

Bad Men

In a shooting and cutting scrape which occurred in a China camp near Portland recently, a man named M.D. Lockwood was hit over the head with an ax in the hands of a Chinaman and from the injuries received, died a few days later.

Lockwood will be remembered by the early settlers of this county. He was formerly engaged in the cattle business in the lower Yakima. He sold his band of cattle to Joseph Baxter, dissipated his money, held up a stage in southern Oregon, was tried, convicted and sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary for his crime; served six years of his sentence; was pardoned out by Gov. Penoyer. A few days later he entered into plans with tramps for robbing some Chinese and in the fight engendered by the attempted robbery, received his death warrant-Yakima Herald, Nov. 21, 1889.

Bad Men

Arizona

Jerry Wentworth tells us of this tragedy that took place near Tombstone Arizona, just 12 years ago the last of this month.

It was a beautiful spring morning and the wind was sighing through the sage brush on which birds were sitting as they sang their glad songs. We were sitting there when we saw a cloud of smoke in the distance coming toward us as if brought on the winds of a Dakota cyclone. The smoke approached and as it neared we discovered that in its midst was a whorseman whose mount was white with flecks of foam. In a moment the animal was reined up in front of the saloon door around which a dozen of the boys were standing. Dismounting, the rider proceeded to tell a tale that froze the blood of the Tombstoners.

The young man said that his father, mother and sister, a beautiful girl of 17 summers and three younger brothers were the occupants of a ranch out in the foothills, 26 miles from town. The father had disposed of a herd of cattle and in payment received \$2,000 in gold which had been buried beneath a ready fire place.

The next day after the money had been put away an old woman applied to the ranch for food and shelter which she received, being kindly cared for. She remained two days when she disappeared as suddenly as she came. Nothing was thought of the matter though a lone woman plying at the ranch was an uncommon thing.

Everything at the cabin went well for several days but one dark and stormy night a knock sounded upon the door of the cabin and the man of the house open opening the door was knocked to the floor by a blow from the leader of a gang of masked men. At this, some 30 of the blood thirsty ruffians entered, gagged the inmates and huddled them together in a corner after which they commenced a search for the money which they continued for some time but could not find.

At daylight we had reached the desired spot, a niche set back some forty feet into the side of a solid rock, and here we halted, some of the men being left to guard the prisoners while the others gathered dry sticks.

A cord or more of dry pine boughs and stumps were brought and placed about the mouth of the little cavern, after which the captives were placed at the back end and the fire lighted, and the wood piled still higher.

As the lurid flames shot heavenward the cries of the roasting devils were most hideous and they writhed and rolled about like a lot of serpents. This continued for some thirty minutes, when all became still, and one of the most atrocious murders ever committed in the west had been avenged, and the murderers had paid the death penalty.

"Of course we don't dispose of criminals according to that code now," concluded the old man, "but if we did, the law would be more carefully observed and crimes would not be as prevalent as they are now--Omaha 'Republican,' March, 1890.

Goldendale

Bad Men

Last Sunday it was reported that Timmerman, who was hanged two years ago for the murder of a man named Sterling, had been taken from his grave. The report was thought unfounded, but on investigation pieces of the coffin were found scattered about and a trail could be seen where the dead body had been dragged from the cemetery to the river, a distance of several hundred yards.

No trace of him further than this could be found, however and the supposition was that he had been removed from the county.

On Monday morning a ripple of excitement was caused when the report came in that Timmerman's body had been found in a large sack, tied to some brush and anchored in the river. The body was taken from the water. The remains were in a state of decomposition, one arm being off at the elbow. A guard was placed and the coroner sent for who arrived late in the evening. He did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest and the remains were interred in the cemetery where they had been placed two years before.

The whole affair is shrouded in mystery and no clue to the perpetrator of the deed can be found.

Timmerman, it will be remembered, was hanged two years ago the 6th of this month for the murder of William Sterling--Goldendale Courier, April, 1890.

