A HISTORY OF THE Texas Rangers' ASSOCIATION

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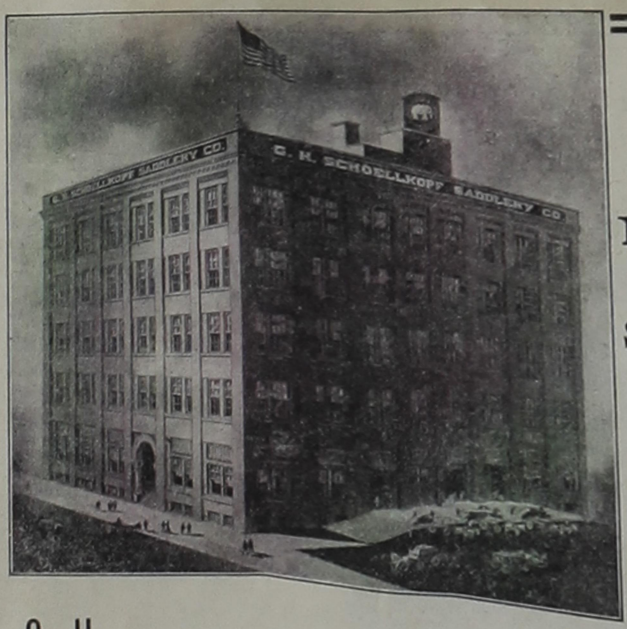

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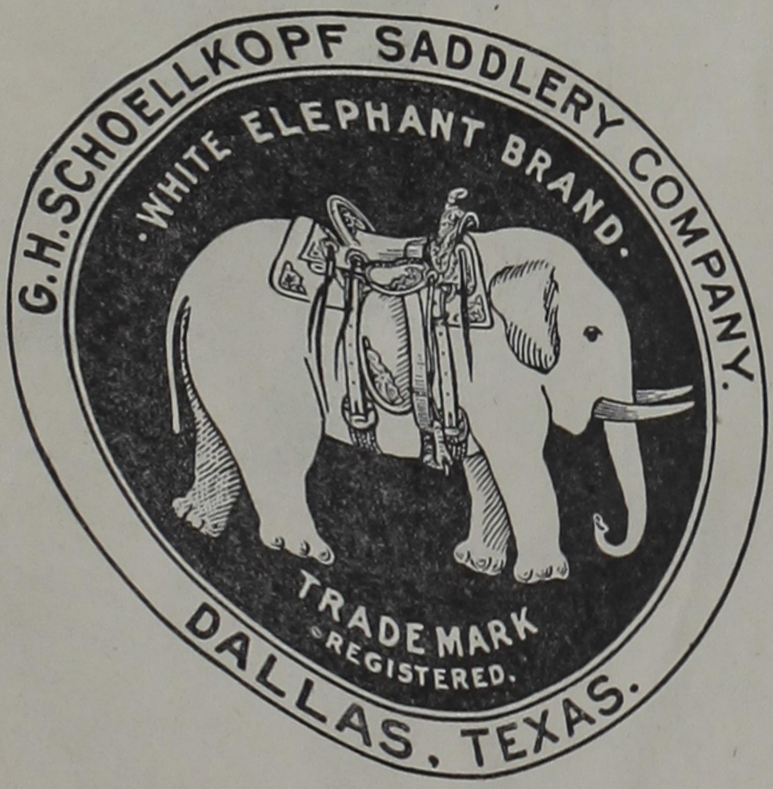

Apaches had either captured or killed the driver and passengers. The searchers found the stage, one mule killed, all the canvas curtains cut off and mailbags cut open and mail scattered over the ground, leather boot cut and carried off, but did not find the bodies of the men. Examining the signs, Ford believed there was only four Indians, and they had left the road and gone off southwest toward the river. The party took it for granted that the driver and passenger had been taken prisoners and carried off to be tortured, and followed five or six miles expecting to find their bodies.

Ford wrote to me and the rangers were soon on the road. I had twelve of my men and three of the Pueblo Indians with me, making our force sixteen, quite small enough, but I had telegraphed Lieutenant Charley Nevill, who was camped near Fort Davis, in the Mosquito canyon, to meet me at Quitman and he started with nine men and his wagon and a driver, a half-breed Digger Indian named Potter, who was afterward with the men who tried to hold up the stage near San Angelo, but Lieutenant Kirk Trimpoof my company happened to be on the stage and wounded Potter. Fitzgerald, a brother-in-law of Jim White, the present collector of El Paso, was killed in the fight. The rangers afterward caught Potter and his corporation showed the mark's of Kirk's bullet, but at the time I speak of Potter was good Injun heap. Our first night out, January 1, 1881, it began to snow, and in the morning when I poked my head out from under my blanketI saw nothing but white mounds where the boys lay snoring peacefully, but the guards had orders to wake us at daylight and had a big fire so we were soon all up and cooking and shaking the snow from our blankets. It was cold for keeps. One of the men, although the water was not over fifty yards, had to jump on his horse and gallop to the water, and when the horse put his head down to drink both ranger and horse went down in the ice water. He got no sympathy. I never knew a ranger that did unless he was half killed.

* * *

Ournext camp was between Rife station—named after old Tom Rife, who kept the station then, afterward in charge of the Alamo

at San Antonio. It was one of the bitterly cold winds from the west, but the snow had melted off and we were in the bottom, with plenty of wood, and got along first rate.

The next morning we got to Quitman and John Ford told us it was not worth while to go out to the canyon, but keep on down the river and he was sure we would strike the trail of the Indians. We pushed on down the Rio Grande and camped. The weather had cleared up. The snow, except in shady places, had vanished, and one of he warm, bright, lovely days for which our west is celebrated had followed the bitter cold winds and snow. Even an old rattler had crawled out to enjoy the last rays of the sun and some of the younger members of the company, anxious to get his rattles, got after him, but he wriggled under a pile of driftwood and the greenies set fire to the pile, making a huge bonfire that lasted all night, and had the Indians been anywhere near, would have been on the watch for us. Subsequent events, however, proved they were in a deep canyon, fully thirty miles south of us.

By sunrise we were off and took a trail that left the river and wound through some rough hills. Coming in below again, we struck the trail where the Indians had come from the southwest, and picked up a samll, handsome, fur-tipped glove, and our conjecture was it had been dropped by the passenger for the benefit of pursuers, and gave us hopes that both the men were alive. The trail showed one fresh shod mule which had been taken by the Apaches from a colored soldier who was repairing the telegraph wire in Quitman canyon. I once overheard him relating the affair to an admiring crowd on San Antonio street, He was up the telegraph pole and did not see the Indians until they had him treed and were getting ready to shoot him like a coon, when the rangers charged and saved his life, but he lost his mule! This evidently did not happen, as we had not left Ysleta at that time.

On reaching the river, at that time pretty well supplied with water, we followed a ledge of rocks crossing diagonally and making a splendid ford, and followed the trail down the river, they taking the old trail used by the Mexican custom house guards.

Where this leaves and strikes the rough hills we found the first camp of the Apaches after the murder in the canyon. We were puzzled by the signs as this camp, for there were no moccasin tracks around the fire at all, and only a small shoe track of Mexican make, also a box of Mexican wax matches, partly used, some scattered around on the ground. This was a puzzler, but the next camp made them for a noon rest showed the Apache too plain to be mistaken. They had killed a mule and roasted the ribs, cut off a lot of the meat, and their moccasin tracks were thick. The explanation of this I learned years afterward. They had a Mexican prisoner, and the Indians—there were only three of them—sat on their blankets at their first camp and made the Mexican do all the work around that camp, and left the matches to throw suspicion on the Mexicans. The Mexican managed to make his escape that night, and they showed the cloven foot afterward.

* * *

Following the trail, we came to a wide gravelly stream that came from the mountains to our right, and the trail led to the west, but when we struck the creek bed we found a fresh trail of some fourteen unshod ponies and knew in reason they were the game we were after, and we followed the fresh sign. We had with us old Bernardo Alguin, Domingo Alguin, his son, and Ameseto Duran, a nephew of the old Pueblo chief. Bernardo had for a long while been acting as scout and trailer for the United tSates troops, was familiar with the whole country, and brave, sober and reliable, and could read wood signs like a book. The old fellow is dead, and it is only a question of time when the Tiguas who settled Ysleta will be a name only, as the Sivecus, their one-time powerful neighbors are. Domingo, his son, a bright, intelligent, young fellow, is also dead. Ameseto was alive a year ago. The three Pueblos had a score to settle with these same Apaches, as Simon Alguin, a brother of Bernardo and noted guide for the United States army, was killed at Ojo Nejo, when a company of Pueblas under a Lieutenant Bell was ambushed, or rather surprised in a camp that Simon begged the lieutenant not to stop at, butto go back to our trail.

