

Men's Eyes Brighten When You Speak of Arizona's Hero

The Romantic Story of Captain (Bucky) O'Neill. Republished From Outing Magazine.

(By William Macleod Raine.)

In Arizona, men's eyes light up when they talk of "Buckey" O'Neill. He was a splendid type of the chivalrous frontiersman dear to the Western heart. His father was Captain John O'Neill, an officer of Co. K, 116 Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was a part of the celebrated Meagher's Irish Brigade so prominently mentioned in the annals of the Civil War. Captain O'Neill was five times wounded at Fredricksburg, and during the war received fourteen wounds, being obliged to walk on crutches for the rest of his life. Captain William O'Neill, familiarly known as "Buckey," received an excellent classical and legal education. He graduated in 1879 from the law course of the National University, and went straight to Phoenix, Arizona, where he became editor and manager of the City Herald.

From that time until his death, O'Neill was prominent as a miner, journalist, politician, business man, judge, soldier, and sheriff. He was a born soldier, and by grace of natural fitness, a leader of men.

"Buckey" was a reckless, soft-spoken, dark-eyed man of unflinching nerve. Personally he was very bashful among strangers. His soft brown eyes grew frightened at thought of making a speech. His daring was Irish in its extravagance, but it covered a tender heart. At one time the Prescott Grays, of which body he was an officer, were called upon to guard the scaffolding during a public hanging. As the trap was sprung one of the officers keeled over in a faint. It was "Buckey" O'Neill, a man whose nerve was famous all over the country full of plucky men. He explained afterwards that he could not bear to see a man killed without giving him a chance to fight for his life.



When the Santa Fe railroad was being built through the territory a gang of its workmen "jumped" a spring belonging to the Navajo Indians. The Navajos were a company of peaceable shepherds, and they were not ready to fight for their rights although their sheep were about to perish with thirst. Along rode "Buckey" O'Neill, looking out for some of his many diverse interests, and discovered the pitiable condition of the Indian flock.

His quick Celtic blood boiled. He did not wait for any help but rode straight to the gang of toughs.

"By God! you'll either treat these people decent and give them their water or I'll drive you out," said this Don Quixote of the desert, roundly. O'Neill armed the Indians and told them to get ready to rush the spring. But the bullies had no mind to fight a body of men led by "Buckey" O'Neill. They retired voluntarily. The head chief of the Navajos was so grateful that he gave to "Buckey" a great silver ring as a mark of his esteem. The ring always commanded for O'Neill the respect due to a chief. He afterwards presented it to Thurston Weed in his generous way.

"Buckey" came into conflict with railroad interests later when he ran for sheriff. He had had inserted in the platform of his party a plank to the effect that the republican candidates if elected would annex the railroad the full value of its land holdings. The sheriff was at that time the ex-officio assessor of Yavapai county. "Buckey" was the sole issue of the campaign, and though bitterly opposed by corporate interests, ran far ahead of his ticket and was elected. The sheriff fulfilled his pledge and

incurred the enmity of the railroads to such an extent that they were not willing to ask his services to capture the train robbers who had held up an express in Canon Diablo. They told "Buckey" that very little money had been secured and the affair was of very little importance.

"Buckey" disagreed with them. A robbery had been committed in the county and he proposed to catch the bandits. He was refused inside information by the railroad authorities, but he took up the trail nevertheless. Canon Diablo is a rough gorge lying in a mountainous country where the trail could easily be lost. Through barren mountain ranges, across a country where honest white men had

"Hello, boys, what's new?" was his easy greeting.

For a full hour he held the desperadoes under his gun before the rest of his party came up. By taking them in camp he secured all their baggage, concealed in which was \$250,000—the loss that the railroad had said was of no consequence.

"Buckey" had covered the expense of his posse both ways, expecting to be reimbursed. But the supervisors were friends of the railroads and refused to pay the expenses because the sheriff had technically violated the law by leaving the county without asking their permission. He carried his case from court to court, but lost in the end.

