THE CONDON GLOBE.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1894.

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF GILLIAM COUNTY, OREGON.

NOTICE.

The yearly subscription to the GLOBE is $1.50, if paid in advance. If not paid in advance, $2 will be charged. A blue pencil mark around this notice indicates that your subscription expires with this issue. Please renew promptly.

GLOBOSITIES.

We will publish the circuit court jury list and docket next week.

Circuit court for Morrow county convened at Heppner Tuesday of this week.

Misses Annie and Frankie Schott of of Olex visited friends in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lucas visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Strickland on Hay creek Sunday last,

Wm. Stephens and family moved to their town residence this week and will remain during the winter.

Judge Mariner and Commissioners Ralston and Clymer are in town this week, county court being in session.

A few subscribers have promised us wood on subscription. We hope they will bring it in while the roads are yet solid.

Mrs. L. Lafferty returned to her home near Condon this week from Bloomfield, Neb., where she had been visiting her old home for the last two years.

Mrs. E. L. Taylor began teaching school in the Thomas district, between Clem and Olex Monday last. It will be a successful term as Mrs. Taylor is an excellent teacher.

Several showers of rain within the last week has refreshed the atmosphere to a very appreciable extent, also breaking the backbone of the hottest spell of weather felt here for years.

Terrific forest fires swept over the timber portions of Wisconsin and Minnesota last week, burning a half-dozen towns and hundreds of farm houses. About 1000 lives were lost also.

R. E. Lindsay of Mayville passed through town Wednesday with his invalid wife, en route to Portland where she will be treated by a specialist for appendicitis, which is the origin of her sickness.

The Albany Democrat says that wheat is selling at 38c a bushel there. Why should there be such a difference in the price of wheat in the valley and Eastern Oregon? It doesn't look right from our point of view.

Mr. Geo. Ironmonger, of Caleb, Grant county, gave us a call this morning. He sold his wool—16,000 pounds—Saturday, and lost ¾ of a cent a pound by not selling until after the Wilson bill became a law.—Times-Mountaineer.

At the sheriff's sale today the M. V. Harrison property at Hood River sold for $3325. The execution was on a judgment in a case of E. L. Smith vs. M. V. Harrison in the circuit court. The property cost not less than $10,000.—Times-Mountaineer.

Rev. G. E. Rawlins and family are visiting their numerous friends in town this week, having arrived from Wasco on Wednesday. They will go to Lone Rock tomorrow and on Tuesday next Mr. Rawlins will return to Condon and preach here that evening.

A large crowd enjoyed the ball at Condon Saturday evening given in honor of the newly-married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dunn. Their furniture and housekeeping outfit arrived this week and they are very comfortably located in the Mrs. Brown residence on Church avenue.

The most miserable cowards on earth are the loafers who are too cowardly to lend any assistance when help is needed in any emergency, but are always ready and untiring in criticising and ridiculing the efforts of those who do help and do the best they can. A cur is quite respectable in comparison to such people.

Mrs. J. H. Putnam and two children of Fossil visited her relatives at Condon this week. Mr. Putnam is expected over on today's stage and they will all proceed to Eola, Polk county, where they will visit John's old home several weeks. J. H. will return to Fossil in a week or ten days. His new store building is now completed and he will soon be ready for business with a large stock of choice new goods of all kinds.

While at Fossil Monday we were shown through the flouring mill by Mr. Smith, one of the gentlemanly proprietors. The mill is built on a much grander and more extensive scale than we imagined and there is no doubt that it is one of the best mills on the Pacific coast. The excellent quality of flour ground by it proves this conclusively. It is an enterprise and factor of development that not only Fossil but the whole county ought to be proud of. Messrs. Smith & Royal understand their business thoroughly and certainly deserve the large patronage they are receiving.

During the excitement caused by the murder Monday, the negro and white boy who have been in jail here, and who were out in the jail yard at the time exercising, took advantage of the sheriff's absence and scaled the high wall which surrounds the jail and lit out for dear life, towards Arlington, along the main road. They had gone only a short distance, however, when they were discovered on their mission of "leg bail" by H. N. Frazer, who persuaded them to return and take a suite of rooms at the hotel de Wilcox again. Mr. Frazer then proceeded to Arlington and sent telegrams to a number of sheriffs in the surrounding country to look out for Barnard.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Myron Hamilton Brutally Murdered by Jas. Barnard.