The Apaches rode southeast and late in the evening we came to a high bluff, and below half a mile was spread out a picture quite inviting to us—a cienego with a fine pool of water, tules and green garss. Taking my field glass I carefully scanned the valley hoping to find our game resting at their east. But nothing but the omnipresent raven and barking coyote could be seen. There had been at some prehistoric time an earthquake that made a deep rent in the cliff, and down this the Apaches, after dismounting, had slid their ponies, and the rangers followed suit. We had our dinner and gave our stock a good rest and resumed the chase. The signs were getting quite fresh and the boys were eager for a scrap.

Sunset found us in the open land between the hills and the Rio Grande and we struck camp, not caring to run into the Indians at nightfall and we expected to find them on the river. Orders were given not to make any fires. It was bitterly cold, but the danger of our being seen was to great to take any chances.

At daylight we were off, and the trail crossed the river and went down it, putting us on Texas soil again and on our own dunghill. Following on until we came to the Indians old camp, we stopped for dinner, and in piroting around the men found where a cache had been made on the bank of the river and rug down some four or five feet, but as we had all we could pack anyhow, concluded to let it rest until some future day, which it has done up to the present day.

Here the hills came in to the river and there was an exceedingly ugly place to pass, for the rocks sloped toward the cliff, and if a horse, pack mule or man should happen to slip he would have gone hundreds of feet below to certain death, rider and all. So we dismounted and moved very slowly and carefully until we gained level ground, and after following the river a short distance, the trail turned among the low hills on the river and made a bee line for the southern end of Eagle mountains. We crossed the big valley where a road now runs between Sierra Blanca station and Captain Chas. Davis' ranch and sunset found us

in the rough hills about three miles from the foot of the Eagle mountains, where we went into camp down in a deep canyon. with a few scattering cedars around us. The sign was so fresh we felt pretty sure we would find the Apaches in some of the numerous little canyons in the morning.

Orders were again given for no fires to be built after night except by the sentinel, and that must be a very small one and completely hidden from the mountains. About midnight, being awake, I was very much astounded to see a bright blaze that shot up into the air at least fifty feet. Frank Beaumont, who was the sentinel on guard at the time, had found a secluded little nook completely hidden from the mountains, and built a fire under a green cedar tree, harboring the delusion that green cedar would not burn. Fank was about as green as the cedar, for no sooner did the green boughs get thoroughly heated than the blaze ran up like it was a barrel of kerosene oil. There was no use calling out the fire brigade, and we could only hope the Indians were all asleep. Frank got the green rubbed off afterward and made a good ranger.

We were off bright and early and within a mile found another mule the Apaches had butchered to eat. Keeping a sharp lookout, we rode up to the base of a high cliff, where there was a small spring, and there we found a moccasin track so fresh that it looked as though the Indian had just left. All was eagerness and excitement, and all wanted to go, but Corporal Nat Harrison made a detail to watch our horses and we followed the path to the right of the cliff up a stepe hill, and after following the moccasin track about 250 yards we came to the crest of the ridge that ran to our right, and from the tops of cedar and oaks in view we had every reason to believe we would find our game. Cautiously in line we crept up and peeped over. Just across a little valley a hundred yards stood a tepee of old canvas fluttering in the breeze, and we saw hides and some articles lying around, so, in ranger parlance, we made sure we "had 'em grabbed," but as we straightened up and had a full view of we saw only empty tepees. The birds had flown. The one Indian whose track we saw had been drunk, probably, and went to get

a drink about the time Frank Beaumont made the accidental bonfire. The antis can use that as an argument in favor of getting drunk and sitting up till midnight, as itsaved his life and the village. Everything donated a hasty flight, quirts lying around, old blankets, deer and elk hides showing the thieving rascals were from the Tularosa agency, as the Sacramento mountains at that time were full of elk, as well as bear, deer and turkeys. Among other things found in the camp was a silver urn, evidently used in some church, which I still have.

* * *

The Indians had dug a hole in the ground and put the green horse hide in it, and had been sitting all around, chewing mescal and spitting into the hide. This was to be allowed to ferment so it would "make drunk come" and no doubt if the rangers had not spoiled the fun they would have had a scalp dance over poor old Morgan's scalp and a big celebration.

We began to look for a trail off from camp and although we cut for sign all around the camp, we never saw a pony track. These Apaches were a remnant of Victorio's band that escaped at Tres Castillas when General Joaquin Terrasas made such a killing, and they had no idea of being caught again. They probably grabbed up their saddles and such things as they could pack and went afoot to their ponies. The ground had frozen so hard they made no sign.

It was useless totry to overtake them with the start they had. so I determined to try a litlte strategy. Nearly all my boys had Mexican hats, and as we had come out of Mexico I determined to take the back track as though we had given up the chase and were going back to Chihuahua. After going about six miles we scattered out so as not to make any more dust than possible and started north to go around Eagle mountains and strike the old overland stage road, and perhaps meet Lieutenant Nevill and his detachment. By sundown we had ridden within some five miles of Eagle springs, and luckily in a little rocky arroya we found plenty of water for ourselves and horses from the melted snow. It was a bitterly cold night and all thec anteens that had been filled with water froze and burst.

By 10 o'clock next morning we reached Eagle springs, and learned that Lieutenant Nevill had left that morning for Fort Quitman to meet us. Sam Peveler was sent after him and overtook him camped for dinner at eighteen mile water-hole and they came back that night.

Lieutenant Nevill told us he had seen where quite a bunch of barefoot ponies had crossed the road six or eight miles east of our camp and we told him that was our band of Apaches.

Early in the morning we took the road back, elaving Uieutenant Nevill's wagon, and the aforesaid digger at the stage stand and struck the trail again. They made straight for Victoro's tank, named after the old Apache chief, who, with his band, camped there when General Grierson and the United States troop and my company of rangers had followed him on his last raid in Texas.

The village between Eagle and Devil's Nets, or in the sweet Castillian tongue, Sierra Aguilla and Sierra Diablas, is quite broad. The Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio railroad and Texas and Pacific now run through it, and from the car windows looking northeast one can see a tall, flat-top mountain called by the Mexicans El Narig—the Nose. Our Apaches rode first at the southern foot of it, on this, their last raid in Texas.

Midway of the plains we came to where another horse had been killed and the meat taken had probably given out. They ride until an animal gies out and then use him as commissary stores. No wonder they were hard to catch where they could then steal a fresh horse. We stopped for dinner where they did, and learned a lesson from them in border warfare. There was no water, but plenty of snow, and they had built a mud dam across anarrow ravine and heaed bolders and rolled them into it, melting and packing snow until all their animals and themselves had water. Passing along the foot of El Narig the trail turned toward an ugly looking canyon to our right, but as I knew the country we went ahead to Victoror's tank. At the mouth of the canyon that leads to it we came across their trail again, looking quite fresh, as they had camped the night before in the rough canyon. The next morning bright and early we were off

and made such good time by noon we had come to where they had camped for the night. It showed they were a little suspicious that they were followed, as their camp was in a thicket near the head of a rough canyon that ran east toward Rattlesnake springs, where they could not be followed on horseback easily, and could have been safe from anyone on foot unless they were trained sprinters.

We now had to be extra careful, as we found an enormous head of deer horns in this camp, and knew the Indians were huning and had a good chance for them to see us before we did them. Sunset found us at their camp, where they killed another horse for the commissary department, and as there was plenty of water and good grass, we stopped also. Here they must have given up the idea of danger and roasted a big lot of mescal plant. The pit where it had been roasted was still warm and the odor as sweet as June apples. I told the boys I hoped we would catch them before they ate it all up, as it was a mighty good substitute for old sweet yams after being banked all winter.

These Apaches got their name from relying much on this plant as a food, hence their name, Mescaleros, and it may interest hunters and woodsmen to know how the Indians prepare it. They dig a pit three or four feet deep and about five in diameter and build a fire in this, collecting the mescal heads, not too old or tough. When the fire burns down they pile in the mescal in pyramid form, cover with trash and earth, hot coals and ashes that had been all raked out, hot rocks also being used. This done at night, they had in the morning as nice an article of food as one could wish. There are many kinds of yuca, but the kind they cook has thick leaves at the base and sharp black points. One is apt to remember if he rams his foot against it. It grows all over the mountains.

