NEMESIS ON THE "BAD MAN"

Story of Pat Garrett, Famous Law Officer of the Southwest.

HOW ONE TERROR WAS RUN DOWN

Brief Strenuous Life of "Billy the Kid"—Sawed-Off Gun in Action—Named for a Federal Office.

In a long list of nominations sent from the White House to the senate recently appears the name of Patrick J. Garrett of Las Cruces, N. M., for collector of customs at El Paso. To the average reader there is little in the name to distinguish it from scores of others, but the man who bears it has a record for distinguished service and unsurpassed daring, rivaling the best of border fiction. As a law officer Pat Garrett is a true example of the strenuous life in the southwest, and his nomination must have been peculiarly gratifying to President Roosevelt.

The southwest has been a prolific field for "bad" men, and fairly profitable also, but their calling was not conducive to longevity. Pat Garrett was their avenging angel, relentless in pursuit, swift as lightning with a gun, unerring in aim, as modest as he is courageous, and under his generalship as United States deputy and sheriff of various counties for twenty years past the crop of border bad men grew beautifully less, and finally disappeared. These who elected to remain and continue business were soon "planted" without ceremony.

Story of "Billy the Kid."

Mr. Garrett's first great triumph as promoter of law and order happened twenty years ago when he rid the country of "Billy the Kid." The exploits of this notorious desperado are often confounded with those of the "Apache Kid." They belong in the same class, but the former was a New Yorker born and the latter an Indian graduate graduate of Carlisle. The right name of "Billy the Kid" was William Bonney. He was 11 years of age when the family settled in Santa Fe, in 1870. Later the family moved to Silver City, N. M., a mining camp of 1,000 people. It was an ideal settlement for the hustler and the desperado, and young Bonney grew up in an atmosphere of pistol smoke and poker. He soon imbibed the nervous necessity for killing somebody; he must fix his social status. His surroundings taught him that in no other way could he be regarded as a southwestern success. The sooner he got a notch on the handle of his pistol the sooner he would be regarded as in full southwestern fellowship. At the age of 14 he killed his man. When he reached 21 and a hole on the hillside he had at least twenty killings to his credit.

At the time of his later depredations, when his career as a salaried cowboy had been ended by his numerous escapades and deliberate murders committed as an outcome of the feud between rival cattle owners, Pat Garrett was living upon a ranch near Roswell, on the Pecos river. Billy and his followers were stealing horses and cattle and selling them to people who did not make close inquiry as to how he came in possession of the stock and spending his money lavishly in saloons in the settlements, where no officer of the law dared disturb him. When some official, full of zeal and taunted by his associates, did organize a strong posse and start an expedition to "round up" the Kid he had innumerable friends who always gave him timely warning and who assisted him to escape until the pursuit was abandoned. No one cared to have the ill will of the outlaw and many cultivated his friendship as a matter of policy. Garrett held a commission as deputy United States marshal, but he never held an official position in the county where he lived. He had taken no part in any of the expeditions against the Kid and had preferred what peace he could obtain in a region where cowboys were stealing stock for their employers from rival cattle companies and where two factions were committing murder, arson and robbery all the time.

Shoving the Queer.

A detective in the employ of the treasury department came to Garrett at Roswell with information that large sums of counterfeit money were being circulated in Lincoln county, the money being used to purchase cattle in Mexico of the ignorant Mexicans, or being passed wherever an opportunity offered. At the suggestion of Garrett a man was selected to join the supposed gang of counterfeiters. The man selected was Barney Mason, who had just been asked by the counterfeiters to join them in their endeavor to dispose of $30,000 in the fraudulent currency. Mason was surprised when he arrived in Roswell to find that Garrett had already become aware of the presence of counterfeit money in the county, and after telling his story of his interview with the schemers Mason was employed to act the detective. He set out for White Oaks to join the counterfeiters and met his men in a livery stable, where he also found the Kid with two other outlaws hiding from justice for various offenses.

Mason was well known to the three outlaws, for he had always been on friendly terms with them. They accosted him cordially, the Kid asking what business had brought him over to White Oaks. Mason's reply intimated that he was intending to "take in" a herd of horses supposed to be near that place. The kid was suspicious and, taking the other man aside, he advised the immediate killing of Mason before they made another move. But the others wanted no more trouble than was necessary and they refused to permit the Kid to satisfy his thirst for blood by making Mason one more victim. Meanwhile Mason was not idle. He gave prompt information to the White Oaks officials of the secret presence of the Kid and his band in the livery stable. That night the Kid slipped away and when a large posse of citizens surrounded the stable they were met by the astonished proprietors, who were willing enough to permit a search, declaring that the Kid had not been seen by them for a long time. Two weeks later he was captured by Garrett and a band of cowboys. His trial took place in Lincoln county, N. M., resulting in conviction and sentenced to be hanged.

