The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 11.

B. F. FLEMING,

Dealer in Grain.

SCHUYLKILL LIME, quick and slaked, delivered by cars or vessel. Frequently pays for itself in the first crop. I refer to a few who have used my Lime: Richard Hynson, Esq., J. A. Pearce, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Round Top; Isaac Parsons, George R. Reed, Major B. T. Biggs, Robert Nicholson, H. W. Vickers, Major T. B. Hynson, John T. Mier, Jas. Beck of Geo., Bartus P. Hatcherson, Samuel Hurlock, Rev. E. B. Newnam, Rev. S. W. Thomas, Thomas Gale, David Hurlock, William Hurlock.

BITUMINOUS and ANTHRACITE COAL.

OAK and PINE WOOD, sawed and split if desired. Apr 14, 1881—y

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.,

AT LOW PRICES FROM

Samuel Burns & Co.,

104 LIGHT Street Wharf,

Baltimore, - - - Maryland.

Spring, 1881.

E. W. F. SIMPERS.

DRY GOODS

MUSLINS, PRINTS, Shirtings, Dress Goods, White Goods, Percales, Lawns, Cottonades. NOTIONS, a full stock. Glassware and Queensware.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

A Specialty,

as follows:

Green and Roasted Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrup, Cheese, Rice, Chow-chow, Oat Meal, Spices, Canned Goods, Corn Starch, Mackerel, Pure Cider Vinegar;

SUGAR CURED HAMS.

FLOUR by the barrel, sack or pound.

TOBACCO and CIGARS.

Call and be convinced that we are selling Goods cheap for CASH.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

May 5 Chestertown.

C. F. STAM,

Druggist & Chemist,

PREPARES MEDICINES

from the choicest

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRUGS

Physicians' Prescriptions

always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.

The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.

NOTICE!

Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.

Respectfully,

COLIN F. STAM,

May 26, 1881. DRUGGIST.

THOMPSON'S

FREIGHT & PASSENGER LINE

For BALTIMORE.

On and after June 27, 1881, the

ESTAMER L. G. CANNON,

CAPT. WM. A. THOMPSON,

Will leave Chestertown every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 P. M.; Quaker Neck 4 p. m.; Hooper's Wharf, Centreville, 5.30 p. m.; Emory's Wharf 5.45 p. m.; arriving in Baltimore at 10 p. m.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Wednesday at 3 p. m. and Friday at 6 p. m., stopping at above landings.

Mr. Wm. Coursey will convey freight and passengers to and from Centreville.

☞ Freights received every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at foot of Commerce st., Baltimore.

☞ *Specialty—handling and caring for freight.* Charges moderate.

FARE 75c. Round Trip tickets $1.25. State-rooms extra.

Freight on grain 4c. per bushel.

JOS. W. THOMPSON,

June 30, 1881—tf. Manager.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

WE hereby notify our friends and the public generally, that we have opened a

NEW STORE

at the room recently occupied by Mr. S. Merritt, alongside of Mr. J. K. Aldridge's hardware store.

We hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

W. H. LAMBERT & CO.

OARS AND OARLOCKS—for sale by T. L. HINES & CO

Spring Announcement

—OF—

Louis K. Stam.

Please Read Carefully.

In painting your buildings it is always to your advantage to select the Best and Purest of materials.

I have house and carriage Paint and Varnishes, all kinds, of the best quality that can be obtained, viz:—John W. Masury & Sons, and John Lucas & Co's. It is guaranteed neither to CRACK, PEEL nor BLISTER, and to last in any weather. It has stood the test here for eight years.

My Spring designs of WALL PAPER are most beautiful and have been selected with great care from the largest Houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Garnet, Cherry, Dark Brown, Light Brown Drab, Pearl, and many other colors of Window Shadings. Shades made to order to fit your window.

Protect your Barns and other Buildings by using Washes. I have all the different earth Paints for such work and will give directions to mix the wash.