The chase was now becoming very exciting. The signs showed the Mescaloros had left that morning and were traveling slowly and carelessly, having come to the conclusion their last murders would be unavenged. We passed plenty of deer and antelope, but orders not to shoot anything but an Indian were positive. The pueblos rode ahead a quarter of a mile, and often we were strung

up to the highest pitch. Every coyote, antelope or moving thing seen was eagerly scanned. In the evening we came to their camp, and an examination of the ashes showed that live coals of fire were still burning. In hunting large game, as the pleasure of the chase is in proportion to the danger, so we felt all the eagerness of tiger or lion hunter, but I doubt much if either come up to the Apache warrior with his Winchester and fireceness and cunning.

Rushing ahead, by sunset we had covered a good deal of ground, and nearing the high bluff on the east side of the Sierra Diaplas,and striking a deep arroyo, the trail went up over a high ridge, but I stopped in the arroyo. There was too much risk in crossing the ridge. The Indians might be in full view, or a hunter, lagging behind, spy us. At nightfall, too, was no time to jump their camp.

* * *

Taking old Bernardo and a couple of men with me we went up to where the trail crossed the crest of the mountains and with our glass scanned the hills in front of us, but no herd of ponies, smoke or Indian could be seen. Whilst we were standing there a flock of doves came sweeping by our heads and I said: "Boys, where those are going towater we will find the Indians in the morning." No fire could be seen from our front, so we cooked and were soon asleep, the sentinel instructed to waken us before daybreak. We were good tired and it seemed I had hardly been asleep an hour until we were awakened and had a hasty breakfast and were off on the trail. It was bitterly cold, so we walked and led our horses, had to stoop down in places to work out the trail. Old Bernardo was ahead and I and Lieutenant Nevill just behind; and just as day began to dawn the old Puebla squatted down and say: "Hay, estanios Indios, captain," and looking in the direction he pointed we distinguished two camp fires burning brightly. Luckily we were just on the crest of a hill and turning back were soon out of sight and by taking advantage of the ground we got within four hundred yards of them and Sergeant Carruthers of Nevill's company and Corporal Nat Har-

rison, Company A, was made a detail to guard our horses, the usual kick coming, as all the rangers wanted to take a hand, but five had to sit quietly and hear their comrades cheering and Winchesters popping.

We were able to get within two hundred yards of their camp. Sergeant Carruthers with nine or ten men was sent to the left and instructed to get as near as he could to the Indians without being discovered and when we opened fire to do the same and charge their camp. My squad by following in Indian file and stooping as low as possible got within a hundred yards of the eastern camp. Here we came to a swag or low place between us and the Indians who were huddled up around their fires cooking breakfast and not conscious of a ranger being within a hundred miles. One was just coming to the fire with some wood and looked as big as a skinned horse, having an army cape on, taken from some negro soldiers killed at Hot Springs on the Rio Grande. It proved to be a little girl not over 5 years old, and goes to show how easily one can let his imagination run away with him. Iwas afraid if we passed down this swag some of the Apaches would see us and being just on the crest of the hill, with a deep canyon beyond a few jumps would take them out of sight. So I kneeled down and motioned to the men to fall into line on my right and passed the word down the line when I fired to turn loose.

Old Bernardo's eyes were glistening like a panther's at the chance of getting even with the murderers of his brother, his son and nephew by his side. Nevill was at my side and the muzzle of his own gun within an inch of old Bernardo's ear, and when Nevill fired I saw the old fellow dodge like a mule with a tick in his ear. It was a complete surprise to the Indians and there was plenty of blood all around their camp fire. showing some of us had aim, Sergeant Carruthers got three at the order to fire. nearly all the men had Winchester carbines and rifles, but I used a Springfield rifle with hair trigger such as United States officers used and I doubt if a better army gun was ever made for reliability. We only had a few shots when the Apaches broke over the hill like a herd of deer and we charged the camp, as did the other squad,

and when we got where we could see, the Indians were making 2:40 time down the steep canyon. Only one tried to mount a horse and every ranger in sight began pumping lead into him. He tumbled off the horse, as we supposed dead, but after playing a possum until we ceased firing, he jumped up and made better time than he did on horseback. The Apaches ran, some to the west, some to the east, dwn the deep canyon and one warrior went up the opposite side of the canyon. He bore along the hill in full view and drew the fire of every one and occasionally would turn around and shoot back at us. All we could do was to hold our breath until he shot, not knowing which one was his target. I took five pops at him myself. Frank de Jarnette and another ranger followed his trail for over a mile and and said he was bleeding like a beef, but still making big jumps toward the Tularasa agency. Four or five Indians ran down the arroyo and I called to Frank de Jarnette and told him the arroyo was so crooked that if one would leave it and run along the side of the canyon I believed we could get ahead of the Indians and kill some of them. So away we went at full speed, Frank ahead. Suddenly I saw him sit down and start to slide, and reached down and grabbed him by his coat collar and pulled him back, when he sat still panting like a lizzard chased by a chapeael cock, without being able to speak. We had come square on to the brink of a cliff that must have been four or five hundred feet perpendicular. If he had gone over I could not have stopped and we would have been killed by the fall and no one been the wiser except old Bernardo would have followed our taril. It was one of the times I humbly thanked God he had spared my life. Finding we could make no further progress in that direction, and the firing in the canyon ceasing, we turned back to the arroyo, and soon saw Sergeant Caruthers and a squad of the rangers coming up the bed of the arroyo with two squaws and a child, prisoners. They had run down the bed of the arroyo until they came to the same cliff that stopped us, and hid in a cave, where the men found them. This explained why one of the warriors had taken the chance on the side of the mountain instead of runinng down the arroyo with the squaws. Some of the

bucks had, though, and after the squaws hid, ran up the side of the mountain and got into a clump of rocks and opened fire on us. I saw the smoke of their guns, and a bulet went just above my keens, striking the ground at DeJarnette's feet. I was mystified for a moment, as the wind from the bullet was quite as hard as though a blow had come from a stick. The Indian squaws were both wounded, and at this moment young Graham came up, and he was perfectly wild with rage at the sight of them, for this same band had, not a great while before this, ambushed an emigrant train in Bass canyon, on the old overland stage road between Van Horn's well and Eagle springs, had shot his brother, making him a cripple, and killing his sister-in-law, a daughter of Mr. Little of Bexar county, and killed an old man named Grant. Another man, named Murphy, saved the life of his family by hidng them. Ofcourse, young Graham, a hot-headed boy, wanted to kill the women. The prisoners soon took in the situation and cowered behind me as they saw his angry face and the hostile attitude, but I told him I could never agree to killing women, crying and begging for their lives, but would go with him after the warriors willingly. This appeal quieted him, and givng Ed Fitch, one of my company, in charge of them, we started up the arroyo, and soon heard such a roar of Winchesters we thought the Apaches must have rallied and returned to their camp. We were pretty badly scattered, for the Indians went in every direction and the rangers after them, but as we were afoot we were not in it in a race with fleet-footed Apaches, especially as they were running for dear life, assisted by a lively fusillade of Winchester bullets. We all started off at a double quick, some up the bed of the creek, but Lieut. Nevill and myself took the near shoot up the side of the mountain. By the time we had run a hundred yards, Nevill sung out: "Colonel, I can't run another foot." He was fat and heavy, but being thin I made the top of the hill and was mad enough. Some of the boys were shooting the dead Indians, to make sure they did not rob and murder and more. Linn Peveler, one of my boys, who had quite a race after an Indian, said: "Colonel, I passed a little Indian girl, about 5 years old, and did not want to kill her. She

pointed the way the other Indians had gone and was smiling as though it was quite a joke."

"Bring her in, Linn, and I'll take her home to Mayme," I said. My little girl had always asked me to bring her ferns, flowers, pretty rocks or something every time I went on a scout, and as we rode off she said: "Papa, please bring me a little Indian." So my promise was out, and here was a chance to make it good. When he brought her to camp she was all smiles, but when she saw the dead Indians lying around and the squaws spoke to her, her eyes flashed fire and she looked like some wild animal. I made a mental note of it for future refernce.

* * *

We then went to work getting dinner, and as there was a big pile of meat in camp, was put on the smelling committee to separate the vension from horse meat. Venison has a smell no one can mistake after drying it, and I eslected it easily, but did not eat any myself, preferring old ranger chuck, coffee, bread and bacon. One of the boys brought me a bundle of the roasted mescal put up in plaited satal basket and erady to hang on the pommel of my saddle, thanks to Mr. Lo.