The Goldendale Sentinel makes a plea to have the affix left off from the name of that town. It says that it is more suggestive of a quiet little nook by a babbling brook than of a flourishing little city. Golden pure and simple would be resonant of riches and prosperity--Yakima Herald, April 17, 1890.

Bad Men

Yakima Train Robbery

On Saturday morning, July 5th, while freight train No. 56, east bound was stopping at North Yakima, Conductor C.C. Needles stepped across the street to Shardlow and McDaniels to get his time check cashed. He was accommodated and as the bright twenty dollar pieces went over the counter they caught the eyes of two rough looking strangers who were in the saloon at the time and who hurried out after the transaction was completed.

Conductor Needles paid no especial attention to their movements and would have thought nothing more about it had it not have been for the light of subsequent events. It seems that the men slowed themselves away in a box car and when the train reached Parker's siding some eight or ten miles east of Yakima, they boldly entered the caboose where the conductor and two brakemen were passing the time.

Conductor Needles said "Hello, boys," Have you got any money?" The larger and older of the two shoved his hand into his breast pocket and drawing a big Smith and Wesson six shooter presented it at the face of the conductor and answered, "No, have you?" at the same time the other robber placing his hand in his hip pocket told the brakeman to yield up. Protestations were in vain as the highwaymen knew they had coin and finally they gave up their combined capital of \$120 and the robbers dropped off the train and took to the brush.

As soon as Toppenish was reached, Conductor Needles telegraphed Superintendent Prowell and notified the authorities at Yakima. Sheriff Lesh and Deputy Dan Simmons went down on a special with Mr. Prowell while a posse started out from this city on horseback to scour the country.

The fortune of bagging the game fell to Dan Simmons, who in company with an Indian boy struck the robbers' trail near where the work was done and tracked them 17 miles to Toppenish creek where he found his men

Bad Men

Horse Thieves

The disappearance of horses from the range in this vicinity has given strength to the theory that the band of thieves operating in eastern Washington and ~~Ooee~~ Idaho have been making incursions into Yakima county.

B.F. Ward is among the losers and he holds to this opinion. Walla Walla has suffered heavily, one farmer alone having lost fifty head. Mr. Brigham, the well known horseman of Cheney, reports the loss of a large band of valuable animals and the farmers of the Big Bend are heavy losers.

The thieves are said to be sixteen in number and have been driving northward and northeastward, converging at a point beyond Spokane Falls where they were recently said.

It is said they are making for the British line and have gathered in somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand animals.

One party of cattlemen have already started after these predatory outlaws and another large party is gathering at Spokane falls, awaiting word of information from mounted cowboys who have been stationed throughout Northern Idaho and northwestern Montana--Yakima Herald, July 10, 1890.

I saw the first hanging in Helena, Montana, the stringing up of Big Jim Daily, the notorious desperado by the Helena regulators, as described in the New York Sun, recently said a former New Yorker who was one of the engineer corps that made the preliminary survey of the route for the Northern Pacific railway. And I saw the memorable deadly fracas that followed the execution and which resulted in the summary cleaning out of the remnants of Jim Daily's gang who had continued to haunt Helena and were showing a disposition to run things again with a high hand.

That bloody affray was indirectly caused by a woman who subsequently became a social leader in Helena, and who probably is yet, if she is living

For awhile after Jim Daily was hanged there was a peaceful lull in the town, and it seemed an ominous calm to the citizens. Gradually the gambling hells, hurdy gurdies and other lawless establishments became as free as ever. Still there was no trouble, and the regulators had come to the conclusion that things were going on as well as might be expected, when calamity was precipitated by an unforeseen circumstance.

The stage from Gallatin drew up in front of the International hotel one afternoon, and from it alighted a dainty, genteely dressed young woman. She was clad in black and an unmistakable air of mystery surrounded her. She entered the hotel and nothing was seen or heard of her by the outside world for a day or so when a modest sign was hung out opposite the side door of the hotel stating that "Madame Louise was prepared to do millinery work for the female portion of Helena."

