

SEEKING FIFTY VICTIMS.

THE TERRIBLE CRIMES OF THE ESPINOSA IN COLORADO

The Mysterious Murders Which Caused a Reign of Terror in the Mining Camps.

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

During these troublous days in 1863 an unknown danger came. So mysteriously did it work that for the time it fairly paralyzed the mountain communities. In March nine men had been found dead along the trails near Canon City. Each man had a bullet in his head. So nearly similar were the death wounds that these mysterious assassinations naturally gave rise to much speculation. And this was increased when it was learned that three weeks before two men had been similarly killed in Santa Fe, and also a soldier in Conejos. Thus as far as could be discovered a bloody trail had its origin in the City of the Saints, in New Mexico, and reached now as far as Canon City. The news of the terrible crime, of course, spread rapidly, but it could scarcely keep up with their commission. Along the mountain roads dead bodies were found, each with the fatal bullet in its skull. No victim attacked ever told the tale. The rifle that sighted him carried certain death with its missile. Miners trudging their weary way up the mountain trails, teamsters with horses and vehicles, met their fate alike. One singular fact appeared to be this, that all were killed in the wagon roads or on the trails; none were ever found off the beaten paths. Of course, the people became appalled, and hardly dared to venture beyond the reach of immediate aid. No one could tell from what concealment the messenger of death—that had never missed its mark—might in its turn reach him. Dread despair prevailed; the fear of an unknown foe pervaded the hearts of those pioneers who dared face any danger openly. In fact, a reign of terror prevailed. The assassinations became more frequent. Men would leave their cabins, camps or the mountain cities for remote sections only to be found, perhaps, a few days later by more fortunate travelers dead, and in their skull the small hole through which their lives went out.

Finally, a company of twenty volunteers was raised in Park county. Their leader was a man of great bravery, and every man in the party was ready to lay down his life to solve the mystery. The first work this company did was to punish a band of notorious thieves that had been engaged robbing miners' cabins and flumes, and who were well known. But this did not stop the dread work of mysterious murders. At Red Rock Bidge—right there, by the way, where I wrote this letter—and all along the trail, murdered men were found singly and in pairs. And always the same wound, the same sized bullet, the same trained hand, evidently, had fired the fatal shot.

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

These two men were the notorious Espinosa, outlaws from Mexico, two cousins. This was discovered when the body of the dead assassin was examined, as well as the saddle-bags, which were found near the fire. In a buckskin bag suspended about his neck was an illegitimate Spanish manuscript written by the elder Espinosa. It consisted of a singular prayer and what was evidently intended as a statement of the purpose for which he had set out upon this mission of blood. From these it was learned that he had begun as a religious inquisitor. His father it appeared had been guilty of murder, and so ran the manuscript, this present elder Espinosa had been impelled by his paternal sin to expiate the father's sins which had been visited upon him. To do this he

was to number fifty victims, and to go on, on, on until this was done—but his victims must be white men. Not until this was accomplished could he hope to meet favor from his ruling spirit. Never would its smile fall upon him and his father's sin be atoned until this were done. With this task before him, he enlisted a cousin in his cause, and together they started north from Chihuahua. It was a trail of blood they left behind them. From a record the elder Espinosa had kept he had at that time murdered thirty white men, twenty-seven of whom had been killed in Colorado, after leaving Conejos. He was a large, coarse, hard-visaged ruffian, while his companion was small, and as near as could be judged by those who saw him on the day of the encounter, of no particular individuality.

It was evident that gain had played no part in this mission of the elder Espinosa. None of the bodies of his victims had been robbed, as had been noted by the people of the neighborhood where they were found from time to time. The arch-assassin was meanly clad in buckskin, and there was nothing in his saddlebags beyond what has already been mentioned, save ammunition. Murder alone was the object of his mania.

The scouting party searched several days for the younger Espinosa, but without success. No trace of him was ever found. The head of the dead outlaw was cut from the body, and was taken back to Fairplay as a trophy of the remarkable chase. For years the skull was in the possession of a well-known physician in Southern Colorado, while a knife the assassin carried was long preserved among the Territorial properties. His rifle, which had carried death to so many victims, can be seen any day in Denver in the home of an old mountaineer, then poor, but who is now one of the mining kings of the State.

A Crow Whips Two Dogs.

