

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 2, 1897.

SHOT IN NICK OF TIME

THE KILLING OF CAPT. CASENOVE
AN ARIZONA TERROR.

He was an Ex-Confederate Officer, who had Turned Highway Robber and Murderer—How the Morning That Brought Death to his Guest Proved his Last.

'I had not been long in Arizona, where I went in 1866 to take charge of the Deloro mine, before I heard a great deal of the doings of Capt. Casenove,' said Luther D. Ammon of Los Angeles. 'It was revealed at the end that his name was an assumed one, but simmering down and sifting all that was told of him, it is pretty certain that he was a Confederate army officer in the civil war who conducted a guerrilla warfare with such savagery that at the end he had no hope of amnesty and went to Mexico, as so many ex Confederates did at that period. In a few months he reappeared north of the border, in Arizona, and at about the same time there began a series of robberies of stages and emigrant trains that made the epoch a memorable one in the young Territory's history. Gradually suspicion ripened into certainty that Capt. Casenove had a hand in these robberies, and with the inquiry raised by this discovery the Captain kept away from the settlements and stayed pretty much in the mountains, except when business called him down to the stage and wagon trails. The robberies went on and, of course, every one now was laid to him.

'There were warrants in plenty out against him soon, and then came rewards for his capture by the Territory, by the counties in which crimes had been committed that were laid to him, and by the express and stage companies. But there were not so many men trying to get those rewards as one might expect, for there was a good deal of risk in the undertaking. The captain had the name of being absolutely desperate, cool, and ready with weapons, and determined never to be taken alive.

'His robbery of the Mexican diligencia between Tucson and Hermosillo in Sonora will give an idea of the worthy Captain's methods. With two followers he stopped the diligencia, and standing the passengers, three Americans and two Mexicans, up by the roadside, disarmed and robbed them. Then as the robbers started away one of the Mexicans, who had secreted a pistol in some way, fired after them. At once they returned and shot the five passengers down in the roadway, leaving them for dead. But one of the five, an American, survived his wounds to tell the story.

'It was on an October day that I started on horseback alone to ride to the Deloro mine in the Juarica mountains. It was a long day's ride, and in trying to make a short cut to the camp I lost my way. Night came on and found me following a bridge path along a canon on a very tired horse. The night was cold and frosty, as the October nights always are in the Arizona mountains, and I had no grub or blankets; but I made up my mind to camp down, build a fire, and pass the night the best I could, as soon as I should come to a place where there was grass enough for my horse to pick up a feed. It was seven o'clock and the stars were bright in the sky when I came to where the canon opened into a little grassy valley; and, near the centre of this valley, stood a jacal, as the Mexicans call the one-room huts which they build, where timber is plentiful, of upright posts chinked with mud. Near the hut three horses were feeding about their picket pins.

'Through the one unglazed window and the door, partly open, streamed a light, and I knew I had struck a place where white people of some sort were staying. Without hesitation I rode up near the jacal and gave a call. Instantly the sound of voices ceased within, the light was extinguished, and there was a clicking of gun hammers. Through the doorway came the words sharp and stern:

'Who are you? What are you doing here?'

'I'm the superintendent of the Deloro mine,' I answered. 'I saw your light and rode up to see if I could get a bite to eat.'

'The door was flung wide open and I saw a man standing in the doorway, a carbine in his hand. Behind him, I could see indistinctly, were others, and I was sure that all of them were ready, at the least suspicion, to turn loose with their firearms on me. I began to wish that I had not been in such a hurry to let my presence be

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known. There was a whispered consultation in the doorway, and then the man in view called to me:

'All right. Take the saddle off your horse and come in.'

'They watched me from the doorway as I unsaddled my horse and picketed him out to graze. Then with my saddle and bridle in my arm I approached the cabin and the man in the door made way for me to enter. The light, a pine knot stuck in the chinking of the wall, had been relighted, and showed me the bare interior of the hut and the faces of three as villainous-looking men as it ever has been my luck to see.

'A little fire was smouldering in the stone fireplace. At a signal from the leader one of the men put a coffee pot on the embers and pointed to a piece of bacon hanging against the wall. I cut off a slice with my pocket knife, broiled it in the embers, and with this and a piece of bread made my supper, which I ate with far less appetite than I had had an hour before. I knew that my only chance of pulling through was to appear confident and unconcerned, and, my supper eaten, I seated myself on the floor—there were no chairs or benches in the hut—lighted my pipe, and waited for what might come. No one had spoken to me while I was cooking and eating my supper, but the three had gone outside. Now, as they came back, I caught these words from the Captain:

'There's no hurry. We've plenty of time for that. There are some things to find out first.'

'Seated on a roll of blankets opposite me, the Captain began to question me about myself and about what was going on in the settlements. There was no evading his relentless eye and keen interrogatories, and I answered him promptly and frankly. On one point only I tried to deceive him, telling him that our paymaster would go next week to the mine to pay off the hands. This was to get him off from any idea that I was likely to have a considerable amount of money with me, in point of fact, I had seven Mexican dollars, nothing more. He listened to all I said with no expression of belief or disbelief, and at last brought of the interview abruptly to a close by saying:

'That's all we have to talk about tonight. I reckon we'll turn in. Here's a blanket. You can make out with this and your saddle blanket.'

