

# DEFIES THE GOVERNORS

## "Butch" Cassidy the Boss Bad Man of the West.

### BAND OF FIVE HUNDRED ROBBERS

**Cattle Stealing and Hold-ups Their Regular Occupation, with Bank Robberies as Relaxation—Deputies Sent to Capture Them Disarmed and Sent Back to Dependent Messages—Forces to Be Combined to Run Down the Outlaw Band.**

From the San Francisco Call.  
"Butch" Cassidy is a bad man. He is the worst man in four States. These States are Utah, Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming, and when the four Governors met in secret conclave recently it was for the purpose of deciding upon a plan of campaign against the most notorious outlaw the West has ever had to cope with. The achievements of Jesse James and his followers pale into tawdry insignificance before those of "Butch" Cassidy and his five hundred.

For several years—in fact, ever since the Live Stock Commission drove the Wyoming rustlers out of business in 1897—"Butch" has proven a thorn in the flesh of the authorities of the four States in which he carries on his operations. He has laughed the militia to scorn. Sheriff

and deputies he regards with pity and contempt. He is a power unto himself.

After the ordinary methods of hunting outlaws had been tried unsuccessfully it was decided that drastic means must be employed. Rewards have been repeatedly offered for "Butch" Cassidy, dead or alive, and after each fresh outbreak the rewards have invariably been increased. If all the offers which have been made from time to time hold good, the slayer of "Butch," should he ever live to claim his reward, would be entitled to upward \$20,000 in blood money.

But the rewards have proven as futile as have the efforts of the militia and deputy sheriffs. And that is why Gov. Wells, of Utah; Gov. Adams, of Colorado; Gov. Richards, of Wyoming, and Gov. Steunenberg, of Idaho, got their heads together to see what could be done. Just what the result of their conference was has not been divulged.

The Governors believe in still-hunter methods, and it is thought that a large number of experienced mountaineers and bandit hunters will be placed in the field, each State to furnish its quota, and the bandits will be rounded up in much the same fashion that cattle are. Any attempt to exterminate this desperate band is certain to be attended by bloodshed.

#### His Formidable Band.

"Butch" and his band are the outgrowth 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 leader of this notorious band has 500 men at his beck and call.

Their depredations are on 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 as it does, the wildest and most inaccessible portions of four States. Every man of them is thoroughly familiar with frontier life in its roughest phases.

The forces are subdivided into five bands, each controlled by its own leader, with Cassidy as the supreme power. They are now practically control the sparsely settled region extending from Central Wyoming southwesterly through Northwestern Colorado and Utah, and most 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 Green River. The latter is hidden away somewhere in the 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 Southwestern Wyoming, near Colorado, and about fifty miles east of the Utah line, and Brown's Park, taking in the northwestern corner of Colorado and the northeastern portion of Utah. It is not definitely known in just which State Brown's Park camp lies, but it is thought to be across the line in Colorado.

#### Outlaws Are Organized.

Never before in the record of border outlawry have Western States been forced to form an offensive and defensive alliance against bandits such as was entered into last week at Salt Lake by the Governors of these four States. The situation had become desperate and a desperate remedy was required.

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 more than usual magnitude is undertaken.

These reckless 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 Mountains. In many places the only trail lies over a narrow shelf or 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 the bandits are armed to the teeth and will fight to the last man, any effort to exterminate them by the ordinary processes of law is regarded as a useless sacrifice of life. In their retreats are numerous caves, luxuriously fitted up 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's Grip.

"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 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.

Few men who know him would care to rouse his ire, for although a man of wonderful nerve, unlike most of his class, he is possessed of a fearful temper. Sometimes it gets beyond his control, and then he throws all caution to the wind and becomes utterly reckless.

About four years ago he was shot at from ambush near Green River by a cowboy known as "Hackey" Hughes, whose only object was to secure the reward offered by the State authorities of Utah. The bullet pierced the lobe of his ear, and the blood streaming down his face acted upon Cassidy as a red flag might to a maddened bull.

With a howl of rage he turned his horse just as another bullet passed through the rim of his sombrero. A puff of smoke from a clump of bushes showed where the assassin was concealed. For picturesque profanity "Butch" Cassidy hasn't his equal in the States, and on that occasion he is said to have fairly surpassed himself. Ripping out a string of oaths that would reach from Dan to Beersheba, he jumped from his horse and dodged behind a boulder.

He waited for twenty minutes, and then the cowboy shot the outlaw's horse, which had been grazing in the open. That was more than "Butch" could stand. Throwing caution to the wind he ran toward the clump of bushes, with a pistol in each hand, barking at every step.

But Hughes, considering discretion the better part of valor, had jumped on his horse and succeeded in making good his escape. But the vindictive nature of "Butch" Cassidy asserted itself. He had recognized his assailant, and every member of the band received instructions to be on the watch for him. Hughes left the Green River country, and it was not until six months later that he was located, on the north fork of the Powder River, up in Wyoming.

Cassidy was notified, and with a dozen picked men he reached the ranch where Hughes was working. It was during the spring roundup. The two men met face to face. Hughes knew what was coming and pulled his gun. But he wasn't quick enough. Cassidy's pistol cracked first, and the cowboy dropped from his saddle with a bullet through his right eye.

"That's the way I serve any punk that tries to shoot me in the back," remarked Cassidy. "If any of his friends want to take up the quarrel I'm ready." But if the dead cowboy had any friends they failed to respond. "Butch" Cassidy was well known, and it wasn't safe to pick quarrels with him. So he rode away with his escort, cursing the cowboys for a pack of cowardly coyotes.

#### Some of Their Exploits.

Cattle-stealing is the chief source of income to Cassidy and his followers. One company alone in Central Utah has lost 2,000 head during the past two years, worth at present prices \$80,000. These were driven through Colorado and into New Mexico. It is in driving these stolen cattle from one State to another and out of the country that their system of cooperation 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 \$5,000 before the crowd of bystanders realized what had happened. This was but a sample exploit.

Bank robberies are but side issues with them; merely incidental to their grand chief occupation of cattle stealing. If a victim resists 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 foolhardy officers, who have invaded their strongholds, have been disarmed, dismounted, and sent home.

#### Captured the Deputies.

An instance of this kind occurred just after the raid on the coal company at Price. To deputies traced Cassidy and Ferguson to the lair at "Robbers' Roost." They were fully twenty-four 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 face not twenty 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 you guns. Here, Buck," calling to one of his men, "search these tenderfeet, and if they've 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-scribbled note was pinned on the breast of each, which read: