PACIFIC COAST OUTLAWS.

THRILLING EXPLOITS OF THEIR ARCH ENEMY, SHERIFF MORSE.

For Many Years the Terror of the Brigands of California—A Man of Intrepid Courage, Wonderful Skill, and Splendid Leadership—Some of His Desperate Hand-to-Hand Encounters with Bandits.

The frontier life of the West, and especially of the Pacific coast, developed a remarkable group of pioneers of whose achievements but little note has been taken. Sudden and temporary leaders of Judge Lynch courts, or the accidental discoverers of new mining camps, have sometimes won a more immediate fame, but when history is being written, or when literature seeks for virile types of character, no stronger men can be found than among the frontier officers of justice. It was their duty to break up gangs of criminals, highwaymen, stage robbers, horse thieves, murderers, and make the land safe to its utmost bound. This was royal work, such as song and story have given to leaders of the right sort since the world began. Daniel Boone and Dave Crockett as Sheriffs, Joe Davies as Prosecuting Attorney, Kit Carson on the trail of a desperado, are early American illustrations which occur to every mind.

The pioneer law enforcers of the new West, the Sheriffs in counties as large as some of the Atlantic States, brought to their task an infinite patience, sagacity, and resolution, and, in brief, all those qualities which would have made them distinguished men in times of war or of great public need. Every State and Territory west of the Mississippi has had its outdoor officers of the law—men who followed desperate criminals into the deepest fastnesses of the mountains and captured them "alive or dead." California, where such outlaws as Joaquin Murieta, Tiburcio Vasquez, Narciso Bojorques, Jesus Tejada, "Three-fingered Jack," Juan Soto, Narato Ponce, Procopio or "Red Dick," and a hundred or so of equally merciless bandits operated singly or in close organizations for many years, has had its frontier Sheriffs of unsurpassed courage and ability ready to assert and maintain the dignity of American law. Men like Steve Venard of Nevada, William Warren, the old-time Marshal of Los Angeles; Harry Morse of Alameda, Adams of Santa Clara, Tom Lathrop of San Mateo, and Cunningham of San Joaquin, are names that are dear to every Pacific coast pioneer, for the work they did has had few parallels in frontier history. While they were called upon to put down outlawry of every conceivable type, the greater part of their task was to exterminate as fierce a class of Mexican desperadoes as those that even now infest the wilder parts of Chihuahua.

Brigandage in California began with the conquest of the region by Americans. Men committed atrocious murders and stole bands of cattle, even before the gold rush of 1849. The letters of various alcaldes to Gov. Mason show clearly enough that there was a restless, dangerous class already in the country, consisting chiefly of persons who had been idle hangers-on about the large Spanish ranches, but with the close of the pastoral age of California found themselves forced to either work or become highwaymen. Then came the great movement of hundreds of thousands of men to the newly found placers of the Sierras, and thither went many a desperate Mexican or Chilefio cutthroat, many a wild and fierce borderer whose only rule of life was to prey upon others. Soon the miners organized courts of the camp, and their simple, efficient, and sternly enforced laws against crime drove these outlaw classes back into the mountains of the Coast Range and the thinly settled portions of the State. In such places, through the later fifties, men like Joaquin Murieta led bands of thieves, in which nearly every race was represented. There were escaped Australian convicts, South Sea pirates, border ruffians, and half-breed Indians, but the native Californians predominated, for they were actuated, in many cases, by a sort of distorted patriotism; they were making war on the hated "gringo." Men who had fought the Americans in Mexico came north and joined the native Californian in his bitter race animosity and his guerilla warfare against society. Those of their countrymen who remained peaceably in their adobes were nevertheless friendly to the outlaws, gave them information, misled their pursuers, and opposed strategy to superior strength.

Local tradition, unerring in its instincts, has siezed upon the picturesque figures of the native Californian bandit leaders, from Joaquin to Vasquez, as the representatives of all the wrongs of their vanquished race. When he was actually here, in those eventful years, this native Californian was but a "Mexican," or a "greaser," as he rode past with his dark eyes gleaming under his sombrero; now, notwithstanding his crimes, we begin to discover the historical permanence of his place in literature. The Poins Bells and Jack Ponces and early California bandits of our own time only live because of their association with the native Californian, as he retired to his fastnesses, and died there defiant to the last.

The wilds in which he operated were in every sense of the phrase natural shelters for men who "lived on horseback." The State was a broad, unfenced cattle range, horses were numerous, feed and game were easily obtained, no winter cold prevented their operations, railroads were not yet built, and only a few telegraph lines crossed the country. The native Californian had innumerable fortresses that an army could hardly have stormed. Hardly one American in a hundred thousand has any realizing sense of the difficulties of the long struggle against these outlaws—a struggle that went steadily on for more than twenty-five years, often within sight of the great cities and thickly settled valleys, until the last of the race of outlaws was shot or hanged. Such stories as that of the rise and downfall of the Plummer road-agent gang of Montana represent the swift, wrathful uprising of a community worn to desperate patience by the lawless and rescued by social organization, while, on the other hand, the broader, more varied Californian movement went on by many bands, over many districts, and through a long period of time.

