

DEATH OF TIMOCHEOS.

BRAVE BAND OF INDIANS WERE EXTERMINATED.

Mingled by a Religious Crack Who Told Them That She Had a Mission from Heaven and Knew the Will of God.

(Special Letter.)

From 17 to 20 years ago there existed in the mountains of Northwestern Chihuahua, Mexico, a small, remote tribe of Indians known as the Timocheos. They were formerly allies of the Yaquis, but confined their fighting to encounters with the various predatory bands of Apaches which roamed through the western portion of the Sierra Madre, devastating and destroying the homes, property and lives of Mexicans and Indians alike. In the many incursions of the Apaches the Timocheos had lost a majority of their fighting men, and when by the effort of the Mexican and American forces the Apaches were finally subdued and Geronimo and the other savages who for years had been their fighting men, were imprisoned, the Timocheos settled down in their mountain homes to reunite the so-called families of their band and organize tribal relations. The habitations were mostly located in the north of the town of Concepcion, now Guerrero, and not far from the line of the Chihuahua and Pacific railroad, now building Timocheos and the Yaquis, which was looked upon as a sort of center of their stamping ground, and here they had built a church, which was served by a priest from the cathedral of Chihuahua. The Timocheos were different from any other Indians of Western Mexico, generally larger and finely formed, their complexions were light and half fair, and different in color and coloring from the ordinary Indian. The women, too, were of good figure and face, and in intelligence in advance of the Mexicans. They were most faithful in their religious duties, and were much noted for their steady conduct and good citizenship. During the year 1894 the Timocheos were visited by a fanatical woman preacher, who announced herself as having a mission from heaven and that the mission looked to the regeneration of Mexico through her agency. And the Timocheos, being simple-hearted, were attracted to her advances, who also claimed extraordinary healing powers through divine aid. The Indians looked to her standard and like a congregation, became such converts that the Mexican government sent an officer and a detachment of soldiers to arrest or summarily squelch Santa Teresa. The Timocheos, acting under her orders, killed the soldiers, and the officer hurried back to Chihuahua to carry the news. A large force was sent under the command of a colonel, and he was killed, as well as a general and several of his command. Then came the annihilation of the fanatic Timocheos. The Mexican government sent a large force of soldiers to avenge their comrades and to punish the continuous insurrection, which forced the chase the entire tribe was cornered in Timocheos, that had a church provided with primitive fortifications. The Mexicans brought up some artillery, and the cannon fire was followed by the yells of Indians women and children, but the Indians fought to the last, and one old woman, it is related, stood close to her husband, and he was followed by the yells of cheer to her aged husband, and in turn to her five stalwart sons, and when they all fell, she called her two grandsons, boys of 12 and 14 years, and begged the permission from his brother to sell them that God had honored their fathers with a glorious end. The Mexican soldiers, embittered by the loss of their comrades, severely chastised them and did the brave Timocheos ask it. Of the tribe of 72 Timocheos but one man exists today.

LAST OF THE TIMOCHEOS.

Two hundred and sixteen Mexicans were killed and 310 wounded, among whom were several officers. Santa Teresa escaped during the engagement. Several weeks elapsed before the tribe was finally secured in Chihuahua, but to this day there are aullen looks and defiant words seen and heard when the "uprising" of the Timocheos is spoken of. The church has been rebuilt and is at present well attended by the newcomers.

Making a Distinction.

Miss Cayne had caused her partner a great deal of annoyance by forgetting what her long suit was and remaining oblivious to trump signals. He mopped the perspiration from his brow and ventured the observation: "I was under the impression that you said you were accustomed to playing whist." "Yes," she answered sweetly. "I play it. I don't play it at all, as people do."—Washington Star.