Planning Escape.

Garrett put the Kid in the charge of two two deputies by the names of Ollinger and Bell. These men, if reputation has an honest tongue, should have both been hanged before Billy the Kid was born. However, in the vicissitudes and the tendency to get things wrong end up, which even now prevail in southwestern quarters, they were officers of the law.

They had the Kid penned up in a little 'dobe jail. To watch him days more at their comfort they used to keep him upstairs—the 'dobe building having two stories. A 'dobe jail is after all no great obstruction to an industrious prisoner. He will cut through the dry side of it very readily. The Kid had broken out a 'dobe construction, which was the Las Vegas bastile, and had walked off. To prevent anything of the sort after he was sentenced to be hanged and had become a prisoner of considerable magnitude, either Ollinger or Bell or both were with him all the time.

Matters ran on for several days. Garrett himself was away. It was about noon. Ollinger was cleaning a ten-gauge breech-loading shotgun. Bell sat there on a stool talking to him. The Kid was listening, but doing nothing. As Ollinger got through his gun cleaning he put a couple of cartridges into the piece, with the remark:

"There's just twenty-one buckshot in each cartridge."

"What are you loading that gun for?" inquired the Kid, with suspicious scorn.

"I'm loading it for you," said Ollinger, with a rather savage glare. This excited Bonney's wrath.

"You may get it yourself," he retorted, and then poured forth a current of southwestern vituperation which almost carried Ollinger off his feet.

Shooting Begins.

Ollinger put the shotgun in a sort of locker which was fastened to the wall, and which contained an assortment of shotguns, Winchesters and Sharp's rifles for use when the arm of justice should stand in need. He locked it up and told Bell he would go to dinner and then come back and relieve him. Bell still sat on a stool reading a paper. The Kid, whose fury at the shotgun incident seemed unusual, hastily made up his mind to bring matters to a focus. He was rather to the rear of Bell, whose six-shooter hung carelessly on his hip. The Kid made up his mind to acquire it. That would be a good beginning, and he hoped for much. He cautiously slipped off his left handcuff, slid off his chair and started toward Bell. Bell heard his leg locks rattle and realized his danger as if a rattlesnake had spoken. He never looked back, but made a jump like an antelope toward the stairs. The Kid was even quicker. He rushed upon Bell and succeeded in grasping his six-shooter and, taking it from the scabbard, and as Bell fled down the stairs he shot him twice, and Bell curled up on the landing at the bottom very successfully killed.

Of course the town heard the shooting, and naturally Ollinger started for the scene on a run. The citizens generally stood hands off. The Kid had many friends who, while not saying much and taking no apparent side, would still readily have resented any attempt to interfere with him on the part of anybody not an accredited officer of the law. It was the sheriff's business to take "Billy the Kid." That his friends all conceded.

The Kid had killed Bell and he knew that Ollinger was on the run for the scene of action and he made up his mind to kill him with that villain of a shotgun which had been loaded only a few minutes before, as Ollinger said, for him. He tore open the locker, got the gun just in time to appear at a side window and observe Ollinger drawing toward the door to come in. The Kid hailed him:

"Say, Ollinger!"

The deputy sheriff looked up and without a word the Kid gave him both barrels plumb in the face and breast. Ollinger fell dead, and then the Kid's rage broke out again like a volcano. With a tremendous effort he broke the gun in two across his knee and from the window hurled stock and barrels at Ollinger.

"I'll teach this son of a thief," said the Kid, "to load shotguns for me."

Cheered Out of Town.

He then picked up a Winchester, worked it once to make sure that it was loaded, belted on some fifty cartridges, took his pistol and appeared in the front porch of the building, and being on the second story, it gave him a proud outlook over the street. Probably 200 people were there. Some, no doubt, were anxious to recapture the Kid. Others were not. No one cared to mingle with him, armed as he was and in his mood of blood. Without wasting much time, the Kid suddenly presented his Winchester at the clerk of the court, whom he sighted in the throng. He ordered him to stand still or be shot. He then gave the citizens a mandate to send a blacksmith up to file his irons off. If it were not done at once he would shoot the clerk. The blacksmith appeared and the irons were filed off. When free the Kid signalized it by dancing a small jig. He then demanded that his pony be brought out and saddled. This was done.

As has been stated several times, there were plenty of men in the crowd who were more than willing to assist in the Kid's escape, so that his demands for a blacksmith and for his pony were probably more quickly complied with than otherwise would have been the case. He came down mounted. In the foolish bravado of his nature he began spurring the horse about and exciting him in various cowboy fashions, and the restless beast, which hadn't found any employment lately, bucked Bonney off. He at once got up and hunted the clerk with his Winchester, for it seems this foolhardy official was still standing around, and insisted that he would either have his pony caught for him or send the aforesaid clerk on the long trail. The pony was caught, and this time the Kid rode away. As he got to a point in the trail where a point of rocks was going to hide him from further sight he turned, waved his sombrero and yelled:

"Three cheers for 'Billy the Kid.'"

