

"Where Rolls the Oregon."

NEWS OF THE STATE CAPITAL

Matters of Interest of and to Salem and Marion County.

(Journal Special Service.)
SALEM, Sept. 12.—A suit that will be watched with considerable interest was brought in the second department of the State Circuit Court yesterday. It is a habeas corpus proceeding, brought for the purpose of releasing from the insane asylum one N. E. Kegg, committed from Yamhill County in 1900. Kegg alleges in his petition that he is not insane, that he is unlawfully restrained by Superintendent J. F. Calbreath from attending to his extensive business interests in McMinnville, and he asks for his immediate release. Kegg was in the grocery business in McMinnville, when committed, and he often made a spectacle of himself. Once, a short time before he was sent to the asylum, he came to Salem, and at night jumped from a second-story window of the Hotel Willamette here, jumping through the glass roof of the conservatory, and by his screams and yells aroused half the city. He is a young man of good family, educated, and a member of the Masons and Odd Fellows.

THE STATE FAIR
 Rounds are very lively with the preparations for the big fair, which begins on Monday morning. A number of large seeds of fine exhibition stock are already in the stalls, among them the Hereford herd, 15 head, of John Sparks, of Reno, Nevada; W. O. Minor's shorthorn herd of 20 head, from Heppner; R. M. Wade's 10 head of Herefords, from the Grande Ronde Valley in Union County; D. H. Looney's 20 Jerseys, from Jefferson; McKinney's herd of 10 Herefords, from Turner, and other smaller bunches of blooded cattle. Fine sheep and hogs are also filling the pens and many more are coming. But it is among the racehorses where the most activity and the most interesting stock is seen. Hundreds of fine runners and harness horses are here, and many more are coming. So many applications for stalls have been received that 100 new stalls are in course of construction to accommodate the horses coming, and all will be filled. In the pavilion everything is bustle. Here county exhibits are being arranged. Linn County exhibits the first to arrive with a splendid line of samples of the products of the mines, farms, ranches, factories and mills. Miss Sykes, a teacher of Silverton, while bicycling near this city yesterday, had a bad fall, caused by her skirts becoming entangled in the rear sprocket of the wheel. She was thrown so heavily that she was rendered unconscious, but soon recovered, and aside from a few bruises is none the worse for her adventure.

HOP YARD TROUBLES.
 The trouble in the hop yards near this city is not very serious. In the Lively yard, where a strike occurred a few days ago, a full crew of pickers is at work. The men agitating the strike were sent away, and no further trouble is expected. In the Oliver Beers yard, north of Salem, a number of pickers on Thursday compelled the Chinese lessee and his white "yard boss" to leave the yard, threatening violence. Linn County pickers was not interested. The Chinaman returned to the yard yesterday, accompanied by a Deputy Sheriff to protect him from violence, and paid off the pickers who refused to work for the price

VANCOUVER NEWS NOTES

What They Are Talking of In the City Across the Columbia.

(Journal Special Service.)
VANCOUVER, Sept. 12.—The Vancouver public schools will reopen next Monday with the following teachers for the ensuing term: At the Central school, P. Hough, principal; Mrs. E. C. Sterling, first assistant; Miss Packard, second assistant; Miss Nellie Yale, Miss Chapelle, Mrs. Gussie Funk, Mrs. Carrie Scott, Mrs. D. Clark and Milton Pritchard. Columbia school, Miss Leavitt, Miss E. Lynch and Miss Snodgrass. Q. B. Alexander, principal. Harney school, Mr. Sylvester Panning and Miss Short. St. Luke's Hall, Miss Hubbard and Miss Beeson. City Superintendent, C. W. Shumway.

ALBANY.
 (Journal Special Service.)
ALBANY, Sept. 12.—A Sunday school institute convened in Albany yesterday. A. A. Morse, of Portland, president of the Oregon State Sunday School Association, delivered an interesting address yesterday evening. Most of the day yesterday was spent in discussing the different departments of Sunday School work.

BAKER CITY.
 (Journal Special Service.)
BAKER CITY, Sept. 12.—W. E. Hurd, the mining man of Portland, is in Baker City with C. F. White of Boston, A. Hawkins of North Adams, Mass., and J. S. Hamilton of New Haven, Conn. All are associates of Mr. Hurd and stockholders in various mining enterprises in this camp, their principal property being the Red Boy Extension group, of the Chelan group.

TURNER.
 (Journal Special Service.)
TURNER, Sept. 12.—Miss Belle Ethelyn Matteson, daughter of the late Wm. H. H. Matteson, formerly editor, publisher and proprietor of the Fargo Sun, is to be married September 17th to Davis Fuller King, both of Minneapolis, Minn.