I have alluded to the remarkable nearness of the operations of these outlaws to thickly settled communities. From Monte Diablo to San Diego the native Californian was most at home, and some of his favorite haunts were where every vessel that entered the Golden Gate could be seen. San Francisco is on a peninsula, between the bay and the Pacific, in the vicinity of the Santa Cruz and San Mateo mountains. East of the bay is what is known in the early days as the "Contra Costa shore," and the main portion of the coast range mountains fills the eastern part of the county. Thirty years ago men on horseback could travel by thousands of paths and hidden trails through the whole mountain region between the San Joaquin and the Pacific Ocean, or crossing the plain-like valley, could reach the Sierras. The bays, the tule islands, and the marshes at the mouth of the Sacramento formed a barrier against easy escape to the north, so that the outlaws of the northern counties, from Larsen to Sonoma, formed one group, and those in the rest of the State another. Harry Morse of Alameda, in his pursuits of the outlaws, followed many a hot trail from mountain to mountain, for hundreds of miles, but his most remarkable exploits were performed within a radius of eighty miles of San Francisco, and often indeed within less than half that distance.

Henry N. Morse, known everywhere as Harry Morse, is a New Yorker, born Feb. 22, 1835, and, like Lowell, the poet, he frankly acknowledges pride in the day of his birth. He came to California on the old ship Panama, reaching San Francisco in August, 1849, worked in the mines, and pioneered like the rest of the Argonauts. In the early fifties he was an Oakland butcher boy, then an expressman, and his courage, shrewdness, and good nature soon made him popular. He sprang from the ferry-boat one day and rescued a child that had fallen into the bay, and in every emergency this quiet youth was ready to take his part.

In 1862 he was persuaded to leave business and become deputy provost marshal, and the next year was elected the Sheriff of Alameda county, an office he held continuously for four-teen years, by the largest majorities on his ticket, until the work of putting down outlaws was fully done. From the day he took office it became evident that he was a calm, cautious, patient, persistent, highly educated detective. The clean novels in which he has been made to figure as a man who delighted in scenes of carnage and in desperate hand-to-hand conflicts are laughably wrong. I have read all the reports in the newspapers of the times showing the details of his expeditions and adventures, and their most striking features are the kind and degree of intellectual force displayed from the very first. Morse's aim was not to kill and capture his criminal by the exercise of skill and sagacity, avoiding but not shrinking from a conflict. One of the most modest and affectionate of men in all his social relations, he was stern and terrible in the discharge of his duties, carrying the weight and burden of his responsibilities in something of the spirit of an old Scotch Covenanter. This side of the character of the young man, not yet 30, who had set himself to the task of coping with the criminal class of Alameda, was a profound surprise to his associates, who slowly became aware that, instead of merely a man of grand and trained physique, who could handcuff a prize fighter, they had elected a man whose strongest characteristics were thoughtfulness and resolution. Moreover, Morse was not unacquainted with the literature of his department. Over and over again he has shown the results of a wide course of study of men and motives, of great crimes, and of those lesser, obscure details of law-breaking acts, which often reveal more to the man of brains than all the detective stories that were ever written.

There is evidence that Morse had studied the low Mexican cut-throat class long and well for years before becoming Sheriff. He says himself, in some published chapters from his diary, that in 1854 he was pursued by a noted Mexican highwayman, Filipe Carabagal. The story is very characteristic, and its salient points seem worth reproducing. Filipe had committed numerous robberies and murders in the foothills, until his name was a terror to the ranch owners from Martinez and San Pablo to Santa Clara and Gilroy. At one time an attempt was made to arrest him at San Antonio, now East Oakland, for stealing a band of horses from a man in Santa Barbara, but he escaped after a short fight with the officers. Another time, early in 1854, he rode on the little ferryboat Clinton just as it was leaving the wharf, and was recognized. Several sturdy pioneers attempted to seize him, but he drew a pistol, leaped his powerful mustang over the rapidly widening gap between the boat and the wharf, and dropped out of sight. It was on a bright moonlight night the following September when Morse had his adventure with Filipe. He was returning home in a buggy from a visit in Alameda, about three miles distant. The narrow, winding road ran through a dense growth of wild mustard, on that rich land reaching a height of eight or ten feet. Where the road entered the district that is now the East Oakland suburbs a notorious fandango house stood, the "Chileño Gate," where cock fighting, horse racing, and bull fighting went on every Sunday and crowds of Mexicans assembled. A few minutes before Morse reached this place two Mexicans on horseback, one of whom was Filipe, rode up behind and attempted to lasso him; but he whipped up his horse and kept ahead, the tall mustard preventing them from outflanking him. He drove to the "Chileño Gate," found an American there who was armed, and went to Oakland with him. Morse says he then made up his mind to go armed in future drives. The following year, 1855, Filipe stole a horse in Oakland, rode up to the "Chileño Gate," and went into the house. The animal was recognized, and two men tried to arrest Filipe, who ran out and leaped a fence now the head of Lake Merritt. Others joined the pursuit until a hundred men, many of them armed, were following the Mexican, who finally hid under an old bridge. Here the excited ranchers fired dozens of ineffectual shots into the shadows and were stampeded by a few return bullets. The concealed robber then made a break, but a cool fellow named Evans had reserved his fire and shot him dead, thus ridding the region of one of the most desperate characters of the time.