Madame Louise was the handsome and mysterious arrival by the Gallatin coach. That was all she saw fit to make known of her personality or antecedents and that was all that the public ever knew of her history.

But the men all fell in love with her, toughs and all.

The leadership in toughdom after the hanging of Jim Daily seemed to have fallen by natural selection to the part of Burr, one of Daily's chief aids.

Al, seeing that the remark was directed to him, turned slowly around and placing a hand on each hip said calmly and coolly:

"I have heard enough from you Bill. If you raise any more fuss in this room I'll break your head."

Bill stooped down and placing both hands out before him in a pleading sort of way said:

"Don't shoot. Don't shoot."

All the while he kept coming closer to Al as if he was afraid of him, stooping low with all the appearance of ear. Worrall stood still quietly watching the ruffian. He nor no one else was prepared for Bill's next act. When he got within reaching distance of Worrall, quick as a flash he whipped out a long murderous knife out of his boot leg and plunged it into Worrall's abdomen, giving it a vicious turn and twist as it dashed into his victim's vitals. Worrall dropped to the floor. Bill started to go out. His friends crowded around him and for a terrible moment nobody spoke a word. Then a young miner who had been quietly sitting by one of the windows coolly rose up and leveling a revolver sent a bullet crashing through Bill Burr's brain. The cowardly desperado fell dead in his tracks. Instantly Bill's companions opened fire upon all who were left in the room. The fire was returned. Two of Bill's gang dropped to the floor before they could reach the door, riddled with balls from outside and in. A third one, in hurrying to escape, stumbled over an old miner who had remained sitting tilted back in his chair against the wall during the entire affray. The fleeing desperado made good his escape from the room and jumping on his horse started at full run down the street. The old miner rose from his chair like a shot. He reached behind the door, pulled out an old army rifle, leveled it at the flying member of the gang and fired. The desperado was 40 rods away. With the crack of the old miner's rifle, he threw his hands in the air, tumbled headlong from his horse and never moved

Bad Men

On the fourth inst. Wash Pamburn who is charged with being a horse thief got into an altercation with Reuben Wilson at Adams, Oregon and fired four shots from his revolver at him.

O Pamburn then skipped out but was followed by Sam Olson of Pinkerton's force , who located him at Prosser. Olson made Pamburn's acquaintance and pretending to stand in with him induced him to come to Worcr Yakima where he was arrested on Tuesday by Dan Simmons on warrant. He waived the procuring of a requisition and was taken back to Umatilla county for trial--Yakima Herald, September 11, 1890.

Bad Men

8 News comes from Weeping Willow, Arizona of the death of Harney P. Ruggles. The chances are that the reader will not recognize the name, though its bearer perfected one of the most ingenious inventions of the age.

Ruggles is dead and it seems fitting to speak of his invention. Indeed he would have died several years ago had it not been for his invention. Nothing more clearly lengthened life.

In the first place we should say that the late Mr. Ruggles was not a particularly honest man. Not to put any point on it at all

Harney P. Ruggles was a horse thief.

He followed the vocation from his 18th year till the day of his death, but it is not to be concluded that his death came by violence. He died calmly of peritonitis.

Ten years ago when living in Deaf Smith county, Texas, Mr. Ruggles was taken one night by the efficient local vigilance committee and hung by the neck to a mesquite tree.

That night the purifiers of Mr. Ruggles rode hurriedly away after hanging him to a limb. The limb broke and he fell to the ground in an insensible condition. He recovered and made his escape but the incident rendered him thoughtful.

He could not seem to forget it.

Even after the lacerations made by the rope had healed he would frequently speak of it. The result was that for six months he did not follow his profession but devoted himself to thought and study.

One day he read in a Memphis paper of a doctor inserting a silver tube in a child's throat for it to breakth through while it suffered from diphtheria.

