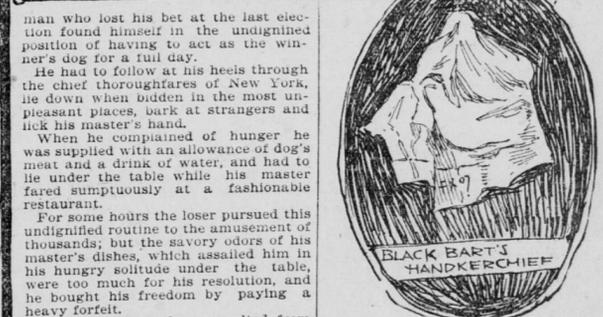
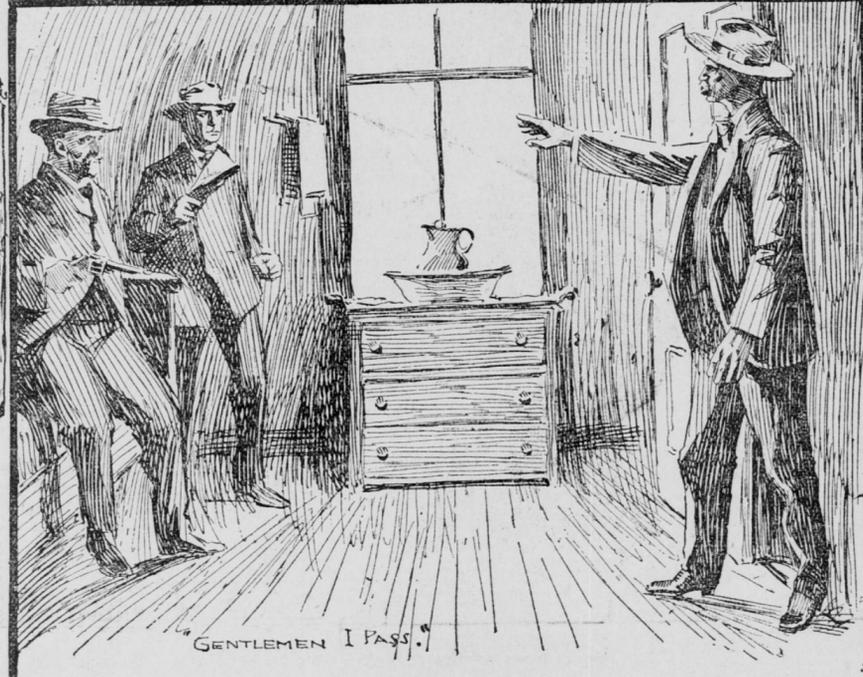
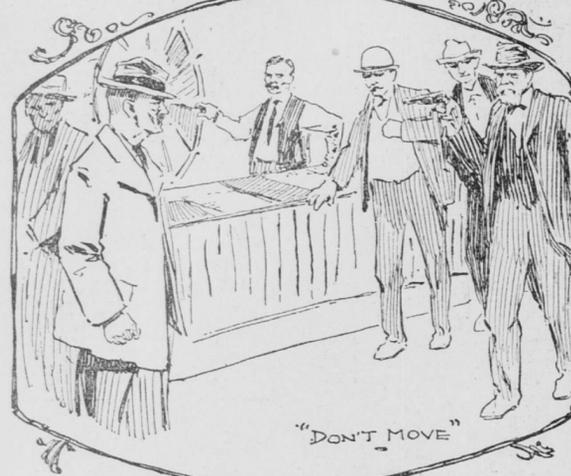