A great many men of the Mexican desperado type terrorized Alameda and Contra Costa in the late fifties, and some of them were still in their glory when Morse became Sheriff. With them were some Americans also, and their bands made the hills east of Sunol valley, the Black Hills at the foot of Monte Diablo, and the deeply wooded cañons leading into the Alisal or Livermore, unsafe for travellers unless numerous and well armed. No one dared to disturb the Mexicans who lived there, and it was confidently asserted that certain death for a white man to venture among them. The ruins of the old adobes which sheltered them are scattered through all this hill region, and each ruin has been the haunt of criminals and the scene of duels and murders. One old house on the Stockton road in the Livermore valley, was kept by Oronio Bambrez, and it was a notorious resort of desperate characters. Joaquin Murietta, the most famous of them all, and his cousin Procopio, with Ponce, Soto, Oliveras, Pancho Ruiz, Escalante, José California, and a score of other wild fellows used to assemble there. A complete list of the noted Mexicans, each a horse thief or a murderer, who made the Livermore cañons their shelter, would probably include about a hundred names—Lopez, Guerro, Chaves, Ortega, Tejada, Gallego, Juan Burton, Ramon Amador, Anistables or "Greek George," and Bartolo Sepulveda were among them, and a sufficient number of them were in their charge to average at least one a piece. Yet the heart of the sunny rich ravines that these men held was hardly forty miles from the county seat of Alameda county. Settlers were pushing into it, and their sheep and cattle were almost daily being driven off, even when no worse crimes were committed.

Morse first completed the study of the haunts of the outlaws and the general topography of four or five counties. He did this on horseback and alone, riding up and down the hills and ravines and finding out whom he could trust. Within a year he was as well acquainted with the district, and friendly with the adjacent county, as was Joaquin or Soto. During this time, though ready for every emergency, he did not try to break up the gangs of outlaws. He merely learned all about them, until he knew the names, histories, habits, and appearance of each and all of the native Californian bandits. He wrote to the Sheriffs of other counties and gathered up a vast fund of information about the more notorious outlaws. The Mexicans saw only a beardless young man riding about the foothills as if he was looking up a stock range; he was Harry Morse, laying out his campaign. Suddenly he began to feel the iron hand under the silken glove; he secured warrants against one after another of the leaders, and served them, in many cases, "single handed and alone," going to their camps and fandangos, appearing when they thought him miles away, and firing in the saddle with the same freedom and courage as his ancestors, the Morses, had displayed. Richardson, in his "Duels to the Death" (*Overland Monthly* for August, 1888), says of this period of Morse's career: "The audacity of the man and the rapidity of his movements bewildered the outlaws. No one could tell when he was safe or where he might be free from the searching eye of the tireless official, who seemed to know everything and be everywhere at the same time. Little by little the beardless boy assumed the proportions of a relentless terror to the criminal community, and outlawry no longer stalked calmly through its old haunts. Threats against his life became numerous, and repeated efforts were made to waylay and assassinate the intrepid officer. A history of the many adventures, escapes, and desperate encounters had by Morse about this time would fill a volume."

One of the young Sheriff's first great struggles was with Narciso Bojorques, who had made his boast that he would "kill him on sight." This fellow, after years of crime in the southern counties, had come into the Corral Hollow region, and there, with several companions, had in 1863 murdered the Golding family, husband, wife, and child, hung their vaquero to an oak, and robbed and burned their cabin. The same year, with another Mexican named Duarte, he stole a band of cattle and afterwards killed his partner while they were driving the proceeds. He carried off other bands of cattle from the Alameda and Los Angeles. He was on the move constantly, and had the reputation of being one of the worst and most dangerous men in California. But he was so cautious that sufficient evidence to justify a warrant was not easy to obtain, until at last, in 1865, Morse received the necessary papers. He heard that Bojorques was at the Mission San José, and rode there to make the arrest. Bojorques had left the Mission, but Morse overhauled him in the vicinity of Foscalini's old store, in Sunol valley, where the outlaw suddenly detected Morse and covered him with an eight-inch pistol at less than six feet distance. The weapon missed fire, and Morse then shot him in the side, so that after galloping a short distance he had to jump from his horse and take to the chaparral, leaving horse, saddle, pistol, and the whole outfit in the Sheriff's hands. He was followed up with great vigor, but escaped. Five months later he was killed by an American outlaw called "One-eyed Jack," in a *cantina*, or Mexican saloon, near Copperopolis. In Morse's own account of this fellow, he describes him as young, large, and very strong, a magnificent horseman even among the Mexicans, and violent and even brutal in his manners. Although Morse was in many desperate fights, he probably was never nearer losing his life than in his encounter with Bojorques. The superstitious Mexicans believe he possessed, he carried a charm against bullets, and the belief undoubtedly served him many a good turn afterward. Nothing about the affair is more characteristic of Morse, however, than the way in which he followed Bojorques the moment the latter made threats against him. That is the true lion tamer: secret—strike, and strike hard with glowing iron the instant your beast shows a fang or a claw.

