

THE BANDITS AND THE BURIED GOLD OF EL TEJON

By HARRY CARR

OLd Joaquin Murrieta's buried gold is growing restless in its hiding place. One of the herders of El Tejon rancho came in pale and frightened the other night. He had seen a ball of light flickering and dancing along the plateau of the Banderillos. He said it floated along the road in front of him for a long time as though to lead him somewhere. Finally, it stopped by the side of the road; he hurried past and went home as fast as he could. Being a Gringo from Cincinnati, he thought it was a ghost.

Any Mexican vaquero would have recognized the sign. Such a light burns over buried treasure—nowhere else.

Had he followed the light, it would probably have led him to the buried loot of old Joaquin Murrieta. Three-Fingered Jack, Tiburcio Vasquez or some other one of the hundred bandits who infested the Tejon Pass and the Valley of the San Joaquin.

And sir, they were bandits. Dick Turpin! Pough! A wretched piker! Dick Turpin and Claude Duval couldn't have got a job currying horses for Joaquin Murrieta. Don Joaquin was, without doubt, the most terrible, bloodthirsty and successful bandit who ever held up a stage.

He was chief of a band that sometimes numbered nearly a hundred daredevils, and the treasure that he collected must have been enormous.

An examination into the events of his picturesque career would clearly indicate that the stories of his buried gold are not mere vaquero myths. He must have left treasure in considerable quantities cached somewhere in the vicinity of the Tejon ranch—very likely in the Tejon Pass.

Murrieta is described as a very ordinary-looking young Mexican at the time he began his depredations. He sometimes went by the name of Carlillo and many suppose that to have been his real name.

He came up from Mexico, where he was born, at the time of the California gold excitement in 1849. With him came a beautiful young Spanish girl of a high-born family. Her name was Roseta Felia.

She and Joaquin settled in Stanislaus county and had been washing the gravel for gold when the tragedy occurred that turned Murrieta into the cruellest outlaw the world has known.

At that time there were all manner of race riots through California as a result of the "anti-foreign" mining laws that had been passed. During one of these riots, Murrieta and his bride were driven out of the gold diggings with insult and indignity. Shortly thereafter, Joaquin, while riding a horse borrowed from his half brother, was arrested and whipped as a horse thief.

With black murder in his heart he "took the road," and no one knows how many innocent lives were sacrificed to wipe out the wrong done this Mexican peon when lashed to a tree at Murphy's Diggings in Calaveras county that day when they took him from the borrowed horse.

On account of the injustice of the anti-foreign legislation, there were hundreds of young Mexicans ripe for Joaquin's picking and he soon collected a desperate band of cut-throats. Chief among them were Manuel Garcia, known as Three-Fingered Jack on account of a mutilated hand which had been wounded in the Mexican war; Reyes Felis, a brother of his bride; Claudio, Joaquin Valenzuela and Pedro Gonzales.

Three-Fingered Jack was a monster of vice and maniacal cruelty. He seemed to take a special delight in murdering Chinamen. On one occasion he rounded up six Chinamen on the road, tied their queues together and cut their throats one at a time—laughing at the terrified yells of the living as the dying men struggled in their blood.

For about four years Murrieta's band ranged central California. Their main field of operations was through the San Joaquin valley. The old-timers say that the stage that ran from Los Angeles to Stockton was held up so many times in the vicinity of Bakersfield that it became an ordinary and commonplace event. No road was safe and every traveler rode at the peril of his life. The solitary horseman, rounding a clump of chaparral, was quite likely to hear the sing of



TIBURCIO VASQUEZ

a riata through the air and feel the rope settling around his shoulders with a jerk that dragged him from the saddle. The band of robbers that worked for Murrieta were unique in that the riata was their chief weapon—the riata and the Bowie knife. Many of Murrieta's victims were dragged from the saddle and had their throats cut.

There was seldom any parley with the victims nor any mercy shown. With Murrieta it was not only a quest of treasure but a merciless war of revenge against the Gringo.

On one occasion Murrieta and his men held up a schooner on the river near Stockton and, murdering the crew, got away with \$20,000.

In the firm discipline that he maintained over his gang of cut-throats, Joaquin was comparable to Robin Hood. Also like Robin Hood, all sorts of stories of his impudent daring and his whimsical kindnesses are told. Some of the stories, in fact, are very like the legends of Sherwood forest and the men in the Lincoln green.

Murrieta took all sorts of reckless chances. On one occasion one of his bandits was on trial in a San Jose court. Murrieta had, shortly before, waylaid and murdered a gentleman named Samuel Harrington. Taking Harrington's papers, Joaquin went into court, pretended to be Harrington, gave false testimony and secured the acquittal of his pal.

