

SMOOTHEST CROOK IN BUNCA

Extraordinary Career of an Extraordinary Desperado in the Southwest.

CROOKED TRAIL THROUGH MANY LANDS

Remarkable for Scholarship, Cordiality of Manners, Slippery as an Eel, and Nifty on a Chase for Spoils.

An autobiographical sketch by the late Judge Murray F. Tuley of Chicago, reproduced by the Voter of that city, gives an account of the career of the most remarkable character in the border annals of the southwest.

Judge Tuley was a youngster of 20, just out of law school and in delicate health when a hand playing martial airs and drumming recruits for service in the war with Mexico marched past him in the streets of Chicago in 1847. The idea of army life in the southwest struck him as a good means of strengthening his constitution and he and a younger brother enlisted.

Young Tuley's service in the army was a little barren. His company of which he became captain, did not get into any battle. News of the treaty of peace reached them in camp in what is now the territory of New Mexico. Captain Tuley had very little money, not enough to go home on. So, resigning his commission in the army, he hung out a shingle as a lawyer in Santa Fe. And it was here he met, studied and traced the character he sketches, as follows:

At the time I opened an office there were right next door to me a couple of lawyers, and the sign was 'Lemon & Reynolds.' Reynolds had dropped out of a party going to California and had formed a partnership with a man by the name of Lemon. So long as they had only printed blanks to fill out, they got along pretty well. Lemon never was a lawyer, so when they had anything to draw up beyond filling in an ordinary blank they came to me and they would give me \$2 or \$3 or \$5. Upon the drippings of that office I lived for the first six or eight months. Lemon was one of the most extraordinary men it has been my fortune to meet in life—quite the most extraordinary. He was an Englishman, about thirty years of age at that time, an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, and a man of magnificent education, great suavity of manner, and so suave, his manners were so cordial and pleasing that he had no trouble in settling clients; the trouble was in taking care of them after he got them.

A Real Globe Trotter. This man appeared in Santa Fe one morning, came apparently out of the mountains, was arrested and put into the lockup by Col. Beal, who was commanding the office at that time. Before proceeding further, I wish to tell you what I learned of the history of this man. Lemon subsequently was an Englishman by birth and had been with Sir Ross in his expedition to the north pole in 1829 to 1832. As you will remember, this expedition led to some very important discoveries. The discoverer of Sir William's Land, and I believe for the first time the location of the north pole was determined. I do not know it was supposed to be. Next, as I traced this man from his own conversation and that of others, he appeared in Montreal and was carrying on a large theatrical establishment. One night the theatrical establishment was burned down. The cry was raised of incendiarism, and Mr. Lemon disappeared between two days. He certainly, from his conversation, had lived some time in India and Egypt, showed acquaintance with those countries that could only be acquired by actual residence. I strongly believed that at one time he had been a pirate off the coast of South America. We found out that he was at one time a Baptist preacher in the eastern part of Kentucky; he was certainly capable of the most fervid eloquence I have ever heard in my life; though I have heard Clay, Webster, Ingersoll and all the noted orators of the country, I never heard a man who could command the English language or influence by his eloquence as this man Lemon could. As a Baptist preacher he was a success; he got up a great revival, and did a great deal of good, undoubtedly, in converting the wicked. But one day he disappeared from there; he got into some woman scrape, and left between two days.

The next trace I got of him he was living in Southwestern Mexico. An English vessel had put into port off the west coast, the Pacific coast, where Lemon was living, engaged in merchandising. It was a large trading vessel. After a few days Lemon invited the officers up to his house to a dinner, and very singularly, after that dinner they all died within the space of eight days. Lemon claimed to be consignee of that vessel; he had papers, apparently, to show it; he took charge of the vessel, sold all the cargo and the vessel sailed.

