

# The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

Vol. XV.--No 25.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, AUGUST 9, 1902.

B. F. IRVINE  
EDITOR AND PROP.

## Professional.

### W. T. ROWLEY M. D.

Homeopathic Physician,  
Surgeon and oculist  
Office Rooms 1-2 Bank Bldg.  
Residence on 3rd et between  
Jackson & Monroe, Corvallis, Or.  
Resident Phone 311  
Office hours 10 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

### DR W. H. HOLT DR MAUD

Osteopathic Physicians  
Office on South Main St. Consultation and examinations free.  
Office hours: 8:30 to 11:45 a. m.  
1 to 5:45 p. m. Phone 235.

### L. G. ALTMAN, M. D.

Homeopathist  
Office cor 3rd and Monroe sts. Residence cor 3rd and Harrison sts.  
Hours 10 to 12 A. M. 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays 9 to 10 A. M.  
Phone residence 315.

### H. S. Pernot

Physician and Surgeon  
Office over Post Office. Residence, Cor. 5th & Jefferson Sts. Hours 10 to 12 a. m. to 4 p. m. Orders may be left at Gram & Wortham's Drug Store.

### B. A. CATHEY, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.  
Office--Room 14, Bank Building.  
Office Hours { 10 to 12 a. m.  
2 to 4 p. m.

### G. R. FARRA,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & OBSTETRICIAN  
Residence in front of court house facing 3rd st. Office hours 8 to 9 a. m. 1 to 2 and 7 to 8.  
CORVALLIS OREGON

### C. H. NEWTH,

Physician and Surgeon  
PHILOMATH OREGON

### J. P. Huffman

#### Architect

Office in Zierolf Building. Hours from 8 to 5.  
Corvallis Oreg

### Joseph H. Wilson

Attorney-At-Law  
Practice in all the courts. Notary Public  
Office in Burnett Brick.

### E. R. Bryson,

Attorney-At-Law.  
POSTOFFICE BUILDING

### E. Holgate

ATTORNEY AT LAW  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE  
Stenography and typewriting done.  
Office in Burnett brick Corvallis, Oreg

Notary Public.

### E. E. WILSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Office in Zierolf's building.

Laurels Again!  
The World's Greatest Whiskey  
I.W. HARPER  
KENTUCKY WHISKEY  
Gold medals won at St. Louis 1904 and World's Fair Chicago 1893.

## HARRY TRACY, OUTLAW

WOUNDED, KILLS HIMSELF TO AVOID CAPTURE BY THE POSSE.

Outlaw Shot Himself Only After Being Twice and Fatally Wounded by His Pursuers—Final Stand and Suicide of Tracy.

Harry Tracy is dead. He committed suicide last evening after being shot twice by his pursuers. His body was found at an early hour this morning, cold and dead, lying face upward and the hands still caressing the famous 30-30 rifle and 45-calibre Colt's revolver. The resting place was in a wheat field, near the Eddy home, where Tracy had been the past few days, and whether he had been traoked by his pursuers.

They approached the place in safety, and when within some few hundred yards came across Farmer Eddy mowing in a field. The party went to him and while engaging him in conversation they saw a man issue from the barn, which could be seen plainly from where the party stood on a rise of ground.

"Is that Tracy?" asked one of the party.  
"I surely is," laconically replied Eddy.

With this information in hand and the man so close to the hunters, there was naturally a great deal of excitement. The party separated and Lanter and Smith went in the direction of the barn, while the other two men swung around to cut off any break for liberty in another direction.

Nearing the barn the two hunters stepped behind the barn on a slight eminence from which they could watch everything that went on, and the farmer continued up to the door. When he arrived there Tracy came from the barn again and began helping his host unhitch the horses. He carried no rifle, although he had his revolver in place.

The fugitive saw the men carrying the rifles, and turning sharply on Farmer Eddy, said: "Who are those men?" "I don't see any men," replied the host. Whereby Tracy pointed out the two men on the hill, waiting to be sure of their man before they began shooting. Eddy informed his companion who the men were, and at that time the officers, stepping a little closer, commanded: "Hold up your hands!"