Paint Brushes, White Wash Brushes, Kalsomine, &c. Full Stock. VERY LOW PRICES.

Full assortment of FURNITURE. Goods delivered to your houses free of charge, and satisfaction guaranteed. Don't fail to call when you visit town. You will be received politely.

Just below C. F. Stam's Drug Store, and adjoining Mrs. Ellen Melvin's.

Louis K. Stam,

April 23, 1881. Chestertown.

New Spring Millinery!

LATEST STYLES.

MRS. KATE GILL

HAS just opened a beautiful line of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS for Spring and Summer, embracing the latest novelties in

Hats, Bonnets,

RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.; also Neck Wear, Ties, &c. DRESS TRIMMINGS—Silk Fringes, Cord and Tassels, Buttons, &c. Also, full line of HOSIERY and GLOVES.

A call is solicited. My goods are all fresh and new, and include the latest and most beautiful styles for Spring and Summer wear, and will be sold at the lowest prices.

May 5 MRS. KATE GILL.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATES REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors.

All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W. COLEMAN,

March 10, 1881—y MANAGER.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS.

Building Lumber of all Kinds.

DO NOT BUY AWAY FROM HOME until you are satisfied that you can do better than at home.

Bring me a bill of the Lumber you may need, and I think I can save you money. Try it!

March 24, 1881 T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

The "Crown" Freezer, as sold by Thos. L. Hines & Co., is the best in the market. They are cheap, and every one warranted.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.

A MATCH.

If I were Anglo-Saxon
And you were Japanese,
We'd study storks together,
Pluck out the peacock's feather,
And lean our languid backs on
The stiffest of Settees;
If I were Anglo-Saxon
And you were Japanese.

If you were Della-Cruscan
And I were A.—Mooresque,
We'd make our limbs look less in
Artistic folds and dress in
What once were tunics Tuscan
In Dante's days grotesque;
If you were Della-Cruscan
And I were A.—Mooresque.

If I were mock Pompeian,
And you Belgravian Greek,
We'd glide 'mid gaping Vandals,
In shapeless sheets and sandals,
Like shades in Tartarean,
Dim ways remote and bleak;
If I were mock Pompeian,
And you Belgravian Greek.

If you were Culture's scarecrow,
And I the guy of Art,
I'd learn in latest phrases
Of either's quaintest crazes
To lisp and let my hair grow,
While yours you'd cease to part;
If you were Culture's scarecrow,
And I the guy of Art.

If I'd a Botticelli,
And you'd a new Burne-Jones,
We'd dote for days and days on
Their mystic hues, and gaze on
With lowering looks that felly
We'd fix upon their tones;
If I'd a Botticelli,
And you'd a new Burne-Jones.

If you were skilled at crewels
And I a dab at rhymes,
I'd write delirious "ballads,"
While you your bilious salads
Were stitching upon two ells
Of coarsest crass, at times;
If you were skilled at crewels
And I a dab at rhymes.

If I were what's "consummate,"
And you were quite "too too,"
'Twould be our Eldorado
To have a yellow dado,
Our happiness to hum at
A teapot tinted blue;
If I were what's "consummate"
And you were quite "too too."

If you were what "intense" is,
And I were like "decay,"
We'd mutely muse or mutter
In terms distinctly utter
And find out what the sense is
Of the Æsthetic lay;
If you were what "intense" is
And I were like "decay."

If you were wan, my lady,
And I your lover, weird,
We'd sit and wink for hours
At languid lily flowers,
Till fain of all things fady,
We faintly—disappeared!
If you were wan, my lady,
And I, your lover, weird.

—*Punch.*

THE STORY OF AN OUTLAW.

MURDEROUS CAREER OF BILLY THE KID.

From the Philadelphia Times.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., July 19.

There is no doubt about it that "Billy the Kid," the notorious bandit, is dead. He was killed on Saturday by Sheriff Pat Garrett, of Lincoln county, at Fort Sumner, 130 miles from here. The Coroner's jury has returned a verdict of justifiable homicide coupled with a statement that Pat Garrett deserved the thanks of the whole community for ridding the country of the desperado.