When our troops had captured and were in occupation of Chihuahua, he came to our military headquarters one day, right up to the commanding officer, Colonel Beal, commanding the American troops then in possession, and said to him: "My name is John I. Lemon. I have a perfect acquaintance with the Spanish language. I have more with reverse, and I want the position of interpreter in the purchasing department. He spoke the language so beautifully and well that he was at once employed as interpreter in the commissary department. His business was to go with or act as agent of the quartermaster, to different towns around Chihuahua and buy supplies. He had been there about sixty days or less, when one morning Mr. Lemon disappeared and with him about twenty-five or thirty teamsters that had been in the employ of the United States government hauling supplies for the troops. Some hours after he disappeared, at the end of the day, some Indians came in from some of the Indian villages, ten or fifteen miles away, with the first news of Lemon. It appeared that Lemon had seduced these teamsters to go with him, and upon this kind of a story: He told them that, at the breaking out of the Mexican war, he was a merchant in a large town in the interior of Sonora, the name of which he did not give, and that he had about \$100,000 worth of property, merchandise, in a store that he owned; that a Mexican priest there had inflamed the people against him, saying that he was an American. This priest, he claimed, organized a mob, took possession of his store, confiscated his property, and he barely escaped with his life. He told the teamsters that he was on confidential terms with that priest; that he knew that the priest had \$300,000 in silver and gold buried in the sleeping room of his house. He said to them: "I want you to go with me. You can have every dollar of the money. All I want to do is to hang the priest on his own veranda. When we get the money and hang the priest, it will be easy to escape to California." They believed him and went with him. He took them to the Indian villages, made requisitions upon the head men or chiefs for provisions and horses, mounted his outfit and started for this town in Sonora where the priest lived. In payment of his men, he gave drafts on Colonel Beal, who was then the commanding officer, something like this: "Colonel Beal, commanding, etc. Please pay Juan Simmons—or whatever the name was of the Indian chief—\$4,000 for supplies and added: "Charge to the account of John Snooks, captain United States army."

Indians on His Trail. Of course, the poor Indians had to go back without their money, but when they went back they organized a party of Indians and followed Lemon and his men. The Indians, after several days, returned, but all that they ever told us was that they had found Lemon and his party one night in a thicket of dry chaparral, they had surrounded the thicket, there was a strong wind blowing, and they set fire to the dry chaparral, and they didn't know what had become of Lemon's party. They did know that they got their horses, or nearly all of them.

Some months after that a man came walking down the mountain, at the foot of which Santa Fe lies, a ragged, dirty individual, with an old straw hat and shoes all to pieces—a disreputable looking white man as was ever seen in the city. He walked right into the public square and right over into the military headquarters, where the same Colonel Beal was in command. He introduced himself as Mr. John I. Lemon. The old major asked: "Guard, come here, some here; take this man to the guardhouse" and into the guardhouse he went, without any "whereas" or "wherefore," or writ of any kind. A court-martial was convened. Lemon defended himself so well and skillfully that he secured an acquittal. He had not committed any crime known to the military code, nor had he defrauded the United States government, as his "John Snooks, captain United States army," drafts had not been paid. He, upon his acquittal, concluded to practice law, and he came next to mine, with this man Reynolds. He was a man of the most extensive and varied knowledge that I ever met and was as well versed in the Bible as any preacher, and was a profound theologian. He had perfect knowledge of medicine and surgery, was an astronomer, geologist and chemist; in fact, there was nothing you could name, except the law, that he didn't know, and yet he undertook to practice law. We made short work of him after we got him into court, got him into the intricacies of special pleading.