The sheriff who went out of his county after a desperado in those early days always faced the probability of having to fight for his prisoner. His friends were likely to line up in defiance of their pet outlaw. On one occasion "Buckey" followed a criminal into New Mexico. He rode into a town where the man had just passed through. The people eyed the sheriff suspiciously and declared no such man had been there. O'Neill knew they were lying and followed his man. He came up with him a short distance beyond the settlement.

The robber opened fire on the sheriff, and had his leg broken by "Buckey's" return shot. When the sheriff reached the settlement with his prisoner he found himself confronted by a mob. Smith, the captured outlaw, was himself of a chivalrous turn. He had then met a school teacher lost on the desert and had brought her back to the settlement. This struck a responsive chord in the Western heart and the New Mexicans were convinced that Smith was a gentleman.

Smith was quick to perceive his advantage and declared that O'Neill had shot him over a difference about a woman. The crowd closed in to rescue him. Things looked awfully for the Yavapai sheriff. O'Neill backed his prisoner and his horse into an adobe hut.

"When a man crosses that doorway, I'll shoot him and then the prisoner," he said, his soft eyes growing hard as steel.

New Mexico understood that kind of talk. O'Neill got away with his prisoner in safety.

While "Buckey" was a resident of Phoenix the Hardy "outfit" rode in from the cow-camps to "shoot up" the town. They camped outside and sent word that they would presently be in. Henry Garfio, a Mexican, was sheriff. He was a good man and a nervy one. O'Neill was a deputy, and the two men rode out to meet the cow-punchers who were racing down Washington Street in a cloud of dust, their Winchester swinging from side to side.



Copyrighted Sept. 1905, by W.G. WALKER, CHEVENNE, WYO.

O'Neill and Garfio stepped out of a doorway. The desperado drew rein for a moment and O'Neill advised them to be gone. Their leader, Hardy, laughed and fired at him. O'Neill's answering shot threw him from his saddle.

"I told you to stop," said "Buckey," in gentle apology as he stepped across to the wounded man.

While he was sheriff of Yavapai some notorious cut-throats rode into Prescott and alighted at Cavanaugh's saloon. Word came to the courthouse that they were in town. Presently a quiet young man sauntered up to the bar and joined the "bad men." It was "Buckey" O'Neill. A tense silence filled the room. Some believed that "Buckey" would not tackle this job. But he did.

His rather effeminate voice announced to the leader that he had come to arrest them. The man reached for his gun, but "Buckey's" fearless eyes met his fair and full. For a moment the man hesitated, looking into the sheriff's pistol. Then he threw down his gun with a curse. His men followed his example.

So gentle was "Buckey's" manner that those who did not know him were

"You Can Do Better" at The Golden Rule Store We Lead, Others Follow

WE are one of a chain of One Hundred Twenty-Five Busy Golden Rule Stores who make all their purchases together, paying spot cash for all goods.

You will find at any one of our stores that there is an unvarying element of economy attached to the purchase of any article at a low price or at a high price or at a price anywhere between. It is the element of real worth at each price—the fullest measure of value in fabric and workmanship and service.

We are the true "Cost of Living" reducers

Our method is "BUY FOR CASH, SELL FOR CASH and ELIMINATE ALL UNNECESSARY OVERHEAD EXPENSE." We have no Dead Accounts, No Collectors, No Delivery, No Bookkeepers, and we stay out of the High Rent district. All these things mean a saving and this saving is given to you—our patron.

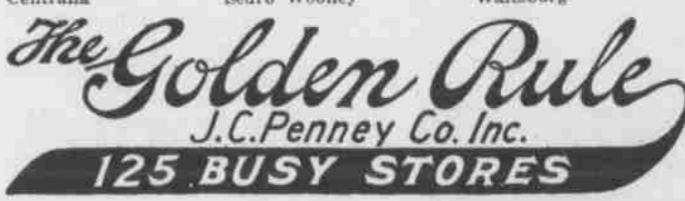
All Good Things are Imitated

The Round-Up, The J. C. Penny Company's Golden Rule Stores—but there is only one real genuine Round-Up—The Pendleton—and there is only one real genuine Golden Rule—The J. C. Penny Company's.

There is a store near you, we cover the entire Northwest.

Here is the list of stores located in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and it will pay you to become acquainted with the one nearest you.

OREGON	WASHINGTON	IDAHO
Pendleton	Walla Walla	St. Anthony
Dallas	Dayton	Shoshone
Roseburg	Chehalis	Rexburg
Athens	Colville	Moscow
Albany	Colfax	Kellogg
Baker	Leavenworth	Downey
The Dalles	Centralia	Preston
La Grande		Lewiston
Marshfield	Everett	Malad
Eugene	Ritzville	
Astoria	Montesano	
	Pullman	
	Pomeroy	
	Sedro Woolley	
	Athens	
	Waitsburg	



likely to be deceived. At Tucson he was once walking down the street with a rough-spoken citizen who prided himself on being blunt in talk and bold in action. O'Neill made a remark that caused his companion to spit out that he lied.

"Beg pardon?" said "Buckey," astonished.

"I say you lie," was the brusque retort.

"Buckey" took the would-be bold man by the ears and chucked him up and down in the hope of teaching him better manners.

Despite his early fears of speech-making O'Neill became one of the greatest politicians in the state. He was billed once to speak at Mammoth to deliver an election speech. Neal, the stage-driver, was taking him in

never been definitely settled. A fellow captain of the Rough Riders, who was present when the remark was made, told me that a brigadier's star was meant.

"Buckey" O'Neill was killed at the battle of San Juan, July, 1898, as he walked up and down before his line of waiting men, talking to Captain Howe of the artillery. Bullets were zipping all about him. Somebody remonstrated with him for exposing

himself so recklessly. "You'll be killed sure Captain."

"The Spanish bullet that will kill me is not yet moulded," he said with a laugh.

"As he turned on his heel a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out of the back of his head; so that even before he fell his gallant soul had gone out into the darkness."

In this sentence, Colonel Roosevelt tells of the passing of "Buckey" O-

Neill, that strange character who smoked cigarettes and quoted Whitman on the battlefield, who fought all his gusty lifetime against injustice to the weak, but loved a row as a school-boy does a holiday. His life work is written deep in a territory redeemed from lawlessness. To understand "Buckey" O'Neill you must know Arizona—its turbulent youthful energy, its bigness and its breadth, above all, its unflinching loyalty to manhood.

Speaking of Plumbing LET 'ER BUCK MILLER WILL FIX IT!

WE are Pendleton's only exclusive plumbers.

We use the best materials and employ the most competent plumbers. When we install plumbing it is installed to render you service and not to bring you grief.

PLUMBING AND STEAM HEATING PLANT CONTRACTORS

No job too large nor too small for us to handle and handle satisfactorily. Following are a few of the larger jobs where we were awarded the contracts because we gave better work for less money. Lack of space prohibits us listing the other hundreds of patrons who have received efficient plants with MILLER service.

- Pendleton Natatorium
- O.-W. R. & N. Pendleton Depot.
- O.-W. R. & N. Baker Depot.
- Pendleton High School.
- Quello Restaurant & Rooming House.
- G. M. Rice Residence.

A large and up-to-date line of fixtures always on hand. Let me figure with you.

CHAS. P. MILLER

Successor to Beddow & Miller. Phone 202.
Court and Garden Streets.



Concrete and Fire Proof. One of the Largest and Most Modern Garages in all the Northwest.



SAFETY SERVICE CONVENIENCE INDEPENDENT GARAGE

We offer three roomy, clean, light and well ventilated floors for the storage of your car, 20,000 square feet of floor space, and every modern convenience for our patrons. Gasoline, free air and water at our curb. Prompt attention and satisfactory service all day and ALL NIGHT. Full line of accessories carried for motorists.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR Savage Tires and Tubes ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

Automobile Overhauling and Repairing a Specialty

General repairing and overhauling of autos, gas engines and machinery of all kinds. Expert machists and an up-to-date shop.

PAIGE Service Station

Hemmelgarn & McCarroll, Props

East Court and Thompson Streets. Telephone 633