

Vaughn Adjourns Court

Adams , Ore, Aug. 31

(court being held in stabbing affray)...in marched Hank Vaughn...he adjourned the court, drove ~~out~~ every mother's son out of the house and closed the doors and had it not been for the serious countenance of his honor as he solemnly and silently stalked out, the scene would have been supremely ridiculous. No one seemed to comprehend it till they got outside--then the boys began to yell... Inquiry revealed the fact that his honor, without leave of Mr. Vaughn, who owns the building, had taken possession of it and converted it into a courthouse. This little intrusion Mr. Vaughn did not relish...

--Walla Walla Journal and Watchman Sept. 4, 1885

Hank Vaughn

Hank Vaughn, who was shot in the shoulder at Centerville some weeks ago by William fallwell, has arrived in Portland and although in a bad way has been able to get around of late by carrying his arm in a sling. Dr. Beaven performed a successful operation on Vaughn consisting in the stretching of some of the nerves of the arm...

— The Dalles Times-Mountaineer, Sept. 25, 1886

Lynch Attempt

The quiet little town of Goldendale was considerably excited on Thursday of last week over a threatened attempt to lynch Timmerman indicted for the murder of Sterling, and whose trial was continued upon sufficient showing, until the next term of court. The sheriff, at the instance of Judge Turner, called out Co. B of the territorial militia who stood guard over the jail all night. No disturbance was created...

-- The Dallas Times-Mountaineer, May 7, 1887

A Bad Man

A tough from New Mexico who called himself The Terror of Bloody River struck our town the other day with a wild yell and started in to foreclose on a mortgage. The boys were mostly asleep or out shooting jack rabbits , but it wasn't over seven minutes after the Terror uttered his first whoop that he lay a wilted daisy on the street. The coroner counted eighteen bullet holes in his body and humbly observed that there was no call for an inquest. The age of the terror is passed. There was a time when it was considered real funny for a tough to capture a town and pop over a dozen leading citizens, and his picture was certain to appear in some illustrated paper as a hero, but that time has gone by. Terrors have become dog cheap and no one wants to buy. The coroner has our thanks for his kindness toward us in this particular case. We are trying to grow some catnip and asparagus in our back yard, and he gave us the body of the terror as a fertilizer. We would like three or four more and trust that our friends will be on the lookout to supply us--Arizong Kicker (February 6, 1889.)

A Genteel Swindler

Grand Forks, D.T. Feb. 7-"General A.B. Ward , the distinguished political speaker, has vanished utterly from the city. His history is being gradually unraveled and it turns out that he is a brilliant fraud and adventurer. He claimed to politicians here that his "OK" would be required for all offices in Dakota and showed letters purporting to come from Attorney-General Michner of Indianapolis to support his claims.

Ward arrived in Grand Forks in 1887 and rapidly pushed himself to the front. He attended the territorial convention at Watertown (by proxy) He was the guest of Governor Mellette and Governor Mellette advanced him \$50.....(in part) The Yakima Herald, North Yakima, Washington Territory, Thursday, February 14, 1889.

Bad Men

A man , who has been dubbed the Jesse James of Oregon was shot and killed at Fairview, 12 miles from Portland, March 28. He had been terrorizing the people of Clackamas county for some time past. He appeared to ride around in a circuit, stealing horses and riding them to death, and then stealing more to take their places. He varied this way of life by breaking into houses and stealing food and guns and shooting at inoffensive people. A posse of twenty men had been following him for ten days. He was finally surrounded and while attempting to escape, his body was riddled with bullets. His name is not known--Yakima Herald, W.T. North Yakima, April 4, 1889.

One of Lafitte's Pirates.

A messenger from Grand Isle, in the Gulf of Mexico, has brought news of the death of Capt. Rigo, a resident of the island for 90 years and who is credited with having been a member of the famous pirate gang, who under the command of Pierre and Jean Lafitte depredated the Gulf coast from Texas to Florida.