He then gave three cheers himself with great gusto, nobody joining.

When Garrett got back he at once set about the Kid's capture. There was several thousand dollars reward on the man, dead or alive, and another thing, Garrett's pride was involved as sheriff of Lincoln county. He could not afford to stand Billy's escape.

Tracked to His Lair.

The Kid had a love affair of rather a loose and irregular sort, but strong enough to lead him straight to the object of his affections. There was a fellow in New Mexico by the name of Pete Maxwell. This Maxwell was half rancher and half thief. Bonney's inamorata was the half-breed daughter of Maxwell by a Mexican wife and it was for Pete Maxwell's ranch the Kid started when he found himself free. Somehow Garrett knew which way the Kid was pointing.

Garrett had seven or eight people with him. They went straight to Maxwell's ranch, which was a dirty little 'dobe affair in the Lincoln county hills. It was nightfall when they got there—a moonlight night. They were two or three days behind the Kid. Garrett hid his men in a dark arroya about forty or fifty rods from Maxwell's house. He was going up to the ranch house alone.

"If I'm not back in half an hour," said Garrett, "come up. If you hear shooting, come and come a-running."

He then went up to Maxwell's house, making the trip on foot so as not to attract attention. It was dark, except for the moonlight. He rapped at the door, which was opened, and Maxwell feebly invited him to come in. Maxwell was sick and lying on his blankets in a corner. No one else happened to be in sight, so Garrett's coming was not known at the time except to Maxwell. Of course Maxwell knew Garrett and Maxwell feared Garrett. His own criminal acts were well enough known to Garrett to authorize Maxwell's arrest at any time. Maxwell knew this and was disposed to sing very low and very respectfully when he realized the identity of his visitor.

"Where's Bonney?" asked Garrett in a low tone.

"I don't know," said Maxwell. "He's been here, but he don't stop at the ranch house. He comes up for grub, but where he's hiding I don't know.

Garrett continued to talk to Maxwell and in order to be safer laid down with him on the blankets. The room was dark as pitch, while the moonlight lit up the scene outside, as one might observe through the open door.

"The Kid's liable to be here any minute," said Maxwell, "although I don't know for sure whether he'll come at all."

As Garrett and Maxwell continued to talk in whispers a step was heard outside.

"That's the Kid," said Maxwell, and Garrett of course felt sure it was. The Kid came to the door. He didn't make much noise, for he was barefooted. He seemed to snuff danger in the air like a mouse. He stepped suspiciously in the door and, speaking in Spanish, said:

"Quien esta, quien esta?" (Who's there, who's there)?

The Crisis.

Garrett was as brave a man as ever belted on a gun, but he also keenly realized the desperate character of the Kid and his lightning-like quickness with a pistol. These pistol people, by the way, will handle their weapons with the same sinister skill with which Herrmann did his tricks. It is their only trick, perhaps, but they are absolutely faultless in it. Garrett didn't propose to take any "Billy the Kid" chances. As he said afterward, he had had trouble enough with him. As the Kid approached Garrett got ready for action. He didn't use an ordinary Colt's pistol. His weapon was a ten-gauge shotgun cut to eight inches as to the barrels, while the stock had disappeared so as to only leave what is known as the pistol grip. With this blundering but comprehensive weapon, both barrels cocked, he waited for the Kid's appearance. As the Kid stood in the door proffering his Spanish inquiry Garrett shot him without a word. 'Twas just as well that way and certainly much the surer method. Garrett's men came up. The Kid was dragged out into the moonlight and after a brief powwow was buried. Garrett came in, received his several thousands reward, had a big supper at Albuquerque and was ever afterward known as the man who killed "Billy the Kid."

Thus ended the career of "Billy the Kid," who had intimidated the entire country for several hundred miles around. Garrett's fame increased throughout the whole country and many bad citizens decided to emigrate without delay. After the troubles had died away and criminals had been tried and sentenced either to death or to long terms in the penitentiary, Garrett, who served for a time as sheriff of Lincoln county, retired to quiet life once more and pursued his calling as a cattle grower.

FORTY TEAMS IN THE RACE

Contestants in Madison Square Six-Days' Walk Represent Many Nations.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—Forty-two teams, made up of men of almost every nationality, started in the six-day go-as-you-please team race in Madison Square garden at five minutes after 12 o'clock this morning. The rules that governed the recent six-day bicycle race are in force in this race. No man is allowed to remain on the track more than twelve out of twenty-four hours. The winners of places will receive $5,000, which is to be awarded in ten prizes. Among the new men are Jay Eaton, Andy Cuneo, the Italian prize fighter; Jack Kerns, also a pugilist; the Hurst brothers, crack sprinters and middle-distance men; John Lawson, the bicyclist, now a boxing instructor.

