

TRACY ENDS HIS LIFE

THE OUTLAW, WOUNDED SEVERELY, KILLS HIMSELF.

Flirt Now On Possession of the Body and the Reward Offered for Capture.

(Continued from First Page.)

with Eddy, the manhunters saw a man issue from the barn door. "Is that Tracy?" asked one of the party. "It surely is," replied Eddy.

The party separated, Lanier and Smith accompanying Eddy in the direction of the barn, while the other two men swung around to cut off any break for liberty in another direction.

The two manhunters 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. Tracy came from the barn again, and began helping his horse in unloading the horses. He carried no rifle, although he had his revolver in his pocket. The fugitive saw the men carrying rifles, and turning sharply to Farmer Eddy, said: "Who are those men?"

"I don't see any men," said Eddy.

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 the outlaw made a leap for the barn door. His pursuers, stepping a little closer commanded: "Hold up your hands."

The outlaw jumped behind Eddy, and placed first the man and then his horse between himself and his pursuers. He commanded the farmer to lead his horse to the barn, and under this cover he moved toward shelter. When near the stable he broke and dashed inside. He quickly reappeared, rifle in hand, and started on a dead run down the valley. Turning on the two men, the desperado fired two shots, but without his usual luck, neither bullet taking effect. Without waiting for further fighting Tracy took to his heels down the valley leading south from the barn, heading for the brush. The manhunters were off in pursuit, firing as rapidly as possible.

Coming to a rock, Tracy dodged behind it, and resting his gun on the rock, began a fusillade. Eight shots in all were fired by the outlaw, not one hitting his mark. Seeing that he was not succeeding, he left the position 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 into the field on his hands and knees.

By the time Tracy disappeared in the wheat field, it was getting dusk. The pursuers did not dare to proceed, as they did not know where their man was. After holding a consultation they decided to surround the place, and wait for daylight to come to their assistance. In the meantime Sheriff Gardner, with Police-men Stauffer and Gemmert, of Spokane; Jack O'Farrell, of Davenport, and other reinforcements had arrived on the scene, and they went into camp around the field.

Shortly after Tracy's disappearance into the field of wheat the watchers heard a shot, which sounded as though coming 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 one which sent the notorious desperado into the great beyond.

Early this morning, as soon as it was possible for the hunters to see everything going on around them, an advance was made into the wheat field. In a few minutes the party came upon the dead body of Harry Tracy, lying amid the grain with his face turned toward the sky. His left hand, thrown over his head, held a .45-caliber Colt's revolver, which had evidently inflicted the mortal wound. The thumb of his hand was on the trigger of the pistol. His right hand, firmly grasping the lower part of his body, firmly grasped the barrel of his famous 30-30 Winchester. The body was cold when found, pointing to the belief that the shot heard by the guards about 8 o'clock last evening was the fatal one.

Sheriff Gardner, of Lincoln County, and his assistants arrived on the scene in time to help in the final discovery of the remains, and maintained that himself and deputies are entitled to at least a share of the booty. This was disputed by the Creston party, the members of which maintained that they were deserving of the reward. Finley S. Weller was allowed to take the body, with the understanding that he recommended the reward be paid to the five men from Creston.

HUNDREDS VIEW THE CORPSE.

Coroner's Jury Adjourns to Meet Again Thursday Afternoon.

DAVENPORT, Wash., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Tracy's corpse has been viewed by hundreds of people here today. The lifeless form lies on a marble slab in O. W. Stone's undertaking parlors, and the crowd which has gathered here and views the resolute face, now marred by a ghastly hole in the face just above the right temple, and tearing a large hole, it went out of the top of the head. The brains were blown out, and the eyes have sunk back into their sockets. The face of the notorious outlaw is tanned and somewhat emaciated. The trains coming into the city are crowded with people, and the farmers are coming in from all directions.

The coroner's jury, which was convened by Coroner R. P. Moore, this afternoon adjourned, and will meet again Thursday afternoon. It heard the story of Goldfinch, the young man who telephoned to the officers of the outlaw's whereabouts.