The Kid was a beardless youth and is said to have been born in New York and it is said that his real name was McCarthy. His boast was that he had killed a man for every year of his age, which is probably true. Sheriff Garrett receives the reward of $500 from the Territory and $200 will be raised for him by the rejoicing people. The verdict of justificable homicide is rather queer, as the Kid was shot down without warning. He had been in the neighborhood of Sumner for some days, disguised as a Mexican. Sheriff Garrett got upon his track and on Saturday night was waiting for him in the cabin of Pete Maxwell, a cattle man. Garrett had not been in the room 20 minutes when the Kid entered in his stocking feet, knife in hand, and ostensibly for the purpose of buying some meat. He observed Garrett's crouching form near the bed, but before he could ascertain who it was Garrett fired, the ball passing through the desperado's heart.

The Kid has shot a number of men since his escape from jail, about two months ago. He was tried and sentenced to be hanged and taken to Lincoln, near Fort Stanton, for safe-keeping. He gave warning that he would escape.

One day he felled his guard with a blow from his shackled fists, snatched a revolver and sent a bullet through his heart. Then he walked across the street to the house where another guard lived, waited for him to come up the street and shot him dead. Then he armed himself with a Winchester rifle and a lot of revolvers and as the crowd, attraced by the noise, gathered scattered people right and left. He ordered one of the men to get him a horse and a file. He mounted the former and with the latter filed off the shackles upon one of his legs, and, not stopping to remove the other, tied the severed manacle with its chain to his belt so that it should not impede his movements. Not a man in the crowd dared to draw a bead on him, and, saying that he did not intend to steal the horse and would return it, Billy started out of town on a gallop. Before he had gone far the horse "bucked" and threw him. He jumped up, and at the muzzle of his pistol compelled one of the men to catch him, which he remounted and rode away. Soon after he went to Fort Summer, where he had a sweetheart, and disguised himself.

A NOTED BANDIT'S CAREER.

HIS CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Fort Sumner, N. M., July 10.

A month ago it was generally believed that the famous bandit known as "Billy the Kid" was dead and as the belief in the truth of the report grew there was more and more rejoicing. Now, however, comes the report that Billy is still in the land of the living and that he is living in disguise at Sumner.—There is conderable excitement over the news.

Billy the Kid, who has been greatly feared in this portion of New Mexico, in Texas and parts of Colorado for several years past, is the desperado concerning whom less is known than any other American outlaw who ever cut throats, robbed stage coaches or stole cattle in this far Western country.

Your correspondent has accidentally made the acquaintance of a young gentleman, the son of a former distinguished member of General Sherman's staff, who had a wonderful experience with the celebrated bandit, whose deeds have been so much heraled of late.

Young Duncan is a successful trader at Alamosa, New Mexico, in the "Black Range." The news of the renegade's death was to the effect that "Billy the Kid," disguised and going under another name, was shot and killed by passengers of a stage coach within five miles of Alamosa, New Mexico, on the afternoon of May 16, at thirty minutes past one o'clock—just twenty-five hours and thirty minutes later than he would have died by the rope had he remained in the jail of a little New Mexico town, where he was confined under sentence of death, which sentence was to have been executed on the 15th of May, at twelve o'clock noon. On the 2d of May he escaped from jail by knocking his jailer senseless with the manacles on his hands and got away, after killing the Deputy Sheriff and one other citizen.

During the two weeks' freedom which followed, this young terror of the plains succeeded in taking seven more lives than he already had to answer for, bringing his grand total of known butcheries up to some thirty-four in number. The news of his death proves false, and there is no doubt that the desperado is now in this vicinity, in spite of the price set upon his head.

A MYSTERIOUS BANDIT.