THE DALLES.
 (Journal Special Service.)
THE DALLES, Sept. 12.—August Guinther has completely recovered from his sickness and wishes to state that the ailment was not due to any drug taken with suicidal intent, but rather to an attack of sunstroke from which he had not entirely recovered.

DOINGS IN OREGON CITY

Clackamas County Items and Matters at the Big Falls.

OREGON CITY, Sept. 12.—An interesting and important land case has occupied the attention of the Land Office officials the past four days. Peter Miller made a homestead entry on the south half of the northeast quarter of the north half of the southeast quarter of section 34, township 12 south, range 1 west, on December 10, 1900. His claim was canceled in 1902 because he had not furnished proof of naturalization. F. M. Spencer filed a timber claim on the land on January 25, 1902. Miller had never had official notice of the cancellation of his claim, but as soon as he found it out began proceedings to have his entry re-instated. Pending this action Spencer filed a contest, alleging that Miller had not complied with the homestead law. The Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington ordered a hearing and upon this the case has just been heard. Judges Wm. Galloway of this city and McFadden of Corvallis appeared for the contestant, while Colonel Robert A. Miller appeared for the homestead claimant.

MYRTLE CREEK.
 (Journal Special Service.)
MYRTLE CREEK, Sept. 12.—The prune drying season will have begun in earnest by the 15th inst. Several men started up the first of the present week but have had to shut down for lack of ripe fruit. This is the latest season in the history of the prune industry for Myrtle Creek. If the fall rains keep off until late all will be well, but if not disaster to the prunes will follow. Pickers will receive 5 cents per bushel box this season. Dryer men will receive from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per day and board, and trayers, teamsters, graders and tree shakers from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per day and board.

EUGENE.
 (Journal Special Service.)
EUGENE, Sept. 12.—At a meeting of the school board this evening it was decided to open the public schools on Monday, September 15, despite the fact that there are several cases of diphtheria in the city.

NORTHWEST NEWS.
 The battleship Oregon leaves Seattle for San Francisco today.

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Read The Evening Journal

DESPERADOES OF THE OLDEN TIMES

Two Bad Men of the Bunchgrass Country, Their Deeds and Their Bloody End.

We were sitting in front of the hotel at Athens, our chairs tilted back against the wall. Supper was over and we were at peace with the world. A couple of cowboys, with broad-brimmed felt hats, leather "schapps" and jingling spurs, trotted by. A belated six-mule grain team, covered with sweat and encrusted with dust, hurried by on its way homeward.

The hotel man had been discussing the numerous hold-ups. "It seems as if they were all trying to emulate Tracy," he said. "They are so reckless about shooting. It remind one of the days when Hank Vaughn used to make Athens his headquarters."

"Who is Hank Vaughn?" I asked.

"You certainly haven't lived in Eastern Oregon many years or you would have heard of Hank Vaughn," he replied, running this town at times a few years ago. I have seen Hank come into a saloon with 20-dollar gold pieces in every pocket, throw a handful of them on the counter and set up the drinks for everybody there. What kind of a looking man was he and where did he get his money? Well, he was a well-built, good looking fellow. He was about 5 feet 10 inches high and must have weighed 175 pounds or more. He had keen eyes and was well built. He was a reckless rider and a good shot. How he got his money is a harder question to answer. In the first place he married a widow with several children. She was a Cherokee and very rich. Her name was Mrs. Ruby. I suppose he got a good deal of his money from her, and then at that time there were a good many hold-ups and Hank was always suspected of being the head of the gang that did the work, at least he was always believed to be in with them. When that big robbery up Rosstyn way was pulled off the horse that carried the bullion was found in every stable here

ing debts. Hugh Thompson had sold him a bunch of horses and taken his note for them. Hank considered the transaction closed, but Thompson wanted his money for the horses. Thompson broached the subject in a saloon and Hank said: "If I had my gun on me we would settle the matter right now."

"HIS BLUFF DIDN'T WORK.

For Thompson said, "I'll drive down to your house with you and get your gun." They drove down to Hank's house and he got his gun. They came down to the saloon and Hank pulled the gun on his father and was about to fire he put the muzzle of his revolver in Hank's ear and said, "As soon as you fire, I will." Thompson the elder brought his gun to bear on Hank and it looked pretty dubious for him. His Cherokee wife, suspecting trouble, had followed them to the saloon and she fearlessly walked between Hank and the muzzle of Hugh Thompson's gun. Hank was quite willing to quit, and so the matter was temporarily settled. Hank had been in a good many shooting scrapes. When he was a young fellow he was surprised while asleep with a horse thief, by a sheriff and a deputy. The horse thief was killed as well as the deputy sheriff.

