a funny experience among the servants in his father's home in Chihuahua when he was a boy, and when the story drew forth a humorous tale from one of our party he laughed as merrily and genuinely as you can imagine. 'All you Americans,' said he, in his smooth, musical Spanish accent, 'you Americans have such a way of

seeing funny things. I guess I have missed a good deal of it by not being a Yankee, too.'

"Turning to me, Vasquez asked if I was not the Fillmore who once had a herd of cattle and a ranch down in the Gila river country in Arizona. Upon my answering yes, he said: 'Oh, now I know all about you, Mr. Fillmore. Your cattle outfit and my gang had some little disputes about property several years ago. I believe we had to shoot one or two of your men. Well, I am sincerely sorry, Mr. Fillmore, that I ever did you any harm; but it seems to me at this recollection we were in desperate straits when we were over your way, and we had to do something out of the ordinary in our line of business. Now, please don't harbor any ill will for me after I am gone to-morrow for those old bygones.'

"Vasquez said he believed he once got hold somewhere in Arizona of a blooded horse having my brand upon it, and that it was the best animal he ever had to realize when it must do its utmost at speed to deliver its rider out of danger. 'I'm sorry, Mr. Fillmore, you were so much a victim of my way of doing business,' said the young man, with the only tinge of sorrow that escaped him that day. He told of the pleasure he had in reading Bret Harte's stories in the last two weeks, and regretted that he had not known the fun and wit there were in Don Quixote in his early days. 'As he stood there, one hand on the arm of his chair, a newspaper in the other, and showing a courteous interest in the efforts of the bustling deputy to find seats for his guests he was far from formidable in appearance. However terrible he may have looked when, shotgun in hand, he rode up to the stage coach or the wayside store, the lonely traveler or the isolated ranch house, with his clattering, criminal cavalry behind him, as ready to blow out brains and cut throats as to take plunder, he was now but a short, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, pleasant-faced Mexican, with nothing forbidding about him. Indeed, his manner was engaging.

"I would rather talk of something else, if it is agreeable to you, gentlemen," he said to a reporter who had joined us, and began business at once by asking Vasquez about his mental condition.

"I am to be hanged to-morrow. Very well. I don't like it, but I have no choice. See?"

Two men bearing a coffin and followed by a black-coated undertaker, with a pair of trestles in his hand, came in. The coffin—a fine one, studded with silver-headed nails—was placed on the trestles, and the brigand, cigar in teeth, stepped up and inspected it with lively interest. He half squatted and ran his hand along the side.

"It's too short," he said, with surprise, looking at the awed undertaker, who assured him it was all right—that it should be measured at the top, not near the bottom.

"It's high," cried Vasquez, with a wave of his hand, pleased at the quality of the coffin, which had been provided by his friends. The undertaker thought he referred to the lid, which was rounded, and said that it was the fashion to make them that way.

"Oh, he doesn't fear that," said the editor scornfully. "What he means is that it's nifty."

"Yes, nifty," agreed the Mexican, glancing gratefully at the San Jose journalist for supplying the right word. "Yes, yes, it's nifty."

"He put his hand inside, felt the padding, pressed the little pillow, and with an upward flirt of his cigar, observed:

"Well, I shall sleep there very well."

"He turned away toward his chair. "Devil take me, Vasquez, if you haven't nerve!" exclaimed the reporter, admiringly.

"What would be the use of being the other way?" he said calmly enough, but there was a sharp thrill in his tone that hinted of the agony in the caged man's heart.

"On the next morning Vasquez walked out into the small jail yard, climbed out into the scaffolding, gazed indifferently at the gaping mob of men below, threw a wistful glance beyond the walls at the blue hills, on which he had ridden on many a fray with his cut-throats, and then gave all his attention to the ghastly business of the moment.

"He sought to unbutton his coat and collar. He waved them aside politely and did it himself. He assisted the hangman in adjusting the straps and rope, glanced down to see that his feet were precisely on the crack, kissed the crucifix held out to him by the priest, and bore himself with patience and dignity while they drew over him a white shroud and placed on his head and shoulders a great black hood. 'I am ready,' he said, serenely, closing his eyes.



"It Too Short," said Vasquez.

"And he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Do you feel that you deserve your fate?" solemnly asked the reporter.

"Well, that does not much matter," he answered, lighting a cigar. "While I never killed anybody myself I permitted my men to do so, and in the eye of the law that is the same thing, so I suppose I deserve what is going to happen. Since I cannot help myself I am content."

"Do you believe in a hereafter?" asked the solemn reporter.

"No—do you?" he asked in return, his black eyes twinkling.

The solemn reporter grinned, and so did Vasquez.

"The priest has been here. He says there is another world. He is a good man and believes it. Very well. I do not know. But seriously, I die a Christian, a Catholic, as I have lived. Will you pardon me, gentlemen, if I ask you to talk about something else than myself? I am glad to see you. I like company. The weather is pleasant, eh?"

"He leaned back in his rude chair with an animated countenance, ready to chat, like one who wished to while away dragging hours. He had about fourteen of them left.

"The man's face was strong and firm. He was in the prime of life and in perfect health. His courage had been proved in many a bloody fight, and if by murdering all his visitors it would have given him one chance in a thousand to escape that chance would have been taken and God thanked for it. As it was, he smiled cordially, and accepted the inevitable with manly composure.

"His politeness was inexhaustible. The editor of one of the local papers came in, greeted him with a boisterous hilarity meant at once to cheer the condemned and display to the metropolitan journalists his superior intimacy with a celebrated character. The editor actually took a copy of his paper from his pocket, and, with the remark, 'I suppose you want to hear what I said about you to-night,' sat down and read to Vasquez three solid columns about his crime, preparations for the hanging, and a minute description of the gallows, with mention of the other criminals who had stepped upon it.

"This performance appalled the reporters, but Vasquez bore it in silence, without a wince or a frown.

"Sheriff Adams appeared and the Mexican retired into the shadow with him. They whispered together, and the sheriff seemed to be trying to dissuade his charge from some purpose. But Vasquez was resolute, and the officer retired with a deprecatory shrug.

"This performance appalled the reporters, but Vasquez bore it in silence, without a wince or a frown.

"The enemy!" shouted the courier, breathlessly. "is opening with grape-shot!"

"The face of the warrior blanched. 'Appendicitis,' he gasped. Nevertheless, he was glorious to die in a great cause.—Detroit Tribune.

### A Dog of Christian Principles.

At Wednesbury a dog has been discovered which its fond mistress considers a Christian both in principles and conduct. It accompanied her regularly to church, never disturbed the congregation, and always left the sacred edifice in a quiet and orderly manner, obviously having derived much benefit from the service. During the week it behaved as so exemplary a dog might be expected to do, doing wrong "intentionally" to neither man nor beast. It was certainly "an insult to expect so enlightened an animal to wear a collar with his owner's name, but the Wednesbury authorities mulcted the privileged owner in costs. However, the possession of such a treasure must be well worth the money.—Birmingham (Eng.) Mail.

### Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

**Women in Germany.**  
German women have sent a petition to parliament protesting against some clauses in the new civil code. According to this code, a married woman, for instance, has, if no special contract has been made, no right to dispose of her own fortune without the permission of her husband. Moreover, the latter is solely entitled to administer and to have the usufruct of her money, even of that which she earns. Every financial transaction entered upon by a woman without the knowledge and consent of her husband can be canceled. Except in a few cases, women are unable to act as guardians. They are also excluded from family councils, and so on.

**A Successful Doctor.**  
We take pleasure in calling your attention to the advertisement of Dr. Marsh with regard to his cure for the opium and morphine habit to be found in another column of this paper. The doctor has been engaged for twenty-five years in this specialty, and is well and favorably known for the cures he had made of these habits. We take pleasure in commending him to any and all who need his services, having been personally acquainted with him for the past twenty-five years.

**A Roumanian Fleet.**  
Roumania has upset the plans of treaty powers to have only two fleets on the Black Sea by setting up a little fleet of its own. It contains one fast cruiser, Eliza Beth, and fifteen smaller craft. The Roumanian flag has been recognized by the Russians, who returned salutes when the fleet appeared off Sebastopol.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Publisher, La., August 26, 1885.

Funeral monuments are exported from this country to Australia.

The name of Cripple Creek should now be changed to Cripple Town.

**FITS**—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling and general debility cured. Send to Dr. Kline, 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

One of Maine's curios is Machias, a town of 200 inhabitants without a debt.

**A Summer Resort Book Free.**  
Write to C. N. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash Railroad.

**United States Patents.**  
A curious patent has just been issued to Frederick Lehner, a Swiss, for a process of making imitation silk. An ordinary cotton thread is run through several solutions of silk substances and nitro cellulose, the threads after treatment being woven into a fabric which is much cheaper and has all the qualities of a good grade of silk. The cheapness of this new fabric would bring it within the reach of all.

Laban Everest, an Omaha inventor, has received a patent for an electric railway signal which is noticeable because of its cheapness and in which he overcomes some of the objections encountered in so many signals. The inventor has been enabled to sell his patent at a good profit to a corporation who will place the invention on the market.

Peter Smith, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has invented a bed castor which just above the wheel has an insect trap, the purpose of which is quite apparent.

M. Forster of Berlin, Germany, gets a patent for a smokeless gunpowder, comprising waxy flakes, which, it is claimed, ignite more quickly than those of any other conformation, and so, of course, is more valuable on that account.

Inventors desiring information relative to the law of patents or how to secure their inventions, should address Sues & Co., attorneys at law and inventors' counsellors, Bee building, Omaha, Nebraska, for free book on patents and information.

A copy of any U. S. Patent, including full drawings and description will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents.

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The short line to St. Louis, and quick route East or South.

Excursions to all points South at one fare for the round trip with \$2.00 added.

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Nothing so reliably and completely  
disables the muscles as

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and nothing so promptly  
and surely as **ST. JACOBS OIL.**

### The Farmer and Mule.

An ill tempered farmer one day had a quarrel with his wife. He was afraid to assault her, because she was a new woman and had studied the art of self-defense, so he went to the barn and started a quarrel with his mule. That poor beast did not know what it was all about, but he kept his eyes open. Soon the farmer, having worked himself into a frenzy, approached the patient animal. Then the mule reached out his left foot, and ten seconds later the new woman was a widow.

Moral.—There is much virtue in the first kick.—New York World.

### The Significance of a Gray Overcoat

Upon the tongue, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea and uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, is that the victim of these discomforts is bilious. The "proper caper" under such circumstances is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures chills and fever, constipation, dyspeptic, rheumatic and kidney complaints and nervousness.

Politeness is such a strain that every one is glad when a guest goes home.

Some women always look ready to scream.

**Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.**  
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. U. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A hen in her lifetime rarely lays more than 600 eggs.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

In Arabia milk is not measured, but is sold by weight.

### The Woman The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's.

Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

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The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the fine you ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

# 10 times out of 10

The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each.

ALL OF THEM CHOSE

## Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Nine immediately, and one after he had looked at others. And the Journal bought Ten Columbias. Paid \$100 each for them.

On even terms a Columbia will be chosen

# TEN times out of TEN

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1885 Art Catalogue free from the Columbia  
agent, by mail for two 1-cent stamps. HARTFORD, CONN.