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Office—First door east of the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block.
Residence—First door west of the Durham Office, Durham.

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HE IS A MODERN ROB ROY

BUTCH CASSIDY AND HIS FIVE HUNDRED OUTLAWS.

Hundreds of Miles of Territory at Their Mercy—They Are the Terrors of Four Western American States.

The Governors of Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho, recently met in conference to devise means for executing the notorious Butch Cassidy and his gang, who for years have rendered life and property unsafe in certain sections of these four States.

"Butch" and his band are the cut-growth of the rustlers of six years ago. Since then they have broadened their field, and increased their numbers. It is no idle boast to say that the leaders of this notorious band has 500 men at beck and call. Their depredations are upon a scale never before reached in the history of frontier crime. All the conditions are favorable to them. They know every foot of the vast territory in which they operate, taking in, as it does, the wildest and most inaccessible portions of four States. Every man of them is thoroughly familiar with frontier life in its rough phases.

The forces are sub-divided into five bands, each controlled by its own leader, with Cassidy as the supreme power. The outlaws now practically control the sparsely settled region extending from central Wyoming south-westerly through north-western Colorado, and Utah, and almost to the Arizona line. Marauding and murderous bands conduct their raids with restraint. The thefts of livestock run into the millions. Ranchmen are murdered and driven out of business, and the officers of the law are powerless.

There are five camps where the various bands make their headquarters, each of which is well nigh inaccessible except to the bandits themselves. Two of the most famous are "Robbers' Roost" and "Hole in the Wall." The former is in South Central Utah, on the San Rafael River, a few miles west of the Green River. The latter is hidden away somewhere in that wild, mountainous district to the north-west of Casper, Wyo.

The other camps are located in Teton basin, near the eastern border of Idaho, and south of the Snake River; Powder Springs in South-Western Wyoming, near Colorado, and about 50 miles east of the Utah line, and Brown's Park, taking in the north-western corner of Colorado, and the north-eastern portion of Utah. It is not definitely known in just which state the Brown's Park camp lies, but it is thought to be across the line in Colorado.

The five camps form a chain extending for hundreds of miles. Between these posts communication is maintained by a regular system of couriers and cipher dispatches, facilitating the co-operation of two or more bands when an enterprise of more than usual magnitude is undertaken.

These bands are composed of men of the most reckless and desperate character, long accustomed to deeds of crime. Whenever a murder is committed in the mountain states or a convict escapes from a penitentiary the criminal flees to the nearest of these retreats, where he is safe from pursuit. In this manner the ranks of the bandits have been recruited up to a strength conservatively estimated at 500. While each band has its chosen leader, "Butch" Cassidy exercises some sort of authority over the federation.

Each of the strongholds is both a rendezvous and a fortress absolutely impregnable. They can only be reached by traversing deep and narrow gorges, scaling lofty and rugged peaks and penetrating the wildest recesses of the Rocky Mountain. In many places the only trail lies over a narrow shelf of rock, cut by the bandits along the face of a precipice. Holes have been drilled into which in case of close pursuit dynamite can be placed and the trail blown from the face of the cliff into the chasm below, thus baffling all pursuers.

There are also many places where one robber can hold fifty officers at bay, and as the bandits are armed to the teeth and will fight to the last man, any effort to exterminate them by ordinary process of law is regarded as a useless sacrifice of life. In their retreats are numerous caves, luxuriously furnished and containing subsistence sufficient for months. Thus are the bandits enabled to set at defiance all the forces of law and order.

The outlaws roam the adjacent country and smaller settlements without molestation. Many settlers purchase immunity by extending assistance in various ways, and the robbers even attend country dances and other functions, occasionally "shooting up" the town or indulging in other forms of recreation. It is only when closely pursued by officers of the law that they retire to their mountain retreats.

"Butch" Cassidy, however, by reason of the price upon his head, considers the higher altitude more conducive to his health and seldom ventures into the towns unless he is making a raid or is surrounded by a band of his or trusty men, in which case he never fears molestation. As a killer he has earned a reputation during the last ten years probably equalled in the West only by that of "Wild Bill" Hickok, peace to his ashes.