But little is known of the true history of the little more than youth called "Billy the Kid," and there is not a individual living within a radius of several hundred miles of this region (where all the desperate exploits of the murderer have taken place) who even knows the Kid's true name. This is something he would never tell, and his reasons for withholding it will be found further along in this story.

The young man who tells me the story of the Kid's life is one of the best known young fellows in this whole wild country. Never is danger threatened the settlement but he is on the alert to protect its interests, and it has not been many days since he headed an expedition to go in pursuit of a party of Indians who were suspected of murdering a young miner.

Some time ago young Mr. Duncan was a member McBroom's surveying party, surveying for one of the new railroads through New Mexico and Texas. He had at this particular time been several months in the country and was pretty well used to its ways. He could talk, eat and sleep with "Greasers" and hold fluent converse with nearly all the different tribes of Indians.

"It was about the middle of April, in 1880," said he, "that I was with McBroom's party, and, after several weeks' hard work, we found ourselves somewhere close to that dangerous locality, the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, occupying an immense territory in the counties of Lincoln and Dona Ana, in the extreme south-eastern corner of New Mexico, and where it is, as you know, very hard work to find anything in the shape of water or greenness. In fact, there is no verdure in the whole immense area. One hot evening, when what water we carried was exhaused, we were unsuccessful in finding spring or creek. The night was rapidly approaching when we finally went into camp, and several of us were dispatched in different directione to look for the precious fluid. I was given three burros (small Mexican donkeys) and started in a northerly direction, with instructions if I did not strike water before darkness came to return to camp.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

"I found no water and at dusk started in a direction which I supposed would take me to the camp. It did not, however, and I wandered about all that night, hearing no noise except now and then the screeches of night peculiar to this region. I cannot describe to you my feelings when, at the close of the second day of my bewilderment, I sank down exhausted and made a pillow of one of the faithful little animal, which, like myself, were nearly famished through hunger and thirst. It came to me all at once that I was lost on the Llano Estacada! For three days I was alone on that desolate plain and the fourth day had set in before I became delirious. On the afternoon of the fourth day, when I was about ready to lie down and die, the burros struck what is known as a 'blind trail' and followed it up. I was startled a short time after to have one of the burros break away from me and dash forward. The two others followed, and a few moments later I saw the poor beasts rolling and plunging in a greenish, stagnant pool of foul water, out of which grew a heavy, rank vegetation. I thanked God, for I knew there must be clear water somewhere near from which this pond was fed. At length I found it—a tiny, silvery rivulet, very shallow, but every sparkle of which in the clear sunlight was more precious to me than so many diamonds. I threw myself prostrate by its side and drank. Getting up I walked to the top of what is called a measa, or high plain, that was just before me, and was surprised when my eyes fell on the valley beneath to see a cluster of what appeared to be cottonwood trees. Immediately on the other side of them rose another high plain. The trees were in the valley, and in the midst of them stood one of the queerest looking buildings I have ever seen. It was a round, cone-shaped affair that might have been the castle of some Mexican grandee, the ranche of a cattle herder or a fort. Situated as it was between the two abrupt high plains, it could not be seen until one was completely upon it. The building appeared to be built of adobe, and I could notice all around its side, holes which I took to be loop-holes. I was getting deathly sick, made so by drinking so much water, and determined to approach the strange building. Going down the hill I looked for the door, found it, cried 'halloo,' and would probably have fallen to the ground had I not been brought to my senses by seeing the cold, cruel bores of eleven Winchester rifles staring me in the face. The rifles were pointed at me from cracks in the door and the loopholes surrounding it. I suppose I cried, 'Don't shoot; I'm a friend,' or something of that sort, for they didn't shoot, and the next moment the door was opened and a young man with an eye brighter than an eagle's stepped out. I knew him. I had seen him at Sumner and I had seen him shoot down a man in his tracks and saunter leisurely down the street.

I was in the presence of the bandit known as Billy the Kid. When I had seen him in Sumner he had also noticed me and as I was a stranger he had inquired as to who I was and had received the information. He now recognized me and when he saw my condition greeted me kindly.