"Jake," a character in a Western town, owns a morose and dilapidated crow, and his crows "Jim" was the proud possessor of two diminutive but spirited black-and-tan dogs. A fierce fight which took place one day between the crow and the canines is described by a New York Tribune writer as follows:

Jake brought in the crow from an upper room. He backed himself into a corner, and there blinked suspiciously at the crowd. The two black-and-tans, yelping and eager, were with difficulty restrained from throwing themselves on the apparently doomed bird. Nobody would back the crow at any odds. Jake, doubtless, felt much chagrined that, contrary to his favorite principle of helping the helpless, he had been provoked into proposing such a cruel conflict. But it was too late to retreat, and he stoutly professed unbounded confidence in the fighting ability of his crow. "Are you ready?" at length asked Jim. "In a minute," was the prompt response. "Let me first get my bird's dander up." Jake stepped up to the crow and poked his foot at it. The crow spread his clipped wings and pecked at the boot viciously. "He's game," said Jake, "now I'm ready." "Sic 'em, sic 'em!" said Jim, as he placed his dogs on the floor. The spiteful little animals rushed at the crow as hungry inmates of a third-rate boarding-house swoop down on the dining-room when the first glad note of the dinner bell is heard.

It looked as though it was all up with the crow. He was thrown on his back, and both dogs grabbed him. The crow made no noise, but clawed vigorously, and did some effective work with his beak, drawing blood from one of the dogs at a tender spot near the nose. After the lapse of a half a minute the dogs drew off spitting and coughing, and pawing at their mouths, which were full of feathers. With the exception of the feathers it had lost, the crow was none the worse for the round, and having regained his feet, stood like an old veteran calmly awaiting another charge. It was then seen that his feathers rendered him unexpected assistance, both as a means of offense and defense. They choked the dogs and protected the crow from the sharp teeth. As long as the supply of them lasted the crow was apparently in no great danger. Soon the dogs made another rush for him, and again he clawed and pecked while they filled their mouths with feathers, and then withdrew to pick their teeth. In this way five rounds were fought in the course of which the crow shed innumerable feathers, but was not hurt in other respects, and got in some good work at the noses of the dogs. The crow was rising in public favor, and was warmly applauded, but to these demonstrations he appeared quite indifferent. When it came to the sixth round the ardor of the dogs had manifestly abated. It was a short round. One of the dogs received a peck in the eye, and retired whimpering to a corner. The other dog seemed to miss his companion. It was only after repeated exhortations to "sic 'em!" that he gathered sufficient courage to make another rush. He soon obtained a mouthful of feathers, and then beat a retreat. Evidently he was desirous of cogitating on some other plan of attack. He looked appealingly at his master for advice and assistance, but that gentleman with much energy again merely adjured him to "sic 'em." The dog was evidently of opinion that that game was played out, and instead of rushing wildly on the crow, as before, he approached it slowly and began to bark at it. Then the crow, to the astonishment of all, assumed the offensive. He ruffled his feathers as were left, spread his wings, stretched out his neck, and hopped toward the dog, uttering a succession of harsh "caws." Half denuded of feathers, as he was, he looked like some avenging phantom crew, and might well have suited terror to the heart of a larger and stouter dog than his assailant. The dog barked with increased volubility and energy. Still the crow continued to hop toward him. Then the dog began to retreat, still barking and facing the crow, until he had backed against the legs of one of the spectators. He indignantly dived behind them and ceased his barking. The crow, without a dissenting voice, was pronounced the victor.

The Savannah Telegram says that soon peanut flour will be an important product of the South.

There are eight ex-governors of Connecticut living, four of each party.

Curious Growth of a Boy's Ears.

A colored boy from Virginia, fifteen years of age, presented himself yesterday at the Maryland University hospital to have an operation performed for a curious formation on his ears. The growth is known as keloid, a kind of connective tissue tumor, covers the ears almost entirely, giving him the appearance of having elephant's ears. The one on the right ear measured eight inches across and twenty-five inches in circumference. The one on the left ear was about six inches across. The weight of both tumors when removed was three pounds six ounces. One has been growing since the boy was four years old, and has been cut off three times; the other has been forming six months. They were hard, fibrous masses. The formations are said to occur more frequently on the ear than elsewhere on the body, and to be more common among colored persons than among the whites. They are not malignant, and cannot be cancerous. The cause of such growth is not definitely known. The surgeon was able to save a good portion of each ear. They were successfully removed by cautery, and the patient is doing well. He came on in the summer for treatment, but it was deemed best to put off the operation. His physician is with him, and his health is good. There are two similar formations on his breast, but it is thought that those will pass away as he grows older. The boy has suffered no pain in consequence of his deformities. —Baltimore American.

A correspondent who noticed an account of a remarkable case of hereditary longevity of life in a Scottish family, recently printed, gives the record of the Bigelow family, of Peru, Vt. In the instance reported from Scotland the united ages of nine children amounted to 572 years; but the correspondent states the united ages of the seven daughters of Mr. Asa Bigelow made a total of 608 years. These seven sisters were born in 1791, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1810, 1812 and 1816.

The wool crop of Texas brought \$4,000,441 last year.