HANK WOKE UP SHOOTING.
 He claimed that he had overtaken the horse thief and had traveled with him not knowing the character of his companion, and when darkness came on had camped with him. He came very near being lynched. He was a good many shooting scrapes, but a little adventure he had in Prineville 15 years or more ago came very nearly winding up his career. Charley Long had had things his own way in Prineville for quite a while. Hank came in and a quarrel resulted. Some say Hank tried to drive Long out of town, and they agreed to take opposite ends of a pocket handkerchief and shoot till one or both were out of business. Others say they pulled their guns and went to shooting. At any rate they emptied their revolvers at each other, and when they were both disabled and lying on the floor they asked their friends to reload their guns. Instead they were carried away and spent the next few months in bed. Hank had shattered his right wrist and his right hand always drooped afterwards. Before either of them was out of bed Hank sent word to Long that he was ready to resume the duel. Long accepted and told Hank to name a date and they would fight till one of them was dead. Hank thought the matter over and sent back word that

they had better quit, he had had enough for awhile.

WHAT BECAME OF HANK?
 He died with his boots on in Pendleton. He was running his horse across the O. R. & N. tracks and it fell and threw Hank against a tree, breaking his skull. Long met a bloody death, too. He had a sort of stand-in with the officers up that way on account of having brought in a murderer they were after. The fellow came to Charley's camp and asked to stay all night. Long consented, as he recognized him as the one the officers were after. He watched his chance, but could not catch the man off his guard for an instant. Next morning, however, his visitor left off his belt with the two guns on it, and while he was washing his face Long got one of the guns. He spoke to the man and when he looked up he looked into the muzzle of one of his own guns. He put up his hands and Long had him saddle the horses and then took him into town and turned him over to the officers. After that the officers let him go his own gait when he came into town and got into trouble.

An old man and his nearly grown son took up a claim up north of Spokane. Long did not want to see the country settled and the range spoiled, so he sent word to them to move on or he would beat them to death.

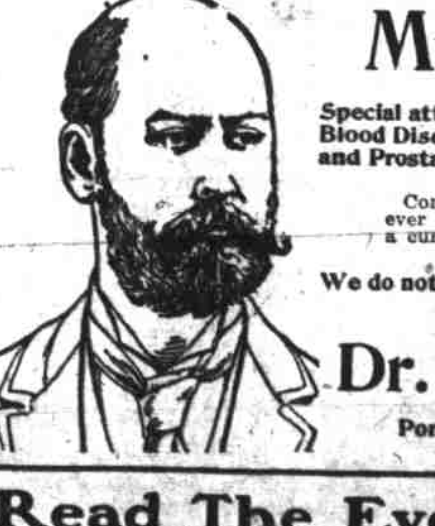
THEY DID NOT MOVE.
 So Long met the old man and beat him up badly. Then he went to the house, and walking into the door he found the young man at home. He said, "I have come here to do you up, and he pulled his gun. The lad leaped at him and got the revolver away and shot Long through the neck with it. Long staggered across the floor and fell across the bed. He lay there, while the boy, still holding the smoking revolver in his hand, stood in the middle of the room. Long slid his hand quickly to his belt, drew out a strong, keen knife and leaped at the boy, who dropped the revolver and grasped Long's wrist to prevent getting stabbed. They struggled across the floor and fell out of the door. The boy sprang up and seized an ax that stood by the door. "Don't come a step nearer, or I will lay you wide open," he said. Long, crazed with rage and pain, sprang at him. The ax struck a sideling blow and felled him. He regained his feet and made a lunge at the boy. This time the ax fell true and Long's career was over. The day of the bad man is about over now. He and the Indian and the buffalo are becoming extinct."

Next day in Pendleton I met Mr. John Holley, Jr. Knowing he had been here

for a long time I asked him for additional details relative to Hank Vaughn's career.

"I knew Hank well," said Mr. Holley. "In fact, while deputy sheriff, for Sheriff Furnish I arrested him several times. The first time it was a case of me bringing my gun to bear first. My father, John Holley, used to operate a saddle train in the early thirties between Umatilla and Boise. Later he changed it to a stage line. While at one of the stage stations in Burnt River in the sixties—Durkee's, I think it was—Sheriff Frank Maddock rode up and asked my father if he had seen two men on horseback ride past. They were wanted for horse stealing. My father told him they had ridden down the road a little and gone into camp. He advised the Sheriff to wait till darkness and he and one or two more would go down with them and surround their camp and take them. Maddock said he needed no help as he and his deputy could make the arrest. They rode on and a few minutes later my father heard shooting. He hurried down to where the shots were being fired and found the deputy killed as well as the horse thief, and Sheriff Maddock on his hands and knees shooting toward where the horse thief had been. His face was laid open and he was covered with blood from a shot in the face he had received in the fight. They took Maddock up to the stage station and next morning my father located Hank Vaughn and brought him in. He had hard work to keep Hank from being mobbed. Hank was a good-natured, sharp-eyed, fine looking fellow and a man who would stand by his friends in trouble."

FRED LOCKLEY, JR.



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