'How are you, Kid?' I said.

'Well, you're a pretty sick kid,' he answered.

He then looked carefully around and, seeing that I was entirely alone, invited me in. I caught a glimpse of a very handsome young woman. He ordered her to to do something and soon she brought me about a pint of raw corn meal and water. She told me to drink it. I did and it saved my life. I laid myself down on a pile of skins, and, I guess, being quite a healthy young fellow, very tired and with a tolerably easy conscience, I performed the feat of sleeping for about thirty hours, without eating or drinking. When I awoke it was nearly night of the next day. I saw all of my arms and ammunition lying beside me on a stool and then I knew I was safe and among people who would not harm me."

THE KID'S STRONG HOLD.

The young man then described to your correspondent this peculiar and secret hiding place of one of the most lawless and desperate bands of renegades the country has ever known. When it is stated that only in one place for probably fifty miles around this section of country can water fit to drink be found, and that this water bubbles up from a spring situated in the middle of the floor of the outlaws' stronghold, one of the advantages of the site will be obvious.

It was from this gushing spring in the adobe ranche of the desperadoes that the little stream trickled on to feed the slimy pool, accidentally discovered by the young surveyor.

The fearful exposure to which young Duncan had been subjected caused a fever to set in, and he could not think of leaving his bed for some time. During the days of his convalescence he had several long talks with Kid and other members of the band. They all treated him with great kindness, and many were the allusions made as to the jolly life they led, intended, no doubt, to influence the young man to join them.

The thoughts that occupied the mind of the young Washingtonian when references were made to a possible onslaught on the stronghold by Texan Rangers, who were then in the Territory, were not very pleasant, for being found in the renegades' company he would have shared a like fate with them.

THE BANDIT'S APPEARANCE.

Billy the Kid was a remarkable looking person, and the following is something of a description of him at the time of which I write:

He was about twenty years of age small of stature, smooth-faced, spare built with several peculiarities that would distinguish him from equally wicked spirits as himself. One of his chief marks was that of extreme cruelty. His lips were thin and his upper lip very short; two sharp, fierce-looking teeth, much longer than any others in his head, grew out from under that upper lip in an extremely cruel and vicious manner. He was exceedingly vain, not only of his position as leader of a band of between two and three hundred desperadoes, but of his personal appearance and his skill with the rifle. In the latter specialty he perhaps had a right to be proud, for it is known that in all the Western country there was not such a quick and perfect shot as "Billy the Kid." He took delight in showing the young man who had so unwittingly fallen into his hands the nicety with which everything in his "Castle," as he called his retreat amidst the loneliness of the New Mexican plains, was arranged. And verily, from the description of it which I received, it must have been a wonderfully-built place of defense. The main room was about thirty feet in diameter and about ten feet high. There were complete cooking arrangements in one of the "ante-rooms," and a great number of berths fixed one above another on one side of the apartment. In two other petitioned spaces there were enough stores packed away to last a hundred men thirty days. The great spring in the middle of the hard floor was of the most cooling and refreshing nature. There were specimens of nearly all kinds of pillage to be found in abundance in the place.

ON AN EXPEDITION.

At the time the young man who gives me these particulars went to the "Kid's" headquarters there were only eleven or twelve men 'at home.' The rest of the gang were out stealing cattle and at his other strongholds in different parts of the country.

Young Duncan noticed that a close watch was always kept at the loopholes during the day and that the men never were separated from their arms. On inquiry it was made known to him, that which has long been apparent to everybody in New Mexico and parts of Colorado and Texas, viz., that there are about three classes of society in these regions, which may be thus divided: Followers of bands of organized horse and cattle thieves, murderers and bandits, such as "Billy the Kid" led on to victory; the "Texan Rangers, or movable vigilance committees, who have the law of Texas on their side, but are, in fact, about as great rascals as those who steal openly. These "Rangers" the desperadoes hate with deadly hate, but they also fear them. When bandit cow-boy and "Ranger" meet there is blood on the New Mexican moon.—The "Rangers" are about the only organized sort of police the State of Texas employs, and they frequently make excursions over into New Mexico to "whoop up the Greasers." The third class in New Mexico society is the honest, quiet, hard-working citizen, and he is the prey of both "Rangers" and desperadoes.