As was related in previous dispatches, Lanier and Straub, of the posse, testified that they were within 60 yards of their man when they began firing. Sheriff Gardner testified to the position of the dead body and the identity of Tracy's guns. Drs. Whitney and Moore, who made an examination of the corpse, detailed a description of the wounds. One ball struck the right leg just above the ankle, and broke both bones, and the other entered the thigh and fanged down toward the knee. The face wound appears to have been self-inflicted.

Rifle-hunters are out in force, and hordes were constantly trained upon the form which, in its more active days, had been a target for bullets.

OREGON REWARD WILL BE PAID.

Governor Geer Gives Washington Posse Credit for Tracy's Death.

SALEM, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Governor Geer today stated that the men comprising the posse surrounding Tracy are entitled to the reward offered by the state, since they were the cause of the convict's committing suicide. In view of this fact, the Governor holds that the men are as much to be credited with the death of the

desperado as if they had killed him directly. In discussing the matter of the reward tonight, and the possible controversy that will attend its disbursement, Superintendent Lee said he was in hopes the Washington claimants of the reward would send an agent to Oregon to accept the reward money from the state, and then decide upon the terms of its distribution by arbitration or in the courts. This plan would relieve the people of this state of a probable protracted controversy over the division of \$1500.

GUARDS ON ALL SIDES.

Tracy Was in a Trap From Which Escape Was Almost Impossible.

DAVENPORT, Wash., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—No matter which way Tracy turned after his fight with the posse yesterday, he would have run into guards. Sheriff Gardner, of Lincoln County, was so close to the scene that he heard the shooting, and at once took up a position on the south side of Lake Creek. He saw Tracy and fired at him. He does not know whether he hit him or not. He was accompanied by his son, C. M. Gardner. Mr. Gardner, who was at Harrington yesterday morning, received a telephone message saying that Tracy was at the Eddy ranch. He employed John McGinnis to take him and his son to the ranch. They arrived when the fight was on. After Mr. Gardner had fired he did not hear another sound, and, knowing that the west side was guarded by the men who were doing the shooting, he and his son kept guard over their portion of the field. J. P. O'Farrell, City Marshal of Davenport, received the news that Tracy was at the ranch yesterday morning, and he, too, immediately left for the scene of action. He met George E. Goldfinch, who told of the location of Tracy at the small siding of Fellows, and from there got no time until he reached the ranch. He guarded the north end of the little valley. Young Goldfinch acted as scout, and kept in touch with all the guards, furnishing all the news that he could and also carried messages and orders.

When Sheriff Gardner arrived at the ranch he immediately sent Mr. McGinnis to Davenport for all the men that could be raised. Some more men had arrived in the meantime, and that placed a guard around the place where Tracy was. They were determined not to let him escape. They did not know that he was dead, nor did they leave an avenue for his escape. They did not sleep, but kept a constant watch. Not until dawn did they see the helpless form lying in the wheat, and a shout of joy went up from all. They could not contain themselves, and shout after shout rent the air. When they reached the body, hardly a word was spoken, and if it was, it was in low tones. There was much satisfaction expressed because Tracy had been captured without a death by his own men. Men who went to capture him went to the scene of battle with the thought that some one would be killed because of the reputation the outlaw had won on Puget Sound and in Oregon. They were brave men, and did not intend to give up. Other possees were coming, but they arrived too late. Sheriff Doust and his deputies, of Spokane County, arrived in time to walk into the wheat and look at the dead. They came as soon as word was sent to them, but the word was sent too late.

Sheriff Cuddehe, of King County, was keeping a close watch on the Sprague road, near Edwall, on the Great Northern. It was rumored that the outlaw was in that country, and Cuddehe could not leave. Sheriff Debold, of Douglas County, was near Moscoo with a number of deputies, and he could not leave. The roads along the Little Spokane were guarded by Spokane men. The possees throughout the country were well organized, and it was believed that it was impossible for the outlaw to escape. It is believed that he was afraid to leave the Eddy ranch, because he knew that the country was so well guarded. He said several times that he had made the mistake of his life because he came through to the country in which he was killed.

As soon as arrangements could be made after the body was found it was brought here in John McGinnis' wagon. It was brown under the seats of the wagon and covered up with blankets. Tracy's notorious rifle and revolver were taken by Sheriff Gardner.