Instantly a great light rushed in on the mind of Ruggles.

He would have a silver tube put in his throat below the rope zone.

The next morning he was in San Antonio where he gave a doctor named

A handsome full beard always concealed the silver tube and his secret was never discovered by the committee.

On one occasion the Willing Workers Vigilance committee of Saints' Rest, New Mexico , kept him suspended two days but though he suffered somewhat from hunger, that was all.

He accumulated a fortune in the past 10 years and died worth over half a million.

Though we may not honor our men of genius as we should, the fact remains that if they are willing to work they may be well ~~soon~~ successful in a financial way.--Yakima Herald, November 13, 1890.

Bad men

Word has reached here of the foulest murder that has been known in this section for many years.

About four days ago a freighter whose name could not be learned, but who was freighting for Pard Cummins on the Okanogan, received his pay amounting to \$35 and that night camped about half a mile from Cummins' store.

The next morning the freighter was found dead, horribly mutilated and his heart stuck up on the end of a pole near the house.

Whether it was the work of an Indian or some white man who thinks to make it appear the work of an Indian is not known. No trace of the wretch has yet been found--Big Bend Empire, November, 1890.

Growth

Peace officers

The sheriffs of the state will meet here next Tuesday in convention to form an association for mutual benefit. Twenty-four out of the thirty-four sheriffs have signified their intention of being present--Yakima Herald, January 15, 1891.

The sheriffs of some twenty counties met in this city Tuesday and continued their deliberations through Wednesday behind closed doors and it was almost impossible to learn anything regarding the object of the convention or even the names of those present.

It is understood that the association was formed for the purpose of systematically keeping track of criminals so as to facilitate arrests, and to arrange for state legislation to provide better compensation for work performed.

J.M. McFarland of Walla Walla was elected president of the organization; J.W. Price of Pierce county vice president; R.S. Holmes, Cowlitz, treasurer and Ed Davis of Skagit, secretary.

Resolutions were adopted thanking the mayor and citizens of Yakima for hospitality.

Among those present were Sheriffs F.H. Pugh, Spokane; J.H. Price, Pierce; E.D. Davis, Skagit; Josh Clark, Franklin; Ben Holmes, of Cowlitz; J.H. Woolery, King; A.A. Meade, Kittitas; Joseph Pitt, Kitsap and J.M. McFarland, Walla Walla--Yakima Herald, January 22, 1891.

Bad Men

Under the heading, Lynched the Wrong Man, the Okanogan Outlook says:

It is probably a fact that as usual, the vigilantes made a mistake and stretched the wrong boy up by the neck when a few weeks ago they hung a man. It has cropped out that the lynchers supposed that another Indian, not Stephen, had been arrested and was confined in jail and working upon that hypothesis enacted that dreadful tragedy.

There is now but little doubt but the real murderer of Cole is still at large and the fact is probably as well known to the lynchers as any one else--a fact which will probably not be conducive to pleasant dreams--Yakima Herald, February 5, 1891

Bad men
California

Vasquez was the most noted bandit of the early days of California. He bid defiance to the law, eluded the detectives and searching parties for years and killed and robbed half a hundred men.

He roamed over the state of California from north to the south, leaving desolation and death in his wake. He surrounded himself with desperate Mexicans and terrorized communities.

Lone travelers by day and night were stopped on the road and relieved of their cash and often their lives. A quiet village in the San Joaquin valley would be awakened at the dead of night by the rush of sounding hoof beats. Timid men would pull the covers over their heads and shiver.

Next day the principal store in the place would be found open, the safe robbed, valuable goods taken and the guardian, if it had any, dead with a bullet in his head or a knife wound in his heart. Vasquez had been there.

Vasquez made history in this way for five years and then he was caught like a rat in a trap in an adobe house and was shot down by a newspaper man detailed to accompany the searching party.

He survived his wounds, was taken to San Jose where one of his earliest and most atrocious murders had been committed, and there met his fate on the scaffold.

Every time the robbers appeared one of them, the leader, would be mounted upon a white horse. That he had a world of speed was shown in the way that he would gallop away from the rest of the gang when they were pursued. The horse was hitched behind the house when Vasquez was shot.

One of the capturing party tried to take him and was severely bitten for his cupidity. The horse broke away, went careening off toward the canyon where Vasquez had had his rendezvous and was lost to sight.

lost his companions. His visits to the vicinity of the little towns became less and less frequent. Then they ceased altogether--

Yakima Herald, August 27, 1891.

Bad Men

whitecaps

A well organized gang of whitecaps exists and commits depredations in the vicinity of Lake Wenatchee and Mason creek, both in Okanogan county.

The band consists of about twelve persons and they seem to be organized for a specific purpose.

They are all located on unsurveyed government land, and make a business of locating newcomers on like realty, charging for these services sums from \$75 to \$200. Members of the organization are engaged in trapping and of course become thoroughly familiar with the lay of the country.

They will then spy out the best pieces of land, always on unsurveyed government tracts, throw up a few logs and claim that the piece of land is owned by some one in the neighborhood.

When a would-be settler come along they take him in charge and offer to secure the land for him for a stated sum. If the settler refuses to pay the price and locates regardless of them, he will soon be waited upon in the still watches of the night by the whitecaps, who plunder his cabin, tear down his improvements and give the victim their ill will a few hours in which to leave the country.

Two outrages similar to this have recently been committed and it has been ascertained that E.W. Montgomery is soon to be waited upon and ordered to leave. These atrocities are having a marked deteriorating effect on the settlement and prosperity of the lake country.

Honest, industrious citizens with families are deterred from attempting to settle, and for a most part, a rich section is given

Bad Men

Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, met the fate that was certain to be his at Creede, Col. June 9.

In a dispute with Sheriff Kelly in Ford's dance hall, the former drew his gun and fired the fatal shot.

Bob and Charley Ford under the direction of Governor Crittendon of Missouri, shot and killed Jesse James on April 16, 1882. They had been implicated in a train robbery and fled to Nashville where they lived with Jesse James for a number of months.

Early in 1882 Jesse James and his family removed to St Joseph, Mo. where he lived under an assumed name for several months. At this time there was a reward of \$10,000 offered by the state for the bandit, dead or alive.

Bob Ford opened negotiations with Governor Crittendon for the betrayal of the famous robber.

He promised to bring in Jesse James dead or alive for the reward and a free pardon for himself and brother, Charley. Knowing that it was impossible to take James alive he continued profession of friendship and on the day named shot him through the back of the head in James' own house while the outlaw was hanging a picture.

Both Fords were arrested promptly but released by the governor.

The alliance between Crittenden and the Fords killed the governor as a political factor and since then he has dropped into obscurity in Kansas City.

The assassination caused a big reaction in favor of the James boys.

Charley Ford died a few years ago. Bob has been in a hundred rows in the past ten years in the mining camps of the west. He has been a gambler and saloon keeper. His place at Creede was the toughest in town--Yakima Herald, June 17, 1892.

Bad men

Over in Whitman county the stockmen have had an uphill fight with the "rustlers" but finally the cause of the just got the upper hand.

Bill Masterson, the leader of the gang, was killed and a half dozen of his followers have been sentenced to the penitentiary for terms ranging from six to twelve years--Yakima Herald, July 28, 1892.

Patrick Conley, while riding a horse belonging to Edward Wilson and refusing to give him up, was shot and killed by the owner of the animal near Wenatchee on Monday of last week.

Wilson' claims that Conley was a desperate character and was reaching for his gun when he was shot--Yakima Herald, August 4, 1892.

Kid Wilson, who shot and killed Pat Conley in the Wenatchee country some time ago has escaped from the officers.

The first story he told of the affair is contradicted by eye witnesses and the probabilities are that it was a cold blooded murder, instead of an act in self defense.

Deputy Sheriff Arthur has issued a descriptive circular of Wilson and authorizes his arrest--Yakima Herald, August 18, 1892.

Bad Men

One of the most desperate gangsof thieves that has everoperated in the northwest has been run down and three of the men who were implicated in the robbery of Snipes & Abrams bank at Roslyn are now in the county jail at Ellensburg.

The apprehension is largely due to Deputy Sheriff Banks and Marshal McGrath of Ellensbu gh, who traced them to their homes in Gill'iam county, Oregon, through thebrands of the horses which they abandoned after a skirmsh with a posse sent in their ursuit.

The robbery occured on the afternoon of September 23 when five men, masked, rode up to the bank. They dismounted and leaving one to take care of the horses, four entered the bank. Cashier Abernethy was writing at his desk when he was addressed and lookingup he was confronted by a man with a revolter in hand. A physician named Dr. Lyons who was transacting some business there also found himself covered with a pistol. A third robber stepped in just then and striking the cashier over the head with a revolver, felled him senseless to the floor. The cashier soon revived and his assailants explained to him the object of their visit.

He was warned to keep quiet and as his life was at stake he did so. The robbers went to the vault and took out between six and seven thousand dollars in coin and currency.

Upon leaving they met Assistant Cashier S.A. Frazier who had heard of the trouble and armed himself with a shotgun and was running towards the bank. His progress was stopped by a bullet in his hip from one of the robber's revolver.

A negro named Conoley had a bullet penetrade his leg and several others had narrow escapes.

A possee was organized and started in pursuit over a trail on the mountains north of Reslyn. But the bandits had too muchof a start

Bad men

The Roslyn bank robbing case terminated on Friday of last week by Prosecuting Attorney Wager filing a motion to dismiss the charge against Cal Hale and Tom Kinsey.

The motion to dismiss was the result of a belief that a conviction could not be obtained and to avoid further expense to the county which has already been heavy--Yakima Herald, March 30, 1893.

The Roslyn bank robbery case promises to become famous. On Saturday last at a station on the Grand Northern named Enhrata, a posse of Ellensburg officers including Charley Wallace and P.C. McGrath, arrested Raz Christianson alias Lewis, alias Diamond Dick together with two other men, on the charge of being implicated in the robbery of the Roslyn bank.

The arrest took place at a cabin occupied by Christianson when the officers in the garb of miners applied for something to eat. When Christianson was returning from a neighboring spring with a bucket of water he was covered with three guns. Instead of obeying he laughed, dropped the bucket and reached for two guns which he carried in his breast. The officers overpowered him before he could draw and brought him with his two companions to this city where they were held in jail until taken to Ellensburg.

How the clues which led to the arrest were obtained is difficult to learn but Hon H.J. Snively who represents the bankers association, has been active and left no stone unturned. The Herald was able to gather that there was a woman in the case and she was after revenge.

She knew the secrets of the gang which was one of the most desperate in the United States and was persuaded to make them known.

The gang was divided into two squads, the second and main one of

That the officers were on the right track there is little doubt and further it is known that the plans had been laid for the robbery of banks at Waterville, Ritzville and the First National bank of Walla Walla.

The robbers fled north and Mr. Snively believes they are making for British Columbia.

To show the desperate character of the men the officers had to deal with, it has developed that Sheriff Simmons unwittingly got into Christianson's house while on a trip through Douglas county and while Simmons was casually talking to the bandit the latter had his hands in his coat pockets fingering two guns and preparing to bang away at the unsuspecting officer. Christianson subsequently remarked:

"I ought to have shot the--- --- ---for luck anyhow."

Yakima Herald, April 6, 1893.

Tom and Billy McCarty, charged with robbing the Roslyn bank ,who escaped from the officers near Baker City last week, are now penned in by officers in their cabin, but no one dares to move upon them as they have sworn to kill any one approaching and their cabin commands the country for miles around--Yakima Herald, April 13, 1893.