The race will be a continuous one of 142 hours. The finish will be at 10:30, p. m. February 15. The prizes will go as follows: First, $1,500; second, $1,000; third, $750; fourth, $500; fifth, $350; sixth, $250; seventh, $200; eighth, $175; ninth, $150; tenth, $125. The starters were:

English Team—Len Hurt and Joe Hurst, Edmonton, London, England.

Irish-German—Peter Hegelman, New York; Pat Cavanaugh, Ireland.

German-English—John Glick, Philadelphia; Tom Hayworth, London.

Scotch-English—George Noremac and George Cortwright.

American—Peter Golman, New York; George Tracy, Kinderhook, N. Y.

Pennsylvania—Martin Fahey and George Metus, Shenandoah, Pa.

American—James Clark and George Jenkins, New York.

Indian—William Davis and Dennies J. Carroll, Hamilton, Canada.

American Negro—James Dean and E. M. Campbell, Hudson, N. Y.

Brooklyn—James Graham and Bob Jones, Brooklyn.

Cuban—Henry Sheldon and Gus Guerrero.

Grand Army of the Republic—Sammy Day, Philadelphia; Gilbert Barnes, Pittsburg.

Cooperstown—Connie Coughlin and George McLellan.

Bayonne, N. J.—James Frazer and Jerry Sullivan.

French-English—Leon Brissack, Havre; James R. English, Cornwall.

Elizabeth—Jay Eaton and Gus Nowka.

Portland, Me.—Matthew Jolly and John Allen.

Nutmeg—William Hart, Bridgeport, Conn.; Carl Goldsmith, Ansonia.

Harlem—Jack Kearns and Jack Kiernan.

Allegheny, Pa.—Lou Taylor and Charles A. Trainer.

Seaside Physiculture—Lawrence Heer and George Peer, Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

Williamsburg—William Ray, Brooklyn; Tom Finnerty, Ireland.

Rockaway—Albert Desmond and Herbert Jones.

Australian—Matthew Diehl and August T. Horst.

Jersey City—James Fallon and George Harrington.

Italian—Andy Cuneo and J. S. Morando.

W. A. C.—James Fenney and William Fenney, father and son, Brooklyn.

German—William Peters and Henry Prennis.

German—Frank Keller and Eugene Gropp.

Harvard—Sam Meyers and Patrick Dinnen, Cambridge, Mass.

Twenty-first Ward—Edward Gordan and Mike Lyons, New York.

Hudson County—Joseph P. O. Driscoll and Edward Griffin.

Irish—John Hughes and William Hughes, father and son.

Newark—Frank McCarthy and Steve Fallon.

Hubers—E. G. Grahn and Tony Somers.

Bath Beach—Edward Touhey and John Lawson, the "Terrible Swede."

"Fair" Team—John Hyde and Andy Paterson.

Scotch—Edward Kingston and William Smilie, Brooklyn.

Trenton—Patrick Abbott and John McTague.

Dobbs' Ferry—John Irwin and John Cooke.

German—Emil Kreitzner and George Breck.

THORPE ON WAY TO FRANCE

Little Nebraska Jockey Goes Abroad to Ride for Count De Harcourt.

Charles A. Thorpe of Geneva, the little Nebraska jockey, who has won world-wide renown, is in Omaha on his way from his home to France, where he will ride this year for one of the leading stables of that country. Mr. Thorpe said:

"I have enjoyed my visit here in Omaha this time as I never did before. The Kansas City-Omaha shoot and free-for-all handicap of Friday was the finest show of its kind I have seen in a long time. All through the Saturday contest I was at the grounds. Was it cold? Well, I nearly froze to death, but I couldn't pull myself away.

"No, I don't shoot very much myself, although I enjoy it very much. I would give a million dollars, if I had it, if I could shoot like Parmelee, but I'm too small. Every time I shoot it nearly knocks me flat. I hope to be in Omaha next fall, when the shooting commences again.

"I enjoyed the Burns-Turk wrestling match very much and had a very good opportunity to see it. I consider Farmer Burns to be the most wonderfully built man of his weight and age in the United States, and there are few, if any, his equal in the world.

"I leave Omaha today for Whiting, Ia., where I will spend three days with friends. Then I go on to Chicago for one day. I leave New York City on the Kaiser Wilhelm February 18 and arrive in France on the 25th. I am riding this year for Count De Harcourt throughout France, but my residence will be in Paris. I expect to return to Nebraska next November."