There was only one hole of water in the arroyo and the Apaches in their flight had passed through it and left a broad streak of blood, easily seen through the clear water lying on the rocky bottof, and though the Texas ranger was looked on as a savage animal none of us cared to drink the blood of our enemies and so we decided to make a straight shoot for Victorio tank, instead of following our crooked trail back. When we got through dinner we bgan to take stock so as to administer on the estate of the late, but not lamented to any great extent, Apaches.

We found in their camp women and children's clothing, showing we had struck the band that murdered Mrs. Graham and robbed their wagons. We found five United States cavalry saddles, showing that they had killed the six colored soldiers at the Hot springs below Fort Quitman. We found the tops of old Mexican boots which, no doubt, would have been used to make moccasins, and the pants of the passenger who was on the stage.

They had cut them off at the body and above the knees and made them into sacks filled with tobacco and such little trinkets as delight the Indian. We had got the identical Indians that had killed ten people we knew of within a few months. We found a very pretty double action 45-Colt revolver, two Winchester carbines, and Remington carbine, the pistol was sent the adjutant general, John B. Jones, dearly loved by all rangers—the Remington that was decorated with pinheads cut off and driven in the stock, we sent our very efficient quartermaster, Captain Caldwell. A buckskin talma I sent the old alcalde, Governor O. M. Roberts (God bless his dear memory), and we got al their horses, saddles, ropes, buckskins, etc. Among the many things in camp we found several bolts of calico prints that had not been cut open showing that these Indians had been trading with those cold blooded scoundrels who furnished them ammunition and clothing when they knew they were raiding on our people. They no doubt had left a pile in their cache on the banks of the Rio Grande. We always intended to go back there, but never did. Having plenty of saddles and pack animals we hurriedly gathered up everything worth carrying and got ready to move. The next thing to consider was our prisoners. One of the squaws was severely, but not mortally wounded, so we left her and her child, and piled up the meat near her and filled the Indian jars with water, believing that some of the Indians would come back as soon as we left, at least after nightfall. The other, one of the prettiest squaws I ever saw, had three bullets through her right hand, and her little boy, 2-year-old, had one of his toes shot off. She was about 16, and the little fellow, evidently her first child. I was the bold warrior that shot his toe off as we charged through the camp.. He had a black, bushy head that looked as big as a peck measure, andhe had on a big white sheet, probably the passenger's killed in the stage. I threw up my rifle and took a quick snapshot and having neglected to set the hair trigger, I puled off, striking a toe instead of his head, as I intended.

We put the squaw on her horse and the little girl produced her saddle, quirt and army cape and selected her pony, and appeared as contented as if with her own people. We strung out

and by 11 o'clock that night were back at Victoro's tank, pretty well tired out, thankful that none of our men were hurt, and satisfied we had given the Apaches a lesson that they would remember, in fact, they never committed another murder in Texas.

* * *

We did not leave Victoro's tank until noon the next day, and Corporal Nat Harrison and some of the other rangers organized a temporary medical corps, tied up the little papoose's toe after washing it, and made splints to fix the squaw's hand. It was doubled up, and they tried to open it, using as gentle care as they could, but as soon as she saw what they wanted she grabbed her wounde hand and straightened it out without a murmer or change of countenance, showing the traditional pride of the Indian has in ignoring pain.

Strung out after dinner we made quite a cavalcade, and passing by the base of El Naviz, we made a bee line for Ojo de Aguila. Well out in the plain we found a good place with plenty of grass and wood, and made a dry camp. We were still not "out of the woods," for one Indian could stampede our stock and set us afoot. So strict orders were given to hobble or tie securely every horse and mule in camp. Just before day one of the Pueblo Indians on guard had untied his horse to give him a better chance to fill up— a big mistake— for if a horse is tied up he will eat every blade of grass within his reach, and if loose will wander around looking for better grass and likely run off. The Pueblo Indian pony fed off and probably was scared by a sneaking coyote and broke for the herd. In an instant there was snorting, trampling or horses' feet and the rangers had grabbed their guns and were on their feet running to the herd, expecting the Apaches were trying to set us afoot. A sentinel was near the little squaw to keep her from escaping, and when the alarm began she knew at once what the trouble was, and feared the sentinel would kill her to prevent her escaping, as is the Indian custom, so she sprang up and made about two jumps and lit on the top of Coropral Nat Harrison with a squall like an old hen when an owl pushes her off of her roost. Nat, who was one of the bravest, best, largest, most sleepy-headed rangers that ever went ont a scout, was sure an Indian was trying

to scalp him, and the little squaw got her one good arm around his neck and held on to him like grim death to a dead nigger, and by the time he could loose her the whole camp was awake and had got on to the ridiculous side of the tragedy. Nat went after the sentinel and we heard him turn loose what he supposed was pure Castillian: "Hey, hombre! Porque, you no hobbleyour mule or tie hi mwith a rope." All being now awake we began cooking and soon the rangers began in stage wrispers to talk of the event. "Mighty strange that little squaw was on the corporal's bed when the row began. Very singular she didn't seek protection from the colonel if she was afraid of being killed." Some kind friend of Nat's would then undertake a defence of Nat's virtue and give the most ludicrous and improbable reason for her being on such intimate terms. The truth was the poor little squaw was frightened nearly todeath and he had been kind, as was his nature, to her, and she knew if she got hold of him the sentinel would not try to shoot for fear of hitting the corporal. It was a long time before Nat heard the last of it.

We arrived safely at Eagle Springs in the evening and were received with rejoicing by the stake employes who had been so long annoyed by this band of Apaches, and the writer took advantage of overland stage being on hand to send a message to Major Magoflin and his own family, to get ahead of the Kaffigrams, that always reported all the rangers killed, in spite of the obvious fact that the no news could possibly get back unless we brought it. Arrived at the Springs we took a much needed rest, and to help pass away the time all the plunder taken in camp, consisting of buckskins, bridles, lariets, saddles, calicos and Apache gew gaws were, by a committee, made into twenty-six piles, and old Bernardo, standing with back to the piles, was asked who is to have No. 1, and so on to the end, and then swapping articles afforded amusement to the men.

* * *

Early next morning we got ready to go each to his appointed station, and Set Nevill said: "How about the little girl, colonel? Will you take her home to Mary?"

"Not if I know myself. She will ge mad some day, playing, brain Mary, and take to the woods. You can turn them over to the commanding officer at Fort Davis with my compliments," I replied. Soon the rangers strung out on the plains. Lieutenant Nevill and his squad headed toward Mosque canyon and company A toward Ysleta, which place we reached February 6, having been out twenty-two days and marched 502 miles.

This was the last fight on Texas soil between the Indians and Texas rangers—as poor Louis Napoleon expressed it, "the battle between civilization and barbarism." We never knew exactly how many Indians were in the party, but Mr. Bingham, a stock raiser, found a skull and bones near Escondido Springs, near Guadalupe peak, and the direction probably taken by one of the wounded Indians making for the Tularosa agency via the Guadalupe springs. Baker and Osmer, who were prospecting afterward near where we had the fight, found two Indian skeletons in a cave, their hair and portion of dress still intact. General Geo. W. Russ of San Antonio also found two fresh graves on an old Indian trail between Carrizo Springs and what is now Allemore station, on the Texas and Pacific railroad, and unless they were some of our lame ducks, and buried by their friends, they must have crawled into their holes and pulled them in after them. Shortly after we returned to our station I received a letter from a lieutenant of the United States army at Fort Stockton, New Mexico, saying that a band of Mescalero Apaches had represented to him, that some of their people were in trouble down in Texas and that they wanted to go after them and bring them back to Texas, and seeing they were determined to go anyhow, he had "made a virtue of necessity and given them a pass." In reply I called his attention to the fact that on account of the numerous murders and outrages committed by the reservation Indians from Fort Sill, I. T., to San Carlos, N. M., Senator Richard Coke of Texas had gotton an order from the secretary of war forbidding officers or agnets giving to Indian passes into Texas. A courteous letter came in reply, saying he was not aware of such an order or he should not have given them a pass. Luckily for this band, we had our own little troubles in the war between law and order

and rowdyism in the then very wild and wooly village of El Paso, Franklin, Magoffinsville or Ponce (for it had all these names at that time, or the rangers would certainly have followed the Apaches and "made good Indians of them."

"Jake" Owens, the very efficient county clerk of Eddy county, told me he was at the Mescalero or Fort Stanton reservation when a lone Apache Indian came in and told a tale of woe that the rangers had attacked them and killed every one of the party except himself; that there were thirteen of them, but if that was the number then there would have been no necessity for a band of the Apaches to bring any one in, for we left six one the ground, three were taken prisoners, one was found by Bingham, and graves were found by General Geo. W. Ruse, and Baker and Osmer found two. The Apache evidentally lied as to the number, unless they had separated and part of the band gone into the Davis mountains, a favorite haunt of their after we jumped them in the Eagle mountains.

