

ISHMAEL OF THE REDS.

THE STORY OF THE DOINGS OF APACHE KID UP TO DATE.

The Most Notorious and Cruel Wild Indian of This Decade Still at Large in Hiding—a Large Reward for His Head—Some Thrilling Adventures.

Since the Apache chief Geronimo has been taught the habits and manners of his white brethren at the Indian prison and school in Alabama, there has been no red-skin who has had so much attention as Apache Kid. For some six years he has made sanguinary history along the Rio Grande and the Mexican border. A recent report by the War Department at Washington shows that the depredations of this unique savage outlaw have cost Uncle Sam altogether over \$60,000, and troops in President Diaz's Government across the border have been harassed by the Kid since 1893, when he became a more permanent dweller in the republic of Mexico. At different times there have been as many as 400 trained soldiers of the plains, both on the American and the Mexican sides of the Rio Grande, in search of Apache Kid, while military scouts and United States marshals and Government police officers by the score have labored and schemed long and vainly for the arrest of the Indian and the attainment of the prize of \$6,000 offered for the taking of the outlaw.

For about seven years, or since the early fall of 1888, the telegraphic columns of the daily press all over the Union have had frequent mention of the doings and whereabouts of Apache Kid. From 1889 until 1892 there were weeks when a column or two of despatches concerning the latest murderous raid of the Indian were published every few days. In the campaign of 1892, when the troops from the garrisons in Texas and New Mexico united in a campaign against the Apache Kid and his cruel band of cutthroats, there was no subject, not even the presidential canvass, that quite absorbed the attention of the people this side of the Missouri River as news from the border line between the Union and Mexico.

In March of 1888 Apache Kid asked one Albert Sebring, who was chief of the scouts at the San Carlos agency, for leave of absence from the troops. The Kid said he wanted to go and perform a pious tribal duty, and that he would be spit upon by his relatives and friends if he did not fulfil the traditional customs of the tribe. A Prima Indian had killed Kid's grandfather, and, although the old gentleman was not of much account, and his loss was his family's gain, it was imperative that Kid should even up the score by killing the Indian.

Chief Scout Sebring ought to have known that if Kid had it in his mind to kill the other fellow, that other fellow's doom was sealed, leave or no leave. But Sebring comes of a race that blithely and without twinge of conscience slits the weasand of the absolute stranger, at command of him who has brass buttons on his coat and bullion on his shoulder, and holds it wicked savage, and altogether improper to kill at command of ten centuries of ancestors, backed up by the authority of whatever gods or supreme being those ancestors had the pious ingenuity to invent. Wherefore, the chief of scouts refused leave of absence and made a moral talk to Kid concerning the awful wickedness of his purpose.

No one among the older soldiers in Indian campaigns who knew the circumstances either at the time or since was surprised that Kid escaped from the troops one night, and soon shot and killed the murderer of the grandfather savage. Along in the following June Kid came back, and, being immediately put under arrest, was taken to Capt. D. E. Pierce's tent. Immediately there was excitement among the Indian friends of Kid, and several shots were fired through the canvas into the tent. Amid the confusion Kid recovered his carbine, sprang aside, jumped upon a horse behind a comrade, and the mutinous scouts fled, after shooting an army corporal in the leg.

One day early in November of 1889 the outfit was toiling over a hard road. To relieve the horses the Sheriff made his prisoners walk up a steep hill, all but one, who was lame, or pretended to be. The Sheriff walked in front; the prisoners followed, shackled in couples; Deputy Holmes walked behind them, and the wagon, containing Middleton and one prisoner, brought up the rear. There was a bottle of whiskey along, and the officers became careless. At a concerted signal the prisoners hurled themselves bodily upon the two officers and bore them to the ground, and the Indian in the wagon seized Middleton's pistol and shot him in the face. The officers were beaten to death with stones. Middleton was shot again and left for dead, and the Mexican made his escape before the Indians got rid of their shackles. They took the shackle keys from the Sheriff's pocket and released themselves, and also robbed his body of a gold watch and \$300 in cash. Armed with the

officers' weapons the Apaches fled into the mountains. That was Kid's original band of renegades, a lot of cutthroats who knew their lives were forfeit, and that any additional crimes could not aggravate their offense or its punishment. They raided back and forth across the Mexican line, killing white men and Mexicans, stealing stock, harassing the troops, and creating a panic in Arizona and New Mexico.

The eight Indians did not stay with one another very long. The cavalry from Fort Bowie was in hot pursuit, and over 100 cowboys and settlers joined in the chase for the fugitives. Close pursuit forced the Indians to scatter, and during the next two and a half years they one by one drifted back to the outskirts of reservation. They have told stories, which have been verified, of the murders that Kid prompted among settlers, both north and south of the Rio Grande and the Rincon range of mountains. Old Cochere, who died in prison at Alcatraz, often told of how one day he was forced to participate in the slaying of a family of five Mexicans in the Dragon Mountains, in southern and eastern Arizona close to the Mexican line (it not across it). The method of attack in this case was to shoot down the driver of the big lumbering wagon in the lonely mountain pass and then to kill the three children at leisure, and later, after having assaulted the horrified wife, to cut her throat, as the Kid said that saved ammunition and there was no noise about the job. The bodies were rifled and the horses stolen. Cochere said he knew personally of at least twelve white (principally Mexicans) who died at the Kid's hands, and that he himself sickened at the reckless flow of blood and escaped from his ruthless chief. Several men were slaughtered when it was evident they had no money or personal effects worth stealing.