Mr. Thorpe's wife and sister accompany him to France.

DES MOINES SPORTS GLOOMY

No Apparent Hope of the City's Staying in the Western League Circuit.

DES MOINES, Feb. 9.—(Special.)—Frank Flynn, who controls the local base ball franchise, said yesterday that everything seemed to indicate that Des Moines was out of the race for a place in the Western league—the first announcement that has been made one way or another by the owners of the local franchise. This statement was made by Mr. Flynn when discussing the attitude of President Whitfield, and the fact that he had not visited Des Moines during the past week, as he said he would do. The local situation was regarded as gloomy, with no possibility of a change for the better.

"FATHER" CHADWICK ON RULES

He Favors Equalizing the Number of Strikes and Called Balls.

BUFFALO, Feb. 9.—Henry Chadwick, "the father of base ball," who is a member of A. G. Spalding's committee to revise the national rules, arrived here today. Tomorrow a meeting will be held to discuss changes in the rules for the coming year.

Discussing the amendments to 1902 rules, Mr. Chadwick said he would propose one to provide that called strikes and called balls should be made equal, either three and three or four and four, the latter preferred. He will also favor a rule suspending players for "kicking" and to abolish fines, the term of suspension to range from a day to a month.

CASE PUZZLES THE POLICE

Mysterious Murder of Young Girl Recalls the Famous Durrant Tragedy.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 9.—A mysterious murder, resembling in some of its features the noted Durrant case, is now puzzling the police department of this city.

The body of Nora Fuller, a 16-year-old girl, who disappeared from her home January 11, was found lying naked in a bed in the upstairs back room of an unfurnished house at 2211 Sutton street yesterday afternoon. The girl had been dead some time, as decomposition had begun. There was nothing in the house to indicate the means used to take her life, but the posture of the body and its condition, together with the disorder of the room, indicated that the girl was murdered. An autopsy disclosed that death was not due to natural causes. All the organs of the body are in a normal condition. The general theory is that the girl was either strangled or poisoned. On both sides of the neck are discolorations, which may have been made by finger tips. The city chemist is examining the stomach for evidences of poison.

Nora Fuller left home January 11 and met a man known as John Bennett, in response to an advertisement for a girl to take care of a baby. She met the man at a restaurant, and thereafter all knowledge of her was lost. On January 8 the house in which the body of the girl was found was rented by a man giving the name of C. B. Hawkins. The general descriptions of Bennett and Hawkins tally, and it is thought the two names were aliases of the same man. Both Bennett and Hawkins are each said to have been 35 or 40 years old, about six feet in height and weighing about 175 pounds. Each wore a brownish-red mustache. Bennett wore clerical clothes and claimed to have studied for the ministry. The police are working on the theory that they were the same man.

A possible motive for the murder is found in the suggestion that the murderer either quarreled with the girl or feared that his relations with her were about to become public.

RECORD IN WIRELESS MESSAGE

Longest Distance Covered by the Marconi System of Telegraphing.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—The steamship Philadelphia of the American line, which arrived today, broke the record for the longest communication with the land by means of the Marconi wireless telegraph system.

On Saturday, February 1, the steamship was at 12:15 p. m. a few miles off the Lizard. Messages were exchanged and the telegraphing was kept up until midnight of the following day. The last message was sent when the Philadelphia was 150 miles distant from the land. This last message was a communication from the American line officials in England to Captain A. E. Mills of Philadelphia.

This is the longest distance in which wireless communication has ever been had between a steamship and the land.

Because of the severe weather, Philadelphia had to put into Cherbourg, where she was delayed for over sixteen hours.

The Marconi system was continually working while the vessel was lying to, the connections at all times being perfect.

Captain Mills said he had never experienced such terrific weather as that which was met with on this voyage. The waves continually washed the decks of the ship and the wind was bitterly cold. On Sunday the gale had increased so in violence that Captain Mills was afraid to put out to sea and so the stop at Cherbourg was made.

Among the passengers who arrived on Philadelphia was Fiske Warren, who left Boston last fall with Sixto Lopez for the Philippines. Mr. Warren separated from Lopez at Hong Kong and went to Manila, where he was required to take the oath of allegiance before he was allowed to enter the city.

President Guest of G. A. R.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9. — President Roosevelt has accepted an invitation to be the guest of the Department of the Potomac of the Grand Army of the Republic, which is to give a dinner in this city to General Torrence, the commander-in-chief, on February 19.

PENSIONS FOR WESTERN VETERANS.

War Survivors Remembered by the General Government.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—(Special.)—The following western pensions have been granted:

Issue of January 23:

Nebraska: Original—William Morrison, Beatrice, $6; Albert S. Hisey (war with Spain), Upland, $6; Howard L. Kerr, Ansley, $6. Increase, Restoration, Reissue, Etc.—Jesse Brown, Hebron, $12. Original Widows, Etc.—Jane Smith (special accrued January 27), Falls City, $8; Lettie C. Willoughby, Central City, $8.

