

THE TERRIBLE ESPINOSAS.

A Memory Of Early Days In Colorado.—The Mysterious Murders Which Caused a Reign of Terror In The Mining Camps 21 Years Ago.

From the New York Times.

Red Rock Ridge, Col., Feb. 17.—As I sat, last night, in a miner's cabin, about a half-mile below here, in the gulch—the cabin of a miner who has trudged and climbed and prospected these ancient hills for more than 20 years, and, like many others, has fairly less of this world's goods than he began with—the conversation, quite naturally, drifted to the events of "old times" in the mountains. My friend has a vast fund of entertaining incidents relating to his section, and so, after the usual pipe-filling and cheering cup, he inquired if I had ever heard of the Espinosas. Being a comparative tenderfoot, (that is, a new comer,) and quite unfamiliar with the stirring occurrences for which Colorado was in its earlier years noted, I had to confess my utter ignorance of the subject he had broached. As it proved to be an interesting and tragic tale, I will attempt to reproduce it here; but I cannot hope to give it in the uncoth yet forcible words of the bronzed old man who related it.

In 1863 the settlement of Colorado was but 4 years old. The gold excitement had brought into the territory, however, a large, hardy, and peonier population. Denver (Anvaria as it was originally called from the discovery of auriferous deposits in that neighborhood) was but a small cluster of shanties and tents set up for temporary occupancy. Aside from this there were few towns, save in Southern Colorado, where the Mexican element had drifted and established insignificant settlements which could boast of little besides a name. Fresh discoveries of gold were being made, however, and Russell Gulch was fast developing what subsequently became an important mining centre at Central, Black Hawk, and adjacent points. A few hardy pioneers had pushed out beyond and settled Breckenridge, Fairplay, Oro City, while down by the foot-hills, like sentinels to the fastnesses above, were Colorado City, once the capital, before it was removed to Golden; Canon City, Badito, and other mere specks upon the then almost unbroken region. These were all, at best, mere handfuls of people, but all were earnest, determined, hopeful men. The search for gold had led them out from the overcrowded east, and they came to found a future great state.

There was much excitement here then, both from local and outside causes. Rebellion in the southern states, and the development of that spirit here had caused a feeling of great unrest and trouble lurked everywhere. Confederate plans for acquiring this territory were fortunately checked by the vigilant Gilpin at Pigeon Ranch. Indians threatened the borders likewise, and their depredations finally led to Chivington's awful punishment of this enemy at Sand Creek. Desperadoes scourged the mining camps and larger towns until vigilance committees took hold and administered the justice that the law could not. During these troublous days in 1863 an unknown danger came. So mysteriously did it work that for the time it fairly paralyzed the mountain communities. In March nine men had been found dead along the trails near Canon City. Each man had a bullet in his head. So nearly similar were the death wounds that these mysterious assassinations naturally gave rise to much speculation. And this was increased when it was learned that three weeks before two men had been similarly killed in Santa Fe, and also a soldier in Conejos. Thus as far as could be discovered a bloody trail had its origin in the City of the Saints, in New Mexico, and reached now as far as Canon City. The news of the terrible crimes, of course, spread rapidly, but it could scarcely keep up with their commission. Along the mountain roads dead bodies were found, each with the fatal bullet in his skull. No victim attacked ever told the tale. The rifle that sighted him carried certain death with its missile. Miners trudging their weary way up the mountain trails, teamsters with horses and vehicles, met their fate alike. One singular fact appeared to be this, that all were killed in the wagon roads or on the trails; none were ever found off the beaten paths. Of course, the people became appalled, and hardly dared to venture beyond the reach of immediate aid. No one could tell from what came the messenger of death—that had never missed the mark in its turn reach him. Dread despair prevailed; the fear of an unknown foe prevailed; the hearts of those pioneers who dared face any danger openly. In fact, a reign of terror prevailed. The assassinations became more frequent. Men would leave their cabins, camps, or the mountain cities for remote sections only to be found, perhaps, a few days later by more fortunate travelers dead and in their skulls the small hole through which their lives went out.

