

THE CAPTURED OUTLAWS.

Visalia the bandits were immediately warned of their coming and so were on their guard. We arranged it so that no one knew what we were after. My deputies started from Fresno and took the railroad through Porterville to the little switch station near Mansen. There they were met by a team and taken to the neighborhood of Wilcox station, where the fight also took place. For some time previous we had had certain persons keeping both eyes open on the mountains and at length got something of the run of the bandits. It was found out positively that Evans always left his horse and cart at the widow Perkins' place. For this reason the posse was sent down by the cañon which is right by the road and at the foot of the ridge from her house. After appearing in the deputies I came on to Los Angeles and appeared before the district attorney, who issued warrants for the arrest of Evans and Sontag for stopping the United States mails. These warrants gave me full authority to go after them in the capacity of a United States marshal.

fire and kept plumping at them for a while. BURNS CHANGES POSITION. "After Rapelje had left the cabin, Burns proposed that he should detour around by their right. He started, and going through the wheat field got behind a pile of rocks by the road, and he also opened fire. A lively exchange was kept up for a while, but at length Rapelje left his position on the ridge, came down, passed around boulders by the wheat field, past the cabin and past Burns' position in the rocks, until he was about even with the hay stack and then he and Burns opened fire again upon the bandits. The rifle balls all along had been sent into all parts of the stack during the fight, and had kept them jumping about rather lively, but when those two opened fire on them from the right flank it was too much for them, and I heard one of them say: "Jesus Christ! They are getting around behind us." Burns advanced slightly from his position to one nearer the hay pile but his fire was too hot and he went back. EVANS RETREATS. "Rapelje finally saw a man, who afterwards proved to be Evans, crawling away from the straw stack through the fox grass. When he was about 30 yards from the stack, Rapelje shot at him hitting him in the arm, causing him to stop his rifle. Instantly Evans jumped up and ran towards the hill like a jack rabbit. "Burns, who was chaffing over the way they had previously yelled at him when he was with Black at Camp Badger and ran, so they claimed. Accordingly he set up a derisive yell, calling to Rapelje 'not to let the rascal escape. Make him fight.' "Finally I told him to stop and we three then went over to attend to poor Jackson. "I want to say right here, that God never made a pluckier man than Jackson. He was as cool during the whole affair as any one I have ever seen. When he was shot he crawled over behind the cabin by me. I frequently would turn and ask him if he could do anything to help him, if only to give him some water. He would invariably reply: 'Never mind me; keep at them; don't let them escape!' He was all the time in most intense agony; but I never once lost him my mind. In fact, he did not kick up anything like the noise that Sontag did, who was only groaning when we found him. "It was quite dark, so we set about getting a team to take Jackson to town. During the fight four or five wagons had passed, but the drivers heard the shooting, and, lashing up their horses, ran past the cabin, and we could not get them to stop. Finally we took Jackson down into the wheat field and attended him as best we could. We brought him back to the road, however, and Rapelje went down the road about three miles to a ranch house to get a team. He returned at length, and we put the wounded man aboard. Rapelje also got in, and the wagon was started for town. SONTAG CAPTURED. "Sontag, the man behind the hay pile, took a shot at us, whereupon I went back through the wheat field to get our rifles. As I was going through the grain he saw my reflection and shot twice more at me, as I heard one of the balls strike the ground a few feet from my side. "It was about 9:30 o'clock when the wagon with us and Burns and I were left in the road. "In some manner he wandered off through the wheat field a little towards town, while I stayed near the cabin. I was afraid to go near the house where I could keep a watch on the straw pile. I stayed out all night. The weather got frightfully cold and my hands became numb. I kept one hand between my crossed legs so as to keep the fingers pliable, in order to pull the trigger of the gun if necessary. However, I had no cause, and just about sunrise I looked down towards Visalia and there I saw the posse coming and then I was glad. "The crowd finally arrived, and after stretching myself I proceeded to the hay stack. There, covered up with hay, with only his nose, mouth and eyes uncovered, was a man. "Well, we've got you at last, Chris," said some one. "Chris, it's John," replied the man, and sure enough it proved to be Sontag when he was taken from the hay. He was a poor spectacle. His face and beard were covered with dirt and clotted blood, and these, with his generally wild look, were decidedly not prepossessing. "He was assisted out, and some of us washed his face and gave him some water and whiskey to drink. He was placed up against the improvised pillows as you see in this photograph, and the posse was grouped and the crowd were photographed. PRAISE FOR SONTAG. "There is one thing to be said of Sontag—he is worth two of Evans. The papers have been talking as though Evans was the better man of the two, but he is not. It was only because there was more of the dash and bluff to him, and he had a family. Sontag was much the gamier man. "The reason we did not go up to the straw pile was because we thought that it was Sontag who had run away. We knew that he would never desert Evans, and thought he would shortly return with some means to carry his partner away, and it was for this reason that I watched during the night for his return. If it had been Evans who had been shot and not him do you think he would ever have left Evans? Well; never. He would have stayed there and died before he would have deserted him. And because we know the man as we did was why we waited. If he had had the strength when behind the straw pile, he would have been fighting until now. When we found him, clasped in his left hand was a good six-shooter; he made no attempt to use it, because he stated his hands were too cold. His intention, however, was to have killed several of us when we came up to him on Monday, but his hands became too numb with cold to use his weapon of revenge. "Sontag tried to throw us off of the track also. He insisted that Evans was unhurt, and that we would never take him alive. He also said he had told Evans to leave him, which Evans also stated after his capture. "Sontag seemed to be in considerable pain, but answered the majority of the questions that were put to him by the newspaper men and others in the posse. We proceeded then with our prisoner to Visalia, which is 20 miles distant. AFTER EVANS. "On Monday afternoon about 5 o'clock I received a letter stating that Evans was wounded and in hiding at Widow