Iowa: Increase, Restoration, Reissue, Etc.—Henry F. Pugh, Pello, $24; James A. North, Centre Point, $10; Gottlieb Else, Battle Creek, $8; John Baltimore, Humeston, $10; Orlando S. Newcomb, Shell Rock, $8; Jefferson Wamsley, Spencer, $10; John S. Hazen, Ainsworth, $8. Original Widows, Etc.—Minors of Benjamin F. Mills, Cedar Rapids, $14; Anna C. Johnston (special accrued January 27), Anamosa, $12.

South Dakota: Increase, Restoration, Reissue, Etc.—Joslah H. Gordon, Hot Springs, $10. Original Widows, Etc.—Mary Reynick (special accrued January 27), Elk Point, $8.

North Dakota: Original Widows, Etc.—Annie Croman (special accrued January 27), Lamoure, $8.

Montana: Original Widows, Etc.—Elizabeth M. Brainard (special accrued January 27), South Butte, $8.

Colorado: Original—Samuel H. Burghardt, Rico, $8; Jacob S. Switzer, Boulder, $6; John Buck, Pueblo, $6. Increase, Restoration, Reissue, Etc.—Erasmus D. Ward, La Junta, $12; Henry S. Gilman (deceased), Granada, $10; William W. Roof, Tin Cup, $12; Andrew M. Garrett, Snyder, $10. Original Widows, Etc.—Annie E. Troxell, Denver, $8; Sarah E. Weldman, Pueblo, $8; Ellen Wheatley (special accrued January 27), Longmont, $8; Aggie D. Clark, Niwot, $8.

Irish Delegates Arrive.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Mr. William H. K. Redmond, member of Parliament for East Clare, and Joseph Devlin of Belfast, Irish nationalists, arrived tonight from Queenstown. They will make a tour of the United States to aid in organizing the United League of America.

Joseph Leiter Reported Ill.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—It is reported that Joseph Leiter is seriously ill at his residence in this city. Several trained nurses are said to be in attendance and, it is said, Mrs. Leiter reached this city from Washington tonight. At the residence no information could be secured.

OUR TARS AS FIST FIGHTERS

They Are Terrors to the Would-Be Scrappers of Other Navies.

STORIES OF FAMOUS FREE-FOR-ALL ROWS

Hot Tussle with British Tars in Hawaii, Another with Germans in Japan—Victorious Against Odds of Two to One.

The recent scrap between American and Russian sailors at a Chinese port, in which the Americans came out first best, recalls two famous rows of like character and similar results, the details of which are supplied by the New York Sun.

About twelve years ago a big liberty party, comprising the whole starboard watch of about 120 men, went ashore at Hilo, Hawaii, from an American gunboat that was returning to the Mare Island navy yard from a three-year cruise on the Asiatic station. One of the members of this liberty party was the crew's mascot, a Jap dog, that had been picked up, starving, in the streets of Nagasaki by one of the men, who brought the animal aboard the ship, fed him up and taught him many diverting tricks, such as waltzing on his front feet, pretending to die of grief when an onerous drill was announced, threatening and bulldozing the amused skipper on all possible occasions, and so on. The dog developed into an amiable and sagacious animal, and the blue jackets, sailor-like, became mightily attached to the brute, particularly because the dog utterly declined to have any truck or doings whatever with the officers of the ship, which trait struck the enlisted men as being powerfully discerning on the dog's part.

It happened that a big British cruiser from Vancouver dropped its anchor alongside the American gunboat in Hilo harbor on the day the American liberty party went on the beach, and the British skipper gave one of his ship's watches liberty. The watch comprised about 260 men.

The American and English liberty parties didn't fraternize in Hilo. At that time there was a bit of ugliness on between Canada and England on the one side and the United States on the other, owing to the Alaska seal fisheries matter, and when one of these growls is in progress between two countries the sailors of the respective countries, by mutual and tacit consent, refrain from cutting each other's trail to save argument and worse trouble.

The American shore party rented from a Greek named Lycurgus, one of the leading citizens of Hilo, a row of twelve one-story shacks, partly furnished, for their headquarters during their three-day liberty. They distributed themselves in these comfortable shacks, laid in their stocks of drinkables, and settled down to the enjoyment of a quiet little jamboree, playing cards, strumming banjos and guitars, and that sort of thing.

Looking for Trouble.

The men-o'-war's men from the British ship had no sooner hit the beach than they made for the water front groggeries and inside of a few hours they were so surcharged with rum and saki that they didn't know their mess numbers. Thus conditioned, they could think of but one scheme that promised a sufficiency of action—a movement on the American works—that is, the Lycurgus row of shacks wherein the United States bluejackets were enjoying themselves and minding their own business.