READY TO TAKE A TOWN.

In an immense corral adjacent to the "Kid's" castle there was placed on the fourth day of Mr. Duncan's sojourn in the adobe ranche some two hundred cattle, the fruits of one expedition of the gentlemen who had been absent. There was much feasting and great hilarity on the night of their return home. The next morning when the stranger woke up and looked out where the cattle had been, lo! they were gone—spirited away, after having been rebranded, to some safer place! On that day the famous young cutthroat got himself up regardless of cost and went away. Before his departure one of his men brought a magnificent black gelding up to the door of the hidden ranche, and Billy, while the horse was neighing and pawing, sprang into the saddle. This is how he looked as he sat giving his last orders to McCabe, his first lieutenant in villainy: He wore a blue dragoon's jacket of finest broadcloth, heavily loaded down with gold embroidery; buckskin pants, dyed a jet black, with small tinkling silver bells sewed on down the sides. These pants were cut tight and fitted closely his shapely leg. Underneath this garment were his drawers of fine scarlet broadcloth, extending clear down to the ankle and over his feet, encasing them like stockings. But his hat was the most gorgeous and the crowning feature of his get-up, as it is with the Mexicans. It was what is known as a "chihuahua" made of costly beaver, with a flat crown and a brim ten inches wide. And this whole structure of a hat was covered with gold and jewels until it sparkled and shown in a dazzling and blinding manner when one looked upon it. There was a gold cord around the crown as large as a man's thumb and a great, bright rosette at the left side set it off in all its glory. This hat cost nearly $300. The shoes worn by this young prince of the plains were low quartered, with patent silver spurs fixed in the heels, which took the place of the common, clumsy arrangements that ordinary equestrians use. Rigged out in this gaudy, saucy way the boy demon (for he can hardly be described in anything short of a mixture of the devil and humanity) would dash into a town—and take it; that is, the citizens would give way to him, let him race like a meteor through the streets, drink at their bars without paying when he pleased, and one man in Sumner, a leading spirit and the owner of the largest store in the place, so much feared the Kid and his gang that he would allow them to use their pleasure in regard to paying him for articles to which their fancies might lightly turn and which they would confiscate.

THE KID'S HISTORY.

It was about ten days before the young king of the renegades returned. Coming back from his secret mission to no one knows where he became very much attached to Duncan, admired his bravery and in a remarkable degree made him his confidante.

Fourteen days after the young man fell into the den of the Kid that individual announced to his new acquaintance that he had discovered the whereabouts of McBroom's party (somewhere on the Vagas river) and would in person guide his guest to his friends. Then he called one of his men, had a splendid horse saddled for Duncan, caused his own steed to be again magnificently caparisoned and the two set out on a cool morning for a ride that must have been full of a very unpleasant sort of mystery to one of the party at least. The Kid seemed to be in a melancholy sort of mood and became communicative giving to his young and honest companion the fullest history of his life that he ever gave to any one. This desperado has been given many names by those correspondents who have written concerning him and not one of these names, he himself stated, was correct. He was known as Billy Conley, Billy Coyle, Donovan and by several other cognomens but none of them were right. He was of Irish birth, he told my informant, and was one of a large family who, at the time of his birth, lived near Springfield, Ill. His father was very poor and, to better his fortunes, went to Sherman, Texas, when Billy was about nine years old. Here and in different towns of Texas the boy became a celebrity on account of the wonderful way in which he could handle a rifle. Old marksmen stood in awe of him whenever he appeared, a grinning, saucy boy, at shooting matches, country fairs or ox-roasts, to compete with them for the prizes offered.

HIS FIRST MURDER.