Perkins' place. I immediately hunted up Rapelje, who took two others with him, and, in an old survey, started to complete our work. The Perkins boy arrived some time after they left and told Under Sheriff Hall where Evans was hiding. Hall immediately got a crowd together, and, procuring fast rigs, also started. They overtook our people when within four miles of the place and were hailed by them. They paid no attention, however, but whipped up and got past them and went on to the Perkins house. When they were afraid to go up stairs, so the young Perkins boy went and told Evans the officers were down stairs and for him to strike a light. Evans did so. But this did not suit them; they then had E. H. Perkins go up ahead of them and hold Evans, who which they came into the room, Hall being first. "After the conversation had passed between them as already given, Rapelje and his party arrived. Old Mrs. Perkins at first refused to admit them, but they finally went in. Rapelje claimed Evans as his prisoner, but Hall said no, he had made the arrest, and shortly took him to town. "Yes, I am glad it is over. The reason we got them is because we did not run like the other posse who had come after them. They generally fired both barrels of the shotgun, then began with the Winchester, and by that time had the posse scared and they would invariably run. But this time Evans and Sontag did the running." ORIGIN OF THE PLAN. The Result of Detective Thacker's interview with Detective Lawson. Some inside history, showing the wheels within wheels, the ultimate wind up of which resulted in the Evans-Sontag capture, which occurred during the past few days, would without doubt be of interest to many. Last night two weeks ago, May 31st, Detective Lawson of this city left San Francisco, bound for the Angel city. A short time after the train pulled out from the Oakland mole he met an old acquaintance, John Thacker, the chief special agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. Mr. Thacker was bound for Fresno, but on business which he did not at first divulge. Lawson and Thacker are old "buddies," having been associated together during the Dalton investigation of the Alibi robbery, and they also have done considerable work in Merced, Fresno and Tulare counties. Since the Evans-Sontag attack on Witty and Smith at Visalia, Thacker had been constantly at work on the case, and for a number of weeks was in the mountains around Sequoia. The fact that he had become known to all persons living in the vicinity was the only reason that compelled him to give up the search, but while not working individually on the case, he was giving all his attention to it quietly from the outside. On this Wednesday night referred to Thacker made known all his plans to Lawson and they both discussed the matter to its smallest detail. United States Marshal Gard's district took in Tulare and Fresno counties, where Evans and Sontag were constantly in hiding. It was Thacker's idea that Gard should take an active part in the capture of the bandits, as he had every confidence in his ability to do so. He asked Lawson when he arrived in Los Angeles to interview Gard in the matter and ask him to take a hand in the proposed capture. Lawson, however, told Thacker that Gard would probably be in the city with Evans, and it would be better to telegraph him to come to Fresno. Then the wires carried the message which was the first page in the final chapter of the Evans-Sontag outrage. Lawson swore out a warrant in Fresno charging Evans and Sontag with detaining the United States mails at Collins, and the beginning of the end was on. Gard immediately went to Fresno on the receipt of the warrant, and the plan for getting into the mountains where the bandits were located was quietly unfolded and carried out unbeknown to any in the vicinity or the friends of the outlaws. Thacker chose for Gard's assistants Rapelje and Jackson, who were both sworn in as United States marshals. These men at once left for the mountains, where they were joined by Burns, who was with Officer Black the night he was shot. Last Thursday they were joined by Gard at a designated place about 20 miles from Visalia, unknown to anyone in the country around. The hunt was then on and was prosecuted until the discovery of the outlaws last Sunday night, shortly before sundown. Thacker did not believe in large posses, nor did he believe in trumpeting the presence of officers through the neighborhood, and his plan was the sending of four brave men on the hunt with the instructions to thoroughly investigate and search all the recesses which the bandits were known to frequent. Too much praise cannot be given to Thacker for the plans which eventually were crowned with success, and more praise, if possible, should be bestowed upon Marshal Gard and upon the brave men who accomplished them. DISAGREED. The Jury in the Young Murder Case Discharged. After struggling for 29 hours to arrive at an agreement the jury in the "Billy" Young murder case gave up as a bad job, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock and was discharged. At the time of their discharge the division of the jury was seven for conviction and five for acquittal. Some of the jurors stated afterwards that they stood, at one time, 10 for conviction and two for acquittal. The disagreement of the jury was quite a victory for the defense, and Young's counsel, R. A. Ling and Z. G. Peck felt very much elated over it. The testimony which connected Young with the throwing of the lamp that caused Irene O'Brien's death was very strong against him. He was returned to the county jail to await his second trial. PEGGING AWAY. The Federated Trades Trying to Have the Geary Act Enforced. It was learned last night the Federated Trades of the city are determined to persist in their endeavors to bring the Chinese question to a head. They have employed ex-Constable Fred Smith, who has located a number of straight cut highbinders, and it is the purpose to have complaints made against them and see whether they can be arrested under the Geary act. The men will be selected impartially from the different companies in Chinatown, and if the arrangements can be made the complaints will be filed today in the United States court.