Instead of returning when Bojorques escaped from him, Morse at once organized a small posse of frontiersmen, and pushed on into the Livermore cañons, up the "Arroyo Valle." He then found a whiskey den owned by Juan Camargo, called one of the greatest horse thieves in the country. Morse says: "No matter as what time you visited his house you would see three or four ugly cut-throats hanging around. Juan himself was about forty, bow-legged, complexion dark, hair long, heavy, and coarse; two narrow eyes, and fleers, made him altogether, he was one of the most cruel-looking men I ever saw." The party approached the place with great caution, by way of a little ravine, and made a dash for the house. They found three notorious Mexicans, one of whom, Davala, known as "El Capitan," was an escape from the county jail. Morse ironed Davala, tied him on a horse, and took him back to San Leandro.

The next notable exploit of the young Sheriff was in 1865, when Narato Ponce, a Chileño horse thief, shot and killed an old man named Joy in the town of Haywards. He then "walked up to the bar, took a drink, asked if any one else wanted anything, mounted, and rode off." Morse soon learned that Ponce was in a hiding place in the Black Hills, south of Livermore, and starting in pursuit met his man at night on a road near straw stacks. A newspaper report of the time says: "Allowing the outlaw to come on until his horse was nearly upon him, the Sheriff sprang suddenly to his feet, and presenting his rifle, ordered him to surrender. Ponce instantly drew his revolver and opened fire, which was promptly returned, but the darkness was so great that in the exciting duel which ensued each combatant was guided in his aim by the flash only of the other's weapon. Made aware of the situation by the reports, the deputy came swiftly to the support of Morse and began firing. At length the outlaw's horse fell, shot through the thigh, and Ponce contrived to run off and escape in the darkness. Morse set fire to the stacks, and the flames illumined the country for miles around, but revealed no trace of the fugitive. Soon after daylight traces of blood were discovered, and a coat was found saturated with the same. A few rods further on the outlaw's boots were discovered, but the man had escaped and direct search was abandoned."

Six weeks later Morse was informed that Ponce was being nursed by an old Spaniard, and at once proceeded to the locality with two officers, but he had recovered and gone to a rendezvous in Pinole Cañon, at the west end of Contra Costa county. Entering the mouth of the cañon they proceeded to search the Mexican houses as they went along, expecting to find the fugitives. Reaching the adobe of José Rodeo, the last house in the gulch, Morse saw a man slipping off in the brush and dashed after him. At this moment Ponce ran from the house; the other man had merely been covering his retreat. The other officers had exchanged several shots with him, when Morse galloped up on the other side of the deep creek, raised his rifle, and ordered Ponce to surrender. The latter recognized the Sheriff, and, casting down his serape, rested his revolver on his arm and aimed at Morse's heart, but the Henry rifle cracked first, and the murderer of Joy fell dead. It was discovered, on examination, that in the first midnight encounter with Morse in the Black Hills Ponce had received thirteen buckshot and three pistol wounds.

The indomitable Sheriff's next famous pursuit was that of an American desperado from Cathcart Cañon, which opens into the Arroyo de Laguna at the town of Sunol. Old Morgan Leighton, a settler here, had been murdered in September, 1866, by Joe Newell, one of a rough class of drunken and fighting men who had long terrorized the district, and were called "worse than Mexican." Morse and the deputy were on the trail as soon as the news reached them, and then began one of the most persistent pursuits on record. They rode about the hills in wider and wider circles until they heard of their man as having started for the Los Angeles Mountains. Then they secured a strong team and followed for forty-one days, across the most unsettled parts of the State. They crossed the Sierras twice, and went bubdeep through mud and snow. Twelve hundred miles, besides the preliminary search on horseback, were covered during this long chase, and their clues were of the most obscure character. At last, beyond old Fort Tejon, an old man described Newell to them so accurately that they felt that the end was near. A few weeks later he was found in the town of the camps on the Wilmington Railroad. When he was brought back his friends rallied, and some of the witnesses for the State were not to be found, so Newell got off with only five years. A few months later some friend of his set fire to Leighton's house and the poor old widow was burned to death. Morse worked for months to get some clue to this crime but failed. After Newell's release he lived at "Little Mexico," an adobe village near Livermore, and one night, when Morse rode past shot at him, but the Sheriff ran into the town, chased him into a gambling house, thrashed the latter out, and gave him a thrashing. A few months later, when Newell was on a spree, he attempted to capture "Little Mexico," and was shot to pieces by a gambler named Pio Ochoa.