His Genius and Daring. As illustrating the genius and daring of the man, I will relate an incident. There was in New Mexico a man by the name of Maxwell, a pioneer out in New Mexico, and the same one to whom was given that large tract of land known as Maxwell's land grant, on the Pecos river, New Mexico. Maxwell had been out trading with the Indians and got into a fight with them, with the result of which he got a bullet in the back of his neck. He came to Santa Fe for medical aid, and was a very popular man. The best physicians—the army surgeons—were called into consultation; they declared that that bullet lay so near the artery leading to the brain that they were afraid to undertake to cut it out. Well, Maxwell knew that he would die if it were left in there. Lemon heard of it, and he exclaimed: "All right, I will get that bullet out if he will let me, and they will lend me their instruments." Maxwell was told what Lemon had said. He sent for Lemon, and told him he would take his chances of the operation, as he must have that bullet out, or he would die. Lemon was willing to be pleased, when the operation was performed. Without chloroform the man at all, he laid Maxwell down on his face, took the surgical instrument and cut down into his neck. When he got down to the bullet he called to the surgeon standing by, and said: "Put your finger on it, and knife blade and feel the artery thro'." So he took the bullet out, and Maxwell recovered.

Take him all in all, he was the most extraordinary man I ever met in the course of my life. He was a man of medium height, regular features, of pleasing personal appearance, with an eye as expressive as a woman's, but with a cold and hard. A fluent talker; interesting in conversation, which sparkled with keen wit and satire, and with anecdotes apparently drawn from personal contact with all kinds and conditions of men; a wonderful memory, which enabled him to draw at will upon his vast stores of information derived from extensive travels, reading and his travels. He possessed a kind of magnetic power, the result more of intellect than of personality. The ordinary man was but as plastic clay for him to mold as he wished. He was loose in morals, and apparently without any moral sense of any kind, and while he was selfish, unscrupulous, cruel and vindictive, he was not incapable of apparently magnanimous and chivalrous acts, as you will presently hear when I tell his subsequent history so far as known.

As the facts are known that neither Lemon nor Reynolds were lawyers by education, the business began to fall apart, and it became evident that their prosperity must soon come to an end. One night Lemon and Reynolds both disappeared from Santa Fe; between two days they were gone, and fifteen or eighteen days afterwards they were seen in the mountains. That man Lemon had been around and under these prisoners and had told them the same

story about that priest having \$300,000 in gold and silver buried in the floor of his bedroom, and how easy it would be to obtain it and escape into California. He had induced the policemen to join him and Reynolds in an expedition to rob and hang that priest. Lemon's party went from Santa Fe to the purchasing department, about ninety miles west of Albuquerque, and there he made a demand on the chiefs of the Indians for horses and mules to mount his command, and also for provisions. They complied with his demand, and a few days later they appeared in Santa Fe with orders on Colonel Beal, who was still there in command: "Please pay So-and-So \$4,000 for supplies and charge to account of John Snooks, captain United States army." The orders in all amounted to about \$7,500.

The next we heard of him a Mexican came in who had met his party in the mountains. This Mexican Indian had been out trading with the Navajo Indians when they came across Lemon's party. His partner was mounted upon a very fine riding mule, which Lemon wanted to buy. Although urged to name his own price, he refused to sell, declaring that he wouldn't sell it—there wasn't money enough anywhere to buy that mule. Lemon deliberately pulled out his pistol and blew out the Mexican's brains, and took the mule, silver mounted bridle and saddle.

Rescue Murderer and Robbery.

The next information we had of him was that a day or two further on, up in the mountains, a Mexican Indian trader came to Lemon's camp and told them that there was a party of fifteen or twenty Indians—leocarrilla Apaches—just over the mountains ridge who had a very beautiful Sonora girl that they had captured, and were taking her back into the mountains where the Indians lived. "Well," said Lemon, "boys, that ought not to be permitted, that is bad. Suppose some of you go with me to get that girl." Eight or ten of them volunteered; they went over the ridge, piloted by the Mexican, surprised and attacked that party of Indians, recovered the girl, and brought her back to their own camp. When they came they started her, in charge of the Mexican, to the nearest Mexican settlement, where she arrived in safety.