ABUSEMENTS GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday and Tuesday evenings next those who wish to laugh will have ample opportunity, as that funny little man, Robert Gaylor, will present again his charming satire on the 400 of New York entitled Sport McAllister, which, since last performed here, has been reconstructed, and now contains a laugh in every line, sparkling specialties and catchy music, and also contains many new features and no end of new songs, all of which are the latest fads. The company has been greatly strengthened and is the same that have just closed a long run of 50 nights at the Bijou theater, New York, where they had phenomenal success. The features of the musical numbers to be presented are Mr. Gaylor's latest songs, The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, The Game Bank and Johnny Dugan, all of which have created no little sensation throughout the east. A bevy of pretty girls whose artistic singing and dancing will capture any audience will also be seen in this entertainment. "Maine and Georgia" is the title of a new play drama written by Howard F. Taylor, the well-known dramatist, from incidents furnished him by L. R. Stockwell, and it will be placed in rehearsal next week at Stockwell's theater, receiving its initial performance Monday, June 19th, in San Francisco. The piece was read to critics and professional friends last week and received cordial approval. Mr. Stockwell has set his artists at work upon the ingenious mechanism and Mr. Seabury is painting the scenery for it, which will include picturesque representations of familiar scenes in Maine and in Georgia and other parts of the south. An automatic battle at South Bridge will be one of the many features of the play. An interesting romance runs through the piece and some characteristic pictures of domestic life in New England supplement a thrilling plot. Should the play meet with favor here, it is the intention of Mr. Stockwell to immediately book it throughout the eastern states.

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