We had a congratulatory letter from Adjutant General John B. Jones and also one from Captain Caldwell, who regarded in a cold, strictly business manner, our victory as he had to pay for various ranger horses that had been killed in the service and were rated at as full value as though they were full blood Herefords or Jerseys and killed by the locomotives. "Hurrah," said the captain, "for company A; we are ahead on the horse account."

Soon the name of Texas ranger will be an echo of the past and let us hope the Daughters of the Republic, before they, too, shall have passed over the silent river, will interest themselves and see that a monument is erected on the capitol grounds at Austin in memory of the Texas ranger.

GEO. WYTHE BAYLOR.

P. S.—I inclose you letter from L. B. Caruthers, the treasurer of Brewster County, giving names of the men that should be preserved, some are dead, others scattered to the four corners of the earth. G. W. B.

* * *

Alpine, Tex., Feb. 27.—Colonel George W. Baylor, Cuernavaca, Mex.—Dear Colonel: Your favor of December 29, 1899,

came duly to hand and would have been answered earlier if I had not been so crippled with the rheumatism.

On looking over my old papers I found my guard list for one scout to the Sierra Diablo mountains in January, 1881. We left camp in Monfsi canyon on January 21, under command of Lieutenant C. L. Nevill, namely, Sergeant L. B. Caruthers, Corporal Sam Graham and Privates N. B. De Jarnett, F. W. De Jarnett, W. H. Guyse, Ike Lee, R. L. Nevill, W. H. Roberts and Shape Rogers, making ten men, rank and file, namely, Sergeant L. B. Caruthers, Corporal Nat Harrison, Privates Brown, Beaumont, Connedy, Palmer, Peveler, L. Wells, Tandy, Walde, Johnson, Hardin and he three Indians, namely, Bernardo Olguin, Domingo Olguin and Anosteta Turan, making fifteen, rank and file.

We struck the Indians in camp on the summit of the Diablos, overlooking the salt lakes at sunrise on the morning of the 29th and to the best of my recollection we kiled twelve and captured a squaw and two children, out of a band of twenty, the squaw and child were captured by me and the child by Peveler. I trust the foregoing may be of use to you and that you will pardon my delay in the premises. With kindest regards to Mrs. Lee and self, I remain, yours truly, T. B. CARUTHERS.

A SUCCESSFUL CATTLEMAN.

Among the most successful cattlemen, and you might say business men in a general way, of the State of Texas, is C. C. Slaughter, who was born and raised in this State. He is now about sixty-seven or sixty-eight years old, and has been actively engaged in the cattle business in Texas very nearly all his life. He has kept abreast with the times in the breed of cattle, and has improved his heard from the long-horn cattle of Texas to the Herefords and Shorthorn, until now he is the owner of a large herd of thoroughbred Hereford cattle.

His ranch interests are located in Howard, Borden, Dawson, Hale, Catsor, Lamb, Hockley and Cochran Counties. They are

divided into three ranches; one of them caled the Long S. Ranch, in Howard, Borden and Dawson Counties, one the Running Water Ranch, in Hale, Castro and Lamb Counties, and one known as the C. C. Slaughter Cattle Company is in Hockley and Cochran Counties. The last named ranch is what is known as a solid body of land, owned in fee simple by the company. All of the ranches of Col. C. C. Slaughter are well equipped with horses and experienced ranchmen. Being an experienced ranchman himself, he knows the necessity of having that class of people in his employ, and whenever you find a man in the employ of C. C. Slaughter, as a rule, he is a practical cowman, and has been thus engaged from the time he was big enough to attend to that kind of business.

In addition to the ranches in Texas, he also owns an Alfalfa farm near Roswell, New Mexico, upon which he has a select herd of registered Hereford cattle. Upon this ranch, the celebrated Ancient Briton and Sir Bredwell died a year or two since. This registered herd consists of some of the finest registered Hereford cattle in the United States. The alfalfa farm is used for wintering young Hereford bulls.

Col. Slaughter is now, and has been for twenty-five or thirty years actively engaged in the banking business in the city of Dallas, where he has resided for about thirty years. At present he is connected with the American Exchange National Bank, and was one of the original promoters of the old American National Bank.

Twice each year Col. Slaughtre personally travels over each one of the ranches above mentioned on what you might call an inspection tour. By this means he keeps in close touch with the necessitise, wants, mutation and changes of ranch affairs.

"JIM FOX."

BY "OLD SHAG."

That Jim Fox was a desperado, was a fact conceded by even the *bad* men of Southewest Texas, away back in the seventies. He had earned the title, as all other deperadoes have earned it, by his expertness in the use of the revolver, and an utter disregard of human life. No one knows exactly the number of men killed by his desparado, but when his career as a bad man was brought to an end, there were goodly number of notches found on the barrell of his gun.

Jim's first victim was Bob Davis, a young man from Mississippi, who, having a little money and hardly knowing what to do with it, had drifted off down into Southwestern Texas with the foolish idea of becoming a cowboy. Stopping at Oakville in Live Oak County, he fell in with Jim Fox and the two became, almost at once, fast friends and companions. They were young and both of a joval, reckless disposition, and as they were in easy circumstances for the time being, their freindship ran as smoothly along as heart could wish and notrouble whatever was anticipated between them. But one unfortunate day, while enjoying a game of pool in the little old town of Beeville, a dispute arose over some point in the game and Jim, becoming angry, called young Davis a g— d— liar, for which he was promptly knocked down in good old Mississippi fashion and this is where Bob Davis made the mistake of his life. For, quicker than thought, quick as the lightning's stroke, a revolver flashed in the air and even as Jim Fox went down he sent a leaden bullet crashing through the brain of his friend. The young man had no friends to take up his quarrel and no investigation whatever was made of the unfortunate affair. The consensus of opinion, however, was that the young fellow got just what he deserved for beeing foolish enough to strike a man with his fist in Southwestern Texas, while a good six-shooter hung at his hip.

A few months later a constable in Goliad county undertook to arrest Jim for some trival offense and was shot down, "just for meddling," as Jim said, "where he had no business." At this time there was but little sympathy between the wild and reckless element of Southwestern Texas and the civil officers generally, and if a man, more or less was killed by either the one side or the other, there was little though, in a general way, of the matter. In nearly every instance, where an arrest was undertaken, it was only a question of who "got the drop" or of who could draw and shoot the quickest. There would therefore have been no more trouble for Jim Fox in this affair than in the killing of poor Bob Davis, but it so happened that the constable in question had a few friends and a good many relatives throughout the country, and every mother's son of these same friends and kinfolks carried big six-shooters, Winchesters and double-barrelled shot guns, and they knew just how to handle them, too. Knowing this, Jim considered prudence the better part of valor, and so he struck the shortest route for the Rio Grande, and as he himself expressed it, "hit the grit in high places only."

How many men he killed while sojourning in the land of the Montezumas, no one will ever know. But when he returned to his "old stamping ground," as he called Southwestern Texas, there were several new notches on the barrel of his gun. When Jim returned to Texas he was a changed man and tothe disappointment and vexation of his friends, the change was for the worse, and not for the better. In fact, while away he had become moody and morose, and so arrogant and overbearing, that he was both feared and avoided as never before. He was now looked upon as a bad, dangerous man, and men who feared, in a general way, neither man nor devil, made it a point, at all times, while in Jim Fox's company, to see that their revolvers were in good working order. The fates seemed to protect the man, too. For in the five or six months following his return from Mexico he was the principal actor in half a dozen tragedies, the results being disastrous to those who opposed him, while a few insignificent flesh wounds were the sum total of all the evil that befell Jim Fox.

About this time Fox began to look upon himself as a full fledged desperado. He had come out victorious in every battle of his life and it was a well known fact that no man, so far, had ever fired a shot at him and lived to boast of it. This, of course, led the man to look upon himself as invincible, and while under the influence of intoxicants he was given to boasting that he was "the bitterest pill in the whole box;" that the "click of a six-shooter was music to his ears," and that "peace troubled his mind." But with all of his arrogancve and his boasting, he was a dissatisfied man. There is always something wrong in this life, no matter what our circumstances may be; sometihng unatainable, something just beyond our reach, some hope deferred, some plan miscarried, some longing of the heart, never to be satisfied, while life shall last, and these truths are applicable to men like our desperado, as well as to us less noted mortals.