In Sherman or some small town near to that city, when he was 16 years of age, Billy killed his first man. He was very pathetic when he related the circumstances of this tragedy In a bar room one night a swaggering youth, whose father was wealthy, threw out a slur to the Irish boy which reflected seriously upon his birth and particularly upon the kind of work in which his (Billy's) father was engaged. The boy dared him to fight and in the melee that ensued killed his antagonist. Immediately he reflected that his victim's family, being rich, they would hunt him to the death and he would stand no chance of getting justice should he remain and be tried. So he fled and went direct to Lincoln county, New Mexico, where several cattle herders were in want of boys. Later on he was defrauded by one of these men, who refused to keep his agreement of dividing at a certain time the profits of his business (cattle stealing) with the cow-boys who aided him. The bays revolted and a desperate and bloody contest ensued. This was during the years of 1878 and 1879, and was continued up to the present time.

There is no doubt but what this strange boy was bound to be a ruler of some kind. In the Lincoln county cattle war he came to the front at once, although one of the youngest boys engaged in the business; and that position he ever after maintained, not hesitating to kill at a moment's notice any man, even of his own band, who aspired to gain any sort of influence over the men or who questioned his authority. He also told Mr. Duncan that the reason he always refused to give his real name and the genuine place of his residence in Texas was that he had an old mother and three sisters, the latter being happily married to law-abiding and honorable citizens. At that time he was anticipating death. Heavy rewards were every where offered to anybody who would take him, dead or alive, or who could give authentic information as to his hiding-places. He lived in imminent danger of any moment being shot down like a dog, and he was honest enough to own that he deserved it.

The ride was a long and circuitous one, and the "Kid," no doubt, guided his companion in such a manner that it would be a hard task for Duncan ever again to find the spot where the secret ranche was hidden. Billy acted honorably towards his captive. On the night of the day on which they left the Llano Estacado Duncan was returned safe and sound to his friends. Billy bade him good bye and vanished. In the first town the surveying party stopped my informant saw a notice posted up offering $500 reward for "Billy the Kid," dead or alive, and less amounts for any of his band, or for information whereby his retreats might be discovered. The man who had slept in Billy's ranch would rather have cut off his right hand than betray him, even could he have done so.

HOW "THE KID" MURDERED.

For years this young desperado has been engaged in the task of systematically killing off all persons in this (Valencia) and Lincoln counties whom he considered his enemies. These people were all engaged in the cattle-stealing business. The chief end of his life of late has been, as he expressed it, to kill off a man named Gillis, a rich cattle-herder, and who was the first man, Billy said, who "went back" on him. Often he would ride up to where some of Gillis' men were, shoot down one or two of them and then send word to Gillis by those whom he allowed to live that he (Billy) was on his track and intended to hunt him to his death. At the time the desperado had this remarkable conversation with young Duncan he was suspicious of his first lieutenant, a Texan named McCabe. He said that McCabe had committed a great number of crimes against the settlers which were attributed to himself and which he deprecated. It was not many weeks after this that Duncan heard that McCabe had been shot down by his superior. Persons at this place who witnessed a tragedy in which the "Kid" was the chief actor described it to me as one of the most remarkable feats of quick and accurate shooting they had ever seen. An enemy of one of Billy's fast friends was in Sumner one day when some of the "gang" were on a jamboree. This enemy of the renegade's friend was a "Ranger," and by prying round and hiding behind doors and store boxes he thought he had escaped identification. When the renegade whom he was bent on slaughtering entered the store the "Ranger" drew a bead on him, and in three seconds Billy's staunchest friend would have been food for worms had not the "Kid" sprang about six feet, seized his Winchester and with the rapidity of lightning let fly the leaden messenger that sought refuge in the heart of the "Ranger." He fell over against a barrel and expired without a groan, while the entire party, including the renegade who had so narrowly escaped death, marched up to the bar and took a drink. After his last escape from prison Billy was almost maniacal and was more of a dare-devil than ever before. His band is now pretty well scattered.

