

BREAKING UP NEW MEXICO'S BANDIT GANG.

Langrish and in various jails through-
out the west are six of the eight out-
laws who robbed the combination store
and postoffice at Fort Sumner, N. M.,
on the night of Dec. 23, 1901, holding up
a score of men as they came unusu-
ally through the door for a quiet
evening smoke and an equally quiet
evening chat, and killing one man who
refused to be held up. The two leaders
of the gang—Hawkins and Isbell—are
still at large, but the posse are hot on
their trail, and news of their death or
arrest is momentarily expected.

The robbery was as daring as any
perpetrated by the famous Younger
boys. When the outlaws were entirely

brough with the men, in the store they calmly kissed their hands to them, said "Adios," mounted their horses and quietly rode away over the rolling prairie. The robbers were Frank, the name of Harry Hawking, Witt Neil, George Costin, John Smith and Frank "Pat" Potter and George R. Messersage. Among the last to be captured was Messersage.

The person they killed was Felipe Beardsley, a lad of 18 years and the last in male line of one of New Mexico's most famous families. At one time they were the owners of the Maxwell land grant, which is now worth millions of dollars. The father of Felipe and Philip Holzman, the owner of the store, was a postmaster. Messersage is only a boy. He tells the story in his own words:

"At Moore's ranch I met Henry Hawkins, George Cook, Witt Neill, Potter John Smith and Frank Isbell. I had never seen them before, but I came to know them the others until I came back to the city. I was with them for a week."

"We left Moore's ranch about two p.m. on January 31. We all had horses and each a Winchester rifle, besides four six-shooters in the crowd. Hawkings had a .38 Smith & Wesson revolver and a .45 Smith & Wesson cartridge, which he got at the Revels store. Hawkings also furnished all the rifles, except the one Isbell got at Moore's. On the way Hawkings and I rode the outside of the crowd. I saw it soon got out of bounds and was roaring when we left. While we were at watching life fire Hawkings told us we were going to take in Port Sumner. He said, 'I'll give you a place to hold up,' he said, 'and we'll show them

across the river, some distance away and there divided up the cartridges. What cartridges we did not take Hawkins and Cook threw into the river.

"About half a mile from Sumner we sat down. In a bunch, Hawkins and Cook, and I, and the two Indians, there threw them on the ground. We ended more than a hundred apiece, the mounted and rode about eight miles southwest in a fast, but not a very heavy pack. The mounted goods we had and fed our horses. Then we went to an old abandoned adobe house, and there we divided the money. Hawkins and Potter and Cook did the dividing. I got \$24. I was lying on a blanket, and did not have anything to do. I was not going to do anything with the money, and did not ask for any. I only saw about \$50 in all, and in any way, and in any way, and in any way, the clothing was also divided.

Wood's horse that night we separated. Ned and I turned south and the other boys turned toward the Elock ranch. We did not see anything more of them but know that they had decided to go to the Lums. That night we rode all that night and next day, camping there in a gulch. Our rations soon ran short and the next day we only had food for a couple of meals. The third day we rode into the hills near Sand Springs, Indiana, reaching there about 4 o'clock in the evening.

CAPTURED BY INDIANS.

"Ned told me to wait in a bunch of timber while he went down to the Indiana to get something to eat. He went down, and was soon out of sight beyond the ridge. This is the last I saw of him. He was in the timber about two hours and then went down into an

mediately surrounded me and said I had stolen their horse, and they made me prisoner. They soon made up their minds to take me to the Mesquite agency, which they did, arriving there in the morning. I was then taken to Alamogordo and looked up for horse stealing. It was not long before I was identified as being with the Fort Sumner gang, and I have been in limbo ever since. I have seen a few other couple of fellows in Fort Sumner who positively identify me as the one who fired the shot that killed the man there, and I am up against it on a murder charge.

"All the boys are now under arrest except the leader, Hawkins, and I believe Neil and Cook were taken down in Arizona, and the chances are Hawkins is still in the desert."

I guess my game is about played, and

murder when tried by the territory next January. Well, my life has been short, but I guess I can stand the benediction."—George R. Massagoe, one of the leaders.

NAPOLÉON'S FASCINATION.

The publication of further memoirs of St. Helena brings before us the extraordinary fascination exercised by Napoleon over four generations of statesmen, generals and historians. The records now being published by the Daily Mail have the merits of originality and impartiality; but, like all contemporary records, they suffer from the fact that no one at the time was able to appreciate the greatness of Napoleon. His manly and heroic story of the world long after his contemporaries have been forgotten, and whose statescraft and warfare are invoked persistently by politicians and soldiers, is Napoleon—Westminster Observer.