W. E. Johnson and N. M. Dixon, two men who had come to assist the possees, were also present. They were with the possees when they were in the wheat field, and they were with the possees when they were in the wheat field. They were with the possees when they were in the wheat field, and they were with the possees when they were in the wheat field.

Tracy was always ready to flee at a moment's notice. DAVENPORT, Wash., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—When Tracy came to the ranch Sunday evening, said L. B. Eddy, today, in telling of the unwelcome visit of the desperado, "he was accompanied by young Goldfinch. I was out working in the barn. The two went into the house when they did not find anyone at home they came to the barn. The boy reached here, after running their horses all the way, their steeds were foaming white. The news of the death of the outlaw spread like fire. The news was telephoned to Spokane, and when the truth was known many breathed a sigh of relief.

STORY OF RANCHER EDDY.

Tracy Was Always Ready to Flee at a Moment's Notice.

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"No, we were not uneasy while he was around, for we knew if we did what he told us he would not harm us. It interested us about his work. We woke up at 5 o'clock Friday morning, and Tracy helped to prepare breakfast. The longer he was with us the more he would trust us. The young lad was released Sunday evening, but not until Tracy had instructed him that if he told he (Tracy) would kill my brother and I. He told the boy that several times. He took a bath and a shave while he was here, but his rifle was standing against the wall near him while he was at that job. He did not intend that we should take him unawares. He did not take his shirt off this time, but rolled it back when he wanted a bath.

DAVENPORT, Wash., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Tracy is still the chief topic of discussion upon the streets, and excited groups are contending over who is entitled to the reward. Some maintain that Goldfinch, the young man who notified the officers of the outlaw's presence at Eddy's ranch, is entitled to a large share, while others hold that the men who went in

ing good care of my horses, because I depend on them for my escape. He fed them regularly and was very good to them. He kept his horses in the little shed just east of the blacksmith shop and always had one saddled. That was so he could make a quick flight out of this section of the country. If it was necessary. After we fed the horses that evening he wanted a revolver pouch, and in order to get one he went to my saddle and cut off one side. He said he would rather work at that in the house, so he took us all in with him. He said he would have us make it, but we did not know how.

When he returned to the house he



WILL THEY SUCCEED IN TRIPPING HIM UP?

handed me the gun and asked me if I ever saw such a smooth cock. Of course, all the loads were out of it, and Tracy knew that I could not do him any harm. He was always good-natured, and did not seem to worry. When he was in the house during the day time, he would sit in the corner of the kitchen near the window, with his back to the wall. He could see out of the house in nearly every direction and could watch us. He would not sleep in the house at night, and he preferred the haystack. He made my brother sleep with him, while I slept on the other side of the house.

DISPUTE OVER WHO TAKES BODY.

Cuddehe Asks for the Remains, but Creston Men Hold Them.

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THE NEWS IN SALEM.

General Satisfaction Expressed, Especially at the Penitentiary.

SALEM, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—The announcement of the death of Harry Tracy aroused much excitement in Salem. At the Penitentiary, in particular, the ending of the outlaw's career was a source of great satisfaction, not only because of

the effect it will have upon the discipline of the institution, but also because the desperado lost his own life as a consequence of his crimes.

The hundreds of friends of the three murdered guards and their bereaved families have no feeling of sympathy for Tracy. Mrs. Frank B. Ferrell, wife of one of the murdered guards, is again seriously ill at her home in this city. Her illness at this time is of a more serious nature than at any time during her continued indisposition since the death of her husband.

Tracy had a new gun. Secured it at a Sheep Camp Which He Held Up Sunday. ELLENSBURG, Wash., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Additional interest in the death of Tracy was created by the arrival here today of W. B. Dunswoth, from his sheep camp on Wilson Creek, 25 miles north of Ellensburg. He reports that on Sunday, July 27, Tracy came to his camp at 9 o'clock in the morning, and remained about six hours. He said he was Tracy, and he helped himself to property most liberally. He made no threats and did not pull a gun on the herder, who was the only man who visited the provisions of the camp equally, taking one-half with him. He was practically barefooted, and took a good pair of shoes; also a pair of overalls, and picked up a good 30-30 Winchester. The herder begged him not to take it, but Tracy said he must have it. The herder then asked him to leave his (Tracy's) old gun, but the fugitive said: "I can't do it; it's been hard worked, and is not in first-class order, but I paid, or will pay, \$500 to the man who smuggled it into the Penitentiary at Salem for me. The officers know the number on the gun, and in that way can locate the man I got it from, and I'll never give him away. I may throw it in the Columbia or smash it out of shape on a rockpile, but I will never let it go into anybody's hands but mine."