Lemon's party went down to Sonora, traveling through the mountains until they reached the town or city where the priest lived, surprised this priest's house, which was somewhat in the outskirts of the city, at night, went in, took this priest and hung him under his own porch; digging up the floor of his bedroom, instead of getting \$300,000, they got about \$20,000. They effected their escape and went on into California. The next we heard of Mr. Lemon was some months later, in the city, by the name of Huntley, who lived in Santa Fe, had occasion to visit California on a business trip. When he was in the mountains he heard of Lemon and Reynolds; they were both there in one of those mining towns. Reynolds, somehow or other, had gotten the position of a lawyer, peace, and Lemon was a lawyer again; they had the thing pretty well between them.

The Last Ditch.

Huntley met Lemon on the street one day while he was there and cordially saluted him. "How are you, Dr. Lemon?" "I don't know you, sir; you are mistaken, sir," answered Lemon. "Oh, well, you know I am just as well as I know myself. What are you putting on this saw for?" "My name is Huntley; I never saw you, sir," and slapped Huntley in the face. All Huntley could do under the laws in that part of the country was to challenge him; he Lemon accepted the challenge—pistols, ten yards. The duel was fought the next morning. After the first shot neither was injured. Lemon said: "I am satisfied." His second asked Huntley whether he was satisfied, and Huntley replied: "Yes, I am; I will never call him Lemon again, but he will be called Huntley; it makes no difference to me." They bowed and separated.

We heard afterwards that shortly after that occurrence it was known in the mining town that a Mexican had been making a pretty good digging, and had struck up a charge against him of "disorderly conduct," and Reynolds issued a warrant, brought the Mexican in, fined him \$2,000, which the Mexican paid rather than go to jail. Thereupon the miners got together, and notified Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Lemon they had to leave there in two hours or they would swing them up. One of our citizens met Lemon shortly afterward in San Francisco. We heard afterwards that he was not successful in San Francisco, that he took a vessel and started to go back to the coast by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, and in crossing the Isthmus he met the party, with some Indians they came across, and the Indians killed the whole party, including Lemon. I would not vouch for the death of Lemon. I would not be surprised to see him walk in at the door this minute.

POOR LABORER GETS A PILE

Jerseyman Inherits a Bundle of Money from a Rich Uncle.

The happiest silk weaver that ever wove silk is Robert Hughes of Garfield, N. J., who received word yesterday that he has fallen heir to \$1,000,000. Hughes is 45 years old and has never known anything but the hardest kind of work in America from Ireland when he was a boy, and as he grew up he learned the silk weaver's trade. Day after day he toiled, with few pleasures and no prospect, so far as he could see, of ever bettering his condition. Like all men of his trade, he was peculiarly the slave of his business, for when work fell slack he dared not take employment at rough-and-ready jobs; for hard work never falls to make one's fingers stiff and rough, and it is absolutely necessary for silk weavers to keep their hands soft.

By virtue of intelligence and industry Hughes was promoted to be a foreman. His pay was \$4 a week. He managed to keep his head above water and bought a little house. Day after day he went to the mill and there toiled all day long, spinning spindles for the adornment of the rich. Seemingly this was to be his fate until the end of the last chapter. But yesterday morning he received a formidable looking letter written in a clerical hand on legal paper. The writers, a firm of solicitors of Belfast, Ireland, begged to inform "Robert Hughes, Esq., of the town of Garfield, state of New Jersey," that he was one of the three heirs of John Hughes, Esq., of Belfast, Ireland, recently deceased, leaving a fortune of \$20,000,000, equivalent to \$1,000,000.