Finally, a company of 20 volunteers was raised in Park County. Their leader was a man of great bravery, and every man in the party was ready to lay down his life to solve the mystery. The first work this company did was to punish a band of notorious thieves that had been

engaged robbing miners' cabins and flumes, and who were well known. But this did not stop the dread work of mysterious murders. At Red Rock Ridge—right here, by the way, where I write this letter—and all along the trail, murdered men were found singly and in pairs. And always the same wound, the same sized bullet, the same trained hand, evidently, had fired the fatal shot.

A few days later the band of volunteers, in scouring the neighborhood, found a trail in the lower part of the South Park that led toward Canon City. It was early in the forenoon when the trail was struck. They at once took it up, and after having traveled some distance in the mountains came about noon upon two horses feeding. This was to them a strange discovery, as this was not a region where prospecting was then carried on. It was the work of a moment to conceal themselves. Shortly after two men appeared. They had evidently made their camp here for the day, for just beyond the horses a small fire was burning, and beyond doubt they were partaking of their meal. Wily as these men were they had been taken unawares. The scouting party had drawn upon them before they were aware of their presence. Certain that these were the men they sought, and with the memory of their fiendish deeds before them rifles were at once brought to bear and bullets sent speeding on their deathly errands. The larger of the two men fell, but was not killed. Raising himself upon one arm, he fought like a wounded tiger. His unerring aim brought down two of his adversaries before a second bullet struck him and laid him dead. The other man, the younger one, was evidently unharmed by the first volley, for with the agility of a goat he sprang into the rocks, scrambled away and made his escape.

These two men were the notorious Espinosas, outlaws from Mexico, two cousins. This was discovered when the body of the dead assassin was examined, as well as the saddle-bags, which were found near the fire. In a buck-skin bag, suspended about his neck was an illegitimate Spanish manuscript written by the elder Espinosa. It consisted of a singular prayer and what was evidently intended as a statement of the purpose for which he had set out upon this mission of blood. From these it was learned that he had begun as a religious monomaniac. His father it appeared had been guilty of murder, and so ran the manuscript, this present elder Espinosa had been impelled by his patron saint to commit these deeds for the purpose of expiating the father's sins which had been visited upon him. To do this he was to number 50 victims, and to go on, on, until this was done—but all his victims, must be white men. Not until this was accomplished could he hope to merit favor from his ruling spirit; never would his smile fall upon him and his father's sin be atoned until this were done. With this task before him, he enlisted a cousin in his cause, and together they started north from Chihuahua. It was a trail of blood they left behind them. From a record the elder Espinosa had kept he had at that time murdered 30 white men, 27 of whom had been killed in Colorado, after leaving Conejos. He was a large, coarse, hard-visaged ruffian, while his companion was small, and near as could be judged by those who saw him on the day of the encounter, of no particular individuality.

It was evident that gain had played no part in this mission of the elder Espinosa. None of the bodies of his victims has been robbed, as had been noted by the people of the neighborhood where they were found from time to time. The arch assassin was meanly clad in buck-skin, and there was nothing in his saddle-bags beyond what has already been mentioned, save ammunition. Murder alone was the object of this maniac. The scouting party searched several days for the younger Espinosa, but without success. No trace of him was ever found. The head of the dead outlaw was cut from the body, and was taken back to Fairplay as a trophy of the remarkable chase. For years the skull was in the possession of a well-known physician in southern Colorado, while a knife the assassin carried was long preserved among the territorial properties. His rifle, which had carried death to so many victims, can be seen any day in Denver in the home of an old mountaineer, then poor, but who is now one of the mining kings of the state.

Sad Sensation in Illinois.

For almost a year Miss Ida Wallace, daughter of Prof. Wallace, one of the leading citizens of Columbus, Ill., and a professor of the schools at that place, has been teaching school a short distance in the country. Not coming to her supper Tuesday night search was made for her, and she was found in the school house almost dead with grief and pain, having given birth to a child which to conceal her shame she had thrown into the stove. A portion of the body was found which had escaped the flames. She was taken home, and now lies in a very critical condition. Her family and friends comprise the wealthiest and most cultured citizens. Nothing certain is known of the identity of her betrayer.

Congressman Strait has introduced a bill which in effect, provides that where a contest is pending in a land case, the party succeeding in proving that he is entitled to the land, may make his final proofs without any more notice. He also introduced a bill for the relief of William S. Graw, E. Parlinau, and James W. Schauburg.