HE IS THE CZAR'S HEIR.



On account of the failure of the czarina to present her august husband with an heir, the Russian throne will go to Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch on the demise of its present incumbent. Recent reports making out the czar to be a very sick man have been subsequently denied. Nevertheless, strong interest centers in the personality of th man who is likely one day to be czar of all the Russias.

UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA

Life on a Magdalena Steamer—Honda and the Marvel-
ously Rich State of Tolima.

Special Correspondence.
Honda, Colombia, Nov. 5.—Should
you desire to exterminate an enemy,
by the most excruciating torture that
the imagination can conceive, just lure
him to the Magdalena country and in-
duce him to make a trip up the great

river Sans netting vell, gloves or other protection! The locality is infested with the biggest mosquitos that ever buzzed, and passengers on the river boats must come well provided with everything attainable in the way of offense and defense against

TO VISIT THE PRESIDENT.



"DILL" SEWALL -

Bill Sewall, the famous old Maine Guide, and warm friend of President Roosevelt, has been invited to visit the President at the White House. Mrs. Sewall is included in the invitation. The visit will be made in February and the old couple are now the proudest pair in New York.

them. Ding the height of the mosquito season, all the officers and cowhands wear thick veils over their faces, tied close around the neck, and long buckskin gauntlets, both night and day; every door and window is screened with wire netting with infinitesimal mesh; the fumes of pennyroyal, menthol, and every known preventive, burden the air—and yet, somehow, the enemy seems to come off more or less victorious. It is the fashion hereabouts to tell mosquito stories of astonishing proportions—much as California boasts of the size of their fruits, and the people around Puget sound brag of their mammoth clams; but I assure you that the tallest tale can hardly exceed the reality. Always bad enough the year around, at certain seasons when winds blow strong from the jungles, the mosquitoes come in clouds that literally obscure the sky and the sound of their humming is as the noise of a saw-mill. Neither man nor beast can withstand their attacks unprotected, and it is not that cattle and horses are so frequently

TORMENTED TO DEATH

by them. I am told that, not long ago, a herd of valuable cattle, which were being imported from the United States to an up-river ranch, became perfectly frantic after a week of agony, broke from their fastenings and dashed overboard into the river—where everyone became food for alligators, or was drowned.

gravelly, nose-downed, flat-bottomed river steamers are all pretty much alike—the engine and cargo above water, on the first deck; on the second deck the saloon, with cabins on either side, and still another deck below it, the lower berth, surmounted by a steel-like pilothouse. Directly in front of the saloon are the tall, black chimneys, taller even than the watchtower; and in front of them is the funnel, topped with a red-and-white ball flag. All around the upper deck are rows of benches; and here is the best place to find what little air may be stirring. Life on board a Magdalena steamer is by no means exciting, especially if you are sitting in the "clock" or "steward thruster" under your mosquito net a tiny tray, on which is a cup of strong black Columbia coffee and

STY LOAF

of bread. Of course, there is no butter, but if you have previously fed the steward there may be sometimes an orange or even a boiled egg. Better still, if all, whether hungry or not, because not neither mouthful will you get out of this alimporo (breakfast, which occurs between 12 and 2 o'clock. Breakfast in this locality is much like a northern midday dinner—hard-boiled eggs, grease and garlic served in at least soup and a vegetable course, beginning with aulp and ending with "blodles" and coffee. Dinner comes at 6 p. m. and is the counterpart of breakfast, with the addition of wine and dessert.

No matter how the days may drag, one makes a mistake who does not arise with the lark and the 'gator, for by far the pleasantest time is the early morning, when the mosquitos almost "cease from troubling." It is beyond the power of pen or tongue to describe the beauty of sunrise and sunset in this

tropical latitude. The skies are marvelously in their kaleidoscopic tints of crimson and gold, orange, rose-pink, pale blue, sea-green—bending on either side to snow-topped mountains rising like towers, or also, clanking in wondrous tints of rose, amethyst, purple, gray, and white storks wheel silent and motionless in the traditional one-act attitude, as if posing for their pictures. There are big black birds, too, and sometimes albatrosses, and clumps of pelicans which, by the way, invariably fly from south to north in the morning, never by any chance or circumstance turning toward another point of the compass, and, then, about 1 p. m. many of the birds, the mother birds, come to them, flying in a straight line from north to south, one behind another.