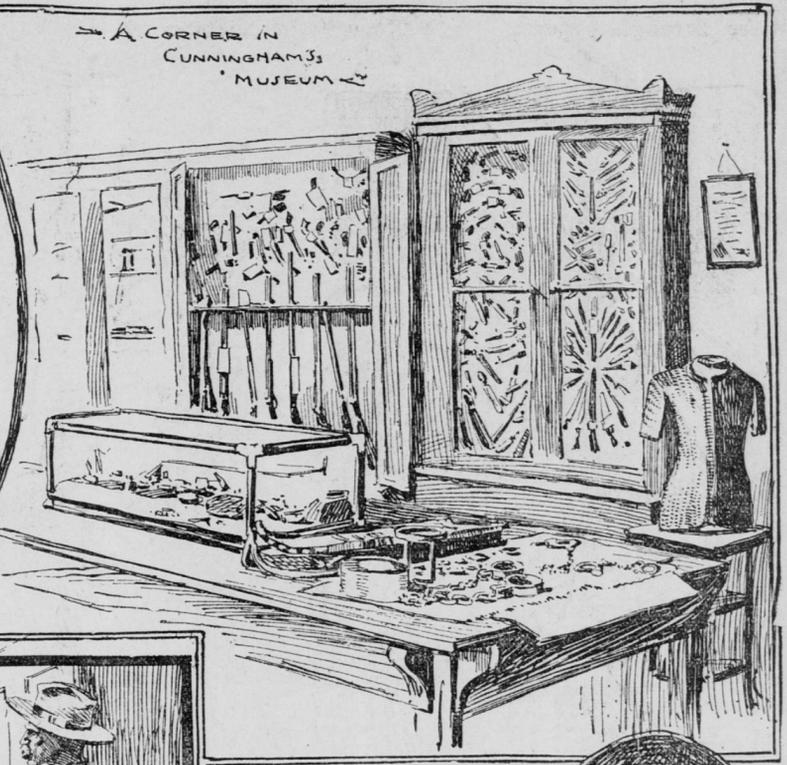
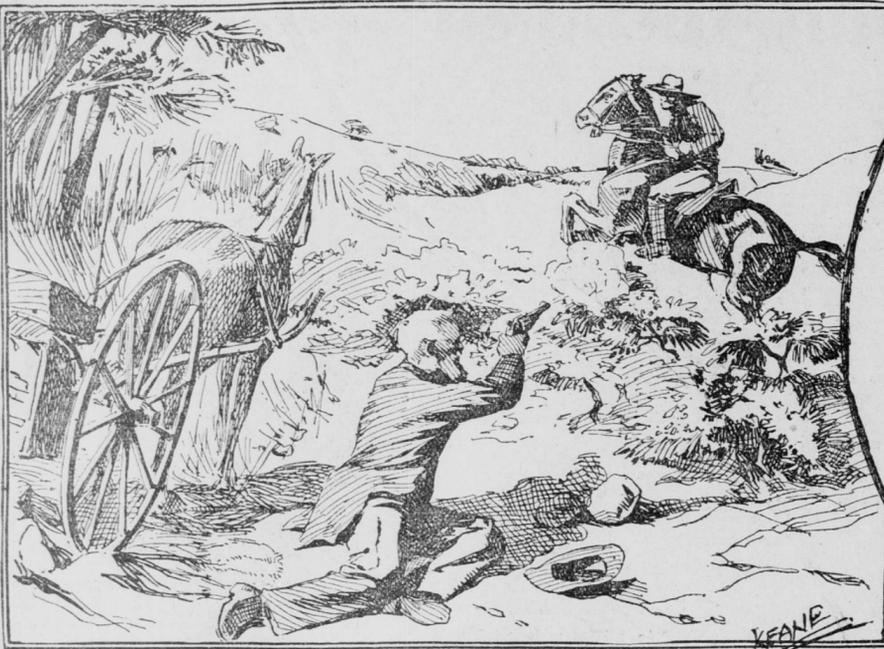