Farmers Who Are Always On The Move.

The farmer himself is the most fascinating adjunct of a Kansas farm. It is here that the contented steadfastness of the population of the far Eastern States has met half way the disorder and turbulence of the far West, and the meeting has resulted in a type of character which I believe has not its counterpart elsewhere in the world. His history has usually been somewhat as follows:

He was born and "raised" in Ohio. When he reached man's estate—the estate, by the way, being lacking—he "struck out" for the West and settled perhaps in Indiana. Thence when "things got too thick" he migrated to Illinois, and after a sojourn of a few years in that State he was swept by the tide of emigration into Missouri, where, as he will tell you, "the rebels were too rank," and he soon hitched up the family schooner, embarked the family gods, and crossed into Kansas.

On his travels he has somewhere picked up a companion to whom a certificate, carefully preserved in a frame shows that he has been married by a justice of the peace, and of whom he invariably speaks as "his woman." He and "his woman" have managed to accumulate a family more or less numerous and hungry in the superlative degree. The spirit of unrest that has controlled him heretofore has yielded to the desire of middle life for quiet, and he feels as though he was now settled, and looks forward vaguely to a claim in Colorado or a farm in Iowa when the tendencies of his early days have again gathered force to stimulate him to push on. There is no such thing, however, as contentment among a certain class of young men; they intend to pre-empt "that claim in Colorado before the land is all taken up."

While waiting at a little way station on the Kansas Southern Railroad recently I noticed on the platform a young farmer, I took him to be, who with "his woman" and family of three children seemed to be also waiting for the train.

"Well," I said to him, "are you off for Colorado?"

"No," said he "Ioway."

"Going to settle there?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "I was up there in September, and I seed a nice little farm that I took a notion to, and so I thought that if I could sell out here for anything like that would cost me I would go and buy. Well, a fellow came along and offered me \$10 an acre for my eighty, and that eighty up there in Ioway wasn't but \$12 an acre, and so I invested."

"Well," said I, "is the Iowa farm a better farm?"

"I dunno as it is any better," he answered "Maybe the buildin's ain't quite so good, but then me and my woman was sorter tired of Kansas, and then she had the shakes, she did, and so we thought we'd move."

"How long have you been in Kansas?"

"Five years going on next April."

"Where did you come from before that?"

"Nebraska."

"Where were you raised?"

"Illinois."

"Well, my friend," said I, "don't you know that you are moving out of the part of Kansas of which Mr. Greeley said that if the Garden of Eden was anything like it Adam and Eve were great fools for ever leaving? According to your own showing you won't better yourself any by going; your wife will be as likely to get the chills in Iowa as in Kansas; you are running in debt on your farm; you have all the trouble and expense of moving, and the probability is that it will be years before you are as well off again as you are now."

"Well," said this specimen of go-ahead-activeness, "my folks told me that a rolling stone don't gather no moss; but I tell them that a settin' hen don't git fat." I had no answer to this, for I had never reflected on the drawbacks which the setting hen may have to encounter.

This restlessness is the most characteristic feature of the Western native farmer of the middle and poorer classes. He is always uneasy, never long satisfied anywhere. He is always going to settle somewhere but can't find the place where he is willing to admit that he means to live and die. He helps to develop an immense amount of country, but can't bring himself to stay long enough to reap the reward of his labor. I was riding along a Kansas country road recently in company with a gentleman who was well acquainted with the community. Of twelve houses which we passed nine, I was told, had been built less than five years, and of these nine, seven were owned by other than the original builders. Four had changed owners twice.

Of course what has been said above does not apply to a very large number of farmers, who are either of foreign birth or have brought with them from homes in the far Eastern States traditions of perseverance and contented industry. The Germans are proverbial everywhere for taking the most unpromising upland claims and sticking to them till they blossom, if not with the rose, certainly with yearly crops of Indian corn, which are the admiration and the envy of the possessors of the most fertile farms on the bottoms and along the creeks.—Burlington (Kan.) Ledger.

Burning Church Bonds.