Tomaso Redundo, or Procopio, who has been mentioned as Joaquin's cousin, began his career with the murder of John Rains, a Los Angeles ranch owner, in 1850. He settled in the Livermore Valley and formed an alliance with Bojorques, Ortega, and several other dangerous fellows. Procopio was tall, slender, and handsome, with brown hair and brown-gray eyes, a cool, cunning, slippery customer, but no evidence could be obtained. He went into the Santa Clara Valley on many cattle stealing expeditions, and after one of these was arrested at Alvarado, but shot the officer in the arm, swam the creek, and reached the willow thickets. He was closely followed by a number of armed citizens, and a running fight ensued. When his ammunition gave out he surrendered, and got a long term in State prison. He escaped, however, and passed he returned to the road, stole cattle and horses, and robbed a number of stages in Monterey, Tulare, and the southern counties. Morse found him in San Francisco, seized him by the throat, and put a revolver against his forehead, with the terse remark: "Put up your hands, Procopio, you are my man." He had two pistols in his belt ready for immediate use, but he obeyed without a word, and was sent up for another long term.

The atrocious Medina murders occurred in 1869, when an Italian storekeeper, his clerk, two Mexicans, and a negro were killed at a store on the Alameda and Pueblo road, some miles from Stockton. They had been tied, gagged, and shot by three Mexicans, Jesus Tejada, Isador Padillo, and Antonio Garcia, and Morse took up the search immediately, but with little success for more than a year. Some time in 1870, he was in an old *Fonda* Espinosa, on the district, near the Pueblo of San José, when he heard a Mexican tell a companion that he had seen Jesus Tejada on Los Baños Creek, Merced county, a hundred and fifty miles distant. Morse immediately put on a disguise and started for the place with a deputy. They passed as cattlemen looking for new pastures, and found that Tejada, with three armed Mexicans, one of whom was Tejada, but the description they had of the man was so defective that they did not feel sure of him. Morse would have arrested him if the odds had been twice as great, but while he was in doubt about his identity other armed Mexicans rode up and joined the band, so that he came very near being obliged to escape alive if they opened fire. So they let the gang ride off, but Morse, obtaining a closer description, became certain of his man, and arranged for another expedition a few nights later. He had located the Tejada camp, which contained seven Mexicans. One guarded the horses, and the others were asleep, and two in a hut. At daybreak Morse and his deputy, after a drive of 105 miles, made in twenty-four hours, captured the place. All the Mexicans were armed to the teeth, but they handcuffed Tejada and took him to Stockton. Padillo, another of the Medina murderers, was soon afterward secured. Antonio Laver, who was known to have killed over twenty Chinamen, Coquimbo, and several others of the Tejada crowd were captured by Sheriff Tom Cunningham of San Joaquin, Daniels of Butte, and other pioneer officers. The end of the Medina episode.

In the midst of such long and difficult journeys Morse continued to keep track of every member of the various bandit organizations. It is impossible to determine how many desperadoes he secured or drove from the district, but I have gathered many instances from the files of local California newspapers. He picked up Anistacio Olea, for a cutting scrape at Alvarado; Porurano, a Livermore valley horse thief; José Chereen, the murderer of another Mexican in Livermore; José Ruiz of Castro Cañon, a noted cutthroat; Casilio Morales, robber, both cattle thieves; Chisanto, Garcia, Aberisto, Louis Bojorques, Poncho Ochoa, Manuel Mendoza, Edward Gallego, and four or five other Mexican cattle and horse thieves. These and many others were arrested by him during 1866 and 1867, in Pleasanton, Livermore, and Sandrini Morales, who had driven off about 600 sheep from near Haywards. In the pursuit of these criminals Morse travelled over the whole State, and even into Arizona and New Mexico, usually alone, and paying all his own expenses. Most of the stolen property was recovered. In one case he "got the drop" on a desperado named Joaquin Oliveras, who was in bed, but after the man was handcuffed Morse threw off the blankets and found that his prisoner had a navy revolver cocked at his side. Half a dozen other Mexicans were in the room. In fact the nature of the treacherous task can only be appreciated when one studies his simple everyday exploits. There is more unbounded fertility of resource and audacity of execution in these yellow old records from forgotten newspaper files than from many a famous "novel of action." "Forty hours in the saddle," one item says; but recovery was followed.

Leaving with reluctance the details of a host of expeditions made by Sheriff Morse, we turn to the great conflict of his life, his encounter with Juan Soto. Thomas Scott, an ex-Assemblyman from Alameda county, owned a store in Sunol. On the evening of Jan. 10, 1871, Soto and two other Mexicans entered Scott's store, shot and killed his clerk, Ludovici, ransacked the store, and fired a volley into the apartments at the back of the store where Scott's family were. The latter ran across the valley to neighbors, and so escaped. Soto and his party rode off almost immediately, the next morning Morse reached the scene of the crime and began his search for clues. No one had obtained a look at the murderers, but he came to the conclusion that Bartolo Sepulveda and Juan Soto were two of the men, and for several months attempted to discover their whereabouts.