The particular thorn in Jim Fox's side at this time was the fact that there was one man in Southwestern Texas who feared him no more than he feared a cat, and that which was more agrivating still, was the fact that he knew this man despised him, and that he showed his dislike and contempt for him in every way possible. This man was Neil Black, the gambler. Black was a professional gambler, but in his way, an upright, honorable man. He would bet on anything from a horse race to flipping pennies, but his favorite game was monte, a Mexican banking game, similar to faro, but Black, though an enthusistic devotee of the goddess of chance, was never known to cheat at cards, nor any other game, nor would he allow any one else to do so, who opposed him in a game. Being a gambler and living as he did, in Southwestern Texas, he had of course been mixed up in a number of bloody tragedies, but even in this respect, he had proven himself a fearless and fair-minded man. He was never known to shoot an unarmed man, nor to take any unfair advantage whatever in these encounters. He had been wounded a number of times, but not seriously. In fact, Neil Black was a man one could not help liking; generous to a fault, he was ever ready to render assistance to those who needed help, either with his purse or with his gun, and many a quarrel had he taken on himself, when some poor coward, afraid

to fight, was being imposed upon. Of course, he had many friends, and his friendship was worth something, too, for it was the kind of friendship that will make a man dig down into his pocket when necessary. But there was no friendship in his heart for Jim Fox. They met often, and drank at the same bar, but it was noticed that while doing so their glasses were always held in their left hands, while each man's right rested upon his revolver.

Each man had his following, for there are men who will today even to a desperado, and the friends of these two men well knew that Southwestern Texas, with all its broad prairies and its whole counties of chapparall, was too small to hold them both for any great length of time. One day some one was telling of the latest exploits of Fox, in Neil's presence, when becoming angry he exclaimed, "Who is this Jim Fox anyway? A cowardly killer of unarmed greasers. Why, if he ever bothers me I will kick him across the Rio Grande, where he belongs." This, of course, was told to Fox, and from that day on the fate of Neil Black was sealed.

Standing on a street corner one day in the little town of Riddleville, Fox saw Neil Black dismount from his horse and step into a saloon and this was the opportunity for which he had been waiting. Stealing softly up to the door with pistol in hand he saw Neil standing facing the bar, with his back to the door. Springing lightly inside he threw his pistol down on Neil and fired as quick as thought. As Fox fired Neil turned but to late. Fox's first shot broke his his right arm, causing him to drop his pistol, while the second shot from Jim's revolver bored a hole through his heart. Poor Neil Black! He was gambler, but he was a brave and fearless man, honorable in his way, generous to a fault, and in taking sides in the many feuds and sectional quarrels so common in Southwestern Texas in his day and time, he was always found on the side of the weak and oppressed. With pistol in hand Fox stood over the fallen man until life was extinct, then turning, he walked out, mounted his horse and unmolested he rode away. Riding on for a few miles, he stopped on the prairie and after looking about him

for a few moments to satisfy himself that no pursuit had been made by the friends of his late antagonist, and that no lurking foe was near, he dismounted, unsaddled and "staked out" his horse. Then throwing himself upon his blanket, with his saddle for apillow, he slept.

Yes, he slept, while his merciless heart continued to beat with rymthic, musical regularity, sending the red current of life coursing silently through his veins. With hands red with the life blood of his fellowman folded upon his breast, and with a load of guilt retsing upon him that must have crushed into the very earth the conscience of an ordinary man, he slept as calmly and as peacefully as a little child in its mother's arms. He rested as only an honest man should rest.

* * *

CHAPTER II.

At the time of which we write Southwestern Texas was in a deplorable condition. Fugatives from justice seemed to have gathered there from every part of the country.

Every man you met was a walking arsenal and a law unto himself. The vigilantees, who, banded together presumably in the interests of law and order hanged those only whom they either disliked or feared, or those who, belonging to the opposite party in some fewd or sectional quarrel. The six-shooter had become the chief arbitrator in all disputes, while Judge Lynch presided over the only court of last resort.

But, thank God, there are good people to be found in every part of the world, and the good people of Southwestern Texas becoming tired, at last of this reign of terror and disgusted with the feeble efforts of the civil officers to uphold the law, had appealed to stern old Governor Coke for protection. L. H. McNelly, an old Rebel captain of scouts was called in to service and gathering about him a little band of young dare devils, as reckless as Jim Fox himself, or any other desperado, and when aroused equally as blood-thirsty, he marched in to this sorely distressed country

prepared, as he expressed it, to "fight the devil with fire," when calling upon ehe civil authorities and all good citizens to assist him, he proclaimed to the lawless element who had ruled and ruined so long, that the time had now come to call a halt. * * * Our captain, who knew not the meaning of the words "fear" or 'failure," soon found, upon his arrival in Southwestern Texas, that he had taken upon himself a gigantic task, indeed, for he learned in a very short time that those to whose appeal he had responded were afraid to assit him, while those he had been sent to suppress were arrogant and self-asserting in the extreme. But they had yet to learn, both the oppressed and the oppressor, the character of the man who with but thirty-five men, the original "Rough Riders" of Texas, had undertaken to re-establish law and order throughout a country covering thousands of square miles, given over for years to "the man behind the gun. * * * * The company had been divided, the captain whose headquarters for the timebeing had been established at San Antonio, had taken part of the men, and was scouting throughout the counties north and west of that point, while "Red Hall," his lieutenant, was sent with sixteen men to work throughout the Gulf coast counties.

* * * * * *

Hiding, like coyotes, by day and riding hard all night, we had been living like wolves in the chapparall for nearly three months, and when one afternoon we rode into the sleeply little old town of Goliad and dismounted in front of a little board "shante," contributed to our use by a kind hearted and patriotic German citizen, we felt that we were about to enjoy a well earned rest.

In the service of the State we were paid quarterly, and coming to Goliad as we did between two pay days we were not overburdened with money, moreover having been riding at night in the chapparall our clothing was somewhat the worse for wear, but in this respect there was always one exception, George Allen, the dress parade man of the company, could boast at any and all times of being the possesor of at least one respectible suit of clothes. George had been raised in town and although he had proven his

abilty to rough it with best of us, he had yet to forget his early training in the matter of dress. In addition to the camping outfit carried by each of us, George had an oil cloth strapped behind his saddle, in which neatly roled, as if by a woman's hand, he carried a nicely pressed suit of black cloth clothes. He was also the proud possesor of a long linen ulster, called by the boys "a duster," which in that day was quite generally worne by young men when fully dressed, to protect their clothes. A few days after our arrival in Goliad there was public gathering of some political signifcance, and we, being strangers in the county, had received a special invitation to be present, but owing to the delapitated condition of our clothing we could not attend, much as we would have liked to do so.

But George determined that the kind invitation should not be entirely ignored, made up his mind that one ranger at least should attend this picnic.

On the morning in question George, whose horse stood saddled at the gate in front of our little "shack," walked out fully dressed and ready to start for the picnic grounds. His foot was in the stirrup and he was in the act of swinging himself upon his horse, when Hall stepped out of the house and said: "George, I want you to go over to Refugio today and get Jim Fox."

"To h—l with Jim Fox," replied George. "Let some of the oher boys go. I'm going to the picnic." "Not today, George," said Hall. 'I'd be glad for you to go to the picnic and have a good time, but business before pleasure, you know, and you'll have to go to Refugio today. Jim Fox is stopping over there, I'm told, some one will have to go get him, and I've decided that you're the man to go." Slowly taking his foot from the stirrup, George said, "Very well, if nothing else will do, I suppose I'll have to go, but it looks derned hard, for here I am all dressed and ready to go out and have a good time, while any of the others who care nothing at all for this picnic had just as soon go over to Refugio and shoot up Jim Fox as not. But I've got todo what I'm told, I suppose. So I'll put my clothes away and go, but hang me if I like it." "I can't help what you like or dislike," replied Hall. We are here for business and say; don't bother about changing your

clothes. I want you to go just as you are. Now you know just as well as I do," he continued, "that if any of the other boys were to ride into Refugio, Jim Fox would spot him by the time he hit the town. But who do you suppose would take you for a ranger, dressed up like you are now." George, seeing the consistency of the lieutenant's argument, reached out and taking Hall by the hand said: "Lieutenant, you've got more sense in a minute than I will ever have in all my life. Certainly I'll go to Refugio and if I don't bring Jim Fox to Goliad there will be a funeral over there. It may be mine, so good bye," and mounting his horse he rode swiftly away.