New York World.
A meeting of the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers was held Thursday evening, at which William Allen Butler presided. Mr. Walter L. Law was present and offered

to pay off the bonded indebtedness of the church parsonage, amounting to \$10,000 on condition that the present pastor's salary be increased \$600, making it \$4,100, together with the use of the parsonage. Resolutions were adopted accepting the generous offer and complying with the conditions. John Olmsted, President of the Board of Trustees, handed a certified check for \$10,000 from Mr. Law to William Allen Butler, jr., agent of the bondholders. The latter then turned over ten bonds of \$1,000 each to Mr. Law, who took them into the study, and in the presence of the Trustees and pastor, the Rev. John Reid, threw them into the fire. A committee was appointed to communicate to Mr. Law the thanks of the church and congregation.

Blazing Abroad.

Electric lighting in Europe is advancing more rapidly than the American public seem to realize. Gas is usually far poorer in quality than here, and modern improvements in making it are slowly adopted. The Bon Marche, at Paris, where 1,500 clerks are employed, tried 400 electric lamps, and has now increased the order to 2,000. The St. Lazare Railway station tried a few lamps in the vestibule, and will now extend the system to the whole vast establishment, covering some twelve to fifteen acres. The Grand Opera House, at Paris, with its 1,100 permanent employees, has a gas bill of \$60,000 a year, and it has been experimenting for the past two years with almost every known system of electric lighting, American or otherwise. In Milan the Manzoni Theater is lighted by electricity, and the vast Theater La Scala now has a complete equipment of engines, boilers, and dynamo machines from New York, adequate to 10,000 lamps, in position under the shadow of the great Cathedral, without so much as a wire or a puff of steam in sight from the Cathedral itself.—Electrical Review.

Need of Economy.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn is to practice economy. It is a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first \$1,000 than his next \$10,000. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent upon him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be retained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to ruin and misfortune.

Cultivate then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day and for your future necessities; avoid all foolish and unnecessary expenditures. Spend your time only in such a manner as shall bring profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will prosper in your lives, your business, and will win and retain the respect and honor of all worthy and substantial people.

Oriental at Their Meals.

A lady writing from Jerusalem to the Lewiston (Me.) Journal says: Meats generally are boiled and pulled apart with the fingers. Knives and forks are quite unknown. The Arabs are astonished at the skill with which foreigners handle knives and forks. The oriental seizes a piece of meat from the dish with his fingers, tears off the morsel of his choice and puts the rest back into the dish. Or if he has an honored guest, he fingers out a nice piece of meat and insists on inserting it in his guest's mouth. One can easily see how necessary it is to wash one's hands after eating soup with one's fingers! Well, here comes a servant in petticoats, a sort of hungry-looking Esau in a red skull cap and barefooted. He fetches a pitcher and a basin and pours water over our fingers, the water dripping into the basin. So did Elisha, the son of Shaphai, who poured water on the hands of Elijah. Jesus, you remember, after the memorable supper of this sort, girded himself with a napkin and did even more menial service—washing not only the guests' hands, but their feet. There could be no higher proof of humility to an oriental mind!

A Far-West Restaurant.

"You infernal idiot! Can't you understand plain English? I want a glass of water—water to drink! and I want it quick!" said a guest in a Bismark (D. T.) hotel, according to the Tribune of that town. In desperation the waiter hunted up the proprietor and told him the story. The landlord looked puzzled and himself entered the dining room and approached the stranger and said: "Excuse me, sir, but my waiter is a little hard of hearing. I will take your order." "I ordered a glass of water—nothing but straight water." "I'm sorry," replied the landlord, "but I can't accommodate you. There is so little call for those foreign drinks that it doesn't pay to keep 'em. We've got some prime Kentucky whiskey in the bar, if you can get along on that." The stranger finished his meal in silence.

OUR ANCESTORS' NERVE.

The Secret of Their Unusual Vigor Explained and How it can be Acquired.

There was something about the sturdy vigor of former generations that challenges the admiration of every man, woman and child. They were no epicures—those ancient fathers. They lived simply, and successfully met and overcome difficulties that would have discouraged this age and generation. The rigors of the frontier were supplemented by the savages; wild beasts threatened their enterprise and poverty was a common companion. Yet they bravely encountered and resisted all those things and laid the foundations of a land whose blessings we now enjoy. Their constitutions were strong; their health unsurpassed and yet they were forced to expose themselves continually. There certainly must have been some good and adequate cause for all this and for the physical superiority of that age over the present.