# HAS TRACKED CRIMINALS FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Sheriff Tom Cunningham of San Joaquin County, Who Has Been Continuously in Office for Twenty-five Years and Who Rounded Joaquin Murietta, Black Bart and Others of the Most Notorious Highway-men in the History of California, Is Going to Retire to Private Life.



**T**OM CUNNINGHAM, the Sheriff of San Joaquin County, is about to retire to private life after faithfully serving the people for over a quarter of a century. Cunningham's official career has been a remarkable one. He left the harness-ship for the Sheriff's office a quarter of a century ago and has succeeded himself at every election held since. When he laid down his awl and took up shooting irons the Sheriff spent more time in the saddle than in comfortable offices. In those days it was essential that the Sheriff be an active, fearless man, not only to be a terror to the evil doers, of which there were so many, but to head off and discourage the efforts of Judge Lynch in the community.

When the retiring veteran began his public service California had men like Harry Morse for Sheriffs, and the young officers speedily took his place beside them and participated in many of the daring episodes in which intrepid officers and nifty desperadoes figured. He has lived to see all of his associates of those early days pass away.

Notwithstanding all the daring arrests to his credit he never received a scratch and never shed blood. He is the first man the discharged convict approaches for aid after completing the sentence Cunningham was instrumental in giving him.

Sheriff Tom Cunningham has studied the criminal from the time he tracked him to his lair till he hid him good-by at the gallows or prison gates. The veteran's work has not been all "outside work." He has maintained from the first the most systematic record of crime and criminals coming under both his personal observation and that of all the most successful peace officers in the country. Volume after volume is stored in his private office, filled with newspaper clippings telling of crime.

The name Cunningham's "rogues' gallery" is known all over the Pacific Coast. There is nothing to compare with it on this side of the Rocky Mountains, either. The number of pictures has reached the astounding figure of between 41,000 and 42,000. These pictures show the faces of criminals past and present from all over the world. Some are dead, others immured behind prison walls. Cunningham has had an elaborate system of exchange in pictures. This picture gallery has cost him fully \$10,000. The albums have been carefully guarded. It has not been given over to any other man. There are faces of men now living honest and respected lives, whose past is unknown to those by whom they are loved and respected. For every picture there is a brief biography, telling of the criminal, his crime, his characteristics and appearance. The forgers, burglar and in fact the principal species of criminals are so arranged that a person having the key to the albums knows right where to look for his men. Into whose hands this rare collection will pass when Mr. Cunningham ceases to be Sheriff is not known, but it is hardly probable that San Joaquin County will allow it to go elsewhere if money can retain it here.

Almost every visitor to Stockton has looked through the museum the Sheriff has gathered during the last quarter of a century. It is a remarkable collection of grim articles, weapons, pistols, slugs and many weapons inconceivable in construction to any mind but that of the cunning criminal—are on exhibition.

In one case is one of the old-time deer rifles, powder, cap and ball, the kind that Boone used on deer and redskins. This is the gun which finished the career of the bandit, Joaquin Murietta, over in Fresno County many years ago. It was used by J. W. Childs, who was a member of Captain Love's party in the final round-up of the outcast.

The pirate on the Spanish main

never used an uglier pistol than the one hanging here. It has an ugly shaped barrel, a shotgun hammer and a big handle with a knob on the end of it. Over in Amador in '49 there were sluice box robbers, and they were hard to catch. This gun was loaded and set bear-trap fashion one night by a miner now dead. The gun went off about midnight and the robber died. The old miner gave it to the Sheriff.

An odd thing in the way of armor is to be found on a stand. It is a "coat of mail" made of wire rings and woven so closely and with such mechanical genius that no bullet could penetrate it. It will as completely envelop a man's body as an ordinary sack coat. It fastens together in the front much like a coat. This coat is really a wonderfully made article. As to who manufactured it history does not tell. It belonged to William Cox, who in the early seventies killed his son-in-law over in Calaveras County. Cox was hanged for his crime. This coat was found on him at the time of his arrest.

A ridiculous looking weapon is an old "slip bucket" pistol, which was taken from Fred Salkmann, alias Dutch Fred, who departed this life in 1851 by the rope route.

Chinese ingenuity and brutality are pretty well represented in the collection. Murderous looking knives and answer for, are here found. The knives are crude in construction and calculated for murder. One Chinaman unwillingly contributed to the collection what appears to be a fan. Press a spring and the case comes off and a keen knife is displayed.

One old pistol which looks like a sawed off muzzle-loading shotgun belonged to George Baker, alias "Mickey," who also went by the rope route in 1851.