Occasionally you pass a canoe, hauled out of the trunk of a stick-tree, manned by copper-headed, black-headed Indians, paddling. Some carry a load of the tune of a small white apron tied around the waist. In some places an miles of banana groves, now mostly stripped of leaves by the locusts that have been doing great damage throughout the country. Some of the locusts that escape is varied by groups of tall trees overgrown with blossoming creepers, and again there are stretches of spontaneous orchard, in which the paw-paw flourishes, the unmarred, the paw-paw, the mango, the white, the tree that furnishes the oil, and the "Holy Tree" growing to a

TREMENDOUS HEIGHT

and having a single cluster of flowers away at the top, in which live innumerable hosts of ants. Brown and black monkeys swing from their branches, and many of the latter are of a mixture of black and golden brown, with long scarlet tails, flying screaming at the steamer's approach. Two or three times a day you stop at some little village for food and drink. The business of the trip is done on board, selling flower-tails, chickens, eggs and strange carved spoons and bottles made of long-necked gourds. In these places the women seem to do the business, and the men are simply ornamental. The men of costume of the latter is a pair of trousers striped red and white and reaching to the knees, leaving the lower half of the body naked. They sometimes wear long chumises and a single short anksant skirt of purple calico. However, attracting the riverside hamlets may appear from afar, their bamboo walls, red thatched roofs and palm trees. palms—near approach discloses filth and squalor. In the midst of which black pigs and variously colored baboons roll around together. The mongrel Indian dogs are everywhere. The natives, Latin, and Anglo-saxon blood, so that blue eyes, freckled skin and even red wool are not uncommon among them. They lead a more happy monkey existence, indulging upon the fruits of the tree, and in wonder of confusion at such accommodating food will gubbie at a bit of bacon on a hook suspended from the branch of a tree, and when other end lies a sleepy day.

The city of Honda, nearly 800 miles above the mouth of the Magdalena and the present terminus of the steamboat routes, is by no means the "head" of that river's navigable waters. The growing town, which has acquired consequence only on account of the river trade, is beautifully situated at the junction of two great streams, for here the Gaule comes rushing down to join the Magdalena, and on every side rises

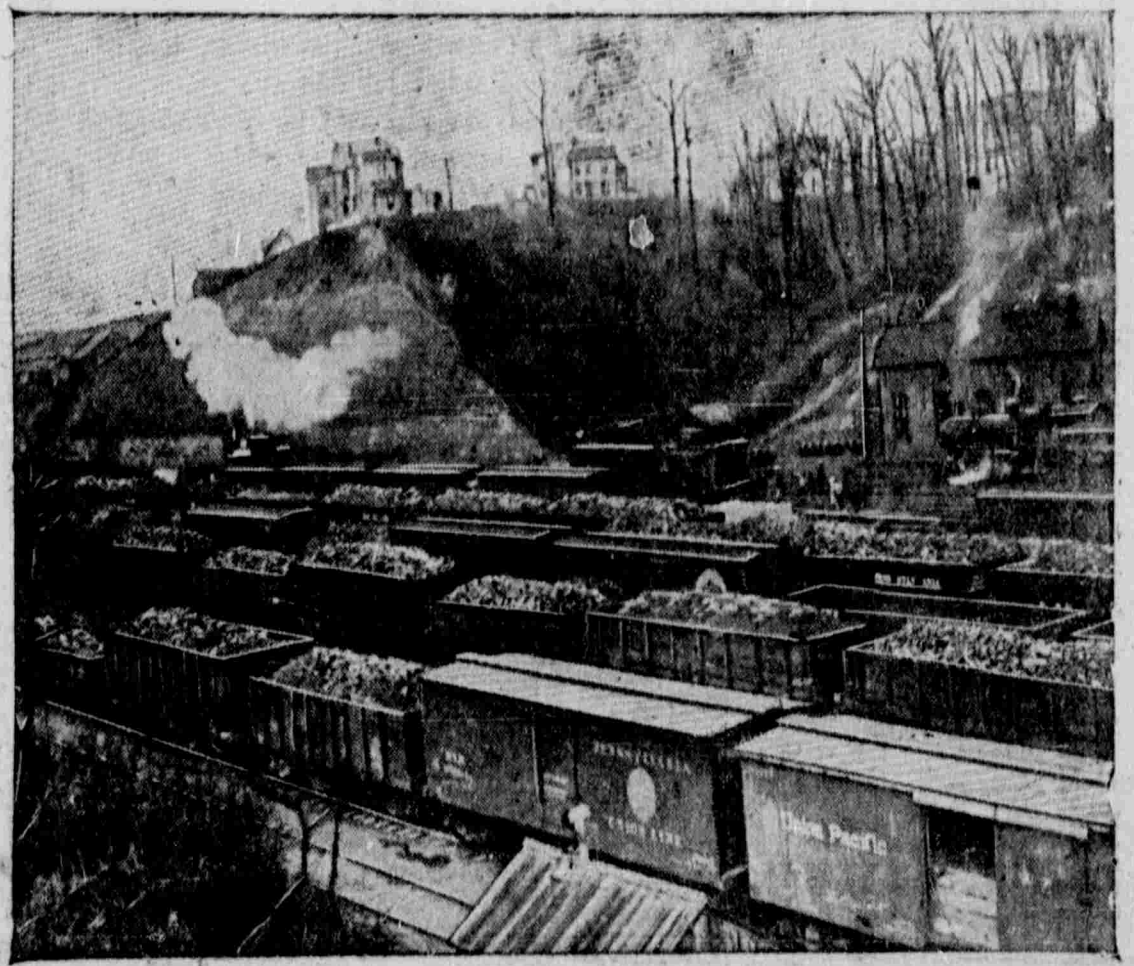
rugged mountains. Otherwise there is nothing about Honda to distinguish it from a thousand other towns of Spanish-America. It has the usual plaza, and