It is well known to everyone conversant with the history of that time that certain home compounds of strengthening qualities were used almost universally by those pioneers. The malarial evils and exposures to which they were subjected necessitated this. When their bodies become chilled by cold or debilitated by the damp mists of a new country they were forced to counteract it by the use of antidotes. Medicines were few in those days, and doctors almost unknown. Hence the preparations above referred to. From among the number, all of which were compounded upon the same general principle, one was found to be more efficient and hence far more popular than all the rest. It was well known through the middle and western states and was acknowledged as the best preparation for malarial disorders and general debility then known. The recipe for compounding this valuable article was handed down from one family and generation to another, was known to the Harrison family and is used as the basis and general formula for the present "Tippecanoe" the name being suggested by the battle in which General Harrison was engaged. The manufacturers have thoroughly investigated this subject in its minutest details, and are certain that for malassimilation of food, dyspepsia, tired feelings, general debility, prostrations, malarial disorders and humors in the blood, nothing can exceed in value "Tippecanoe," which was the medicine of our forefathers and seems destined to be the most popular preparation of the day.

"Tippecanoe" is prepared and given to the public by Messrs H. H. Warner & Co. of Rochester, N. Y., proprietors of the famous Warner's Safe Cure, which is now the most extensively used of any American medicine. The well known standing of this house is sufficient guarantee of the purity and power of this preparation which seeks to banish one of the greatest banes of the nineteenth century—mal-assimilation of food. Any one who experiences trouble of digestion; who feels less vigor than formerly; whose system has unquestionably "run down" and who realizes the necessity of some strengthening tonic cannot afford to permit such symptoms to continue. If the farmer finds that his threshing machine does not separate the grain from the straw he realizes that something is wrong and tries to repair the machine. When the food does not sustain the life; when it fails to make blood; when it causes the energy to depart and ambition to die, it is a certain sign that something is wrong and that the human machine needs repairing. It is not a question of choice; it is a matter of duty. You must attend to your health or your sickness and nothing will sooner overcome these evils than "Tippecanoe," the medicine of the past a safe guard for the present and a guarantee of health for the future.

Land Legislation.

Washington, Special Telegram, March 5.—The proposed public land legislation by congress at this session is of special interest to settlers of Dakota. Maj. Strait's bill reducing the price of public lands within the limits of railroad land grants is of the greatest concern to the settlers who expect to pay for his land. At present he pays \$400 for 160 acres, but under Mr. Strait's reduction bill he would pay \$200, or \$1.25 per acre. Settlers and other friends along the line of the Northern Pacific in Dakota are pouring in letters upon senators and representatives asking their support of the reduction. They claim it is an unjust discrimination against and burden upon the settlers who have to locate within forty miles of a land grant railroad; that the government ought not to compete the homesteader to pay for the lands donated to the railroad; that the treasury is already full of money, and that the tax of \$2.50 is unnecessary and positively injurious to both settler and country. Delegate Raymond has also an important bill before the house land committee, providing that homestead settlers who appear to be the class who go west to stay be allowed one year from date of entry at the local land office within which to build a house and do as least

FIVE ACRES OF BREAKING.

before being actual residences. A letter to Senator Hawley from one of his old constituents in Dakota, says this one-year stipulation is universally commended by the homesteaders in his vicinity. It gives the new farmers a chance to get ready for a crop before he is obliged to commence a continuous residence, and hold out substantial encouragement to settlers with families, who are loath to endure the unnecessary and impractical conditions exacted by the homestead law as it exists. Mr. Raymond's bill also permits a winter's absence where the settlers desires it for the purpose of securing employment. Suggestions are reaching Maj. Strait that claimants under the timber culture act be restricted to actual settlers of the township where the land subject to entry under that act is located, and that the area be made eighty acres instead of 160. Thus two claims are allowed in each section where there is now only one. The non-residents are reported as total failures in raising trees. They cannot make delegated labor a success. The present law will undoubtedly be repealed, after eliminating the speculative elements from the public land laws, in the interest of bona fide settlers. Such a provision as outlined in this dispatch will be productive of great good.