An Elder was cramped with an ache, St. Jacobs Oil did the pain slake; He was so highly pleased, That again he was groined, And took a lot home to Salt Lake.

A soldier on guard at Fort Wayne, Was suddenly stricken with pain, He thought he was gone, But when he rubbed on St. Jacobs Oil, was all right again.

Martha Washington's Garret.

In an account of a visit to Mt. Vernon, Joaquin Miller says: Let no one hereafter complain of having to live in a garret alone and without a fire. For here, with all this spacious and noble house to select from, the widow of Washington chose a garret looking to the south and out upon his tomb. This is the old tomb where he was first laid to rest, and where the fallen oak leaves are crowding in heaps now and almost filling up the low, dark doorway.

The garret has but one window, a small and narrow darker window, and it is otherwise quite dark. A bottom corner of the door is cut away so that her cat might come and go at will. And this is the saddest, tenderest sight at Mount Vernon. It seemed to me that I could see this noble lady sitting here, looking out upon the tomb of her mighty dead, the great river sweeping fast beyond, her heart full of the memory of a mighty nation's birth—waiting, waiting, waiting. Her work was done. She had lived quite the allotted three score and ten. Her companions were in the tomb, and so she chose this garret, just above the bed in which her immortal husband had died, as a sacred place in which to sit down and cherish her memories and wait with folded hands for the end. And so here, after a year and a half of waiting, the angel of death found her; the nation mourned for its mother. —Joaquin Miller, at Mount Vernon.

Exploration of New Guinea.

*** In connection with the Waltham Watch Company, it may be stated that when the proprietors of *The Age* desired to present Mr. G. E. Morrison (the explorer of New Guinea) with a reliable chronometer, acting upon the advice of Mr. R. L. J. Ellery, the Government Astronomer, two Waltham watches were, however, procured for Mr. Morrison instead. These were kept at the Melbourne Observatory for a fortnight, and thoroughly and carefully tested and were pronounced by Mr. Ellery, at the end of that time, to be better suited for Mr. Morrison's requirements than any chronometer. —Extract from *Melbourne Age*.

A great man under the shadow of defeat is taught how precious are uses of adversity; and as an oak tree's roots are daily strengthened by its shadow, so all defeats in a good cause are but resting places on the road to victory at last.

Last year's fashions are out of date, but last year's friends are still our own. This is why Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound never loses favor; every lady who knows its worth and who does not feel that the kind-1 face of Mrs. Pinkham is that of an honored friend.

ILLINOIS HAS 412 BUTTER AND CHEESE FACTORIES.

From the worst stages of Heart Disease I consider myself cured by the use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. —T. M. TOWN, Titon, N. H. Thirty years have proved the Heart Regulator a sure remedy. Sold by druggists at \$1 per bottle.

FULLY THREE-QUARTERS OF THE SPANIARDS CAN NEITHER READ NOR WRITE.

Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of heart disease, nervousness, sleeplessness. There are 27,000 Indians in the United States holding 151,000,000 acres of land.

The Best Battery Color. The great unanimity with which children of high reputation have adopted, in preference to anything else, the improved Battery Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., is very remarkable. It shows that the claims of injudicious color are baseless; and that duty will use no other.

At dawn of womanhood, or in change of life, Samarian Nerve is the ladies' friend. From North Hampton, S. H. Mrs. L. B. Tilton writes: Samarian Nerve cured my son.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Pina's Cure will give you a night's rest.

See Here, Young Men. That girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline, the deodorized extract of Petroleum, and I would not be without it for a fortune.

HEREDITARY TAINTS.

Some Revelations on a Subject Which Concerns the Welfare of the Race and the Happiness of All. To any one who has studied the laws of life, and especially those which relate to reproduction, an experience such as we are about to relate, will come with special force and interest. The transmission of certain mental traits of prominence, and of certain physical traits of equal prominence, are facts which all acknowledge, but which none can understand. The father may be distinguished,—the son, an imbecile; or the parent may be decrepit and infirm, and the child may be the highest place possible to humanity. But through it all, there will be certain characteristics, which mark the individual as descending from certain ancestors. Too often, indeed, these characteristics are infirmities, and often of a physical nature. These facts were strikingly brought out during a conversation, which a representative of this paper recently had with Mrs. Carrie D. T. Swift, who is the wife of one of our prominent citizens. This lady related that she inherited from her parents certain tendencies, over which she had no control, and which were in the nature of blood difficulties, assuming the form of rheumatism. Her experience can best be described in her own words. To the writer she said: "My taint many years ago, in vague pains, which seemed to come unaccountably and at un-called for times. They were annoying, exhausting, and interfered not only with my duties, but also totally destroyed my happiness. At first, they would be only transient, appearing for a day or two, and then disappearing; then again they would come in such violent forms that it was impossible for me to lift a cup to my mouth, or to get my feet and hands washed so that it was impossible for me to draw on my shoes or gloves without the greatest effort. I realized what the difficulty was, but seemed powerless to avert it. I finally became so bad that I was confined to the house and to my bed most of the time. My joints pained me continuously, and my feet swelled to enormous proportions. Knowing that I inherited this tendency, I had about abandoned hope, when I began the use of a remedy, which was recommended to me by a friend as being specially efficient in cases of a similar kind. To my great gratitude, I found that it relieved me, restored my appetite, and I am able to say that now I have gained forty pounds in weight, feel perfectly well, and am in the best possible condition, owing, wholly, to Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which was the remedy I used."