TALL TOWERED CHURCH.

and rows of whitewashed houses roofed with red tiles and suburban cottages thatched with straw, all shaded by coco trees and groups of graceful palms. There are a few very old buildings of Spanish origin, whose enormous thick walls and high towers are almost level to withstanding the earthquakes that are frequent in this locality; but in spite of their solidity most of the old houses were long ago shaken into ruins. To my mind the most interesting sight was the remains of an antique bridge, which the conquerors built in the year 1601. Its quaint arches are yet entire and the high stone walls on either side show niches, no longer used, in which the statues of saints were fixed to stand, commanding the worship of the laymen. These stern crusaders built for all time; and in the midst of their cruelty and greed for gold, they never forgot the outward to the inward. The river Cauca, which is to Colombia what the Nile is to Egypt, is navigable for small vessels many miles above Honda. It runs through nearly all the rich state of Tolima, which, being level to the river, is the best land to be cultivated with its rising tide after the rainy season. It is the best agricultural portion of the republic. Until within the last few years, Tolima supplied the greater portion of Colombia's export agricultural products. The fertile volcanic plateaus have been more extensively cultivated; and these, besides being so conveniently situated for foreign trade, possess remarkable fertility of soil, and the added advantage of being exempted from the disastrous earthquakes. So for the last decade they have been yielding at least two-thirds of Colombia's entire export produce. The Cauca river, which runs through this region, is itself navigable for small boats for a distance of 100 miles above the Pacific coast. It is a place about 50 miles from the Pacific seaport, Buenaventura. In our favored land one can hardly realize what an inestimable boon a navigable river is in a roadless country. The Cauca valley is a fertile one, as a hotel upland, being a series of

UNCULTIVATED MEADOWS

lying nearly 600 feet above the sea, over which a cable has been raised. It is the ideal grazing land of the world, and besides might easily be made to produce cotton, coffee sugar cane, tobacco, as well as corn, potatoes and other crops. The climate is ideal. Its average temperature is only 77 degrees F. and its present population is but 500,000. Another magnificent river is the Attrato, whose valley is much like that of the Amazon. Bogota de Santa Fe, the capital of Colombia, is only 70 miles from Honda; but the journey thither, leading over the main cordillera of the Andes, is extremely tedious and dangerous, and made on muleback. From time to time during the last quarter-century various North American companies have attempted the construction of a railroad between these two cities, but only 100 miles of track have actually been laid; but those in charge of the work have been compelled again and again to abandon it, on account of revolutions and other causes. The natives will not work, and so far, no amount of pay offered has been