After the close of the career of the Lafittes, Rigo became a slave trader and thus amassed a considerable amount of money with which he purchased the major portion of the island, converting it into a superb orange grove. Rumor has always had it that large sums of money derived by the Lafittes from their raids were buried on these islands which separate Barataria Bay from the Gulf of Mexico and Capt. Rigo is believed to have known the exact location of the treasure. While talkative upon these matters in general, he was mute on the treasure and the secret, if he really possessed it, died with him-Yakima Herald, North Yakima, Washington Territory, May 5, 1889.

Bad Men.
California

A California Murderer Who has Long Avoided Justice. He is
Finally located in Ellensburg serving out a sentence for Another Crime.

Detective W. H. Russell of Los Angeles arrived in (Seattle)
this city yesterday from Olympia where he has been after the signature
of Governor Miles C. Moore to a requisition for a murderer named Richard
See. The latter is in jail at Ellensburg, serving a six-month term
on another charge of assault with intent to commit murder..

Eighteen years ago Richard See and William Duncan were farmers at
Los Angeles. One day they were playing cards in a saloon and had a dispute
over the game. See left the saloon in a towering rage and went to his home
a mile and a half away. He took down his shotgun, drew out the charge
of bird shot. Then loaded his gun carefully with buckshot. As
He premeditated murder, he also prepared for flight by saddling his
fleetest horse and placing it conveniently near. He entered the saloon
with his shotgun leveled and shot Duncan who was but a few feet away.
Duncan threw up his left arm and the load of shot went through his
arm and into his side.

The murderer mounted his horse, fled to the mountains and
managed to reach Winnemucca. He sent for his wife and lived there
sixteen years under the name of Benett Jackson. During most of
this period he ran a restaurant.

Two years since, the authorities at Los Angeles learned his
whereabouts and in June last sent detective Russell to Winnamucca after
him. When the officer arrived there, the bird had flown. It seems
that the murderer had friends in Los Angeles who kept him posted.
Since that time detective Russell has been hunting for his man and six months
since located him in Ellensburg where he had been sentenced to
six months imprisonment for assault. As the term has now expired,
Russell will take him back to Los Angeles to be tried for murder. There

are no less thansix witnesses living in Los Angeles at present who saw the murder committed.

Duncan left his wife and five children. His homestead was what is now a prominent part of Los Angeles. His three sons and two daughters have grown up and ar wealthy and naturally desire revenge for their father's murder. They have spared no expense in running down See, and as the murder was a cold blooded one and there are plenty of witnesses, he doubtless will be convicted.-Yakima Herald, May 22, 1889.

Herald: May 30, 1889: -----A year ago he moved to Cle Elum and resumed the name of See for the purpose of getting an estate left by his grandmother. While in Cle Elum he committed robbery and during his trial at Ellensburg a stranger dropped into the court room. The stranger proved to have be n one of those who were present in the Los Angeles saloon at the time of the shooting and he recognized See as the murderer. He notified the California authorities.

Bad Men
Newspapers

For the last six months Major Davis of this burgh has lost no opportunity of abusing us and boasting what he would do if we did not step softly. The reason for this conduct lies in the fact that we not only called him a horse thief but proved him a big amir besides. Last Saturday the major who has no more right to the title than a mule has that of professor, borrowed a shotgun and gave out that he had camped on our trail and mean to riddle our system with buckshot on sight. Word was brought to use and though we were busy at the time superintending our combined weekly newspaper, harness shop, grocery, bazar and gun store (all under one roof and the largest retail establishment in Arizona) we laid aside our work and went over to Snyder's saloon to search for the major. We found him and gave him such a whipping as no man in this town ever got before. He lies a broken and stranded wreck on the shores of time, so to speak and the doctor says it will be six weeks before he will find any more trails or do any more camping.

Explanatory. As several versions of the incident that occurred in our office Saturday evening are flying around town and have probably been telegraphed all over the world, we deem it but right to give the particulars as they occurred.