'He motioned me to the corner furthest from the door, where I fixed my saddle for a pillow and rolled myself in the blankets. My revolver with its belt and scabbard, I

placed by my head. Without a word the Captain walked over to me, took the weapon, and hung it on a peg over the place where I was to sleep. I did not think it wise to make any protest, and pretended to take no notice of the occurrence. The three men then unbuckled their belts—each carried two revolvers, and there were three carbines leaning in one corner of the room and lay down between me and the door with their pistols by them. The Captain extinguished the torch and all three seemed to go to sleep at once.

'You can imagine what sort of night I passed. For hours I lay awake wondering what the morning would bring, but I was tired and fell at last into a sound sleep. From this I was aroused by the Captain shaking me by the shoulder. The gray dawn was lighting the cabin through the square window, so that I could dimly see the things about me.

'Come, get up,' he said, in a tone in which there was none of the shade of politeness that he had used in questioning me the night before. 'I want you to take a walk with me.'

'I was unarmed and virtually a prisoner, so there was nothing to do but obey. He threw open the cabin door and waited until I put on my straw hat and passed out ahead of him, then motioned the direction in which I was to go—toward the rocky hillside that shut in the valley. A ravine led up among the hills, and up this he marched me to its head at the crest of a ridge. Beyond this opened a wild, mountainous country that looked as if the foot of man never had trod it. Here I stopped and faced him. He was carrying a cocked revolver in his hand, and there was murder in his eye.

'If you mean to kill me, it may as well be done here as for me to walk any further,' I said. 'Is that what you mean to do?'

'You have called the turn precisely,' he said, with a smile that was wickeder than a scowl would have been. 'I regret the necessity, but you were so unfortunate as to come upon us in our retreat, and I can't let you go away with the knowledge you have gained. I can see that you know who I am. Now, you will save yourself and me some trouble by turning round and continuing your promenade.'

The cold-blooded scoundrel was actually compelling me to walk to the place where he proposed to murder and leave me, so as to save himself and his companions the trouble of carrying away my body or burying it, as they would have to do if they killed me at their cabin. I had

'It went right to the sore spot.'

is what a young man lately said of his first dose of **SHORT'S DYSPEPTICURE**. Better still, a few more doses cured his indigestion.

made up my mind from the beginning that it was a lost cause with me, and, saw no use in putting matters off.

'You can kill me where I stand, I said. I will go no further.'

'The smile left his lips, which he suddenly compressed so that they looked like one thin, straight line, and I saw by his eye that he meant to shoot me where I stood. Then on the instant, before he could raise his pistol, there came from close to one side a crashing report, and the Captain's revolver cracked, sending the bullet into the ground beside him as he tottered and fell, dead before he struck the ground. The shot that killed him came from an old army musket pointed through the bushes and trailing vines that grew among some boulders a dozen paces to the right, and, while the echoes of the report still sounded among the peaks the head of a Mexican appeared through the smoke looking to see if his aim had been sure. He gave one quick, wary glance around, then, knife in hand, leaped from his concealment to where the Captain lay and seized him by the hair, lifting the head from the ground. Two swift cuts to the left and right, a quick stab in the back of the neck, and he was holding the Captain's head, severed from the body by the hair. Then, clutching his knife, he glared at me.

'Who are you?' he demanded in English. 'You is man?'

'No, I was his prisoner,' I answered. 'He was about to kill me. I am the superintendent of the Deloro mine.'

'H'm! All right!' said the Mexican. 'Come with me. Dam quick! Run!'

'But with all his haste he found time hurriedly to rifle the dead man's pockets, even pulling from beneath the shirt a medallion that had hung from the neck by a silk cord. Then seizing the Captain's revolver he motioned for me to take the musket and follow him. Crouching, running, jumping, and sliding down declivities, keeping always under cover against observation from behind, he led the way down the mountain side at a pace I found it hard to follow. In a little canon valley with precipitous sides a saddled

horse was picketed. The Mexican paused long enough to load his musket, then mounted the horse.

'Get up behind me,' he said, which I did, and in this way, riding double, we made our way out of the mountains. As we jogged along the Mexican told me his name, which was Santiago Grijalba. He had acted as scout and trailer for the Government in various Indian wars, and tempted by the rewards offered, had gone hunting for Capt. Casanove's head. He had traced the outlaws to their retreat in the mountains, and for three mornings had gone to a point where he could watch the jacal, and there had wanted to get a sure shot at the outlaw chief. On this morning, when the Captain left his companions to march me for execution up the defile in the mountains, his opportunity had come.

'There was no pursuit of us by the other outlaws, and at noon we came to a little Mexican plaza where I was able to secure a horse and saddle. I travelled with Grijalba back to Tucson, where his arrival with the famous outlaw chief's head created an excitement that still is remembered and talked of by very old timers there. He got his rewards, I am happy to say, including a substantial gift from me, and he had a sheriff's posse back to the outlaws' home in the mountains. There they found the two men whom I had met there, and with them a third one that I had not seen. Demoralized by the taking off of their leader they had hung about the place that they might have known would soon be visited by officers of the law once it was discovered; and they surrendered with little show of resistance.

'The medallion that Grijalba took from Capt. Casanove's body had been awarded him by his State for gallantry in battle during the civil war. It gave his real name, which was not the one he bore in Arizona. It became known to but few, and is better forgotten since the Captain paid the debt for his crimes.'

'Have you taken any precautions against the epidemic?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, what have you done?'

'Got my husband to make his will.'

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

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