Meanwhile Soto established the Soto's headquarters were in a valley in the Panoche Mountains, fifty miles from Gilroy. Sheriff Harris of Santa Clara and six or eight reliable men joined the party, and they proceeded to the secluded little valley of Sanseilito, of which they had heard. It was in a wild region known as the Picacho, east of Pacheco Pass, about the headwaters of Los Baños Creek, and occupied only by scattering sheep herders and Mexicans. There were no roads nor guides, and the party searched the whole country thoroughly as they travelled onward. The third day a herder came into the herders' camp and persuaded him to show them the Sanseilito Valley, which he did, "on condition that he might retire before the bandits could see him."

When the officers reached the last ridge and looked down into the valley, they saw three small adobe huts there. These were only the outlying pickets of the Soto band in the cañon beyond. Morse proposed to divide their force and secure the inmates before they could send word to Soto. Morse and Deputy Winchell were to capture the first, while the rest, in two parties, surrounded the others. They rode to a corral, found a Mexican, and asked him for a drink of water. He led the way to the house, and Morse and his comrade, leaving their horses, crossed the corral, passed around the corner of the adobe and entered. Morse had left his revealing rifle hanging to the saddle, but carried his revolver. Winchell had a double-barrelled shotgun loaded with buckshot. Neither of them expected to meet with any opposition.

Morse stepped into the room, following the Mexican, and found himself in the presence of Juan Soto himself, surrounded by a dozen almost equally powerful men and women. The Sheriff saw that hesitation would be fatal. He leaped forward, covered Soto with his revolver, and ordered "hands up." Soto sat still and glared at Morse, while the rest of the Mexicans began to draw their weapons. A second time the order was given, without effect. Hating to kill the man if he could help it, Morse, using his left hand, drew handcuffs from his pocket and threw them on the table. "Put them on, Winchell," he said, still covering Soto, who sat without motion.

Winchell picked up the handcuffs, but flinched from the task, and the next second backed out and ran away. At the same moment a muscular Mexican Amazon sprang upon Morse from behind, seizing his pistol arm. A brawny desperado seized his other wrist, and Soto leaping up, drew his own weapons and sprang behind his men, shouting to them to stand by and help to kill the Sheriff.

Morse exerted all his strength, threw off both his assailants, and fired at Soto, but the room was dark, and the bullet only passed through his hat. Soto leaped forward, and Morse sprang backward through the door. Soto followed, and a magnificent duel took place between the two men in the open ground about the house and corral, witnessed from the slope by Harris and the rest of the posse. It was a life or death struggle with Morse, who did not know when his friends could arrive, or when the rest of the outlaws would take a hand. But the latter felt that the Soto, who was called a "dead shot" and a man of consummate nerve, would soon kill his opponent, and events moved too fast for them to interfere. Soto advanced with a bound, bringing his pistol up over his head, and Morse, with an almost incredible keenness and agility, dropped to the ground at exactly the right moment, and so dodged four successive bullets. Sheriff Harris, in his account, says: "The shots were fired in quick succession, Soto advancing on Morse, every time he fired, with a leap or bound of six or eight feet, with pistol held above his head, and he was scarcely erect on his feet bringing his weapon to a level with Morse's breast and then firing. After firing he never moved till he had recocked his pistol, when, tiger like, he sprang at Morse again." When the battle began Soto was not more than fifteen feet from Morse, who was retreating to his Henry rifle. "I thought Morse was surely hit," says Harris, "for his body went almost to the ground; but as quick as a flash he sprang erect and returned every shot." Suddenly one of Morse's bullets struck Soto's pistol so as to jam the cylinder and render it useless. Dropping the weapon, Soto turned and sprang into the adobe, while Morse ran at the top of his speed for his rifle.

The desperate outlaw rushed through the house, secured three more revolvers, and threw off his long blue coat, which one of his men immediately put on so as to mislead Sheriff Harris, now rapidly approaching. Then, with a pistol in each hand and another in his belt, Soto passed out of another door and made a dash for a horse which stood saddled and bridled under a tree. As he approached the animal, frightened by his mad rush, broke loose and escaped. The Mexican bandit, whirling at right angles in his tracks, had started for a second horse, when Morse called to him:

"Throw down your pistols, Juan; there has been enough shooting."

Soto made no pause, but ran for the hillside. Morse then raised his rifle and shot him through the shoulder at a distance of about 150 yards. Staggered by the blow, this wound, abandoned his desire to escape in the determination to kill his assailant. He turned and came straight for Morse, shouting as he ran. Down the slope he rushed like a madman, holding his fire until a nearer approach. "I shall never forget how he looked in that terrible encounter," writes Harris. "He emerged from the house bareheaded, his long black hair streaming in the wind, and a cocked revolver in each hand." Morse, seeing that it was indeed a "duel to the death," sent a bullet crashing through Soto's head.