At this juncture the outlaw jumped behind Eddy and placed both man and his horse between himself and the hunters. In this position he commanded the farmer to lead his horse to the barn, and remaining under this cover he moved toward the shelter. When nearly to the stable he broke and dashed inside. He did not linger long, but in the twinkling of an eye reappeared, rifle in hand, had started on a dead run toward the valley. Turning on the two men looking for him, the desperado fired two shots, but without his usual precision. Neither bullet took effect, and without waiting for further fighting, Tracy took to his heels and made all possible haste down the valley leading south from the barn. The manhunters were off in pursuit, firing as rapidly as possible at the fleeing figure of their quarry. Pursued and pursuers engaged in a mad race of life and death toward the brush, and for a time it seemed as though the outlaw was going to add one more get-away to his long list.

The fates had not so decreed however. Coming to an immense rock, the outlaw saw a chance to get rid of his pursuers, and accordingly dodged behind it and resting the gun on the rock began a fusillade which he fondly imagined would end the struggle.

Eight shots in all were fired by the outlaw, and these eight will take some effulgence off the reputation of the Oregon convict as a dead shot. Not one landed on the advancing posse, and seeing he was not succeeding in his endeavors, he left his position behind the rock and made a dash for a wheat field not far distant. Just as he was entering the field he stumbled and falling on his face crawled on into the field on his hands and knees.

This led the hunters to believe that they had at least wounded their

man, and notwithstanding the fact that he had disappeared they felt quite confident that they had him where they wanted him, and waited quietly.

By the time Tracy had disappeared in the wheat field it was getting dusk, and the pursuers did not dare to proceed, as they did not know where the man was, nor how ready he was to take a "pot shot." Therefore, after holding a consultation, they decided to surround the place and wait for daylight.

In the meantime, Sheriff Gardner, with Policeman Stauf and Gemmrig, of Spokane; Jack O'Ferral, of Davenport, and other reinforcements, had arrived on the scene and went into camp around the wheat field. Shortly after Tracy's disappearance into the field of wheat the watchers heard a shot which sounded as though it came from about the spot to which he had crawled. No investigation was made, however until this morning, but that shot is supposed to have been the fatal one and to have been responsible for sending the notorious desperado into the Great Beyond.

As soon as the first rays of morning light reddened the eastern sky and it was possible for the hunters to see everything going on around them, an advance was made.

Some of the party soon came across the lifeless body of Harry Tracy, the man who had sent so many human beings to their last resting place, and who, after being badly wounded, committed suicide as the last of a long list of crimes.

The body was lying face upward. The left hand, thrown over the head, held a 45-calibre Colt's revolver, which had evidently, inflicted the mortal wound. The thumb of the hand was on the trigger of the pistol. The right hand, thrown across the lower part of the body, firmly grasped the barrel of the now famous 30-30 Winchester, as though the inanimate thing was more dear to him than all else.

Upon close examination of the body, it was found that the wound which resulted in the outlaw's death was inflicted by the 45-calibre revolver held close to the forehead. The top of his head was badly mangled, and blood had oozed from the wound, making the sight an uncanny one. Two bullet wounds on the left leg showed the cause of the man's despair and subsequent suicide. One of these shots had broken his leg between the ankle and the knee; the other one cut the tibial artery, which of itself was sufficient to cause death.

It is believed that both of the shots were received after the convict left the shelter of the rock and made a break for the wheat field.

In keeping with his usual ingenious methods, the convict had taken a strap which he had with him and buckled it tightly around his leg in an attempt to stop bleeding. His efforts did not succeed, however, and despite the tightly fastened strap the blood continued to flow until he, realizing his hopeless condition, ended the struggle.

## A YOUNG LADY'S LIFE SAVED.

At Panama, Columbia, by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician, of Panama, Colombia in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady 16 years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet and at the end of one week was entirely well. For sale by Graham & Wells.

Henry L. Shattuck, of Shellsburg, Iowa, was cured of a stomach trouble with which he had been afflicted for years, by four boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He had previously tried many other remedies and a number of physicians without relief. For sale by Graham & Wells.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder  
Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.

## THE FATAL VISIT

THAT LED TRACY TO HIS HORRIBLE DOOM.

Doings of Tracy at the Eddy Farm, and How He Made a Fatal Error--Made Himself at Home and Worked with the Men.

Spokane, Aug. 8.—Tracy's last great stunt was one that will perhaps be as famous in the dime novel world as any of his other wonderful deeds. For two days and as many nights this elusive but nery outlaw held the family of Farmer L. B. Eddy under subjection. Here, again, he showed the qualities of nerve and cool-headedness, but these very qualities brought about his downfall. Had he not allowed Goldfinch to leave the ranch when he did the story of today might be of a different color, but the outlaw had too much faith in estimating the terror his words of warning would give to an 18-year-old lad.