Cattle stealing is the chief source of income to Cassidy and his followers. One company alone in central Utah has lost 2000 head during the last two years, worth at the present prices \$80,000. These were driven through Colorado and into New Mexico. It is in Colorado that the outlaws have their headquarters. Stolen cattle from one

try that their system of co-operation is beneficial.

However, any operation that promises adventure and financial reward is never overlooked. Trains are held up, express companies and banks are robbed, and even individuals, when known to have money in their possession, are relieved of their possessions in true road agent style.

There are women among these outlaws, too, who ride with them on their wild forays and take pride in their association with these bold and daring freebooters. Even "Calamity Jane," in the old days of her association with "Deadwood Dick," could not surpass these picturesque females in their wild career.

About a year ago "Butch" Cassidy and "Bill" Ferguson, one of his trusted lieutenants, dashed into the town of Price in broad daylight, held up the paymaster of the coal company and rode off with \$8000 before the crowd of bystanders realized what had happened. This is but a simple exploit. Bank robbers are but side issues with them; merely incidental to their grand chief occupation of cattle-stealing. If a victim resist, or an officer pursues murder is regarded as a professional duty, to be cheerfully performed, but they are not given to wanton slaughter. In several instances their strongholds have been disarmed, dismantled and sent home.

An instance of this kind occurred just after the raid of the coal company at Price. Two deputies traced Cassidy and Ferguson to their lair at "Robbers' Roost." They were fully 24 hours behind, and their approach was known long before they arrived at the narrow trail leading up into the rendezvous. Cassidy was in a jovial mood and he conceived that it would be more fun to capture the deputies and make sport of them than to kill them. So he acted accordingly.

The deputies were about half way up the trail, when, just at a bend around a sharp point of rocks, they heard the sharp command, "Hands up!"

Half a dozen guns were staring them in the faces not 20 paces away. The deputies realized that not to obey meant sudden death. Up went their hands. Cassidy stepped up to them, roaring with laughter.

"You're a couple of fine dubs to come and catch peaceable citizens, ain't you?" he cried. "Gimme your guns. Here, Buck," calling to one of his men, "search these tenderfeet, and if they have got any tobacco you can keep it."

The outcome of it was that the deputies, relieved of everything but their clothing, were bound hand and foot to their horses, conducted to the foot of the pass and sent about their business. To add to their discomfiture a rudely scrawled note was pinned on the breast of each, which read: "We are deputy sheriffs sent out to capture 'Butch' Cassidy and his gang. When found send us home."

THE SPANISH SOLDIER.

He is Slouchy and Lazy and Birty, But Can Fight.

The little, lissom linesmen, who in all human probability are destined to meet in mortal combat the sturdy soldiers of "Uncle Sam" would be in despair of an English or a German staff of officers, says the London Mail.

Watch him as he slouches along; his tunic faded, torn and probably minus a button or two; his red trousers frayed and threadbare; his feet cased in the clumsy hempen sandals of the country; and his hands muffled in huge green woolen gloves, between the top of which and the sleeve of his tunic is usually to be seen two or three inches of bare, brown, sinewy arm. He carries his rifle anyhow; at the trail, at the slope, muzzle foremost, slung at his back. Not an inspiring picture! Far from it. Nevertheless, that the Spaniards can fight, and fight well, too, on occasions, has been proved on many a blood-stained field. At Ignalada, one of the fiercest battles of the late Carlist war, an entire battalion had to choose between annihilation and surrender, and selected the former. Despite his shuffling gait, too, he marches well and uncomplainingly. In fact the Spanish "Tommy" never seems to tire, and he is seldom out of temper.

TWO MEALS A DAY.

served at 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., constitute the regular commissariat allowances, but, in addition, he is served in some corps with coffee and soup in the early morning. Bread, and bread only, at the rate of a pound and a half per man per day, constitutes the Government ration. Any additional food he has to buy from the regimental canteen. This is kept by a civilian, but the scale of prices is regulated by a regimental committee. Very little meat enters into the Spanish soldier's dietary. Perhaps this is the reason his wounds heal so rapidly and easily. A chunk of dry black bread, a little oil, and a clove of garlic suffices him for the day.