When ready to go, Tracy made out an

Inventory of what he took, including two horses, and said he would send back pay for everything when he got settled. He then rode off on one of the horses, a bald face sorrel, saying he would turn the horses loose at the river. Both animals returned to camp yesterday. He told the herder he would hold up Dunswoth, the owner of the camp, who was on his way from Ellensburg with a load of provisions, but he missed him. What he took was worth about \$30. Dunswoth is an old citizen here and a perfectly reliable man.

IDENTIFICATION OF BODY.

McBride Will Leave This Matter to Oregon Officers.

OLYMPIA, Wash., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—It was announced today that no attempt will be made by the state to identify Tracy's body. It will be turned over to the Oregon authorities as soon as they are ready to receive it, and the payment of Washington's reward will be based on the report of the officers of the Penitentiary at Salem as to the identity of the body. An effort was made to have the body taken to Seattle. Deputy Sheriff William Corcoran, of Seattle, wired Governor McBride this afternoon suggesting that the body be turned over to Sheriff Cuddehe, who is in Davenport, and that Cuddehe bring it to Seattle for identification. Corcoran also wired the same suggestion to Governor Geer, as is evidenced by a telegram from Oregon's Governor, received by Governor McBride today. Governor Geer says:

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REWARD FOR TRACY'S CAPTURE.

State of Oregon Offers \$1500.

State of Oregon... \$1500
State of Washington... 2500
Brother of the late Guard Ferrell... 100
Total... \$4100

Deputy Sheriff, stating that the Oregon executive had telegraphed instructing the coroner and Sheriff to turn the corpse over to Cuddehe. The Creston contingent will probably make a formal demand for the body.

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Seattle for identification for Washington reward, and forwarded at once to Salem for same purpose. Perhaps body will be embalmed. Deputy Sheriff, Seattle, suggests same. Answer your opinion. Governor McBride telegraphed his opinion as heretofore set forth. He says he does not see any necessity for the extra expense of a shipment to Seattle, as it is suggested here that there may be more than one motive in the request from King County's deputy Sheriff; that perhaps Cuddehe and his friends believe that if he could come back to Seattle with Tracy's body in his possession the effect would be to retrieve some of the reputation he lost by capturing the outlaw when he was his specter in a visit to Seattle.

BODY EXPECTED AT SALEM TODAY.

SALEM, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Governor Geer this evening received a dispatch from Governor McBride, of Washington, saying that the body of Harry Tracy will not be detained by the Washington authorities, but will be shipped direct to Salem. Upon acceptance of the body by the State of Oregon, the reward offered by the State of Washington will be paid. Washington will not ask possession of the body, nor evidence other than the identification, which satisfies the Oregon officials. It is expected that the body will arrive in Salem Thursday evening or Friday morning, and will be given burial in the prison cemetery in a grave beside that of David Merrill.

TRACY'S PORTLAND RECORD.

After Terrorizing Community, He Was Captured and Sentenced.

According to the Portland police records, Tracy was born in Pittsville, Wis., in 1874, and the first time he is known to have been arrested was in Colorado in 1897, when he murdered a cattle dealer named V. S. Hoy, and William Strong. Tracy was imprisoned in Routt County Jail, in the town of Craig, where he was sentenced to death. He was captured and sent to Aspen, Colo., for safe keeping, but here he again broke jail. Tracy was next heard of in Utah, where he perpetrated a number of robberies. The body was ultimately lodged for a short time in the Utah penitentiary, but while outside the prison grounds engaged in road-scaling he held up one of the guards. The guard was compelled to give up his arms and clothing, and Tracy managed to get away.