Another time, in Sacramento, a crowd stood looking at a poster which offered \$5,000 for the capture of Murrieta. A Mexican pushed his way through the crowd and wrote on the bottom of the placard: "I will give \$10,000 myself—Joaquin Murrieta;" jumped on a horse and escaped.

As might be imagined, the horrors of Murrieta's crimes roused a great hue and cry throughout California. Hunted like wild animals, Murrieta and his followers selected a dark canyon near the mouth of Tejon Pass for their headquarters and divided into three bands.

The country was becoming too dangerous for him to continue his work in. Claudio had been killed in a desperate battle at San Luis Obispo. Felis, Joaquin's brother-in-law, had been hanged

in Los Angeles. Pedro Gonzales had been shot by an officer near Camulos to prevent his rescue from arrest by the bandits. The Tejon Indians, becoming enraged at some depredation that concerned them, had swooped down upon the bandits, stole their horses and whipped some of the gang with lashes.

Although he wreaked a horrible revenge against those who tried to capture him, he never made any attempt to punish those Indians who took even the clothes from the gang.

General Bean of San Gabriel, who tried to organize a movement against Murrieta, was waylaid on the road and murdered. A campaign was started against the bandits in the town of Saw Mill Flat and Murrieta had the water poisoned.

But finally, Murrieta's Nemesis appeared. He was a Texas frontiersman, named Harry Love, who had come to Los Angeles to live. He organized a company of rangers from among the daring horsemen of Los Angeles and went on a systematic hunt for outlaws.

After various adventures and narrow escapes on both sides, the end came early one Sunday morning, July 25, 1853. Love and two or three companions were riding ahead of the mounted rangers on the flats just west of Tulare lake in the San Joaquin valley. They came upon a small company of Mexicans eating breakfast around a camp fire.

Love asked them what they were doing and one of them replied that they were on their way to Los Angeles. He asked a further question of one of the peons; whereupon a Mexican on the other side of the fire spoke up haughtily, saying: "I am the leader of this band; say what you have to say to me."

"I will speak to whomever I please," retorted Love. Noticing that the Mexican had risen and was sidling over toward a saddle that lay on the ground, Captain Love covered him with a revolver and told him to stand still, for there were revolvers on the saddle.

While they were standing there, a ranger who knew Murrieta by sight came up. The recognition was mutual. Joaquin suddenly yelled for his men to escape as best they could. Leaping on a horse without saddle or bridle, Murrieta went headlong over a bank and down into a ravine, landing in a tumbled heap at the bottom. Neither his horse nor himself was hurt, however. Scrambling to their feet, they started off at a dead run down the canyon. One of the rangers had followed them. His horse had fallen also. Without attempting to remount, he took careful aim and shot Murrieta's horse as it ran.

The outlaw leaped from the falling horse and continued his retreat on foot. By this time half a dozen rangers were following him. Three times, as they fired, he was seen to hesitate and reel; then run on again. One last shot and he stopped.

Turning, he raised his hand and said: "Don't shoot any more; the work is done." He stood for a minute with weakening limbs; then he sank slowly to his right side, his head upon his arm. Wicked old Joaquin Murrieta was no more. Another pursuing party overtook and killed Three-Fingered Jack. One of the bandits escaped and drowned himself in the San Joaquin river. Another was murdered by Mexicans who were afraid he might reveal to the authorities their connection with the band.

Murrieta's head was cut off and, until the San Francisco earthquake, was on exhibition in a museum in San Francisco.

At the time of his death Don Joaquin was preparing his grandest coup. He intended to collect all his booty, and march his men openly, like an army, into Mexico. The old-timers assert that he had his loot cached in the Tejon for this "get-away" and that it is still there.

Ismael Ramirez says that he spent three months looking for the buried gold. One rainy night he saw the mystic light flickering underneath an old oak tree back of the ruins of Fort Tejon. He carefully noted the location, intending to dig at the indicated spot the next morning. When he went there at dawn, however, he found that a rancher had also seen the light. Ramirez found an enormous hole and a great iron kettle from which the rancher had taken \$30,000 in gold.

According to all reports the light has begun to dance and flicker again around the Tejon, ready to guide some one to the uneasy gold of the arch cut-throat and bandit, Joaquin, Murrieta.

POTENTATES AMUSE LONDON

When a foreign potentate or royalty of minor rank visits London for the first time, a clerk from the foreign office is usually detailed by the government to "show him round," or, in official language, to act as the potentate's "visiting attache."