Mr. Hughes directed in his will that his estate be divided equally among the children of his deceased brothers, two of whom are living in Ireland, the third being Robert Hughes of Garfield. He was dazed. His wife, a modest little woman, was dazed, too. They had both heard of bunko letter writers, and they feared there might be some trick. So Robert took the letter to City Attorney A. D. Sullivan of Passaic, who said that the letter seemed genuine, and he would take care of Robert's interests. Robert finished his daily stint of weaving, went home and ate a joyous supper with his wife, and then went out to make a feast evening for many worthy friends, that they might rejoice with him.—New York World

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BRANDEIS "BOSTON STORE & SONS"

Cravenette Rain Coats. Make a perfect Rain Coat when you need it and a dressy coat when you don't at all times. worth \$17.50, at \$15.00. Men's new spring Top Coats, the most stylish in the city. The prices are \$5-\$7.50-\$10-\$15.

A SALE EXTRAORDINARY!

Brandeis enterprise and alert business methods make possible the "right sale at the right time." Saturday, just when you are beginning to feel the need of new clothes we offer

MEN'S SAMPLE SPRING SUITS

Every suit new and right up to the minute in spring, 1906, style. Samples are always the best, most stylish and dressy suits any factory can turn out, and these splendid suits are from

MAX DAVIDSON & SONS, 85-89 Bleecker St., N. Y.

This house is one of New York's foremost wholesale tailors—all the newest colors, including the swell gray mixtures and the plain solid colors. Every size and scores of patterns to appeal to good dressers who are used to paying up to \$20 for high class clothes. Saturday ONLY we offer these suits at THESE STYLISH SUITS WERE MADE TO SELL AT \$20, \$19, \$17.50

Brandeis Sells the Very Best Hand Tailored Clothing in America.

ROGERS-PEET & CO. CLOTHES

No high priced tailor can excel these suits in style or fit; the best dressed men in Omaha. The new spring styles are the kind that make friends everywhere. \$17.50 to \$29. Brandeis' Special Clothes—Made under our own supervision by the best tailors in New York—styles are absolutely exact, workmanship perfect, at \$15 to \$25

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SATURDAY IS BOYS' CLOTHING DAY AT BRANDIE'S

Mothers are giving thought to their boys' apparel right now, and Saturday will bring a great clothing event within their reach of all. Every little fellow's suit here is a special bargain. The kind that Brandeis alone can offer.

Boys' Knee Pants Suits

These are very nobby suits, in ages 3 to 16, made to resist a boy's hard wear—the patterns and styles are new this spring, the dressy Russians, Norfolk and double breasted styles, at 2.50

Our \$3.45 Combination Offer

Boys' Knee Pants Suit 3.45 With Extra Pair of Knickerbocker Trousers, a \$5.00 Value—Complete. Boys' Suits, ages 3 to 16, single and double breasted, Norfolk, of new Scotch mixtures and plain, extra strong reinforced seams. Two pair of pants, one regular and one Knickerbocker pair in this combination suit offer.

Little Boys' Top Coats and Reefers—Coverts, fancy mixtures and plain white flannels, ages 3 to 10 years—the prices 250-398-500-650

Buster Brown and Buddy Tucker Suits

These are the styles that boys insist on—the styles are new and shown this season for the first time—the new military collar effect gives a very jaunty air. Buddy Tucker suits for larger boys—new gray materials, etc. prices \$5-6-50-7-50



New Spring Hats for Men

The famous Brandeis Special Hats for men, in the very latest and most up-to-the-minute styles of stiff and soft hats—all the style that you could find in a \$5 hat—Brandeis' price \$2.98c-1.45. All the men's hats that remain in the great hat purchase of four big retail hat stores will go in two lots Saturday to clear them away, worth up to \$3.00, at .98c-1.45. Boys' and Children's School Caps—Just what they want for out-door spring rough and tumble wear, at 25c-49c



MEN'S SPRING SHIRTS

Men's new negligee shirts, made of imported mohairs, pongees and French percales, neat effects in stripes, checks and dots, collars, negligee spring collars, cuffs attached and plented bosom 98c-2.98. Men's Negligee Shirts, in new spring patterns, regular \$1 values, at—each .50c. Men's Spring Neckwear—New things in narrow four-in-hands and French folds 25c-50c. Men's medium weight spring Underwear, plain colors, 75c values, at—each 35c-45c. Light weight Wool Underwear, pure Australian wool, a special at, garment 98c

TRICK OF TAINTED BANKER

Crooked Cashier Works Clever Game on Professional Crackman.