The little town of Refugio lies about forty miles south of Goliad and George, upon parting with Hall, realized that he had a long, hot, dusty ride before him, but he was equal to the occasion and so late in the afternoon he rode up to the old "horse rack" standing on the public square of Refugio and dismounting and hitching his horse, he walked into a grocery store where there wer congreated a goodly number of men. "How de do, gentlemen," he remarked as he entered the door, at the same time glancing swiftly in to the face of each man present Then stepping to the counter he ordered a box of sardines and some crackers. which he proceeded to eat, while listening to the comments of those about him, conserning himself: "Say Jack, he's all right. He's a preacher," remarked one. "Preacher, your foot," replied another, "what do you know about preachers?" "I'll bet he's a race horse man." "What will you bet," said the man who favored the preacher. "What will you bet that he's not a preacher?" "I'll bet a dollar" replied No. 2. "Dollar goes, and as many more as you like," was the answer. And so the conversation went on, some contending and offering to bet George was a cattle buyer, others claiming that he was aland speculator, while others contended he was just an ordinary "tin horn" gambler, and not worth wrangling over. To all this chatter George could not help but listen, but all the time he was listening for something else; a voice, a sentence, a word and he had but a very short time to wait, for although his back was toward the door he heard the cat-like tread of a new commer as he entered, and instinctively he knew that

just behind him stood the man he had riden so far to capture—Jim Fox, the desperado.

"Say, Jim," said some one, "what do you think about it?" "About wnat?" was asked in reply. But just then George, who had finished his lunch, turned deliberately about and leaning lazily against the counter, found himself looking into the eyes of the notorious desperado, so much feared by the people of Southwestern Texas.

"Say, stranger, where are you from?" Fox asked, looking into George Allen's cold gray eyes.

"Arkansaw," replied George, with a drawl somewhat agrivating. "How's the frog crop this year?" was Fox's next question. "Not as good as one could wish," relied George. "Too much rain this year for frogs," and shifting from one foot to the other he pretened to be searching his clothing for his handkerchief, but right here, Jim Fox, who was taken off his guard for the moment, by eGorge's replies to his questions, and by the laughter of those about him, experienced the surprise of his life, for with a movement as raid as the juggler's hand, he straightened himself up and before Fox could realize what was happening he had drawn from beneath his long linen ulster two Colts' 45-calibre revolvers and with one quick movement had thrown them full down in the face of the desperado. "Hands up, or you are a dead man," and this time there was no drawl, but rather a quick, stern command. Glancing along the barrels of George's revolvers and into the stern, commanding eyes of the man who held them, Fox threw up his hands. George's back being to the counter he of course had Fox and all of his friends in front of him, and where he could see the slightest movement of any hand in the crowd. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am here to arrest this man. I don't want to hurt ahair of his head, but I mean business, so just keep quiet. Don't move a hand if you value his life, for if a word is spoken or a hand moved before I get out of this house I'll shoot him down without mercy, and then I'll kill just as many more of you as I possibly can. Now, Mr. Fox," continued he, addressing his prisoner, "lower that left hand of yours and unbuckle that belt and, mind you, no monkey business either.

Now step back, please," he continued, as the belt with its load of cartridges and its two heavy Colts' revolvers came rattling to the floor. Then replacing one of his own pistols in its holster at his side, and holding the other full cocked and pointed straight at the face of the now thoroughly cowed desperado he stepped forward and reaching down picked up the fallen belt, then backing out of the door and keeping his prisoner well between himself and the crowd he marched him to the hitching rack where Fox's horse as well as his own stood.

Some time during the night George arrived with his prisoner, who, the next morning, was turned over to the civil authorities and placed for the first time in life behind the bars of a jail.

About eleven o'clock at night a few evenings later we rode silently across the river and away to other exciting scenes, but the capture of Jim Fox by George Allen was remembered by many besides the little band of rangers who followed McNelly and Hall away back in the seventies in Southwestern Texas.

The Rangers' Association met in annual session at the Oriental Hotel, November 3, 1905. Major Joe G. Booth presided. A large amount of business was disposed of. On motion of Comrade S. J. Adams it was resolved that each Ranger be asked to see the men from his county who will be in the race for Representative and Senator to support a bill that will be introduced in the next Legislature to give each Ranger who received an honorable discharge, 160 acres of land. On motion of the secretary the thanks of the Association were given to Vice President and General Manager L. S. Thorne and General Passenger and Ticket Agent E. P. Turner of the Texas and Pacific Railroad for encouragement and assistance in our work. It was moved and carried that from now on the T. & P. R. R. will be known to the Association as the Texas Rangers' Road, and that it will never be any trouble to answer questions. L. S. Thorne, E. P. Turner and C. C. Slaughter were elected members of the Association with the right to vote on all questions. The Association adjourned to meet at Dallas during the next Fair.

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In December, 1880, a mob of Mexicans, led by two brothers named Baca, killed the American sheriff of Socero County, New Mexico. It was a cold-blooded murder, and the better class of citizens, both Americans and Mexicans, took speedy action to bring the leaders to justice. A number of the mob were arrested and jailed, but the Baca boys made good there escape. The Governor of the Territory promptly offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the arrest of the two Bacas. A copy of the Govenor's proclamation and a description of the men was sent to our camp at Ysleta, Texas. Judge Baca was County Judge of El Paso County at that time, and it was thought quite probable that the Baca boys would seek his aid. The boys of Captain Baylor's company, spurred on by the one thousand dollars reward, overlooked no clew that promised results.

For ten days we worked without finding the right trail. One evening a Pueblo Indian came to our quarters and informed us that the Baca boys had been hiding in the town of Sarigoza on the opposite side of the river during the day and at night they crossed over and slept at the home of their uncle, Judge Baca. The Indian also informed us that there would be a dance at Sarigoza that night and that the men we were after would attend. Fortunately for our plans for their capture, the night was dark and stormy. Abuot 9 o'clock that night the First Sargeant detailed three of the boys to cross the river and try to capture the two Bacas. Our horses were quickly saddled and taking the Indian with us we silently crossed the river and were soon in the outskirts of the town. It was still storming and as we carefully rode down the principal street we met no one, and for a wonder not a dog barked. We finally reached the church plaza, and in one of the houses lights could be seen, and the sound of music and dancing could be plainly heard. We dismounted and as silently as possible we moved towards the house. When near the house we halted and leaving the horses in charge of one of the men we went forward to reconnoiter. The room was filled with a gay party of well dressed young Mexicans. We knocked and as the door was opened we sprang inside. Confusion

reigned, but as soon as our Indian guide pointed out the men we were after, they were seized and quickly rushed outside. Before the Mexicans had time to attempt their rescue the Bacas were mounted, each beind a ranger, securely fastened, and as fast as possible we hastened towards the river.

We were hardly half way back when the church-bell began to ring, and shouts of death to the rangers could be heard in all directions. By the time we raeched the river crossing it looked as if the whole population of Sarigoza was at our heels. Shots began to sing by us. The sergeant sent two of the boys ahead with the prisoners and the rest of us halted to have a little fun with the Mexicans. We slowly fell back and when we saw our prisoners safe on the Texas side of the river we turned, and under a hale of rifle-balls safely reached camp. No time was lost in disopsing of our prisoners. The morning after their capture Sergenat J. B. Gillette and one of the men took the stage and started for Socoro with the Bacas.

The journey was without especial interest until within a mile of Socoro, when the stage was stopped by a crowd of armed men. Cries of lynch the scoundrels! Burn them at the stake! could be heard on all sides. Things looked dark for our prisoners for a short time, but finally a man, evidently one of the leaders, addressed the crowd. "Boys," he said, "you are not using our friends, the rangers, right. Suppose you lynch these two men. The rangers will lose the reward. Let them deliver their prisoners to the sheriff and we will do the rest." His idea took with the men and we safely arrived at the jail with our prisoners. We had scarcely delivered them tothe sheriff when he was overpowered and his prisoners taken from him. The people lost no time and before the stage reached the hotel the Baca boys were hanging to the limbs of a convenient tree that stood by the side of the road. The Bacas belonged to a well known and influential family. Speedy action was taken by the Bacas of New Mexico and kinfolks and friends in old Mexico to punish the rangers concerned in the capture of the Baca brothers. It soon became an International affair. Rewards were offered for the delivery of the rangers dead or alive to the Mexican authorities. The Mexican government

made a demand for the extradition of the rangers above mentioned upon the Washington authorities. Secretary of State Blaine referred the matter to Governor O. M. Roberts. Blaine's advice was to hand us over to the Mexicans. In reply Governor Roberts said: "The State of Texas is doing all that is possible to maintain order on the border in her own way. She has asked no advice from the Government at Washington; and, needed none; and, while I am Governor of Texas, the ranger-boys will not be given up."