If to this he is able to add half a pint of wine that looks like red ink and tastes like vinegar and water, he is in clover. One thing, however, he will never consent to do without, and that is his cigarette. The number of these in the course of the day is approximately the same as that of the English smoker's palate than would so much chopped straw.

In theory every Spaniard must serve his twelve years in the army; but there is a wide difference, in this case at all events, between theory and practice. To begin with, any citizen can discharge his military duty by paying a

payment in a lump sum, of 1200 pesetas. This sounds a good lot of money. But it takes twenty-five pesetas to equal an English sovereign, so that he really has to disburse only about £48. Enormous numbers, even of the peasantry class, have taken to availing themselves of the privilege. There has even sprung up in many of the provinces a special class of village usurers, who lend the "smart money"—at a ruinous rate of interest, of course—to young men who have been "drawn" into benefit clubs, having the same object in view, are also rife in the agricultural districts. This has the effect of increasing the Spanish revenues; but from a military point of view it is deplorable.

DO DIVINING RODS DIVINE?

Sometimes Water is Located by Their Use and Sometimes Not.

The pros and cons of the theory of the divining rod are again being discussed in the English newspapers.

The superintendent of a fire brigade testifies to a case within his experience in which a water finder was commissioned to operate on an estate of the existence of which he was previously ignorant. He got to work, soon found the presence of water, and, fixing upon the nearest and most conveniently placed spring, gave the probable depth at which water would be discovered in sufficient quantities as 75 feet. At 70 feet the water came in, and at 77 feet operations had to be stopped, as the flow became too heavy. Some of the tools had to be left in the well, as there was not time to remove them all. The well supplied the cattle, horses, and pigs of the farm on which it was bored through the dry summer of 1896, never failing in its flow. Twelve months after a second well was sunk, barely a stone's throw from the first. The water finder was asked if one stream would affect the other, as they were so near. He replied, "No, they are two distinctly different streams, running in different directions." The second well was as successful as the first. This correspondent regards the power to find water as the result of a force, magnetic or otherwise, over which the finder has no control, and which he is unable to explain. He also says that the operation of finding water produces a marked degree of nervous fatigue in the operator.

On the other hand, the discomfiture is announced of a professional water finder who made a tour in the Island of Jamaica, where in the dry season water is a precious boon. He traveled through the island, rod in hand, but met with little success. At one village in the Santa Cruz Mountains he pegged out part of the course of a subterranean stream, and then retired to lunch at a neighboring hotel. In his absence some wags removed his pegs and lined out a totally different course. On his return the diviner took up the new direction and continued it for 100 yards, not discovering his mistake until it was pointed out to him. One point where he predicted water at a depth of 40 feet there was no sign of it when 150 feet had been bored, and after going down 200 feet the borer could not be extracted. The same result occurred in many other places, and finally the diviner left the island abruptly. People are now asking who is responsible for the money paid to him.

MORE SUITABLE.

Wee Miss—Mamma, mayn't I take the part of the milkmaid at the fancy ball?
Mamma—You are too little.
Wee Miss—Well, I can be a condensed milkmaid.

An impressive dream put Thomas Brophy, of Deering, Me., upon the track of a diamond he had lost out of a ring. He dreamed that he saw it in the folds of a rug, in his house. He examined the rug the next morning, and found the gem.

Excuse me, but it seems to me that I must have met you before.

Are you not a brother or a near relative of Maj. Gibbs? No, I am Maj. Gibbs myself. Ah, indeed, that explains the remarkable resemblance.

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, SARAFAXA STREET DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year, payable in advance—\$1.50 may be charged if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper five missed until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.

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Each week an epitome of the world's news, articles on the household and farm, and serials by the most popular authors.

Its Local News is Complete, and market reports accurate.

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Cash System

Adopted by
N. G. & J. McKechnie.

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance of the same

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE