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## Barrington's Convert

The Effort Was Discouraging, but Succeeded at Last

By JOHN V. LARNED

Bob Barrington was one of those youngsters who are dead set against a humdrum life. Bob's father, when the boy was fifteen years of age, secured him a position in a friend's counting room, but the friend soon told Mr. Barrington that Bob was not fitted for a commercial life.

"What's the trouble?" asked the parent.

"Well, the life's too cramped. What we want are young fellows for cog-wheels. They should go through the same routine every day; never ask questions or make suggestions, but do what they are told to do and no more. If they see anything that looks to them a bit—well, shrewd, they're not to flare up and call it dishonest. Our business is a machine, and every part must fit into every other part."

"I see," said Mr. Barrington. "Bob is not in your line."

Bob was withdrawn and asked what he wished to do. He said he thought he would like to get a breath of fresh air, which, being explained, meant that he would like to go where natural instincts had a fuller play. To state the case more definitely, he proposed to go west and be a cowboy. His father,

thinking that if his son had some experience in herding sheep during a blizzard he would be glad to come home and go to work in a civilized way, assented. Bob was well outfitted, being given a thousand dollars, which he was told must last him a year. He told his father that he didn't want any more than enough to take him to his destination and he wouldn't call on him for any more. So he handed back all but \$200 and started on his journey.

The new life suited him exactly. He made a cowboy of himself for awhile, but, having displayed considerable nerve in several fracas, he was elected sheriff, at which calling he made a success.

One of his exploits during his term of office was the hunting down of a notorious desperado named Donohue. The outlaw came into the region over which Sheriff Barrington had jurisdiction and commenced a series of robberies that terrorized every one. Barrington made it his business to capture the man without killing him. Not that such a kindly act was obligatory on him. Indeed, his constituents would have much preferred that Donohue should be taken dead, for, in that case, the territory would be spared the expense of a trial. The truth was, Barrington never quite succeeded in eradicating civilization from his system and felt a repugnance against making an executioner of himself.

One day the sheriff was missed, and nothing was heard of him till one day he reappeared, with Mr. Donohue in a wagon, bound hand and foot. A meeting of citizens was called and, after a vote of thanks to Sheriff Barrington, decreed that a committee be appointed to hang the prisoner. Bob claimed the captive as his own and insisted that he be turned over to a court for trial. This excited much opposition, on the ground that there was no evidence that

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Donohue had murdered any one. Consequently he could never be hanged.

However, it could not be denied that the prisoner belonged to Barrington, and, since he would not consent to the hanging, the man must be sent to a place where there was a court. Here, too, Barrington stood in the way of justice. Certain persons who knew of murders committed by the accused of which there were no eyewitnesses kindly consented to perjure themselves that a proper punishment might be inflicted. The sheriff would not consent to this, and when the judge proposed to give the convict all the imprisonment the law allowed Barrington stood out for two years. The judge, being a staunch supporter of the sheriff, acceded to his wishes.

One would suppose that saving a man's life and cutting down a term of ten years at hard labor to two would touch the heart of the subject of this magnanimity. Instead, when Donohue was taken away to serve his term he said:

"Sheriff, ef ye hadn't sneaked up on me and got the drop when I wasn't lookin' for you you wouldn't 'a' got me. Howsomever, I'll git out o' jail in two years from this yere present time, and it'll be you as'll have to look out fur me."

"Thank you kindly for mentioning your benevolent intentions," replied Bob. "I'll try and be in a position to congratulate you on having attained your freedom and keep from getting holed at the same time."

When Bob had been in the west a year his father asked him if he didn't wish to return and take up civilization again. Bob wrote that there was too much of a mixture between the good and the bad in civilization; he preferred the two separate, as they were in the west. The better class of people in the west made no pretense to culture, but they treated one another like Christians. When a man was bad he was bad all over and didn't pretend to be anything else. The consequence was that there was no mistaking either the good or the bad.

When Donohue had served some eighteen months of his term Bob's mother wrote her son that his father was ill and begged him to come home. Bob sighed, tumbled into the fine clothes he had worn when he reached

the west and started for home. He had not worn a boiled shirt for a long time and felt in one now as if he were being garroted. He found his father in very bad health, and his continued presence at home was necessary. He therefore yielded to his parents' request and determined to remain with them.

When Donohue was released to recommence his preying upon the world the first person he proposed to prey upon was ex-Sheriff Barrington. Bob during the administration of the duties of his office had received a great many threats, none of which had materialized. When the two years of Donohue's term had rolled around Bob had forgotten all about it. Besides, he had left his old stamping ground and did not conceive it possible that a desperado in the west would take the trouble or have the means to travel a couple of thousand miles to hunt him up.

Donohue was a man with considerable pride, which had it not been misdirected might have been of advantage to him. He had made a statement at the time of his conviction and he proposed to carry it out at any cost. He had not been out of jail long when he had accumulated sufficient valuables and cash to pay his expenses east, and having obtained Barrington's address set out to find him and take his threatened revenge.

On reaching the city of his destination he realized that he would not have the same advantages in killing a man as in the west. It was possible there to do the deed, light out, seek other fields, and there was a chance of never being called to account for his crime. Not so in a city. To start gun play on a street would be to collect a crowd, followed by an officer, and there was no chance of escape except by the law's delays, and even then funds were required for the purpose. These imperfections in legal justice did not make it less desirable for honest persons than the code of the revolver or Judge Lynch.

Donohue therefore decided to steal up on his enemy as his enemy had stolen up on him. But this was not so easy in civilization as in a new country. Bolts separated him from the man he wanted, and he was not used to this

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