(*Copyright, F. Beaumont.*)

In 1880 the thriving city of El Paso (at that time called Franklin) was a small, sleepy, village of less than 400 inhabitants. Of this number not more than fifty were white men. The rest consisted of a mixture of Mexicans and discharged negro soldiers. Nearly every store-room on El Paso and San Antonio streets was filled with army stores, and on El Paso street great stacks of hay and huge piles of wood could be seen. The old overland stage-stand, and the El Paso hotel just opposite, were filled with soldiers of the Ninth Cavalry and Fifteenth Infantry. About this time the village began to fill up with adventurers from all parts of the country. To keep things orderely the police force consisted of Marshal George Campbell and one assistant. No braver man than Campbell ever carried a gun; but, it was impossible for two men to hold down a place like El Paso was fast becoming.

So the city council decided to petition the Adjutant General for a detail of rangers. Their request was granted and six rangers from Capt. Geo. W. Bailey's company went to El Paso. Shortly after we arrived Marshall George Campbell started a campaign of education among the inmates of several noted resorts, and gave them a reasonable time to mend their ways. The marshal's warning for a short time seemed to be taken in good part by the toughs, but pretty soon they were at there old tricks again, especially a gang that made their headquarters at Doyle's place, situated on the corner of El Paso and San San Antonio streets.

One morning in April, 1881, Campbell came to the rangers' headquarters in the Overland building, and said: "Boys, I think we have given the Doyle people time enough to make good. They are meaner than ever, and I think the only way to do is to run them out of town. What do you all think about it?" It did not take long for the boys to say that they agreed with him. Lem Peverly spoke up and said: "George, it's a good idea; let us start them on the run at once." After a cup of coffee we called on Doyle and asked him to call Thompson, Nibbs and the Kid, the three men that were making most of the trouble. Doyle was inclined to be impudent, and said that he would call them when he got good and ready. A few words from one of the rangers made him see things in a different light. To end the matter Campbell and myself went through the back rooms and soon found the men we were after. We told them that we had given them fair warning and that they must leave the town inside of 24 hours. Thompson said that a tenth of that time would do him. They crossed the river that same evening and made a new home in Paso Del Norte. They were soon at their old tricks and in less than a week were jailed by the Mexicans. Abuot ten days after a Mexican brought a note from Nibbs to our quarters. The note read as follows: "Boys, we are in the Mexican jail. We are as hungry as it is possible to be. Please send us some chuck." That was enough for us and we took turns going the rounds of the eating houses of El Paso, and every day carried them food, and now and then a little money. We kept this up for a week or so, and then the sporting men took the job off our hands. One day they carried them an army bucket filled with soup. In the bottom of the bucket they placed three loaded guns. They buried the guns in the dirt floor of their cell, and passed the bucket out to the Mexicans. During the day the prisoners were allowed to walk around the jail yard. The next morning after the door of their cell was opened they sprang to the main entrance, shot down the two soldiers on guard and ran out on the plaze. Thompson was killed within a hundred yards of the jail. The kid, seeing no hope of escape, ran back inside of the jail. Nibbs reached the irrigation ditch and being surrounded on all sides, jumped in

the water and as the Mexicans came up emptied both his guns at them. He was soon shot to pieces and sank out of sight. Shortly after this Campbell resigned his position as chief of police, and the council put Dallas Standemeyer in his place.

In May two of the rangers, Lem Peverley and Joe Waldie took their discharges and went a few miles above El Paso to call for a bunch of cattle belonging to the Manning Brothers. One morning the boys went after their horses that were staked out near their camp and failed to find them. They soon found a trail that ran towards the river. They started on the run in that direction and on the river bank found their horses with two Mexicans riding them. They asked no questions and soon they had their horses and the Mexicans had gone the one-way trail. The dead men it turned out belonged to good families and considerable angry talk was indulged in by the people of Paso Del Norte the day after the killing of these two Mexicans. Marshal Standemeyer and myself were standing on the corner of El Paso and San Antonio streets. Standemeyer had been looking toward the river for some time. He finally said: "Frank, what do you think causes all that dust on the river bank?" I looked in the same direction, and soon we saw a large number of horsemen turning into El Paso street. On they came until at least fifty heavily armed Mexicans passed by us. We hurried after them and found them in front of the mayor's office on San Francisco street. Two of the leaders were about to enter the office of Mayor Soloman Schultz. We went in with them and Standemeyer said: "Mr. Mayor, what is the cause of these armed Greasers being in El Paso?" "They are friends of mine," replied the mayor, "and I am going to give them permission to carry arms in this State. They are going after those two young men that were killed yesterday." "Who the devil do you think you are, anyway?" said the marshal. "You had better advise your friends to leave at once or it will take another crowd to cart these greasers home." After making some inquiries we thought best to let them go. They took a wagon with them and Gus Krimcraw, a man from San Antonio went with them. After they left the men of El Paso began to gather on the streets and much indignation

was expressed at the insolence of the Mexicans. Some were in favor of following them and cleaning the whole crowd out. Wiser councils prevailed and gradually things quited down. A great many blamed Grimcraw for going with the Mexicans, and the man that was the most outspoken against him was Ex-Marshal Geo. Campbell. About three o'clock that evening the Mexicans returned with the dead men. As soon as it was known that the Mexicans were in town in less than ten minutes El Paso street was lined with armed men. The Mexicans saw their danger and moved rapidly toward the river. Near Paul Keating's saloon I met George Campbell. He had been drinking heavily all day and was doing his best to start a fight. I quieted him down somewhat and walked with him down El Paso street. Near the place where White's store was being built a young Mexican leveled a Winchester at Campbell. Before he could fire or Campbell either a Mexican sprang from his horse, snatched the rifle from the boy and kicked him soundly. At the same time I disarmed Campbell. Ranger Wright came up about this time and Campbell, Wright and myself started up El Paso street. Near Keating's saloon we met Krimcraw. He said to Campbell: "George, you have been saying some hard things about me. What do you mean by it?" Campbell said, "Gus, if the shoe fits, you put it on." Wright and myself prevented a gun play, and I said, "Boys, you are both in fault. Shake hands and make up." Campbell said, "You are right, and I will meet Gus half way." "That suits me," said Krimcraw. Thinking that the trouble was over, Wright and myself went up on San Francisco street where a row had been reported. A man named Hale, hearing that Campbell was in trouble started down El Paso street to Campbell's assistance. He was as drunk as it was possible to be and when near White & Hardie's grocery store he saw Krimcraw standing in the door of Paul Keating's saloon. As soon as Hale saw him he pulled his gun and fired at Krimcraw and shouted: "Hoop 'em up, George! I have him covered." Hale's first shot went wild, but second mortally wounded Krimcraw. He fell in the doorway of the saloon, but game to the last, he emptied his gun at Hale. At this time Marshal Standemeyer came up and fired at Hale.

His first shot missed and hit a Mexican in the back. The second hit Hale above the right eye and he was dead before he hit the ground. Campbell had taken no part in the trouble, but as he was slowly crossing El Paso street Standemeyer (the men were on bad terms) shot him through the bowels.

This was a hurry-up killing and by the time Wright and myself ran back it was all over.

Result: Three dead men and Campbell mortally wounded. We carried Campbell to a room in the Overland building. Everything was done for him that friends and doctors could do. Death had set his seal upon him and after forty-eight hours of misery his brave soul left his body.

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RESOURCES

Loans and discounts		$ 6,215,641.11
United States bonds and premiums		1,047,725.00
Bonds of the City of Dallas		75,000.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		67,500.00
Cash—		
On hand	$931,208.59	
With other banks	1,953,963.99	
With United States Treasurer	40,500.00	2,925,612.58
		$10,331,478.69

LIABILITIES

Capital stock		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus		500,000.00
Undivided profits—Net		70,207.89
Circulation		810,000.00
Deposits--		
Individual	$5,559,799.15	
Banks and bankers	2,212,979.94	
United States deposits	178,491.71	7,951 270.80
		$10,331,478.69

The State of Texas, County of Dallas, ss.—I, Nathan Adams, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

NATHAN ADAMS, Cashier

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 14th day of November, 1905.

SAM TURNER,
Notary Public, Dallas County, Texas

Correct—Attest: Royal A. Ferris, J. B. Wilson. George N. Aldredge, Sam P. Cochran, R. H. Stewart. C. C. Slaughter Directors.

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