We were seated in the editorial chair writing a leader on the European situation when a rough person known around as Mike the Slayer called in. As we never had a word with the man we suspected no evil, As a matter of fact we reached for the subscription book, supposing of course that he wanted the best weekly in America for a year. The Slayer then announced that he had come to slay us, not because we had ever done him any harm, but because the influence of the press was driving out the good old times and customs.

We retreated toward the door of our harness department.

Bad Men

James Averill and the notorious Cattle Kate Maxwell were lynched last Sunday night by the neighboring cattlemen and ranchers who could no longer brook their branding of yearlings by this remarkable pair. It was at Sweetwater river, Wyoming. Cattle Kate it will be remembered, added to her notoriety a short time since by riding into a gambling house, possessing herself of the money in the faro bank, dispersing the gamblers and burning the saloon-- Yakima Herald, North Yakima, Washington Territory, July 25, 1889.

A Checkered Life

Cattle Kate Maxwell, the woman lynched with Postmaster Averill, has been a prominent figure since her advent in the Sweetwater country, Montana, three years ago.

She had been a Chicago variety actress and was brought from that place by Maxwell upon the occasion of one of his trips to the market with cattle. She simply revolutionized ranch life. Fond of horses, she imported a number of racers.

With the attendants came bulldogs which were pitted against coyotes and prairie wolves. A couple of her jockeys were fleet of foot and they were matched against Indian sprinters, defeating the red men with ease. Sharp Nose, a rapacious Arapahoe chief cudgled his brains to devise ways for winning the white squaw's money, but was unsuccessful. Her thoroughbreds ran away from the best ponies.

At one meeting which lasted several days, the wily chief and his warriors were fleeced of everything except their mounts and guns. They showed fight but were driven from the ranch with a loss of several braves.

About this time Maxwell's place was taken by his foreman. It was said that Kate poisoned her husband.

Kittitas county has a wild man who wears no clothing, is covered by hair and lives among the rocks on Menastash canyon. The unfortunate is supposed to be Frank Streamer, an eccentric character, who was at one time justice of the peace of the county--Yakima Herald, August 8, 1889.

Bad Men

Lynching

Murder and Lynching at Roslyn--Roslyn has made a dark record for herself of late by the many murders committed there, and Tuesday there was another one followed by a necktie party the following morning.

The affairs in the past have been between colored men. This time the participants were white and the affray grew out of a two dollar debt.

Trotman is a saloon keeper and general bad man, whose place was closed up by the authorities two weeks ago. Thomas is a miner and bore a good reputation. The trouble occurred over two dollars which Thomas owed Trotman. Trotman asked him for the money Tuesday night. Thomas said he would pay it as soon as he could and turned to leave him, when Trotman pulled a gun and fired at him, the bullet striking just above the left lung. As Thomas fell he drew his revolver and shot ^{at} Trotman but failed to hit him.

Trotman was arrested and placed in jail. Thomas being removed to a boarding house.

Wednesday morning about 7:30 o'clock a large mob composed of citizens and miners gathered around the jail and broke it open with crowbars, got Trotman, put a rope around his neck and took him to the roundhouse on the outskirts of the town and swung him up to the rafters without ceremony.

The mob was unmasked and seemed to have been composed of all classes, although no names of parties interested can be secured. Trotman leaves a wife and family in Colorado, which country he had to leave on account of a murder committed there. Thomas is a single man--Yakima Herald, North Yakima, W.T., August 15, 1889.

Mr. Alfred Downing, a draughtsman of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad has returned from a three weeks stay on the east slope of the Cascades, in the neighborhood of Lake Chelan in the Okanogan country.

Mr. Downing says the whole country east of the mountains from the Stampede pass to the BOUNDARY British line is ablaze with forest fires. The entire country at night is illuminated and the smoke hangs like a huge pall over the country and obscures the sun during the day.

The fires were started by a band of outlaws whom the sheriff of Okanogan county is in pursuit of. The sheriff, with a posse, has been in hot pursuit and the outlaws set fire to the forest when close pressed to impede the steps of their pursuers, just as the armies used to burn the bridges behind them during the war. The people of the section are in arms against the outlaws, and will hardly show them much mercy if they are captured. A strong and united effort is being made in that direction.--Yakima Herald, August 29, 1889.