"No one would ever suspect you had suffered so, Mrs. Swift to see you now," remarked the reporter.

"That is what all my friends say. Only yesterday, an acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for some time, hesitated, before speaking, and apologized for saying, 'Why, I really did not know you, you have changed so for the better since I last met you, how well you do look!'"

"Have you any objection to giving the name of the party who first mentioned this remedy to you?"

"Not the slightest. It was Mr. R. H. Furman, a photographer."

The newspaper man, after bidding Mrs. Swift good-bye, repaired to the photographic rooms of Mr. Furman, when the following conversation ensued:

"Have you been a sufferer from rheumatism, Mr. Furman?"

"Well, I should think I had." "For how many years?"

"Twelve or fifteen." "Did you try to cure it?"

"Yes, I tried everything, and at last, went to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure."

"And it cured you, did it?"

"Yes, completely and permanently." "Can you cordially recommend it?"

"Yes, indeed, more cordially than anything I have ever known of. It is simply a wonderful medicine. I believe that two-thirds of all cases, both acute and chronic, could be cured as I was cured by the use of this remedy. In fact, I know a number of persons who have been in the worst possible condition, and are now completely well, wholly through its use."

The statements above made are from a person of the highest character, and are on question of fact, which conclusively prove the value of the preparation named and show that even hereditary taints can be removed by the use of the proper means. —Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

GERMANY has established a colony on the west coast of Africa for trade and exploration.

Instantly Relieved. Mrs. Ann Laour, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it, and he was instantly relieved."

I could scarcely speak; it was almost impossible to breathe through my nostrils. Using Ely's Cream Balm a short time I was entirely relieved. My throat has not become clear nor voice so strong in years. I recommend this admirable remedy to all afflicted with Catarrh or Colds in head. —J. O. Tichenor, Shoe Merchant, Elizabeth, N. J., 20-c.

MEN'S PETRONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making force, generating and life-sustaining properties, invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, or overwork, or acute disease, particularly if originating from pulmonary complaints. Cassell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

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Or your Friends, to Read the Following Account of a Cure of Stone in the Kidneys by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout N. Y.—A Disease so Serious and Common Should not be Trifled with.

Plain words are best. Mr. Edward S. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., has suffered long from Stone in the Kidneys. He sought relief of course. Who would not? What are time and money to a man? Mr. Hicks consulted the best physicians of his village and, also, of Poughkeepsie—and none better can be found anywhere—but, unavailingly, without a good result. A friend in Rondout advised Mr. Hicks to go to Rondout and see Dr. David Kennedy about his trouble. This Mr. Hicks finally did. Dr. Kennedy saw at once what the suffering man's difficulty was, and that FAVORITE REMEDY was the medicine he needed. The doctor prescribed it, and Mr. Hicks went home without much confidence in the power of FAVORITE REMEDY to do him more good than other medicines had done before. But hope clings to straw, and he thought there might be one chance out of many in his favor. He followed the directions, and was both surprised and delighted to find himself presently improving. To-day Mr. Hicks is a well man.

Dr. Kennedy continues to practice his profession and perform all the minor and capital operations in surgery. Write and state your case.

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To Consumptives. Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of Wilbor's Pure Cod Liver Oil. It is a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR: All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to the Female Sex. FEMALE POPULATION.

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Thousands Hasteen to their Graves. Relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves, joyfully and "Happy Bitters" faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, and that these testimonials make the cures, while the so called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. We have avoided publishing testimonials, as they do not make the cures, although we have

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS of them, of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that makes the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A LOSING JOKE. A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of her inability to cure her jaundice, "Hop Bitters." The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

FEES OF DOCTORS. The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3.00, which would tax a man continued to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time, would save the \$1,000 and all the year's suffering.

A LADY'S WISH. "Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS. "It is possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you he is up and at work, and cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

IS UNFAILING IN CURING NERVOUSNESS, Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Falling Sickness, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula, and all Nervous and Blood Diseases.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irritability of the blood, stomach, bowels or Kidneys, or who require a tonic, appetizer or stimulant, Samarian Nerve is invaluable.

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