The American tars didn't know anything about what was in progress until they heard a series of agonized dog yelps proceeding from the lane in front of the Lycurgus row. All of them recognized the yelps at once as issuing from their Jap mascot dog. They'd turned the dog loose to give him a chance to nose around the soil and get his land legs. The Americans all scrambled to the shack doors to see what ailed the dog and in the gathering darkness they saw a big British "leading stoker" holding the animal up by the hind legs and punching him in the stomach, and all the rest of the lime-juice liberty party massed together and egging their drunken shipmate on.

That was enough. Oddly enough, the first American man-o'-war's man to jump for and punch the abuser of the Jap dog was himself a cockney who had done his twelve years in the British navy. But his American shipmates were right behind him. Taking into consideration all of the revolutions and counter-revolutions that ever occurred in the Hawaiian islands, there never were such doings as then and there ensued in Lycurgus lane, Hilo. At first it was all fist work, but when the lime-juicers, borne back in spite of their overwhelming numbers, began to hurl rocks the Americans took to that game, too, and they went the Britishers one better by tearing the weather boards off Lycurgus' shacks for use as weapons.

The uproar in the swift-fallen darkness was so terrific that it was plainly heard by the watches remaining on the American and the British war ships, which were anchored not far from the shore. The half of the ship's company remaining on board the United States gunboat knew what was in progress from the noise, but they had no apprehension of the outcome until something happened. The something that happened was the Jap dog. The dog had escaped from the melee and, taking a chance on the sharks with which the harbor is infested, had leaped into the water and swum out to the ship, around which he circled like a pilot fish, barking furiously.

"There's Something Doing."

"There's something doing—our bunch are in a tight place and the dog's come after us," said the men of the port watch to each other, and down the after anchor chains they went like rats and swum for the beach. It was a plain case of "jumping ship," and severely punishable as such, but the officers couldn't stop them, and if the honest truth were known, it is to be doubted whether the officers wanted to stop them. Inside of five minutes after the Jap dog had first swum out to the ship and set up his barking there weren't enough men left on the gunboat to spread mess gear. The dog swum to the beach with the last man that splashed into the water from the anchor chains.

The dog, however, had only imagined that the Americans on the beach were getting the worst of the mix-up. They were easily holding their own, and better, against more than double their number, and when the port watch from the United States ship broke upon the scene of conflict there wasn't really much for them to do, except to form a sort of reserve party behind their mates.

Now, the remaining watch, 260 men, of the British ship had seen the American watch sliding down the after anchor chains, and they weren't to be outdone. They didn't reflect that there were still more British tars on the beach than American, but they took to the anchor chains themselves. Most of them jumped the ship to get into the shore fracas.

Thus the Americans were again more than doubly outnumbered. However, they didn't know that until later, and they wouldn't have been bothered any if they had known it. The fight raged all night. The Kanaka chief of police of Hilo swore in 100 Kanaka deputies to "establish order." The sailors either tucked these deputies under their arms and carried them down to the beach, where they chucked them into the sea, or they hurled them to the top of huts and sheds, where the deputies were glad to perch for safety.

Still Running.

When the morning broke the Americans had driven the lime-juicers to the point where the long, uphill road to the Burning Lake of Kilauea begins, and an hour after daylight the British tars scattered in a panic and took, in disorder, to the mountains. The Americans took after them and pursued them all that day, driving many of them to the chilly levels several thousand feet above the sea. They'd have chased them all the way to the top of the volcano of Mauna Loa, which is nearly 15,000 feet above sea level, if they could have done it without breaking their three-day liberty.

The American tars drifted back to Hilo twenty-four hours after the fracas started, formed together, signalled to the ship for the steam cutter and returned to the gunboat in good order. The Jap dog was in the first launchload that returned to the ship, and he wore, tied neatly around his head, the cap of a British petty officer, while the rating badge of a British chief bo'sun's mate was mucilaged to his back. There wasn't a single man missing when the launch made its last trip from the beach. Most of the men were ready to turn into their hammocks, and all of them had some kind of a bruise, gash, gouge or sprain to show for the scrap, but they were all there.

The British sailors were straggling back to their ship for eight days, and there were several that didn't get back at all before the cruiser's departure from Hilo harbor. Every once in a while, for several years after that great scrap, a story would reach Hilo that a "wild white man" had been seen scooting through the jungle brush a few miles above the town.

"He's probably one of those English men-o'-war's men that didn't get back," the Hilo folks would say when the story was sprung.

Danger of Boasting.