Early in 1899 Tracy is known to have been in a number of robberies in Tacoma and Seattle, and in this city. It was known that he, David Merrill and other desperadoes were responsible for the good deal of the business that occurred in this city during January and the early part of February, 1899. Merrill's home lived at that time in a two-story frame house on the north side of the street now known as Commercial street, and Chief McLaughlin received information that Tracy and Merrill made that house their headquarters during their stay in this city. Detectives Ford and Cordano went to the house Sunday, February 4, 1899, and, after searching the place from end to end, as they thought, were informed by the inmates that David Merrill was in the house at that time. Cordano noticed that one door in the upper portion of the house remained locked, and he asked Mrs. Merrill why she did not open it? She replied Mrs. Merrill, Cordano, however, insisted on the door being opened, and, after considerable delay, this was done. Merrill was discovered, and the only thing contained furniture, Cordano said that a bureau was placed at an angle close to a corner of the room, and on the top of the bureau was a box containing one of the drawers and looking behind it he saw a man about attacking up. Realizing that either Merrill or Tracy lay behind the bureau, Cordano placed one of the bureau drawers about the room and saw the man attacking himself looking into the muzzle of David Merrill's revolver.

"Drop that gun, or I'll fill you with lead," said Cordano, leveling his revolver at the man who was looking behind the bureau. Merrill did not shoot, and he seemingly realized that being "the under dog," as he lay on his back, he was at a disadvantage. He quickly surrendered, and by the time Detective Ford came to the room and assisted Cordano, Benjamin Merrill, David Merrill's brother, had in the meantime been an interested spectator. Merrill was not shot, and the assumption that he knew more about Tracy than he was willing to admit, the detectives arrested him. Both brothers wanted to know the charges on which they were arrested. By a clever trick the police made Benjamin Merrill believe that he was the presiding genius in the hold-up business, and that he was responsible—as crime-director for the Tracy-Merrill crime combination—for his brother's downfall. Benjamin Merrill was placed in a dark cell on the ground floor and separately fed and cared for. Tracy's brother was placed in an airy cell upstairs and fed on restaurant food and treated well. For more than two hours Benjamin Merrill was placed in what is technically known as the sweeper in police circles, and he loudly asserted his opinion that he was being used as "a good thing" to shield others. He was then invited to retire, but he knew about Tracy, but he would not talk any more that day.

After passing the night in the desolate dungeon and persuading himself that the gang had left him to his own fate to suffer alone, Benjamin Merrill confessed to the detectives February 7 that Harry Tracy was to call at the general delivery department, Postoffice building, about 10 o'clock on the following day. Detectives Ford and Cordano hurried to the Postoffice, only to find that Tracy had been there about 30 minutes previously. The detectives then secreted themselves in the Merrill house on Park street, after telling the inmates that if they made any sign that strangers were in the house that everybody about the place would be taken in the patrol wagon to jail. In the middle of the afternoon Cordano and Ford went out for a few minutes to get a hurried lunch, leaving Detective Weiner, who had come up to relieve them, in charge. Weiner had only been on watch for a few minutes when a young man, who afterwards turned out to be Tracy, appeared, and Weiner realized that he was in the presence of the man he was watching for. He called to the criminal who went to his room, and he would submit to capture. So Weiner resorted to a clever ruse. Without giving Tracy a chance to address him first, Weiner said: "I'm waiting here for you. I know who you are. The gang sent me to tell you that everything is blown, and that you are to get out at once."

"Who are you?" asked Tracy, suspiciously. Weiner gave an assumed name, and again hinted that the quicker his new friend got out of the Merrill house the better, if he did not want to be "pinched." Weiner at length succeeded in getting Tracy out of the house, and they walked up toward Fourth street. Tracy in the meantime keeping his hand on his revolver, which he had in a belt around his waist. When they reached Fourth street the Southern Pacific train was passing up it at that time, and Tracy said: "I am going to take that train."

Weiner then attempted to arrest him, and Tracy pulled his revolver and fired three shots. Weiner, and another man returned the fire, but none of the shots struck Tracy. Tracy jumped on the engine, which, on account of the heavy grade at that point, was going slowly, and, putting his revolver in the engineer's face,

tried to pull the train out. Weiner, in the meantime, ran along the side of the cars and endeavored to get the trainmen to pull the airbrake and stop the train. They evidently did not understand what he wanted, and continued to move. He held up the train on account of the shooting they had heard. The conductor at last pulled the airbrake and stopped the train, and Tracy jumped out of the engine and ran up Harrison street, with Weiner in close pursuit. A boy, Albert Wey, whose father kept a butcher shop on the corner of Fourth and Harrison streets, and who had been watching a few days previously by Tracy and Merrill, rushed into the butcher shop and got a double-barreled shotgun, and, taking aim at Tracy, shot him four times in the back. The pellets did not have any particular effect upon Tracy, who still continued his flight. He climbed a fence and dropped into the back yard of a house on Franklin street, where he hearing the noise outside, grasped his revolver and stepped out into the yard, and with the assistance of Weiner, he was taken into custody. Tracy was taken to the police station, and even in those early days, the boastful spirit of Harry Tracy asserted itself. He loudly proclaimed his identity, and, exultantly told of the number of people he and his friends had held up and robbed, not only in this city, but in Tacoma and Seattle. He and Merrill were placed in the county jail for safe keeping. While waiting to receive his accusers, Tracy made an attempt to escape by holding up the jailer, Ned Dougherty, who had started to take him from his cell to proceed to the courtroom. Someone had passed a revolver to Tracy, who flourished it threateningly, but just then ex-Sheriff Thomas Jordan came along with a gun and threatened the body with the revolver. Tracy's head if he did not drop his revolver instantly. Tracy, strange to say, did as desired, and he was taken upstairs to the courtroom, where he was sentenced to 20 years in the Oregon penitentiary and Merrill to 13 years.

AFTER OUTBREAK AT SALEM.

Career of Convicts and Killing of Merrill by Tracy.

Tracy and Merrill escaped from the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem at 7 o'clock in the morning of June 24, 1899, after marching to the stove foundry, with the other prisoners, the convicts snatched up the rifles smuggled by friends and concealed in the morning of June 24, 1899, their murderous work, and commenced. Ferrell was shot in the foundry. With a shot at 100 yards Tracy brought down Guard E. B. T. Jones, who was on the north side of the wall. Tracy and Merrill wounded Prisoner Frank Ingram, who accidentally got in his way while obtaining a ladder to scale the walls. After scaling the walls Tracy and Merrill captured Guard E. B. T. Jones. Tracy shot them, and forcing him to act as a target for bullets, they made their way a few hundred yards. Answering a shot from the Penitentiary, Tracy took aim and shot down Guard Tiffany.

Returning to Salem the same night, the convicts held up J. W. Roberts and robbed him of his clothes, and also stole a team of horses. On June 25, 1899, Tracy and Merrill, the two men of the posse near Geravala, and stole a horse and buggy and a rifle. The posse continued in pursuit until a police patrol on Commercial street, where all trace was lost, the posse having passed through the cordon of militia the previous night.

On June 15 they stole two horses and a wagon at the Newburg road, near the suburbs of Portland in the early morning. They compelled W. W. Padlock, George Sunderland and Walter Burlingame to row them across the Columbia river, landing them at the point, a few miles above Vancouver, Wash.

Sheriff Marsh, of Clark County, followed by possees from Portland and Vancouver, captured the posse near the mouth of the point and disappeared in the timber. The next morning they held up a German farmer on North Plain, and again disappeared. The convicts bought food from woman at Young's Point and disappeared in the timber. The next morning they held up a German farmer on North Plain, and again disappeared. The convicts bought food from woman at Young's Point and disappeared in the timber. The next morning they held up a German farmer on North Plain, and again disappeared.

HOW PORTLAND RECEIVED NEWS.

People Gave a Sigh of Relief, and Expressed General Satisfaction.

When the news was announced in this city yesterday that Harry Tracy, murderer, robber and bad man generally, had committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver, people gave a sigh of relief, and more than one man said: "At last." All along many people have said that when Tracy found himself badly wounded and surrounded by a posse that was really bent on business he would take his life rather than face the gaol.