In the way of sandbags, the Sheriff has one made out of the leg of a pair of overalls. It is simply filled with sand and the ends tied with strong cord.

A "nasty" looking leather club once belonged to Salter D. Worden. He dropped the weapon in the railroad yards here during the great strike.

One of the most complete outfits used by forgers is one which belonged to a man known as W. E. Williamson. The ordinary person would not suppose that the trade of a forger required so many and whatnot. Checks partially finished and others on which large amounts were collected are displayed. The case devoted to counterfeit bills and money is highly interesting. Some of the coin is crude and others so well made that the ordinary mortal could not detect them.

The cleverness of criminals is illustrated by an ordinary looking comb which Cunningham took from James Winters at the San Francisco prison. Concealed in the back of the comb is a saw four inches long and a third of an inch wide.

To vary the list the Sheriff has a skull with a bullet through it—a man murdered on the trail in the early pioneer days. His name or that of his murderer is not known. Every article in the vast collection has a story, and could have got the drop on the officer. When asked why he was so merciful he made his most winning bow, placed his hand over his heart and with the meek courtesy characteristic of the villain said in Spanish, "I could not kill the brave young man."

A few years ago there was a stage robber at large named Dalton. He had used it to be announced that the first officer who laid hands on him was as much as signing an immediate death warrant for himself. One day during the fair in Stockton Cunningham observed a man whom he was sure was the robber standing on Hunter Square

watching a game. Without a moment's hesitation Cunningham walked up to him and covering him with a pistol said quietly, "Don't move!" He then called a citizen who relieved Dalton of his guns and the Sheriff led the man-eater away, a most docile prisoner. So quietly was the arrest made that only those in the immediate vicinity witnessed the exhibition of cool nerve and prompt action.

One day an escaped convict, a Spaniard, who for the want of a better name is called Lopez, was located near Stockton. Taking a young man as driver Cunningham got into a spring wagon and started in pursuit. He got over into the foothills and knowing that the man was in the immediate vicinity he gave the driver particular instructions to turn the wheels so he could jump out should they see the man, Cunningham preferring to fight on terra firma.

The first thing the Sheriff knew he was face to face with the convict, who was mounted and armed. The Sheriff saw it was fight, and throwing up his gun he tried to cover the man and at the same time climb out. At the critical moment the driver turned the wheels the wrong way. The Sheriff tripped and was sent sprawling on the ground.

Realizing even in his plight that the best gun would win he rolled over and before the astonished convict could get his gun into action the Sheriff let drive and shot the horse from under the convict.

It was a lucky shot, as the robber had to look out for himself instead of turning his gun loose on the Sheriff. Cunningham got his man, however, and returned him to prison.

Advancing age never diminished the veteran's activity. If the office was called on to bring in a desperate man he would get his sawed-off shotgun and start out. Less than two years ago he went after Williams and Sigal, the young desperadoes who attempted to wreck a train and rob it a few miles from Stockton. Williams was an expert with a gun, and when the attempted crime failed the youths escaped to the San Joaquin River bottoms, sending word that they would shoot the first officer that came after them. They were hunted several days and finally driven out on the open country. Coming over a ridge one day Cunningham came on Williams, who was carrying his rifle ready for action. The veteran called out in a fatherly way:

"Drop the gun, Williams."

And the gun was dropped!

The robbers are now doing life terms in prison.

In running down Green, Smith and Jones, the confidence operators who had done Farmer Brack out of \$2000 in this county, the Sheriff got a trio of men, whose career had been one long life of successful swindles. He captured them at Portland. It is said they offered him \$2000 to permit some scheme of escape, but he held on and convicted them. After he was sure they would get their deserts he solicited, so far as was proper for him to do, the mercy of the court.

Black Bart, that accomplished road agent of most original methods, was finally cornered, more through the clever work of Tom Cunningham than any other man. Black Bart was a wonderful pedestrian. He would reach Stockton from San Francisco on the morning boat and by nightfall would have walked forty miles into the mountains. The next day the poetical robber would turn his usual trick. Old-timers will recall with what frequency the stages were robbed. Cunningham was always on the ground as soon as possible to look for some evidence. His staying qualities were finally rewarded. Arriving at the point where the stage had last been stopped he examined the ground closely. Suddenly he reached down and picked up a cuff. That cuff marked the end of Bart's career. Cunningham examined the cuff closely and the officers who were with him eagerly awaited to see what he would say. Finally Cunningham exclaimed:

"At last we have a clue," and directed the officers' attention to the mark

"FOX"

On the border. The cuff was taken to San Francisco and after a long search similar marks were found on other linen in a laundry. Bart was located and then inveigled into a room where the officers were waiting. He was under the impression that he was going to negotiate the sale of a mine. As quick as his eyes fell on his expected purchasers he merely threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I pass."

That was the end of his clever days of stage robbing and it was brought about by the handkerchief which Cunningham found.

When the State determined to rid its borders of that terrible bandit Vasquez Tom Cunningham and Harry Morse rode at the head of the posse. They pushed the murderers and their notorious cut-throat leader further and further to the south and finally drove them into the trap which was sprung by waiting officers. For weeks of the posse was in the saddle ready to fight at a moment's notice. There was no place Cunningham would not explore in quest of his prey.

There is a story that one day while out on a little independent scout he observed a man riding over a little knoll whom he took for a cowboy. As there was nothing suspicious about the man Cunningham did not halt him. When captured Vasquez told him he could have got the drop on the officer. When asked why he was so merciful he made his most winning bow, placed his hand over his heart and with the meek courtesy characteristic of the villain said in Spanish, "I could not kill the brave young man."

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pieces. The fragments were collected and counted, only to find that the number was odd, and that the gambler's last sovereign was lost.

The Presidential elections are the occasions of some of the most eccentric wagers which ingenuity can devise. A

man who lost his bet at the last election found himself in the undignified position of having to act as the winner's dog for a full day.

He had to follow at his heels through the chief thoroughfares of New York, lie down when bidden in the most unpleasant places, bark at strangers and lick his master's hand.

When he complained of hunger he was supplied with an allowance of dog's meat and a drink of water, and had to lie under the table while his master fared sumptuously at a fashionable restaurant.

For some hours the loser pursued this undignified routine to the amusement of thousands; but the savory odors of his master's dishes, which assailed him in his hungry solitude under the table, were too much for his resolution, and he bought his freedom by paying a heavy forfeit.

Many mad feats have resulted from wagers, but surely none so foolish as that of the French carpenter, Paul Parthart. Paul was drinking with some boon companions a short time ago, when he made a bet of 5 francs that he would jump, unhurt, from a fourth floor window.

The bet was taken with amused incredulity by one of his friends, when Paul ran out of the wine shop, climbed to the fourth story of an adjacent house, and threw himself out of the window, with a sickening thud, into the street. When he was picked up it was found that he had broken his left leg and seriously injured himself internally, while he had not even the satisfaction of having won his 5 francs.

Some very astonishing gastronomic feats have sprung from wagers; but the fame of Nicholas Wood, the Kentish glutton, has never suffered eclipse.

On one occasion Nicholas made a bet that he would eat an entire pig in one sitting. This feat he accomplished so easily that he called for three pecks of damsons, which "proved his dessert,"

and followed in the way of the pig.

It was a wager that induced a New York financier to dispose of 238 oysters in half an hour, merely as a prelude to a substantial dinner; and a gourmand of the name of Edward Manning has swallowed seventy-two eggs in one minute for a wager.

Franz Friedrich of Williamsburg was prepared, for a suitable bet, to make a meal of a goose, five pounds of German sausage, one pound of cheese, a loaf of bread and thirty-two glasses of beer; while at Civita Vecchia lately, Signor Beraccio swallowed a mile of macaroni for a wager, and beat his rival by over 100 yards.

Mr. Huddy, an Irish postmaster, when he was within three years of his "century," was the hero of an eccentric wager. He made the journey from Lis-more to Fermoy in an old tub drawn by two cats, a hedgehog, a goose, a badger and a pig; and to complete the eccentricity of the "turn-out," he wore a red nightcap and flourished a whip in one hand and a horn in the other.

## TRIED TO CIVILIZE A "GHOST DANCER."

### Tragical End of a Young White Woman Who Married an Indian Chief.

Special to The Sunday Call.

**W**ICHITA, Kans., Oct. 19.—Ten years ago Miss Lydia Lyons, a pretty 19-year-old white girl, graduated from the Illinois training school at Chicago. She had taken a course to become a nurse, and had also studied some missionary work under private tutelage. Her father, the only one left of the family, was Major Lyons, a hero of the Mexican War. He had given his consent that his daughter should go among the Indians as a missionary just as soon as she graduated.

In 1888, Miss Lyons, a tall, dark eyed beauty, passed from school life into an entirely new field of labor. She went to Oklahoma among the Sac and Fox Indians as a missionary. A friend of her father's, Captain Galbraith, had promised to look after her.

At this time ghost dancing as a religion was just beginning to spread among the Indians. The medicine men taught them to believe that a Messiah was coming and would sweep all the white men from the earth. The Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches were holding dances when Miss Lyons dropped from the dance at her pleading among them. She attended these dances and made speeches, asking them to forsake such superstitious practices. One by one the redskins dropped from the dance at her pleading or commands. The agent praised her. Nothing like it had ever happened before. The whites thought surely she controlled some strange magnetic power.

But there was one tall, handsome Indian who refused to yield to her persuasions, and he caused her many a heartache before he consented to be civilized. This was Fixico. Being a chief, he thought it due his high position that he should be more cruel than the rest.

One day Miss Lyons went to him with tears in her eyes and begged him to reform, for Fixico was a bad Indian and had a bad reputation. He drank and played poker. He danced weird dances and all that. After long pleadings, Fixico promised to reform, but upon a promise:

That if, after three years, he had proven that during that time he had been strictly sober, she was to marry him.

Not a word of love was spoken—not one sign of affection. She gave her promise just to civilize him. Surely a human being was something, and Miss Lyons was willing to do anything to completely reform a redskin.

The three years passed at last, and Fixico had kept his promise.

So did the paleface girl.

The two were married with all the pomp surrounding his position as a

chief in the tribe. Hundreds of Indians came to witness the ceremony. It was a gala day for the Kiowas and Comanches.

All went well in the home of Chief Fixico and his paleface bride until a baby boy was born to them.

Fixico did not like the little papoose because he was almost white. Very little traces of its red skinned father could be found upon the little one. But Fixico said nothing.

His wife knew in her heart, however, that all was wrong with her chieftain husband. He would go away and remain for days. She tried to regain his affection, although she did not love him. She felt it her duty. Thereafter all went wrong in the house of Fixico in the little town of Darlington, Oklahoma.

Last Sunday Fixico came home drunk, having been out on a long spree. His wife fell at his feet and cried. Li-quo made him insane and he cursed her mother's breast.

Then the hopeless wife sought her room and drove a dagger into her bosom.

Fixico found her a few minutes later with the baby crying upon his dead mother's breast.

A sudden fit of anger seized him and he drew a revolver and shot his own baby dead.

Indignation ran high among the Indians for a time. Fixico was finally arrested by the Indian agent and taken to the jail at Tecumseh, where he now lies awaiting trial. He says now he is sorely grieved over his heartless act. Fixico is nearly a fullblood Indian and is well educated, having been to school at Carlisle, Pa.



## ODDEST WAGERS EVER MADE.

The history of foolish and eccentric bets contains no story of more reckless folly than that of a gambler of a generation ago who made the fall of a bowl accomplish his ruin.

After a long night's gambling in which evil fortune had pursued him, he

made a hasty calculation of all that was left to him of a princely fortune. He then seized a bowl from a table, and, poising it aloft, said: "Odd or even pieces for \$75,000?" "Odd," cooly said one of the men who had won his money. The bowl fell and was dashed to