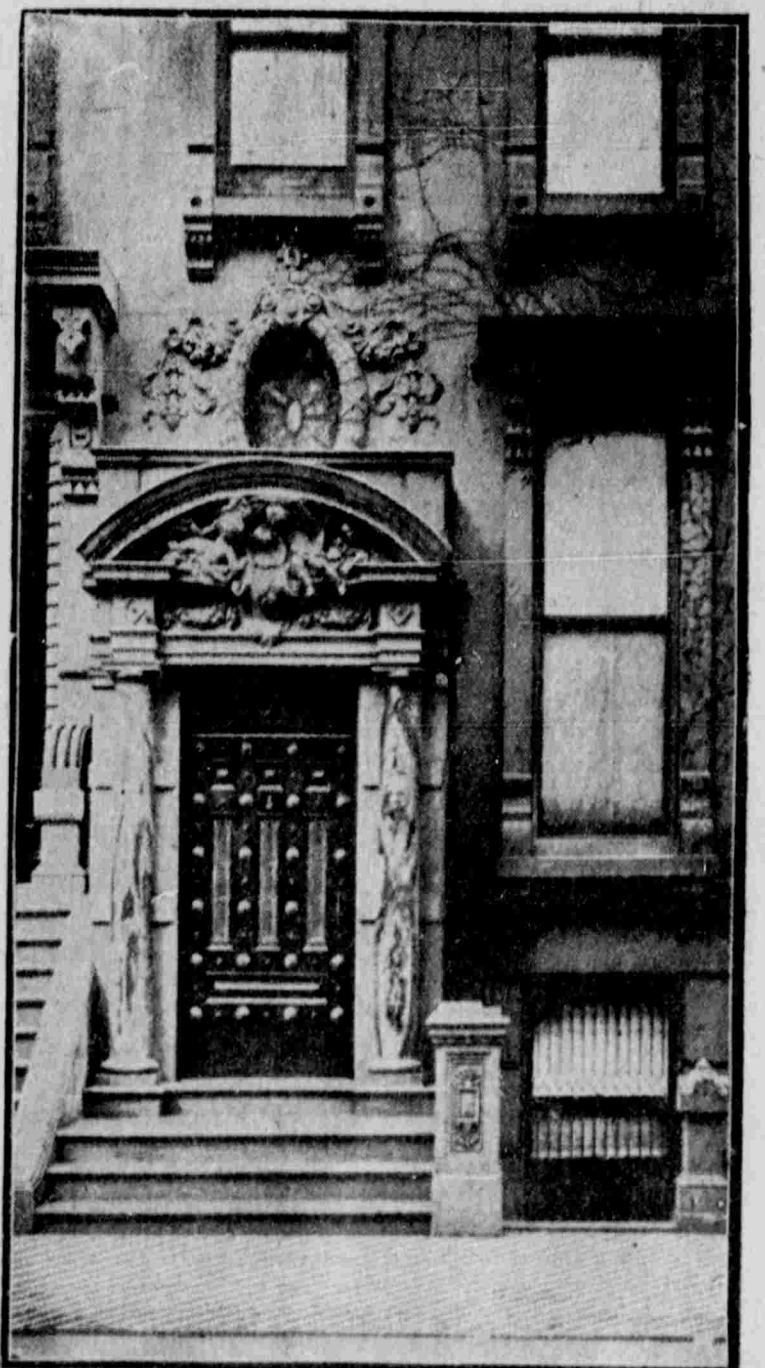
LAI D UP BY LACK OF LOCOMOTIVES.

An astounding condition of affairs is revealed by the scene at Pittsburg which is reproduced in the above authentic snapshot. In the Pennsylvania railroad yards of that city there are 25,000 cars containing \$20,000,000 worth of merchandise, which block the yard and are not likely to be moved for several days. According to the railroad officials the glut is caused by the lack of sufficient locomotives to cope with America's rapid trade development. While a big shipment of new locomotives is on its way from the engine works the merchants of Pennsylvania are in despair at the enforced delay.

able to secure immigration. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the enterprise has not been abandoned. Having received substantial encouragement from the Colombian government in the way of land grants and an extended extension of the railway, the mining had some time. Meantime, the government on its own account, has projected a railway from Bogota to Honda; and has also given a liberal concession for the construction of another line leading from the Cauca valley, where the richest gold mines in all the world are supposed to exist, to the same that produced these hundred millions which the viceroys sent to Spain.

FANNIE B. WARD.

AFTER GILDED GAMBLERS.



District Attorney Jerome of New York promises a big gambling sensation within a few days. He claims to have evidence in his possession which will enable him to make a big scoop on the most exclusive gambling houses of New York frequented by the Four Hundred. Canned's already raided, will be proceeded against to the bitter end.