For the moment, business in banks, offices and stores was suspended, and both men and women discussed the end of Tracy and generally expressed satisfaction at his death. Teamsters stopped their horses on the street to buy a paper, and did not move until they had read the eventful news. A trolley car stopped at Sixth and Washington streets and a new-boy flung outside by yelling "All about it! death of T-r-a-c-y!" sold out his stock on the spot. The desire to buy newspapers even spread to Chinatown, and these cars were crowded with people. A less-fortunate countryman, a newboy rushed into a Washington-street saloon, giving the usual Tracy yell, and a man who was present says that all the other

tried to pull the train out. Weiner, in the meantime, ran along the side of the cars and endeavored to get the trainmen to pull the airbrake and stop the train. They evidently did not understand what he wanted, and continued to move. He held up the train on account of the shooting they had heard. The conductor at last pulled the airbrake and stopped the train, and Tracy jumped out of the engine and ran up Harrison street, with Weiner in close pursuit. A boy, Albert Wey, whose father kept a butcher shop on the corner of Fourth and Harrison streets, and who had been watching a few days previously by Tracy and Merrill, rushed into the butcher shop and got a double-barreled shotgun, and, taking aim at Tracy, shot him four times in the back. The pellets did not have any particular effect upon Tracy, who still continued his flight. He climbed a fence and dropped into the back yard of a house on Franklin street, where he hearing the noise outside, grasped his revolver and stepped out into the yard, and with the assistance of Weiner, he was taken into custody. Tracy was taken to the police station, and even in those early days, the boastful spirit of Harry Tracy asserted itself. He loudly proclaimed his identity, and, exultantly told of the number of people he and his friends had held up and robbed, not only in this city, but in Tacoma and Seattle. He and Merrill were placed in the county jail for safe keeping. While waiting to receive his accusers, Tracy made an attempt to escape by holding up the jailer, Ned Dougherty, who had started to take him from his cell to proceed to the courtroom. Someone had passed a revolver to Tracy, who flourished it threateningly, but just then ex-Sheriff Thomas Jordan came along with a gun and threatened the body with the revolver. Tracy's head if he did not drop his revolver instantly. Tracy, strange to say, did as desired, and he was taken upstairs to the courtroom, where he was sentenced to 20 years in the Oregon penitentiary and Merrill to 13 years.

TRACY'S PORTLAND RECORD.

After Terrorizing Community, He Was Captured and Sentenced.

According to the Portland police records, Tracy was born in Pittsville, Wis., in 1874, and the first time he is known to have been arrested was in Colorado in 1897, when he murdered a cattle dealer named V. S. Hoy, and William Strong. Tracy was imprisoned in Routt County Jail, in the town of Craig, where he was sentenced to death. He was captured and sent to Aspen, Colo., for safe keeping, but here he again broke jail. Tracy was next heard of in Utah, where he perpetrated a number of robberies. The body was ultimately lodged for a short time in the Utah penitentiary, but while outside the prison grounds engaged in road-scaling he held up one of the guards. The guard was compelled to give up his arms and clothing, and Tracy managed to get away.

AFTER OUTBREAK AT SALEM.

Career of Convicts and Killing of Merrill by Tracy.

Tracy and Merrill escaped from the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem at 7 o'clock in the morning of June 24, 1899, after marching to the stove foundry, with the other prisoners, the convicts snatched up the rifles smuggled by friends and concealed in the morning of June 24, 1899, their murderous work, and commenced. Ferrell was shot in the foundry. With a shot at 100 yards Tracy brought down Guard E. B. T. Jones, who was on the north side of the wall. Tracy and Merrill wounded Prisoner Frank Ingram, who accidentally got in his way while obtaining a ladder to scale the walls. After scaling the walls Tracy and Merrill captured Guard E. B. T. Jones. Tracy shot them, and forcing him to act as a target for bullets, they made their way a few hundred yards. Answering a shot from the Penitentiary, Tracy took aim and shot down Guard Tiffany.

Returning to Salem the same night, the convicts held up J. W. Roberts and robbed him of his clothes, and also stole a team of horses. On June 25, 1899, Tracy and Merrill, the two men of the posse near Geravala, and stole a horse and buggy and a rifle. The posse continued in pursuit until a police patrol on Commercial street, where all trace was lost, the posse having passed through the cordon of militia the previous night.

On June 15 they stole two horses and a wagon at the Newburg road, near the suburbs of Portland