I have acted on several occasions officially as guide, counselor, and friend to a number of minor foreign royal personages, and when doing so have had some rather amusing experiences.

I acted as attache to Prince Lidj Eyassau, of the Abyssinian royal family, when he came to London some years ago. He was rather an awkward sort of person to have to take charge of. He had a habit when he went into a shop of picking up things to look at, and if they did not take his fancy, of dropping them to the ground in the most lordly and disdainful manner.

On one occasion we went into a dealer's shop in Bond street, where he took up an old Dresden vase and, after looking at it critically for a few minutes, threw it to the ground. I made a frantic but unavailing effort to catch it. The prince had subsequently to pay £300 to the dealer for the vase.

Another gentleman I had the honor of escorting about London for a couple of weeks was the Sultan of Oran. I went with him to a dinner party one night given at one of the embassies. All went well until the end of the dinner, when the ambassador and his wife rose from the table. The chief guest then suddenly hit the table a resounding blow with his fist, and shouted out something in his native tongue, while his eyes appeared to blaze with anger as he glared first at his host and hostess and then at their guests. No one seemed to know quite what to do.

Then, in a low undertone, the sultan explained to me in French he was endeavoring to thank his host for his hospitality, and the incident ended happily.

Occasionally minor foreign potentates who come

here neglect to make proper arrangements about having money advanced to them from their native country to London, and, as a result, find themselves in considerable financial embarrassments when they get here.

Some years ago a prince of the reigning family of a minor European state arrived in London for a short visit without a penny.

The attache, however, who was commissioned to look after him, brought a pawnbroker to the hotel where the prince was staying, who advanced £1,000 on the prince's jewels, which lasted the prince until he obtained money from his own country, fortunately only a few days later.

One of the most amusing incidents I remember in connection with my experiences as a visiting attache was when I took the then crown prince of Siam to a great society bazaar. The prince evidently did not understand, though I tried to explain to him, that the ladies selling at the bazaar were persons of high rank.

A few minutes after he entered the bazaar several great ladies approached him, asking him to buy some of their wares. One of these was a duchess. "Tell these women to kneel when they address me," he said to me in broken French. The ladies, who understood him, promptly did so, and succeeded in taking about £50 of the prince before they rose. Nothing on earth could, however, convince the crown prince of the high rank of the saleswomen.

GETTING ORDERS.
Business Manager—Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?
New Salesman—I got two orders in one place.
Business Manager—That's the stuff! What were they?
New Salesman—One was to get out and the other was to stay out.—Cornell Widow.

MURDERED BY SON AND WIFE

"Suppression" of the Idle, Drunken Head of the Family Was Decided On.

Paris.—A small commune near Crell has been the scene of a savage crime. A man, an alleged drunkard and idler, it is true, but, nevertheless, father of a family of five children, has been murdered by his son and wife. The man was a workman, and lived with his family at Villiers Saint Paul. His eldest son was nineteen. He had four other children.

Two daughters, still under age, had left their home because of the alleged cruelty and bad conduct of their father. He drank heavily, worked little, and terrorized his wife and children. His wife and eldest son seem to have come to the conclusion between them that it was best to "suppress" him. The son bought a revolver and 25 cartridges. He was prepared to "finish his father off," on the occasion of his first fresh quarrel.

The occasion was not long in coming. The father returned in a bad humor at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the quarrel began, as it had done often before, over some trifle. The father threatened to punch the head of his son, and the latter hereupon drew his weapon and discharged six shots at him. The mother ran out of the house, and the wounded man dragged himself into the bedroom. The son walked out of the house and said to his mother, "He is done for now." That instant the man inside was heard to groan. "He is not dead at all, go and finish him," said the mother.

The son went into the room and found his father trying to get into the bed, and groaning and bleeding from his wounds. He took good aim this time at his father, fired two shots, and killed him. An hour later mother and son made up their minds to go and inform the police. The next morning one of her daughters, aged seventeen, who had left her home, came to see the mother in prison. The mother made no secret of the story. She told in the presence of the gendarmes how it had been agreed some days before between her and her eldest son to kill her husband, who had become a terror to them all.

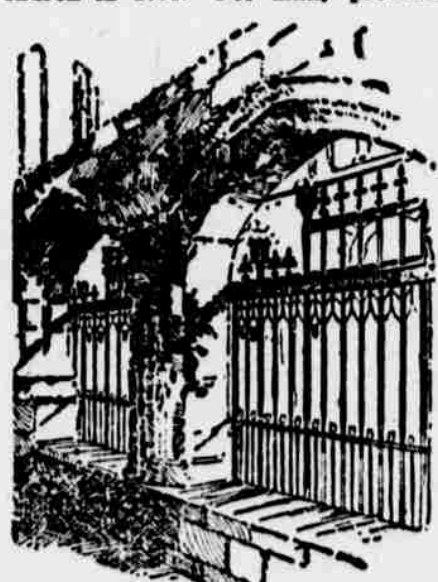
TO RESTORE ANCIENT CHURCH

Work of Restoration of St. Bartholomew the Great in London, Eng., Is Going On.