Suicide of the Murderer at His Home While Pursued by a Posse.

One of the most atrocious crimes ever committed in the state was the killing of Myron Hamilton by Jas. Barnard at Condon on Monday last about 11:20 a. m. Our quiet little town was thrown into the wildest excitement by hearing five pistol shots in rapid succession, followed by the immediate exclamation by a half-dozen or more who saw the tragedy that "Jim Barnard has killed Myron Hamilton!" Within a minute almost our entire population had gathered at the scene, which was in the street in front of Sheriff Wilcox's residence. The sight that met their eyes was horrible in the extreme. Upon the sidewalk at the gate laid the prostrate body of Myron Hamilton with his brains oozing from three ghastly bullet holes through his head and one through his body close to the heart.

That the reader may understand the circumstances leading up to the killing we will make a brief explanation: At the April term of circuit court for this county Jas. Barnard, Clarence Zachary and Ebel Clarno were indicted for the larceny of a number of cattle in the Fossil country, the particulars of which are yet fresh in the minds of our readers. In order to obtain a conviction, Ebel Clarno was persuaded to turn state's evidence against the other two—Jas. Barnard and Clarence Zachary. The trial of the two together resulted in Barnard being found guilty and Zachary acquitted. Barnard was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary and after a short confinement his attorneys obtained a stay of execution until argument could be heard on appeal in the supreme court for a new trial. Barnard therefore was liberated and was under $3000 bonds. The same grand jury indicted Jas. Barnard, Coe Barnard, Geo. Zachary and Myron Hamilton on a charge of stealing and killing a steer belonging to Wm. Keys. Myron Hamilton turned state's evidence in this case, and was the only important witness for the state, there being no prospect for a conviction without his testimony. This case was continued, and would come up for trial at the coming term of court this month, all of the parties being out on bonds, except Geo. Zachary, who skipped the country last spring. As early as four or five months ago Jas. Barnard was reported as making threats that Myron Hamilton never would testify against him or his brother. Those he had turned state's evidence against tried to persuade Hamilton to leave the country, and as his life was in danger it was deemed best to place him in the custody of the sheriff. Since that time he had been in the sheriff's care at Condon. Jas. Barnard also repeatedly threatened the lives of a number of witnesses who testified in the trial in which he was convicted, among them being Harrison Huntley, Ebel Clarno, Benton Mires, Charley Prindle and Billy Keys.

Barnard left his home on Butte creek, two miles below Fossil, Monday morning and rode to Condon, having two large 44-calibre revolvers. He talked with a half-dozen or more persons on the way. At Mayville he saw Capt. Withers, who told him that if he would wait a few minutes he would go with him to Condon. Jim told him he could not wait, that he had a little business to attend to at Condon and was coming back right away, or words to that effect. Just outside of Condon Barnard met Charley Perrin, who was on his way to Antelope. He talked a few words with him and asked if Wilcox and Myron Hamilton were in town and was told they were. He rode to Rinehart's livery stable and let his horse stand without tying, took off his spurs and walked direct to Sheriff Wilcox's residence. Before reaching the house he saw his victim, Hamilton, coming out of the cellar and go into the kitchen by the back way. Barnard walked in without knocking and went into the kitchen, speaking to Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Marker and Hamilton in a friendly way. After a minute or so he told Hamilton to step outside with him, as he wanted to talk to him, and they went out in the yard in front of the house where they talked perhaps a couple of minutes and then walked out into the street about 25 yards from the house and stopped. According to Barnard's own statement this conversation was about as follows:

Barnard said: "Myron, I want you to go with me before Sheriff Wilcox and you may select any man you want, and make a statement telling me who is putting you up to this and urging you to prosecute me as you have started in to do." Barnard said the answer was: "I'd like to know how the h—l you are going to make me do it." With an oath Barnard drew his revolver from his overcoat pocket and shot at him as he started to run back towards the gate, the ball striking his arm and going through his body. The second shot missed him and struck G. W. Rinehart's house about fifty yards away. With the fiendishness of a demon Barnard rushed up and shoving the revolver close to the back of his head shot the defenseless boy and he fell against the gate on the sidewalk. In rapid succession he emptied the remaining three bullets into his forehead and Myron Hamilton's earthly career was at an end.