Guiteau, it seems, was a wife beater. This proves that he is not insane, but simply a coward and a brute. The spirit that leads to assaulting a woman is the same that leads to shooting an unarmed man.

In the event of the President's complete recovery nothing can be gained by sending Guiteau to prison for a few years. We suggest, therefore, that he be released on condition that he will go to Texas and steal a horse.

All Sorts of Clippings

A bald head is a fly's paradise.

Two in a tirade seldom agree.

A feast is as good as enough.

Kiss and let kiss.

Piety is often but knee-deep.

A stern duty—a helmsman's.

A rising man—a growing youth.

A fighting dog—a West Pointer.

A spirited youth—one dead drunk.

The world's fair—women.

Bismarck is 68 years old.

A mask of gold hides all deformities.

Hush money—the price of a family cradle.

A tea never indulged in by gossips—charity.

Job boiled over when his patience gave way.

How to keep even with the world—don't be odd.

Necessity knows no law, but a good many lawyers.

Matchless maid—the kitchen girl out of lucifers.

Horse thieves in Texas are serenaded by string bands.

The cleanest of persons don't mind handling "filthy lucre."

How does the hair dresser end his days? He curls up and dies.

A burnt moustache dreads the short cigar.

There's many a slip between the pulpit and the church door.

Bangs cover a multitude of wrinkles.

It is a short layin' that has no turn in it.

The scissors has two blades, crying, Steal, steal!

All that blisters is not good medicine.

Honest tea furnishes its own grounds.

Of two women choose the one that will have you.

That beauty is not so bright as she is painted.

Speech is cheap, but votes are what tell.

A woman after his own heart is what pleaseth the man.

We love the evil until we suffer for it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth himself.

Dublin policemen are tall and innocent looking.

A corn dodger—a man who avoids wearing tight boots.

What would you call a young physician? A patient waiter.

Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest.

Women counterfeiters drive a big trade in Philadelphia.

Is it right for a teetotaler to accept a "cordial" invitation?

Those who have known real grief seldom seem sad.

Actors take great interest in starring routes.

A new shade of pale gold color takes the name of dawn.

The marriage tie is a beautiful knot.

An Ohio woman was married ten minutes after receiving a divorce.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836 a patent for the invention of matches was granted.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe got a patent for his first sewing machine.

A drink of half milk and half Vichy water is very refreshing.

An English constable mounted a bicycle and caught a thief.

In 1813 London streets were first lighted with gas.

If you mean to marry when old, be temperate when young.

At a fair an "old woman" sat in an immense shoe selling dolls.

In a New York hotel the guests' boots are blacked by machinery.

If you would enjoy quiet and content, do away with airs and pretense.

After all, the best watering-place is the old-fashioned family well.

Speaking of tails; we always like those that end well—Hogg's, for instance.

Speaking of wags; what is more waggish than a dog's tail when he is pleased.

Decisions in law suits are rendered the same as lard is rendered—by trying.

If you lose an hour in the morning you may hunt all day and never find it.

A London paper hints that mosquitos are taken to England in American trunks.

The coal-iol goeth before destruction and a banana skin before a fall.

Ex-Governor Coburn, of Maine, has given the Maine State College $10,000.

The wife of Gen'l. Sherman says that in 31 years he has never but once been late to dinner.

Why is a rosebud like a promissory note? Because it matures by falling due.

Can a young lady who is everlastingly knittin g her eyebrows be called industrious.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

The tobacco crop is very poor in Connecticut.

The bravest man on earth is he who has the clearest and most tenacious confidence in God.

[Cleveland Leader.]

Mr. Orlando Weatherbee, says an exchange of ours, proprietor "The Spencer Pharmacy," Spencer, Mass., reports: My customers speak very highly of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, it having always given excellent satisfaction. One of them, Mr. Henry Belcher, has been greatly benefited by its use in a case of severe rheumatism, and he refers to it in terms of highest praise.

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