As for Kid himself, he is wandering along the border, killing people once in a while and getting credit for a whole lot of deviltry that drunken cowboys and Mexicans are guilty of. He has few companions, the fate of the rest of the band having made him wary of consorting with his own people too freely, and keeps out of the way of the troops that periodically go out to hunt him. Kid is not raiding for fun. He is a fugitive with a price on his head—\$6,000 is the market value of his head—and he will kill rather than take chances of being caught. He is a literal Indian Ishmael. He has use for cartridges, provisions, money, and sometimes for horses, and he takes what he wants. If the man who has what he wants is likely to object to giving it up, Kid will kill him without doubt.

ONE WOULD CALL THIS LUCK.

Twenty Seven Flushes In Thirty Seven Consecutive Poker Hands.

"I suppose everybody who plays poker believes in luck. Certainly I do, and I have seen certain things at the card table that in their way were as remarkable as the runs of a single number at roulette, that make up the pretty little romances that go out from Monte Carlo at times, and that used to be dated Baden Baden. I sat watching a game one night at a friend's house in St. Nicholas avenue, in which only intimate friends were playing, and two of them were ladies. I did not join, as there were six at the table, and I didn't like a game with seven in. There was absolutely nothing in the game to distinguish it from any other of the hundreds of games that go on in the family circles of the up-to-date New Yorkers every night. The limit was five cents. There wasn't a player in the game who knew enough of cards manipulation to deal a crooked hand, and there wasn't one there who would have done it under temptation. And moreover, there wasn't anything like temptation.

Yet one woman in that game held a succession of hands that would have made a fortune for an ordinarily good player if he were lucky enough to hold them in a stiff game. She had been playing with indifferent success for perhaps half an hour, and I was amusing myself by noticing her essentially feminine style of play when she began suddenly holding flushes. Five times in succession she held a flush before any special remark was made. Of course, there was the usual chatter and chaffing, but when she showed down the fifth flush in five deals, there was a general outburst of comment, and a confession by her that it didn't seem canny.

"It will give me the shivery creeps if I get any more," was the way she expressed it, and I could see that she really was nervous. That, naturally, amused me, for it was not so very extraordinary, though it was certainly unusual.

The next hand she held nothing. Then she got a four flush and killed. Then she got a pat flush; then, drawing in the ace king of spades, she got three more spades. The next hand was nothing, and the next was a pat flush. By this time I was excited myself, as was everybody in the game, and I made a memorandum of the last eleven hands, and began jotting down each hand as she held it.

In thirty-six consecutive hands she held twenty-seven flushes. None of the other nine hands held even a pair. Five of the twenty-seven were pat hands; nine times

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she drew one card, eight times she drew two, three times she drew three, and twice she drew four. There seemed to be no distinction of suits. The flush was of one suit as often as another.

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A Dry Rain.

According to the Kansas City Star there is one place in the United States where a man may be out in a heavy rain and not get wet, even though he has neither macintosh nor umbrella. In the Colorado desert they have rain-storms during which not a single drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above the desert, but when the water reaches the strata of hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground.

It is a singular sight to witness a heavy downpour of rain, not a drop of which touches the ground. These strange rain-storms occur in regions where the shade temperature often ranges as high as one hundred and twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

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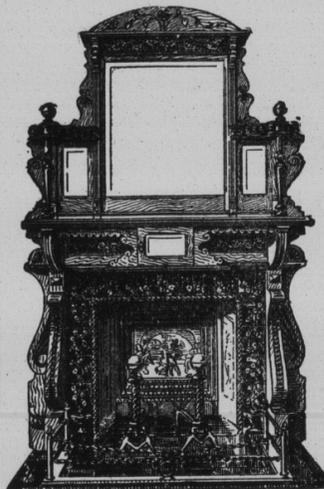
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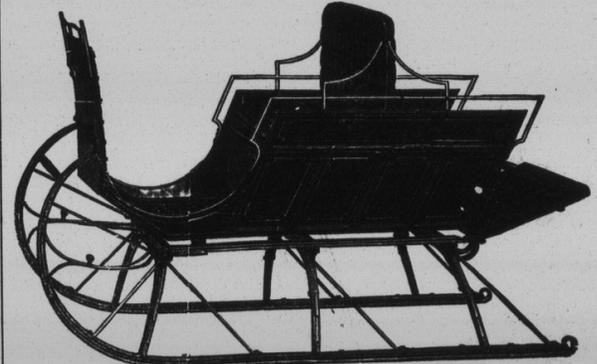


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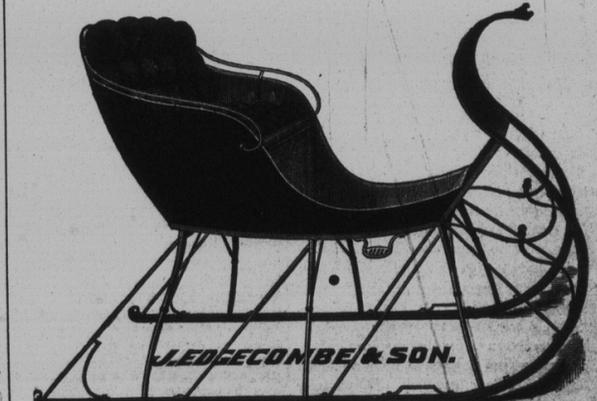
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