PROFITLESS JOB OF SAFE-CRACKING

Cashier Pockets the Loot Before Job is Done and Escapes Suspicion—Becomes a Paiked Vagrant.

"A few weeks ago, on a visit to New York, I happened to visit Jefferson Market court, when a seedy, emaciated, painted old man was 'vargued' by the magistrate for begging on the streets," said Patrick Gullivan, the house detective at a Washington hotel, who used to live in the big town. "I hadn't seen this man for nearly thirty years, but when I recognized him I saw him leaning on the rail in front of the magistrate's desk, and when he stepped back, after getting his thirty-day dose, I spoke to him and found that I wasn't mistaken as to his identity. The sight of him took me back to the days when Ross Tweed was running things at New York, and here's the story that the sight of that old man recalled to me.

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gun will shoot. "Fact is, it's so sweet that it's almost perfect. Now, I've heard your proposition. You give me a couple of days to investigate you and then we'll talk business."

"They arranged another meeting at the same place a couple of days later, and in the meantime the crackman, whose faculties were the best, looked into the job. He found that his man really was the cashier of an up-state bank, in a town not more than an hour's run from New York. So when the cashier called at the appointed time the burglar was ready to talk business.

A Profitless Job.

"You'll have a hard night's work," said the cashier, "for, in order to avert suspicion, I'll have to leave the vault and safes locked tighter than a drum, as usual. You'll need several assistants."

"That's my end of it," replied the crackman. "You just let me handle those little details. Every man to his trade. They don't make 'em so strong that I can't get into 'em."

"Then all of the details were arranged, and the robbery was fixed for a certain night in the following week. The cashier was especially solicitous that he should get his share of the proceeds of the safe-cracking. The crackman assured him that if there was \$25,000 in the job \$25,000 would be enough for himself and his associates and the cashier would get the rest. On the night fixed the crackman and three of his best men went up to the town and pulled off the job. It was a matter of four hours before the gang, after overpowering and gagging the watchman, got into the main vault. They found it empty. Then they tackled the smaller safes. These, too, were empty. The top-notch crackman was pretty mad, naturally.

COLOR AS A PROTECTOR

How Nature Guards Some of Her Charges Against Their Enemies.

Much has been written about protective coloration and the subject is a familiar one, yet almost every man in his daily life abroad has seen examples of it which astonished him.

What is more common than to see a dog stop in such fashion that we know the quail is close under his nose and then falling to start it or to find it suddenly bursts out from under our very feet from a place that we had carefully looked at?

Many a country dweller has searched up and down a tree trunk or along a limb in search of a tree frog whose note he has traced to the very spot and has had his eye pass again and again over a little gray knot which at last he discovers to be the animal he was in search of.

Almost every country boy has at some time known where an old ruffed grouse had her nest and has frequently gone to look at her. Those who have done this know how difficult it is to see the bird, even though the precise spot where she sits is known. The watcher stares and stares at the place, but can not make out the outline of the bird, so perfectly do they color and the stripes and bars of dark and light color with which her feathers are marked blend with the surrounding herbage.

We recall such a nest where the bird at ways had to be carefully looked for before she could be seen; then it always happened that suddenly her form sprang into the eye's view and it seemed extraordinary that it had not been seen before. In frost of this nest there were certain crosses of wood stems which were well recognized and

Deafest Convicted of Murder.

GREENSBORO, N. C., March 9. Dr. J. B. Mathews was today found guilty of the murder of his wife and was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years. The most sensational allegation at the trial of Mathews was that he had induced strychnine into his wife while she was ill and while pretending to be offering a prayer at her bedside.

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