London.—Fragment by fragment the work of restoration of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, which is the most ancient and famous church in the city of London, is being carried on. The building that now remains of what was once a vast priory, is the monastic choir of the church, built in the first half of the twelfth century.

When Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries in 1539 the greater part of the nave and all the outbuildings were destroyed, and the remainder sold to Sir Richard Rich, in whose family they remained until early in the nineteenth century. A restoration of the fabric, begun in 1863, was resumed in 1885, and has since been continued at intervals.

The north transept, which is shown in the drawing, was restored to the church in 1893. For many previous



Nave of London's Oldest Church.

generations it had been occupied by a blacksmith's forge. The fine arcade was buried some four feet in earth, and the upper portion was entirely hidden by the smithy. The present cloister, consisting of three only of the eight bays of the east alley, was recovered from the stable keepers and restored in 1905.

An appeal is now being made for the sum of £1,500 to enable the authorities to remove encroachments on the south side of the church, and, by transferring to a distance the boiler house, which is now actually within the walls of the chapel, obviate the danger from fire which now exists.

First Woman Jury Trise Case.
East St. Louis, Ill.—The first woman jury in Illinois tried Mrs. Blanche Thomas, charged with disturbing the peace of a neighbor, and found her guilty. She was fined five dollars and costs.

Husband Snored Loudly.
New York.—"My husband snored so loudly that I could not hear the steam-pipes," charged Mrs. Mae M. Corbin in a suit for divorce from her husband Harry W. Corbin, a local merchant.

Tax Receiver Strikes It Rich.
Paris.—Tax Receiver Reissier of French Guiana, who came here to get a coveted job, not only got the job, but won \$100,000 in a lottery one day and \$40,000 the next.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Bilioussness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.** *W.C. Carter*



St. Louis trade boosters recently visited 22 cities in one week.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God almighty made 'em to match the men.—George Elliot.

ECZEMA SPREAD OVER BODY

Roxbury, Ohio.—"When my little boy was two weeks old he began breaking out on his cheeks. The eczema began just with pimples and they seemed to itch so badly he would scratch his face and cause a matter to run. Wherever that matter would touch it would cause another pimple until it spread all over his body. It caused disfigurement while it lasted. He had fifteen places on one arm and his head had several. The deepest places on his cheeks were as large as a silver dollar on each side. He was so restless at night we had to put mittens on him to keep him from scratching them with his finger nails. If he got a little too warm at night it seemed to hurt badly.

"We tried a treatment and he didn't get any better. He had the eczema about three weeks when we began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed him at night with the Cuticura Soap and spread the Cuticura Ointment on and the eczema left." (Signed) Mrs. John White, Mar. 19, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Breaking the Ice.

"Now, Miss Imogene," argues the young man who has been receiving the frigid stares and the monosyllabic replies of the fair young thing who chose to become offended at him at the dinner and continued to accumulate indignation at the opera, "it's perfectly useless for you to attempt to act like an iceberg. Science tells us that only one-eighth of an iceberg is visible, and you—"

Considering the fact that she was wearing an evening gown, he really might have exercised a bit more tact.—Judge.

Many a fellow lays his heart at the feet of a girl who deliberately kicks a goal with it.

Climbing Up.

"Art in America is not respected," said Arthur Stringer, the poet and novelist. "What ice does a poet cut among us compared with a Rockefeller or a Carnegie?" "Poets are rated incredibly low here. As I reclined in a hammock poezizing on a farm lawn last week, a tramp approached and asked the farmer's wife for pie.

"She gave him pie, and, while he ate, they conversed. I heard a snatch of their conversation.

"You say you used to be a poet? said the woman.

"Yes'm," replied the tramp. "That's how I got my start."

Poor Excuse.

"Why did you drop off the water wagon?" "It was so crowded I couldn't get a seat," explained the other man, lamely.

Post Toasties for Lunch

Appetizing and wholesome these hot Summer days.

No cooking — no hot kitchen.

Ready to eat direct from the package — fresh, crisp and dainty.

Serve with cream and sugar — and sometimes fresh berries or fruit.

Post Toasties are thin bits of Indian Corn, toasted to a golden brown.

Acceptable at any meal—

Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers everywhere.