

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

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**BILLY BOY
 TURNS GUN
 ON HIMSELF**

**Body Found With Ragged Hole
 in Breast, Where He Had
 His Last Cartridge.
 A Good Indian.**

[United Press Leased Wire.]
 San Bernardino, Cal., Oct. 16.—Early yesterday the combined posse under Sheriff Ralphs arrived within striking distance of the murderer's lair. A line of scouts was thrown out, and the fortress encircled. Gradually the line was drawn closer to the granite stronghold. Shots fired by the deputies met with no reply and a daring Indian trapper approached within a hundred yards of the place that had been the objective point of the long five days' march of the posse.

Suddenly the Indian turned and fled precipitately back to the posse. Trembling with terror and with one hand pointing to the pile of granite from which Billy defied the officers, he circled the other above his head in the Plute death sign. Deputy Ben DeCrevcoeur, accompanied by three officers, then crept warily up the slope to the fortress. The bare foot and left leg of the fugitive protruded through a rift in the rocks. DeCrevcoeur directed a bullet from his Winchester at the foot; there was no move beyond the rock pile, and with a shout the four officers vaulted into the nook that had sheltered the Indian for many days and rolled his lifeless body into the open.

One of the Indian's feet was bare and beside him lay his stolen Winchester. It was apparent that he had removed his shoe and placing the muzzle of the gun against his breast had pressed the trigger with his toe ending the life that already was forfeited under the laws of the white man. The desperado's body was badly decomposed. He apparently had been dead nearly a week. Under the direction of Deputy Sheriff George Hewins, the men of the posse set about the task of collecting brush for a funeral pyre. Then, almost on the very spot where the redskin, answering the call of his Plute ancestors, had successfully held an armed posse off, withstanding their siege until they were compelled to return to civilization to seek food and water, the brush and dried cactus pines were heaped over his corpse and the match applied. Without a word the fifty hardened men of the desert watched the flames mount upward, the heart of the fire shimmering into the re-

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flection of the sun on the desert sands.

When the flames died down the leaders of the posse heaped the hot embers with sand, forming a little mound above the spot where Billy had battled against the white man, finally ending his life when his cartridges were gone and his food supply low, sparing himself the bitterness of inevitable defeat.

Immediately after the burning the posse prepared to return to civilization.

Each man was given a shred of the burned flesh of two roasted rabbits and a piece of dried bread.

Determined to get the first news of the tragic end of the renegade redskin to civilization, our party made a forced march, arriving at San Bernardino before daybreak.

In Billy Boy's trip across the desert after the murder of Mike Boniface and the kidnaping of his daughter, Mary Nita, at Banning, September 27, the fugitive covered 600 miles of the most tortuous country in this desert section before he fired the shot that ended his life.

His winding and doublings on his trail carried him from Bullion Mountain, where he fled after brutally murdering the girl, who was the innocent cause of his crime, and the subsequent man hunt, into Bear valley and return.

His endurance was that of the native driven to desperation through fear and his game fight against overwhelming odds was only abandoned when, his water and food almost gone, he used his last remaining cartridge to end it all.

It was at Bullion Mountain that he was surrounded by the first pursuing posse, and the battle that resulted in the wounding of Deputy Ritchie, and the death of three of the best horses of the party.

The siege of the natural fortress in which the murderer had ensconced himself, was then abandoned and Sheriff Ralphs, of San Bernardino and his men, gaunt from hunger and suffering from thirst—having had no bite to eat or a drop to drink for 52 hours—returned to civilization to reorganize and re-equip the party for a long hunt in the desert.

Trails leading from the granite mass at the summit of Bullion peak, where the Indian had his lair, indicated that Billy sallied forth on at least three occasions after the departure of the posse in search of food and possibly ammunition. Failing to secure these necessities he returned to the only spot in which he would have the semblance of a chance to make good use of his one remaining cartridge when the posse returned and sat down to wait.

During this time, the deputies think, a realization of the futility of further resistance came upon the fugitive. His spirit broken, and doubtfully suffering agonies of physical torture after his races across the sands, preyed upon by hunger and thirst, he accomplished the end that fifty determined men of the desert and the ranges had sworn to accomplish when they set out on his trail five days ago.

Billy's cartridge belt was empty; his last bullet had sped through his Plute heart and he had fallen lifeless in the granite box he had so successfully defended against the men his fathers fought on the plains years ago. Bones of rabbits, cooked many days before, strewed the rock everywhere. They were the only suggestions of food within miles of the desolate spot.

It was a sight to be remembered as those fifty desert men stood about the funeral pyre they had built for Billy and watched at the spot where his decomposed remains rested.

There was little exultation among them and when the last flame had flickered out they covered the ashes and hurried away to the camp at Rock Corral.

The posse under Sheriff Ralphs is still in the desert, headed for civilization. With it are other correspondents, who accompanied the party when it left for the desert. Ralphs probably will arrive here some time tomorrow.

A San Francisco dentist is trying to get on the police force. Perhaps he thinks he has pull enough to land the job.

**WOMEN ARE
 GUILTY AS
 CHARGED**

**Jones Says "Yes," Because
 They Are Good Citizens;
 But—Well There Are
 Lots of Buts.**

Hattie McGinnis and Emma Thomas, were tried and found guilty yesterday in the circuit court of conducting a bawdy house, and Judge Burnett set next Tuesday as the time for sentence to be pronounced.

The examination of the jurors consumed two hours' time yesterday morning before 12 suitable men could be passed upon. The defense had no witnesses to testify, but the state introduced a long line of testimony. U. G. Kellogg was the principal witness for the state. He testified that he had called at the resorts of ill-fame on Ferry street conducted by Hattie McGinnis and Emma Thomas, where he witnessed acts contrary to the public morals and dignity, and that he had "purchased a malt liquor known as beer in these two houses." Mr. Kellogg testified that the proprietress had behaved like Potiphar's wife, while he took the part of Joseph. Another witness, namely Phole, testified that he accompanied Mr. Kellogg in his ventures within the realms of the restricted district, and was also solicited by the women. Both gentlemen said they were members of the Law Enforcement League and had called at these two houses for the purpose of securing evidence. Several other witnesses were introduced who testified on nearly the same line as the Enforcement League officers had done.

It required the drawing of two juries yesterday, and the first jury was out seven hours before a verdict was arrived at. The second jury was but a short time in handing in a verdict. Among some of the objections taken by Attorneys W. M. Kaiser and John A. Carson to Judge Burnett's charge to the jury in the last case, that of Emma Thomas, was his charge in reference to the ownership of the house in which the acts were carried on, and the definition of lewdness, lascivious and other acts.

This morning Rose Leland was also tried on a charge similar to the above. The jury was out but a few minutes, which shows it is much harder to fire the first derrick.

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