

BILLY THE KID.

The True History of the Boy-Devil's Terrible Exploits.

"He Only Killed Eleven Men That I Know of"—Details of His Own Death.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

LAMY, NEW MEXICO, July 29, 1881.—In your paper of last Monday, which, owing to the floods and wash-outs along the railroad, has just reached here, I see you copy the long and absurd sketch of "Billy the Kid" and his fictitious "castle," furnished the Philadelphia Times by its correspondent at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, in a letter dated July 10. The Times correspondent gives, as the hero of an alleged wonderful adventure in the castle of the famous "Kid," and the authority for his Munchausenian picture of that redoubtable boy-devil, a Mr. Duncan, who is described as having been at one time a member of Gen. Sherman's staff, but when his "adventure" occurred connected with a railroad surveying party, and "now a successful trader at Alamogosa, New Mexico."

The whole story of "the Kid's" gorgeous exploits is the wildest bosh; his "impregnable castle" was a clear case of "a castle in Spain;" and his gold-braided broadcloth, his royally-caparisoned steed, his black buckskin trousers with rows of fringe and silver bells down the legs, and his \$300 hat blazing with gold and jewels were the gauziest fabrics of a whisked brain. But without any of this blazonry of humbug and embroidery of fiction, the history of "Billy the Kid" eclipses all Beadle's dime romances of border ruffianism and crime, and dims by comparison the luster of Missouri's pet heroes and exemplars, the dashing Jameses. He needs no bogus silver spurs stuck on his heels by a Philadelphia scribbler to send him galloping down to a BLOODY AND DARE-DEVILISH IMMORTALITY.

In the annals of this strange, wild territory. The simple story of his hideous career would fill a volume written in letters of fire and blood, and give a better idea of all the inventions and pen-and-ink extravaganzas of a thousand correspondents of the danderaidism that has for years cursed New Mexico and retarded the development of the richest mining region on the continent. "The Kid" was the incarnation of New Mexican civilization, as it has been in the ruffianly days not yet gone by—the civilization of the pistol and knife, of rifles with the number of their victims notched on their stocks, of savage Apache raids and massacres, of ruthless vendettas and assassinations, and murderous wars between would be cattle kings and boss land-grant swindlers—a civilization of which

THIS SIGNIFICANT OUTCROPPING appears in the Las Vegas Daily Gazette of day before yesterday morning:



"NOTICE!

"TO THUGS, THIEVES, CUT-THROATS, MURDERERS!

"You are notified that your presence will not be tolerated in the vicinity of Las Vegas after 10 o'clock p. m. Wednesday, 27th. This notice is intended to include the 'KIDS,' and all other persons not engaged in earning a livelihood in a legitimate way."

"COMMITTEE OF SAFETY.

"July 24th, 1881." Such a "civilization" should be spelled devolution, and "Billy the Kid" was its prophet, its legitimate result, its perfect exemplification. From interviews with many men who knew him, including Mr. Taylor, whom I have already mentioned, Marion Turner, who led in one of the most notable campaigns against him, and Pat Garrett who killed him, I am able to give you

A FEW FACTS

in regard to him and to correct several errors which are being published far and wide.

The papers speak of him as Billy Conley, Billy Coyle, Billy Donovan and Billy Bonny, and as many regions clamor for the honor of his birth as for that of Homer. The New York Sun sets him down as a New York beer saloon brawler of five years ago. Springfield, Illinois; Sherman, Texas; Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and several other places are credited with his nativity.

HIS REAL NAME

was Billy McCarthy, and he was born in New York. When he was about 15 years old he was jailed in Silver City, Grant County, New Mexico, and he was raised in that place. After the death of his father his mother married a man named Antin, who is now living in Georgetown, New Mexico, and a brother of Billy is a miner in that region. When he was about 15 years old he was jailed in Silver City for robbing a store. Being very pious for his age, some ladies took pity on him and helped him to escape, which he did by crawling up through the chimney of the jail. His feminine sympathizers then furnished him clothes and money and he skipped over into Arizona. Here, when he was 16 or 17 years old he

KILLED HIS FIRST MAN

in the most deliberate, cold-blooded style. Pursuit was hot, and he fled back to New Mexico, and took refuge among the cow-boys of Lincoln county, just about the time that the "Lincoln county war" broke out.

That war, according to Marion Turner, who was a conspicuous figure in it, originated in the determination of "Old John Chisum" and his partner, Alex. McSwain, to establish a monopoly in the stock-grazing business and make themselves what they claimed to be, "the cattle kings of the Pecos valley." They drove in 80,000 head of cattle. The herds of the smaller ranchers were swept away with the rolling avalanche of herds and horns. The losers attempted to

reclaim their animals. Collisions between the herders were of constant occurrence. The firm of Murphy, Dolan & Co., headed the ranchmen and herders opposed to Chisum and McSwain. Both sides enlisted all the strength and influence they could. Chisum and McSwain hired "Billy, the kid," and his reckless dare-devilism, his deadly marksmanship, his skill as a horseman, and

HIS DELIGHT IN MURDER

at once made him the leader of his faction. Early in 1879 Chisum had "the Kid" appointed deputy constable, and armed with a warrant for the arrest, on some trivial charge, of William Morton and Frank Barker, herdsmen in the employ of Tom Catron, formerly of Lafayette county, Mo., and the partner of Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, also a Missouri boy, but long the New Mexican delegate to congress, and now one of the "solid men" of New York. After arresting Morton and Barker the Kid declared his determination to kill them. A man named McCluskey, who had accompanied him and assisted in making the arrest, interfered to prevent the murder. The Kid promptly shot him dead in his tracks and then

KILLED TWO PRISONERS

near Chisum's ranch. Sheriff Brady and Deputy Sheriff George Hindman, of Lincoln county, went out to arrest him for this triple murder. The Kid lay in wait, and firing upon them from behind, he killed them both. He now gathered around him a band of outlaws and desperadoes and defied county, territory and United States authorities. In June, 1879, Marion Turner, deputy sheriff of Lincoln county, had a warrant placed in his hands for the arrest of the Kid for the murder of Morton, Barker, McCluskey, Brooy and Hindman. Turner organized a posse of thirty-five men, principally ranchmen and cow-boys of the anti-Chisum faction, and started on

HIS DESPERATE ERRAND.

On the 17th of June he came upon the Kid with sixty-three men, and instantly began a running fight which lasted three days. Lieut. Col. Dudley, of the 9th Cavalry, (Gen. Hatch's famous colored regiment), learning that re-enforcements were being sent to the Kid, took two companies of his regiment and went to Turner's assistance. The Kid and his gang took shelter in McSwain's house, in the town of Lincoln, the most elegantly furnished dwelling in the Territory; and it is said that during the fight Mrs. McSwain encouraged her wild garrison by playing inspiring airs on her piano and singing rousing battle songs, until the besieging posse, getting the range of the piano from the sound, shot it to pieces with their heavy buffalo rifles. On the third day of the skirmish Turner had the house fired by throwing bucketfuls of blazing coal oil into it and over it, and about dusk the desperadoes made a rush to escape to their horses. A desperate hand to hand fight ensued, in which twelve of the Kid's men and two of Turner's posse were killed, McSwain himself being among the slain. In the break from the burning house, the Kid's partner, Tom O'Fallaher, a young boy from San Antonio, Texas, noticed one of his friends fall near his side.

AMID A PERFECT

STORM OF BALLS AND BUCKSHOT, he coolly stopped, picked up his comrade, and started to carry him off in his arms; but, finding he was dead, threw down the body, and, pistol in his hand, fought his way out. Tom was killed by Deputy Sheriff Pat Garrett's posse, shortly before the capture of the Kid, last winter.

The Kid escaped fire, bullets and Turner's posse at the McSwain house fight, and immediately reorganized his gang. About this time Astell was removed from the governorship of the territory and Lew Wallace was appointed in his place. Chisum went up to Santa Fe, and by some means, won the new governor over to the side of the Kid. George Taylor, Turner's partner, talking to me last night about the affair, said: "Wallace was a d-d romantic old fool, and easily led himself to sympathize with the Kid, often speaking of him as 'that brave boy,' or 'that wild young knight errant.' He lost sight of his crimes in the romance of his devilishness."

Under the influence of this foolish sentiment, which was better suited to a

ONE-HORSE NOVELIST

than the Chief Executive of a turbulent Territory, Gov. Wallace issued a general proclamation of pardon to all the parties, including army officers, who had been engaged in the Lincoln County outbreak, commanding them to lay down their arms, go home, and keep the peace. The "army-officer" allusion of this remarkable pronouncement was aimed at Lieut. Col. Dudley, of the 9th Cavalry, and, very naturally, exasperated that gentleman by placing him, in gubernatorial grace and estimation, exactly upon a level with cow-boys, outlaws and Kids.

His novelistic Excellency's bugle had scarcely rung true when the widow of McSwain resolved to prosecute

THE SLAYERS OF HER HUSBAND

and destroyers of her home. She employed a lawyer named Chapman, of Las Vegas, who went down into Lincoln County and promptly began to stir up all the old strife, but was soon murdered by a man named Campbell and others of the opposite faction. When Governor Wallace heard of the death of Chapman he arose in all the might and majesty of a little wooden territorial official with a tin car and went down into Lincoln County, outlawed Turner and his posse and all other officers of the law who had been fighting Chisum and McSwain and the Kid and his gang, had Turner and ten or twelve of his posse put in irons, and had Col. Dudley arrested and relieved of his command.

Twenty-one indictments were found against Turner for murder, arson and cattle stealing. He and his associates

LAY IN IRONS

forty days and nights and were then brought before the court for trial, the Kid appearing as the principal witness against them. They were all acquitted but Turner has been harassed from that day to this. "By G-d," said he to me last night, "they have had me indicted in every court since, and it has cost me \$6,000 to stand them off,

beside all the annoyance and loss of time."

On the morning of the 27th of September, 1879, Turner was married, at a hotel, in the town of Lincoln, to a young girl named Hattie Phillips, who had a cousin married to Surgeon Appel of the 9th Cavalry. The same evening Appel, with two companies of negro troops, surrounded the hotel and

SIZED THE BRIDE

and carried her off, claiming that she was only sixteen years old and a minor. She was afterwards sent to Monroe, Michigan, and placed in a female seminary, where she still is. She has an uncle living there, Frederick C. Godfrey, who was formerly Indian Agent at the Mesquero Agency in Lincoln county, and who took an active part in spiriting her away. Her mind has since been so influenced against Turner that she recently applied for a divorce, on the ground that the marriage was illegal on account of her minority. It was not so under the laws of the territory, but Turner admitted it in order to free her, and the divorce was granted last month.

After the acquittal of Turner and his men at the trial in Lincoln, the Kid, on the advice of his friends, decided to leave the country, but

SWORE HE WOULD KILL COL. DUDLEY

before he went. A court martial, or court of investigation as to Dudley's part in the fight of June, 1879, was going on at Fort Stanton, in Lincoln county, Judge Ira E. Leonard, formerly of Missouri, but now of New Mexico, had been employed by Mrs. McSwain to prosecute the charges against Col. Dudley of being accessory to the murder of her husband and the burning of her house. Judge Leonard, at that time a resident of Las Vegas, was accompanied to Fort Stanton by John McPherson, chief of police of Las Vegas, who had been warned by the gamblers and thugs of that place to leave on pain of death. McPherson had been with Quantrell during the war, and was himself a desperado. Returning to Las Vegas some time afterward, the roughs carried out their threat, and killed him. As he and Leonard were sitting in their room at Fort Stanton one night, shortly after their arrival, they heard a tap on the window. Upon opening the shutter the Kid stepped into the room and announced that he had come to end the trial of Dudley by killing him. With much difficulty they succeeded in disarming him from attempting to

EXECUTE HIS BLOODY PURSUE.

He then mounted his horse and struck out for the Staked Plains, where he embarked in the business of cattle stealing at wholesale, making his headquarters at Fort Sumner, and finding purchasers for his stolen herds among men whose names are by no means obscure in territorial history and affairs.

Having a difficulty with his old employer, Chisum, in regard to wages due him for various services, he swore vengeance against him and his, and from that time on Chisum's herds and herders suffered. How many men he killed, how many cattle he stole, how many deeds of daring devilry and cruelty he perpetrated will probably never be known until the record books of damnation are opened, and cowboys and congressmen, law makers and law breakers, presidents, pirates, governors and thugs are summoned to judgment.

During the early part of the present year Deputy Sheriff Pat Garrett, of Lincoln county, captured the Kid and took him to Mesilla, where he was tried and

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED

in the town of Lincoln. He was taken to Lincoln in ironed and under a strong guard. Soon after reaching the town he managed to knock Deputy Sheriff Bell in the head with his handcuffs, and before he could recover from the stunning effects of the blow the Kid seized his pistol and shot him dead. Deputy United States Marshal Robert Olinger, who had been one of the Turner party in 1879, hearing the shot, came running, gun in hand, to Bell's assistance. The Kid, armed with Bell's shotgun and pistol, saw Olinger coming, and coolly hailed him with, "Hello, Bob!" Olinger paused a second, and it cost him his life; the Kid poured a charge of buckshot into his heart, killing him instantly.

TWO MURDERS IN HALF A MINUTE.

The young monster then stepped out on the portico of the old house where he had been guarding the whole town. He made one man knock him down, and covering another with his death dealing shotgun, ordered him to saddle a horse that was standing in the street, walked out, mounted and galloped out of town in the presence of the whole population.

But such a career must have an end and "Billy the Kid" was rapidly nearing the inevitable close of his blood-stained career. He had heretofore carried death with him, but

DEATH WAS NOW CLOSE AFTER HIM.

Deputy Sheriff Pat Garrett, with two companions, started on his trail, swearing to capture or kill him or die trying. In some way known only to himself Garrett learned that the Kid would probably visit the houses of Pete Maxwell, at Fort Sumner, in Lincoln county, some time during the night of Thursday, July 14. Shortly before midnight Garrett went to Maxwell's, and had just started himself in the dark on the side of Maxwell's bed when the door opened, and

IN WALKED THE KID.

Instantly detecting, in spite of the darkness, that there was somebody in the room with Maxwell, he leveled his pistol, exclaiming, "Quien es? Quien es?" (Who are you? Who's there?) But the delay of asking was fatal. Before the words were off his lips Pat Garrett's bullet was through his heart, and "Billy the Kid," the terror of New Mexico, lay a gasping, quivering corpse, while his life-blood dyed the dirt floor of Pete Maxwell's dark adobe hut. Eleven gory ghosts stood waiting to escort him to eternal shades.

IN PERSONAL APPEARANCE

the Kid was anything but a desperado or a monster. He was very small and slender, being about 5 feet 2 inches tall, and weighing scarcely 120 pounds. He had a plain but pleasant face, with thin, sharp features, blue eyes and light hair. He was calculated to make friends and, strange as it may

seem, left many who sincerely mourned his death. One of the best known of the territory, who, though identified with the opposite faction, knew him well, said to me this morning: "Do you know I couldn't help feeling sorry when I heard that boy was killed." He was a splendid horseman and a dead shot, and at the time of his death was only about 22 years old.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR IN NEW MEXICO

now, the king lion of the territorial menagerie, is

PATRY GARRETT.

His name is in everybody's mouth. The papers are full of his exploits and his praises. The very children in the streets stop and honor him with a curious and admiring stare as he passes. I met him yesterday in Santa Fe, and a middle-aged, gentler-spoken fellow I never saw. He is about 27 years old, 6 feet 5 inches tall, and of almost willowy slenderness, with the slight tendency to a stoop in his position that is natural to one of his build. His complexion, naturally fair, is sun-tanned to a ruddy brown. His eyes are greyish brown and keen as an eagle's, and his hair and slight mustache are of a light brown that scarcely deepens the golden. His voice is as

SOFT AS A WOMAN'S.

and he rarely uses it to talk of himself. He spoke very kindly of the Kid, and having occasion, in reply to a question, to allude to the exploit which has made him famous, simply remarked: "He was taken the night of the 14th of this month." I asked him if the Kid had really killed as many men as the papers report, from nineteen to twenty, and he answered, in a low, unassuming, "he only killed eleven that I know of." I thought one for every two years of his life was nearly enough.