One night, about eight years ago, three American men-o'-war's men dropped into a saloon in Hakodate, Japan, kept by a former United States blue jacket. Already in the saloon were about a dozen strapping German men-o'-war's men from a ship that had been safeguarding German interests in Samoa. These German sailors had a few months before formed part of a liberty party from their ship that had received a hard trouncing in Apia at the hands of a liberty party from the American war ship in the harbor, and so, naturally enough, they had no use for the American deep-water uniform. The biggest man among the German sailors had one English word in his vocabulary. That word was "rassle," and he kept repeating it sneeringly to the three American tars, who were talking to the ex-tar behind the bar and behaving themselves.

One of the Americans, who had been a lumberman in a Michigan lumber camp, where wrestling was the rough men's great game, finally found that the German sailor's "rassle" taunt was getting him on the raw and he walked up to the German and told him that he'd "rassle" him for money, marbles or chalk, but all in good nature and no hard feeling to follow. The saloon man, who knew German, translated the American's words and the German sailor, a giant, smiled contemptuously at the United States tar, whom he greatly overmatched in size.

The two men stripped to their drawers and shoes and went at it in the center of the spacious barroom. The German wasn't in it at any stage of the journey, big and strong as he was. After three minutes of wrestling, catch-as-catch-can style, the agile, muscular and wrestling-schooled American tar bridged the vast German with a crotch hold, and then, applying a full Nelson, he forced the German bluejacket's great shoulders to the sawdust. It had really been something easy for the American and the German was enraged, as were his companions. The German wrestler stiffened the first and middle fingers of his right hand, forming a two-pronged fork of them, and made a deliberate effort to jab the eyes out of his victorious opponent's head. The American dodged in the nick of time, grabbed a stone schnapps bottle from the bar, let the big German have it full in the forehead—and the battle was on.

There were 300 American bluejackets from various American ships on shore liberty in Hakodate that night and more than that number from the two big German war ships in the harbor. "Hey, Rube!" is as much the rallying yell of menaced American sailors as it is of threatened American circus men, and the "Hey, Rube!" yell issued from the throats of those three American tars as soon as the dozen German sailors hopped them, as they immediately did. The yell was taken up by half a dozen American bluejackets a bit up the street and passed on like the night call of sentries until all Hakodate rang with it.

The German tars started their cry agoing, too, and inside of five minutes the barroom of that ex-United States sailor looked as if it had been hit by a derailed freight train. The American and German flatfeet came scampering to the saloon from all the points of the compass. They fought all night and would have fought all the next day but that the American and German skippers wisely ordered their marine guards ashore and the sea soldiers charged upon the combatants with fixed bayonets.

When the smoke lifted and the debris was cleared away none of the Americans was found to be in such shape as to require a detail of stretcher carriers. More than twenty of the Germans had to be thus lightered to their ships and most of them were limping.

MARTYR SAINTS RE-ENTOMBED

Skeletons of St. Magnus and St. Bonosa Buried in Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 9.—Clad in rich wardrobes, the skeletons of St. Magnus and St. Bonosa, two Catholic saints who were slain at the command of a Roman emperor nearly 1,600 years ago on account of their religious beliefs, were buried in St. Martin's church in this city this afternoon. The bones were in the catacombs of Rome in 1900. They were given to an order of sisters in northern Italy and were kept by them until last summer, when the Right Rev. Mgr. Francis Zalsler, pastor of St. Martin's church, secured them. St. Magnus was a Roman centurin and St. Bonosa a Roman virgin.

SHERIFF'S SLAYER GIVES UP

Surrenders After Defying Officers and Says He Must Have Been Crazy.

WATERLOO, Wis., Feb. 9.—After uttering the threat, "I'll kill the first man who tries to take me," Fred W. Stephenson, who last night shot and instantly killed Deputy Sheriff William Cooper after attempting to shoot Mrs. Stephenson, was induced to surrender today on the strength of the statement that if he did not put himself in the hands of the officers he would be lynched. He says he must have been crazy when he did the shooting.

Poisoned by Canned Tomatoes.

HOWARD CITY, Mich., Feb. 9.—The two children of Harvey May, aged 4 and 2 years, were poisoned by eating canned tomatoes this afternoon. There is no hope for their recovery.

Sacrament Offered in Synagogue.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Feb. 9.—The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered in the Jewish synagogue today, this being the first time the Christian ceremony has taken place in a Hebrew house of worship. The sacrament was administered by Rev. Mr. Small of the Congregational church, which was recently burned. Chevzedukah congregation offered the use of the synagogue until a new church is built.

Pat Collins in Command.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—Jimmy Collins, manager of the Boston American league club, was given a new contract as manager of the team at a conference here today with Henry Killilea and Ban Johnson. He will have complete control of the playing end of the team and, in spite of the fact that he was already under a three year agreement the club owners voluntarily gave him a magnificent salary.

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