Barnard ran to the stable, about fifty yards distant, jumped on his horse (forgetting his spurs) and brandishing his revolver ordered the several citizens who had already appeared on the scene to stand back. He galloped slowly out over the hill on the Fossil road, loading his pistol as he went. The confusion and excitement was so great that for a few minutes the citizens forgot the importance of following the murderer. Sheriff Wilcox had been sick for several days and was hardly able to ride, but he ordered as many as could to start at once in pursuit. Considerable time was lost in hunting Winchesters and getting horses saddled, so that the fugitive had fully 25 minutes' start before a posse consisting of Sheriff Wilcox, Jas. Dunn, Frank Armstrong and S. P. Shutt started in pursuit, followed later on by Val Wheeler in his cart. About two miles out of town Barnard caught up with Charley Perrin and after riding over a mile with him, remarked that he had committed an offense at Condon and that it would perhaps be better if he (Perrin) were not caught with him, and after bidding Charley goodbye and telling him to come to his funeral he rode off at breakneck speed. Within a few minutes the posse came tearing along and Perrin joined in, as did also Rev. E. Curran, who was on his way home from Buckhorn. On they flew like the wind, with Barnard several miles ahead and out of sight. Armstrong and Shutt, being on the fastest horses, soon took the lead and gradually gained upon him, and learned at Mayville that he was only about five minutes in advance. Several miles beyond Mayville Barnard caught up with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hamilton, who had been over to Condon visiting his brother over Sunday, and rode along chatting pleasantly with them a hundred yards or so.

The horses by this time felt the effects of their hard ride, but on they flew with terrific speed and at Butte creek they got the first glimpse of the fugitive only a half-mile ahead, headed for his home down the creek. Notwithstanding that Barnard's horse is the recognized best long-distance traveler in the country, they gained several miles on him in the chase from Condon, covering the distance, 20 miles, in exactly one hour and fifteen minutes. Shutt's horse being fagged out, could not proceed on the trail any further and he went up the creek a half-mile to notify the Fossil citizens, as per order of the sheriff. Armstrong kept on the trail, followed by the sheriff, while the balance of the posse went on to Fossil. Here the posse was joined by one or two Fossil citizens, after a delay of several hours.

In the meantime the sad news was sent to the family of the murdered boy and the parents and other relatives started at once on the sorrowful journey to Condon.

Barnard rode direct to his home, tied his horse to the fence and went into the house, remaining only a minute, when he remounted and rode up the West Fork road to his brother-in-law, Chas. Brown's place, closely followed by Armstrong and several others who had joined in the chase. At Brown's place Barnard changed horses, several good ones having been left in the corral, presumably for that purpose. For the next couple of hours the posse lost track of him, and the next heard of him was about 4 p. m. when Chas. Pinkham and his wife saw him at Harrison Huntley's place in the Cove, near the John Day. About this time Barnard also saw Clyde Brown in the same vicinity and gave him three letters to mail for him, which Clyde dropped into Jerome Bridges' mail box. They were addressed to his sister, Billy Mack and the Journal. It is supposed he wrote these letters in the school house or a vacant cabin near by, being written by a pencil.

Barnard was determined to kill Harrison Huntley, and hunted for him several hours in and around his home. In his letter to the Journal he said he had "two more men to kill and then he was willing to kill himself and quit," or words to that effect. Luckily for Huntley, Bob Palmer started from Fossil as soon as the news was received to notify the Pine creek people, and especially Huntley and Ebel Clarno, whose lives Barnard had threatened. When he first went to Huntley's place Barnard asked Mrs. Pinkham if Huntley was at home and was told that he was not. At this same time Huntley was in his barn shoeing a horse and had not yet learned of the tragedy. Barnard rode close by the barn and, fortunately for Huntley's hide, forgot to look there for him. It is needless to say that Huntley lost no time in arming himself and getting out of that, going to his brother's place several miles away. Through cowardice, or something of that sort, no one would run the risk to go to Fossil to notify them that Barnard was over there, and he continued his hunt for Huntley unmolested until night came on. During this time the posse was scouring the hills and valleys in all directions, but did not run across him. Some time during the night Barnard went down to the river to take a shot at Ebel Clarno, if possible. He saw some immigrants camped near the river and, thinking it was a cow camp and that perhaps Clarno and Keys both were there asleep, he very cautiously and with the tread of a panther about to spring upon its prey, crept up to every bed with pistol in hand, but soon discovered his mistake and returned to his horse which he had tied several hundred yards away.