The story of the exploits of this famous bandit at the Eddy ranch are given by the 18-year-old boy who was his servant for over a day.

It was Sunday afternoon that G. E. Goldfinch was riding a horse across the prairie not far from the Eddy farm. He noticed a strange man camped not far from where he passed. To all appearances the stranger was just having his supper, but young Goldfinch paid no attention, nothing unusual in his actions. Just as the boy was going by the camper called out, asking him to have some supper. With the reply that he had finished his supper, Goldfinch did not even slacken the pace of his horse, and passed the stranger. It was then that an imperative command from the stranger brought Goldfinch to a sudden stop. He was ordered to come back. This order the lad saw it would be to his best advantage to obey, and complied.

With the usual Tracy ceremony the outlaw, for it was he, soon made himself known. He inquired the way to the nearest farm, and was directed to the Eddy ranch. Tracy at this time still had two horses. One he rode; the other, the boy says, was loaded with groceries, meat, sugar, coffee and bedding. One of the horses was minus a shoe. "You go ahead and tell them I'm coming," commanded the outlaw.

Goldfinch readily complied, and started ahead to announce the coming guest. Tracy, however, kept close on the heels of the lad, evidently not intending to give him a chance to give warning.

On the way to the house Tracy noticed a rope trailing from his pack animal. "That's leaving a bad mark," remarked the outlaw, and stopped to gather in the trailing coils. He then proceeded on his way to the Eddy ranch. Goldfinch was much excited while telling the story, but claims he took notice of the visitor sufficient to describe him.

Arriving at the Eddy ranch Goldfinch performed the service allotted to him, and soon informed the family who the illustrious visitor was. This created no great stir at the ranch. Farmer Eddy and his son were taking their Sunday rest.

The night passed without any special happenings, so far as the lad relates. In the morning, Tracy first made his toilet. A bath and a shave were included in the morning make-up, the farmer and his servants providing soap, towels and water.

When the men started for their work, Tracy discovered that they were constructing an overhead track in the barn for the fall crop. The outlaw decided to make himself useful, and divesting himself of his Winchester and one of his revolvers labored with the other men during most of the morning. He kept one revolver, however, in the holter by his side ready for instant action.

During the day the outlaw wanted his other weapons which had been left with his bedding and traveling outfit. He sent Goldfinch after the weapons, and proudly passed them around to the awe-stricken workmen. They were allowed to handle the weapons and inspect them, but it is said they took care not to have the muzzles of the guns pointing toward the outlaw. Tracy all this time had a revolver himself

and left no opening for the farmers to get the drop.

That the outlaw stood in no fear of his friends to take advantage of the opening was vouched for by himself, he having remarked to the farmer, "I am not afraid of you."

During the day the outlaw remarked that he needed a new holster, one of his revolvers being un-supplied. Young Goldfinch was instructed to find the leather, after which the outlaw soon made a holster that eventually proved to be of little use to him.

Monday evening the outlaw once again demonstrated that he was a man of nerve. Goldfinch was told he might go. He was, however, cautioned, on pain of death, not to tell what had happened until Wednesday. It was this very display of nerve that had hitherto made the outlaw apparently bullet proof, that this time caused his ruin. Goldfinch, instead of being sufficiently terrorized to keep peace, soon spread the news and aroused a posse. Goldfinch was much excited and told a disconcerted story, but the details seem to be all correct. During his stay at the Eddy ranch the outlaw told of his stop with Sanders near Wenatchee. From his conversation it was gathered that his intention was to travel south had he not been interrupted by the posse.

Dubuque, Ia., Aug. 5.—Two masked men held up the Chicago & Quincy, two miles north of Savannah, Ill., at 11 o'clock last night. They cut off the Adams Express car, forced the engineer to run up the track and then blew up the car. The robbers had torpedoed the track, and when the torpedoes exploded the engineer quickly brought the train to a stop. One man boarded the engine and ordered the engineer to run ahead, after the other man had uncoupled the express car. Trainmen hurried to Savannah and gave the alarm, and a posse of officers and citizens armed with shot-guns and revolvers have hastened to the scene. The limited is said to have carried heavy and valuable express. It is reported that the robbers secured about \$20,000. A later report says:

One of the highwaymen was killed, probably by mistake by one of his comrades. Six sacks of money were secured, but the amount is not known. The passengers were not molested. Four explosions were required to complete the destruction of the safe and the car was badly wrecked. The robbers were eight in number, all masked. Evidently they were railroad men, one being a good engineer. William Byl, the messenger, fired five shots at the robbers, but without effect, and an attempt was made to blow him up in his car.

The bandits had arranged to ditch the entire train, had not the signal to stop been heeded. Several passengers in the buffet car, including the porter, were held prisoners during the struggle to crack the safe. The body of the dead robber was put on the tender and carried by the others a short distance and then thrown into the weeds. The dead robber was a stranger in this vicinity.

There was no way to telegraph in news of the hold-up, and the fireman walked back and gave the alarm. The work was evidently that of experts, as they went at it coolly and methodically. The train attacked is one of the finest in the world and usually carried considerable money, which must have been known by the highwaymen.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—In the official account of the robbery issued by the management of the C. B. & Q. railway, it is stated that so far as known only \$2000 in silver was secured.

## A Cure for Cholera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in any single instance." For sale by Graham & Wells.

## FIRED ON TRACY

OFFICERS BATTLE WITH THE OUTLAW.

Desperado Leaves Note at Watering Place Warning Cudihoe to Quit Hunting Him—Surrounded in a Swamp Tracy Warns Cudihoe

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 6.—Harry Tracy, the outlaw, is surrounded in a swamp near the Eddy farm, 11 miles southeast of Creston, Wash. For four hours before the special messenger left for reinforcements, a long-range rifle duel between Tracy and the posse of eight men headed by Sheriff Gardner had been in progress.

This news was brought to Creston by Jack McGinnis, a liveryman of Harrington, who is a member of Sheriff Gardner's posse. He was met near Creston at 11 o'clock last night by a newspaper correspondent, who, with another man, had left at 1 a. m. for the Eddy ranch. McGinnis proceeded at once to Davenport for reinforcements. Tracy lingered near the Eddy ranch house, which he had occupied for two days and nights. A young man who saw him there gave the news to Gardner, and the sheriff at once raced with his posse to the scene.

A telephone message from Davenport at 12:40 a. m. states that McGinnis reached there shortly before midnight. Twenty-five armed men have already left in wagons for the scene of the battle. Sheriff Doust, of Spokane county, is also enroute to the fugitive's hiding-place. In his party are eight or 10 armed men. Another wagon load of manhunters left at two o'clock this morning, and more will go as soon as daylight breaks.

Sheriff Cudihoe, of King county, is guarding the Sprague road, while Sheriff De Boit is on the road leading to Edwale.

Spokane, Aug. 5.—"To whom it may concern:

"Tell Mr. Cudihoe to take a tumble and let me alone, or I will fix him plenty. I will be on my way to Wyoming. If your horses were any good would swap with you. Thanks for a cool drink.

## "HARRY TRACY."

Such was the note found this morning by C. V. Drazon, a prominent farmer living about a mile north of Odessa. The note was pinned to the well where he waters his horses. His farm is not far from that of Mrs. Craven, who saw a mysterious man with two horses passing by her house Sunday night. The scene of the great chase is shifting toward the East. Apparently the outlaw is in no hurry, having taken five days to cover a distance which a well mounted man might have traveled in 24 hours.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 5.—The sheriff's office at Davenport received a messenger from Creston this afternoon, stating that Tracy spent all day Monday at the home of L. B. Eddy, a rancher on Lake Creek, about three and one-half miles south of Fellows. The outlaw made his appearance Sunday evening and took possession of the place.

## Just Look At Her.

Whence came that sprightly step, faultless skin, rich, rosy complexion, smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret. She uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result, — all organs active, digestion good, no headache, no chance for "blues." Try them yourself. Only 25c at Graham & Wortham.

## All Were Saved.

"For years I suffered such untold misery from Bronchitis," writes J. H. Johnston, of Broughton, Ga., "that often I was unable to work. Then, when everything else failed, I was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. My wife suffered intensely from Asthma, till it cured her, and all our experience goes to show it is the best Croup medicine in the world." A trial will convince you it's unrivaled for Throat and Lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at Graham & Wortham.

The best Physic—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take. Pleasant in effect. For sale by Graham & Wells.