Report was received this week by letter that Rupe Gray who formerly resided here and who beat confiding citizens of Yakima and Seattle out of upward of \$1400 and skipped to Texas has committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart, after being robbed in a gambling saloon of all of his ill-gotten coin.- Yakima Herald, Oct. 3, 1889.

The jury in the case of Dick See, who was taken from Kittitas county to Los Angeles to answer to the crime of murdering a man named Duncan, twenty-two years previous, have disagreed for the second time-Yakima Herald, October 13, 1889.

The trial of Mrs. Eliza Davis at Niles, Michigan for grand larceny has brought out the fact that Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Davis' mother, is in reality old Mrs. Bender of the notorious Bender family of Kansas. A requisition has been asked for and as soon as it arrives the prisoners will be taken to Kansas for trial.

The history of the Bender murders forms one of the bloodiest pages in the annals of crime. The Bender family kept a sort of log tavern on a lonely Kansas highway and succeeded in murdering and robbing a large number of travelers before their terrible crimes were detected.

Their mode of procedure was as follows: The unsuspecting victim would be given a seat at the dining table so that his head would come near a cloth partition dividing two rooms. Old man Bender would take a position with an axe in the adjoining room and when the victim's shadow showed that his head nearly or quite touched the cloth, the gray-haired old fiend would strike an awful blow that would send the unsuspecting traveler to death without the slightest warning. The Benders would then rob the corpse and bury it in a cellar beneath the house. One day the surrounding country became aroused over the disappearance of a prominent judge. He was traced to the Bender place and there all the clues ended. The Benders, becoming alarmed, fled in the night, no one detecting their departure.

The house was searched and the whole world was startled and horrified at the disclosures.

That was years ago but persistent research has failed to discover the whereabouts of the murderers. Detective, spotted scores of innocent immigrants and followed them over the west, but each alarm proved false, and the location of the Benders has remained one of the mysterious of American criminal annals.

Their flight was greatly facilitated by the fact that at that time

Yakima

The city has been on its bad behavior this week. Nine drunk and disorderlies occupy the municipal jail. Five men were arrested today for fighting.

As the last batch hove up, under the wing of the marshal before the city jail, one of the incarcerated, a poor, meek-faced drunk poked his nose through the bars and plaintively asked: "What is getting into this town of Yakima?"

Others have asked the same question. The marshal says the prisoners shall work on the streets under ball and chain--Yakima Herald, November 14, 1889.

2.
He pursued us with a drawn knife.

We then felt it our duty to draw our gun and let six streaks of daylight through his body and as he went down we stepped to the door and sent a boy for the Coroner.

It was a clear case of self defense and the inquest was a mere formality. We lament the sad occurrence, but no one can blame us. We paid his burial expense s and in another column will be found his obituary, written in our best vein and without regard to space.

No other Arizona editor has ever done half as much.

No Harm done--The boys got after a stranger the other evening who was p inted out as a horse thief, and ran him all over town with the object of nulling him up to a limb. Tn some manner he gave them the slip. In their zeal they got hold of Judge Downey and held him up to a limb for over a minute before the error was discovered. The judge is gu-guying around town with a sorethroat and stiff neck and threatens to bring about fifty damage suits.

Take a friend's advice judge and hush it up. You got off powerful easy, considering your general character. While it was a m stake the boys were not so far wrong after all. We wish such mistakes would occur oftener--Arizona Kicker, July, 1889.

The ranch now became a thieves' resort and all the neighbors were sufferers. A big spree followed the recovery of money from the skin gamblers at Bessemer. Things went from bad to worse, the foreman came to his senses and left; the retainers deserted, stealing her horses; the cattle were scattered; a colored boy made away with Kate's diamonds. She shot him and recovered the jewels.

But they soon followed her other property. When the queen and Averill joined issue, Kate was but a poor tramp of the worst type--Yakima Herald, North Yakima, W.T., August 2, 1889.