He came back to Huntley's place and not finding him he gave up in despair and started for his home on Butte creek. He reached Frank Sankey's vacant cabin near the old home and remained there until morning when he turned his horse into the pasture and crawled into the hay mow at home, remaining there until about 5 o'clock in the evening. His brothers, Elmer and Coe and Chas. Brown and Clarence Zachary returned from Fossil about that time and when he heard them at the barn he came down. Elmer said, "Jim, for God's sake what are you doing here; forty armed men are hunting for you!" He simply said: "I don't care; I have one bullet left yet for myself." They all went into the house, talked over the matter and he told his brothers and sisters that as he had done all he could, he intended to kill himself. They pleaded for him to not do so, but he was determined, and said that rather than leave his bondsmen (his mother, brother-in-law Brown and R. E. Graham) in the lurch he preferred to end it all by suiciding. He expressed regrets that he could not first kill several more of what he called his enemies, but it was now too late. He said it was not his intention to kill Hamilton Monday; that he only wanted him to tell him who was "backing him in his work," etc. When Hamilton refused to do so he killed him.

Bidding all of his folks a tender farewell, with a smile upon his face, he told his two sisters to remain in the house and the boys to go to the barn, as he desired to be alone when he fired the suicidal shot. This being done he deliberately walked into the tent in the yard, laid down on a bed and shot himself in the right temple. It did not produce instant death and although unconscious he lived about two hours. Dr. Howard was sent for and the frightful hole in his head was sewed up, but in a few minutes the notorious career of James Barnard was at an end.

On Tuesday evening the burial of Myron Hamilton took place in the Fossil cemetery and the next day the body of his slayer was laid to rest within twenty feet of it, Rev. E. Curran preaching both funeral sermons. It is a terrible bereavement to the relatives of both, and the sympathy of the community is tendered them.

Myron Hamilton was the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. David Hamilton, and a more honorable old couple than they never lived. No one but the parents can realize the depth of their sorrow. Myron was about 21 years of age and had a very robust constitution. Jas. Barnard was about 25 years of age and has resided in the Fossil country about ten years, having moved from Douglas county to that section. What property he had accumulated he gave to his sister, Mrs. Brown, giving her a bill of sale for the same about two weeks ago. Thus ends one of the most horrible double tragedies ever recorded in the annals of the history of the state.

Verdict of Coroner's Jury.

STATE OF OREGON, County of Gilliam, } ss.

In the matter of the inquisition upon the body of Myron Hamilton, deceased. Before W. A. Goodwin, coroner.

We, the undersigned, the jurors summoned to appear before W. A. Goodwin, coroner of Gilliam Co., Or., on the 3d day of Sept., 1894, to inquire into the cause of the death of Myron Hamilton, found lying dead in the street. Having been duly sworn according to law, and having made such inquisition, after inspecting the body, and hearing the testimony adduced, upon our oaths, each and all do say, that we find the deceased was named Myron Hamilton, of Fossil, Or., and that he came to his death on the 3d day of Sept., 1894, in this county and state, by a pistol shot, said pistol being then and there in the hands of James Barnard and we further believe from the evidence that the said killing of Myron Hamilton was a premeditated and deliberate murder.

W. S. MYERS,
AL HENSHAW,
E. E. SMITH,
D. B. TRIMBLE,
CHAS. FIX,
J. R. CLARK.

Preaching Services.

Services will be resumed in the Congregational church next Sunday. There will be preaching services both morning and evening, Sunday school at the usual time. The Christian Endeavor will resume its service on the Sunday following. The members and friends are all requested to be present. E. CURRAN, Pastor.

A bold insurance agent is going over the country swindling policy holders. His method is to find out in what company certain parties are insured and go to them with the statement that the company which issued their policy is suspended, and that he has been employed to assist in adjusting their affairs. He will take great pleasure in transferring their policy to a good, reliable company, and in order to do this requires his victim to sign a slip of paper supposed to be a certificate of transfer, but in a short time it turns out to be a note. These fellows have not yet shown up in this section of the country but it may prove profitable to keep a lookout for them. They are on the jump and no doubt will be with us ere long.

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