Some hitch having occurred in regard to the reward Garrett expected to get from the territorial authorities, the people of all the cities and towns in the territory have gone to work to raise a subscription for him, and Las Vegas alone has already made up a purse of nearly \$1,200 in gold. If other places do so much in proportion, the fund will amount to a good many thousands.

A Baptist Minister's Experience.

I am a Baptist minister, and before I ever thought of being a clergyman, I graduated in medicine, but left a lucrative practice for my present position, ten years ago. I was for many years a sufferer from quinsy; "Thomas Electric Oil" cured me. I was also troubled with hoarseness, and "Thomas' Electric Oil" always relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria, and "Thomas' Electric Oil" cured them, and if taken in time it cures seven times out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cold or cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with the Oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the Oil out of the nostril, into the head by sniffing as hard as they can, until the Oil falls over into the throat, and practice that twice a week, I don't care how long the cold or cough lasts, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For deafness and earache it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine I ever used, and I can say that I have never felt like recommending, and I am very anxious to see it in every place. For I tell you that I would not be without it in my house for any consideration. I am not suffering from any of the ailments mentioned in my right limb, and nothing relieves me like "Thomas' Electric Oil."

DR. E. F. CRANE, Torry, Pa.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c per box (3)

Advertisement for Tarrant's Seltzer Apertent, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for the Chicago & North-Western Railway, highlighting its routes and services.

Advertisement for the Great Rock Island Route, detailing travel options and schedules.

Advertisement for the Chicago Rock Island & Pacific Railway, providing information on routes and fares.

Advertisement for HOP BITTERS, describing its health benefits and availability.

Advertisement for BOGGS & HILL, REAL ESTATE BROKERS, located at 1508 Farham Street.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

Advertisement for WARNER'S SAFE TONIC BITTERS, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its medicinal properties.

Mothers, Wives, Daughters, Sons, Fathers, Ministers, Teachers, Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics, ALL should be warned against using and introducing into their HOMES Nostrums and Alcoholic Remedies. Have no such prejudice against, or fear of "Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters." They are what they are claimed to be—harmless as milk, and contain only medicinal virtues. Extract of pure vegetables only. They do not belong to that class known as "Cure-Alls," but only profess to reach cases where the disease originates in debilitated frames and impure blood. A perfect Spring and Summer medicine.

Pleasant to the taste, invigorating to the body. The most eminent physicians recommend them for their curative properties. "Once used always preferred."

TRY THEM.

For the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs, use nothing but "WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE." It stands unrivalled. Thousands owe their health and happiness to it. Price, \$1.25 per bottle. We offer "Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters" with equal confidence.

H. H. WARNER, Rochester, N. Y.

Advertisement for CHICAGO BURLINGTON AND QUINCY RAILROAD, featuring a train illustration and text about its routes.

Advertisement for OMAHA & CHICAGO, highlighting direct connections and routes.

Advertisement for THE SHORT LINE, PEORIA, featuring routes to Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and other cities.

Advertisement for NEW LINE FOR DES MOINES, THE FAVORITE ROUTE FOR ROCK ISLAND.

Advertisement for the Great Rock Island Route, detailing travel options and schedules.

Advertisement for HOP BITTERS, describing its health benefits and availability.

Advertisement for HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL, featuring a bottle illustration and text.

Advertisement for CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY, featuring a map and text about its routes and services.

Advertisement for PULLMAN HOTEL DINING CARS, highlighting the quality and service of the dining cars.

Advertisement for INVITATION TO ALL WHO HAVE WATCHES AND CLOCKS TO BE REPAIRED, ENGRAVING, and JEWELRY TO BE MANUFACTURED.

Advertisement for STATE FAIR, highlighting the quality of goods and the participation of various manufacturers.

Advertisement for Chas. Shiverick, The Reliable Jeweler, Omaha, Neb., featuring a list of services and contact information.

Advertisement for Chas. Shiverick, 1208 and 1210 Farn. St., highlighting the quality and variety of goods.

Advertisement for THE GREAT WESTERN CLOTHING HOUSE, featuring a list of clothing items and services.

Advertisement for M. HELLMAN & CO., Spring Suits! All Styles! IMMENSE STOCK AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Advertisement for The Largest Clothing House West of Chicago, featuring a list of clothing items and services.