Thus one of the most exciting encounters on record came to a close. Morse, thrown by a series of accidents into the heart of the conflict, had come out of it victorious. Soto had ridden down from his fortress, leaving most of his men there, to see a Mexican woman at the adobe where he was found. Winchell showed the white feather. Harris and the rest of the posse did not arrive in time to render any material aid. Morse, single-handed, had thoroughly carried the day against the Soto band. The bandit was in every respect an extraordinary antagonist. Of mixed Indian and Mexican blood, he stood six feet two, weighed over two hundred pounds, and yet was "all muscle," and as agile as a wildcat. His face was most repulsive and full of animal ferocity, delighting in his own people with dread. His long criminal record of thefts, highway robberies, and murders has probably never been surpassed in California. After Soto's death the little party of officers pushed on to his headquarters and arrested a number of notorious characters there, breaking up the gang forever. Morse resigned the Sheriff's occupation of watching the Mexican contingent of Alameda county and helping neighboring Sheriffs. In 1873 he secured Bartolo Sepulveda, who assisted Soto in the murder of Ludovici in Sunol valley.

The last two of the group of outlaws were Tiburcio Vasquez and Clemente Chaves. Vasquez began his career by killing a Monterey constable in 1852. He belonged to the Procopio and Soto bands, and after they were broken up organized a band of his own, which began by robbing stages. On Aug. 28, 1873, they descended upon Snyder's store at Tres Pinos, Monterey county. Vasquez killed three men himself and the party "stood up" five or six others. In November they descended on Jones's store, near Millerton, on the San Joaquin, robbed the safe and "stood up" a dozen or more persons. In December they captured Kingston in Fresno county, robbed thirty-five or thirty-six more persons in the hotel and store, and maintained a running fight with armed citizens for several hours. The whole State was aroused by these outrages, large rewards were offered, and all the best Sheriffs were at work. Morse, who had captured more Mexicans than all the other officers in California combined, gave up his business and farm, and devoted himself to the hunt for Vasquez, receiving a commission from Gov. Newton Booth early in January, 1874, to organize and lead an expedition and spend, if necessary, $5,000, which had been appropriated for that purpose by the State Legislature.

As soon as the winter rains were over the party, consisting of eight persons, one a newspaper correspondent, were on the road. Between March 12 and May 12 the party travelled 2,709 miles, making a daily average of over forty-five miles, and searched some of the wildest and most "difficult" country in America. Meanwhile several minor search expeditions were sent out from various parts of the State, with equal lack of success, for in April Vasquez descended upon San Gabriel Mission, robbed several persons, and escaped into the Soledad Mountains.

April 27, however, was the turning point of Morse's famous expedition, so carefully planned and so energetically conducted. He learned that a Mexican in Los Angeles was able to take him. "for a consideration," to the place where Vasquez was in hiding from his last raid. Instead of following up this clue his extreme courtesy to a brother officer led him to leave his men at Tejon Pass and go all the way to Los Angeles to lay the matter before the Sheriff of that county, and proposed that the latter should pick one man and let Morse pick one, the four then making the attempt to capture Vasquez. The Los Angeles Sheriff insisted that there was nothing in the clue, and Morse returned to search the fastnesses of the coast range, northward from Tejon. Meanwhile the Sheriff of Los Angeles was acting upon the Morse clue, and a large posse finally captured Vasquez on May 14 in Greek George's old adobe, in Alisos Cañon, in the Cahuengas. The bandit was surprised when unarmed, and yielded quietly. He was tried, and in March, 1875, was executed in San José. His lieutenant, Chaves, issued a proclamation declaring vengeance on the slayers of Vasquez, and afterward captured a stage station in Tuper. His band became scattered and was followed up, and every man captured, or driven out of the State. The line of Mexican outlaws had come to an end.

These are only the more striking points in the long and exciting struggle between the forces of civilization and a fierce desperate native Californian, in a country as well adapted to the trade of a bandit as any region in the world. Every new railroad and telegraph helped to hem in the outlaws; every pioneer who built a cabin and ran a wire fence over the hillside helped to limit their power. But if it had not been for men like Morse of Alameda, lynch laws would have proved the only sufficient solution of the problem. The work done by these pioneer officers of the law entitles them to a high place among the founders of the commonwealth of California, and their story belongs to a nobler class than that of the sensational novel. It has its place as a chapter in the evolution of social order on the Pacific coast.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

An Instantaneous Cure.

From the Philadelphia North American.

One of the most sudden recoveries from unconsciousness, by a peculiar treatment, occurred last night at the Pennsylvania Hospital. The patient was William Bruton, 22 years old, who had been brought in the patrol wagon from the Twenty-fifth district. He had been picked up on the street drunk, and when placed in a cell he complained of being sick, and soon after lapsed into unconsciousness.

When received he was placed in a cot in the receiving ward, and an examination showed his temperature, pulse, and respiration to be normal. Soon the house officer, Howell, made the discovery that the patient was watching him out of the corner of his eye. Dr. Downs came in shortly after, when Dr. Howell gave him a quiet tip, and then in an ordinary tone, which could be heard by the patient, gave a history of the case.

"It's a serious case, Doctor, and requires immediate attention," said Dr. Howell.

"What do you think is the trouble?"

"I'm not able to say; but it's something the matter with his liver or heart."

"What had better be done?"

"The best thing will be to take out his liver first."

"Are the knives sharp, Ben?"

"Here they are, sir, all right," responded Ben Lloyd, the nurse.

"Come on, then."

"No, you don't," yelled the patient as he cleared the cot with a bound; "you ain't going to carve me up."

There was a patter of feet over the floor, the front door flew open, and the last seen of Bruton he was heading down Eighth street at a broadneck speed.

THE GREAT TENNIS TOURNEY

HOW CAMPBELL'S FINE WORK WON HIM THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

A Description of the Work Done by the Leading Players, and the Manner in Which They Play—The Rise of Tennis.

The greatest lawn tennis event of the year, the contest for the championship of America, culminated last Wednesday at Newport, R. I., in a victory for O. S. Campbell, challenger, over H. W. Slocum, Jr., holder. This year's tournament was remarkable in many respects. The entry list was the largest ever received in this country, and the largest ever received for a championship tournament in any country, there being fifty-three in all. The average playing was the best ever seen in America. It was the second time the championship had changed hands, and the winner is the youngest man who has ever won the title, with the exception of the first time it was won, namely, by Mr. R. D. Sears in 1881, who was then about 20 years old, the same age as the present champion.

The success of the recent championship tournament and the great public interest displayed in it are sufficient evidence of the popularity the game has attained in this country. The game was introduced here from England in 1874 by a Boston gentleman, and was first played at Nahant, Mass., in the summer of that year. It at once took the popular fancy, but at first was merely regarded as a good game for lawn parties, and classed with such gentle games as croquet and battledoor and shuttlecock. Its merits, however, were not long undiscovered, and with the skill developed it soon became recognized as a genuine athleting game, requiring endurance as well as skill. The first tournaments were handicap affairs held at Nahant, in which first figured Dr. Dwight and F. R. Sears, a brother of the ex-champion. The first championship tournament held was given by the Staten Island Cricket and Base Ball Club in 1880, in which Dr. Dwight and R. D. Sears took part, but a dispute arose over the size and weight of the balls used, they being smaller than those to which these two players had been accustomed. This, it was claimed, was the cause that neither of them was successful, and the championship went to Mr. O. E. Woodhouse, an Englishman. The tournament, however, did not amount to much as a championship, for there being no national association there were several tournaments held by other clubs nominally for the championship. This fact, added to the dispute over the balls, showed the necessity of a governing body, and on May 21, 1881, a meeting was called at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city, at which were represented thirty-three clubs, and there the United States National Lawn Tennis Association was formed. The association voted to hold a national championship, and Newport was selected as the spot for holding it on account of the fashionable character of the place and the success of a previous tournament held there.

In that year R. D. Sears, familiarly known as Dick Sears, won the first championship, and held it until 1885, when he resigned the title in favor of H. W. Slocum, winner of the all-comers' match. Up to 1884, the champion was obliged to play through the all-comers' match in order to retain the title, but in that year the association debarred the champion from competing, and simply required him to defend his title against the challenger or winner of the all-comers'. Last year Slocum succeeded in defending his title against Q. A. Shaw, Jr., defeating him by a score of 6—3, 6—1, 4—6, 6—2. This year, however, the title passed into other hands, Slocum's colors being lowered by the young Columbia man. Last year Campbell was defeated by Shaw in the final round of the all-comers' by a score of 1—6, 6—4, 6—3, 6—4, and at the present meeting much regret was expressed at the absence of Shaw, who is travelling in Europe, speculation being rife as to whether he would have defeated Campbell again. The latter has improved so much, however, that it is safe to presume the tables would have been turned on this occasion.

The weather, which usually affords kickers so much to exercise their faculty upon, gave no cause for complaint during the entire tournament this year, and Newport was enabled to turn out in all its glory. The beauty which surrounded the courts and for the most part cheered ("rooted" in the American vulgate) for that "sweet fellow Olde" (who was a great favorite) was more numerous than on any similar occasion.

The Casino courts were in perfect condition. The grass was like velvet on Aug. 27, when the tournament began, but at its close, though still kept in perfect condition by a tremendous steam roller, a sheep would hardly have thought life worth living had it been obliged to graze for subsistence on the courts. Three-quarters of the men who entered the tournament had no possible chance of winning, but the fact of having the use of the Casino for a period of two weeks, for which the regular price is $5 a week, reduced hotel rates to competitors, the opportunity of playing two matches is easy, one to the all-comers and one for the consolation, cup if beaten in the first round, together with the grandeur of promenading about the Casino in flannels, carrying a tennis racket and giving the impression of being a terrible man on a tennis court, all for the entrance fee, is sufficient to account for the large entry.

It was a remarkable fact that in the preliminary round