

ANOTHER BOLD HOLD-UP.

Posse Passed House While the Outlaw Held Old Couple Prisoners.

SEATTLE, July 12.—By an exhibition of almost superhuman skill, daring and resource, Harry Tracy, the Oregon desperado, has escaped once more, and has put to shame the utmost efforts of the pursuers human and canine, who were yesterday expected to lay him cold in death before the shades of the evening fell.

The story of the outlaw's latest escape renders it no longer a question of doubt that he is a man of clear brain and indomitable will, and this new glimpse of his character makes it once more look as though his deed of blood may never be avenged.

While Sheriff Cuddehe and his posse of man-hunters were yesterday closing in on a swamp near Black Diamond in a northwesterly direction, the desperado had coolly back-tracked toward Seattle and at the very time the hopes of his pursuers were highest he was rapidly putting miles of swamp and forest between him and his foes.

The first news of this latest feature of the chase was sent to Seattle by a farmer named Ray, who lived near Auburn, and created no little excitement. According to his story, Tracy may at this moment be in Seattle, for at about 10 o'clock last night he left the farm of one Piopot, nine miles from Auburn, with the declared intention of returning to this city.

The story told by Piopot more than any other incident of the chase illustrated the daring of the desperado, as it also shows his remarkable cunning.

The story told by Piopot reads like the fantastic creation of some romancer's brain. He says:

"At about 6 o'clock last evening, while I was sitting out in front of my house, which is about nine miles from Auburn, a rough looking man came in by the front gate and walking up to me covered me with a rifle and ordered me into the house, saying, 'I am Harry Tracy; move quick and I won't hurt you, but I want something to eat and I want it quick.'

Realizing that I had to do with the murderer whom I knew all the posesses were chasing, and being an old man besides, I attempted no resistance, but walked to the house, where my wife was, as he told me to do. When he got inside he set down in a chair and told my wife to get him something to eat saying he was very tired and hungry and he certainly looked so.

"While she was preparing a meal for him I said: 'Tracy, I thought you were away over near Palmer. How did you get here?'

"'Why,' he said, 'that was easy. When they ran me into the swamp near Black Diamond I dodged around in the brush for a little while, then circled around and struck my own tracks away back where I was sure the posesses had passed. Then I just walked back along my own tracks for about five miles. I guess I fooled their dogs—legs all right, eh?' and he laughed heartily. They haven't got any dogs in this country that can catch me. It was mighty hard traveling, though," he said. I guess I must have covered pretty near 40 miles since last night [Thursday], and I have got a pretty bad leg here."

"He then pulled up the leg of his pants and showed me where his leg was all swollen up, he said. It looked as though it had been wounded, but he explained it by saying, 'You see, it's hard on a man lying out in the bush at night as I have been doing. I have been troubled with rheumatism a good deal for the last few days, and I guess the amount of ground I have covered has made it swell up like this. I hope it won't get worse. I guess I'll have to stop and rest it out.'

"During the time we were talking like this my wife was making the meal ready, and when she was finished Tracy sat down and ate heartily, making us sit down with him, but I must say we were too scared to eat. When he had finished he sat around for a while, waiting for my wife to get up some provisions, every little while taking a look out of the door to see if anyone was coming along the road, which was about 50 yards from the house.

"I should think we had been talking for nearly three hours—it must have been about 9 o'clock—when Tracy, who was looking out of the window, said, 'Don't let there be a posse now, and sure enough, when I looked out, there was a posse headed by Deputy Sheriff Fred Berner just walking past the house.

"Tracy didn't seem to be scared much. He pulled a revolver out of his pocket and laid it on the table beside him, all the time keeping a bead on Berner whom he could have killed as easy as anything. Then he turned around to me and said, 'See here, old people, there's going to be some fun here in a few minutes. I don't want you to get hurt, and you'd better get up into the other room and crawl under the bed. Hug the floor tight, for there'll be bullets flying here pretty d—d soon.'

"Of course I was badly scared as was my wife, and we did what he told us. For about 10 minutes we lay under that bed, too frightened to move or speak, when he came back and said, 'It's all right now. Those fools have gone on and it's a good thing for some of them that they minded their own business. Now, come on out of there and get me that grub. I guess its about time for me to be moving.'

"I think it must have been about 10 o'clock by this time. Tracy then led me by the hand to a horse to get to Buckley. I told him I had no horse, but he wouldn't believe me and made me take him out to the barn and show him that what I had said was the truth. He then told me that if I said anything about him being there he would come back and kill both me and my wife, and taking up the bundle of food my wife had made up, walked off into the dark, saying as he left that he was going straight to Seattle.

"As soon as he was gone, my wife, who was nearly frightened to death, made me take her to Ray's farm. We didn't tell Mr. Ray anything about what was the matter, for we were afraid, but asked to stay all night. Ray was suspicious that something was wrong, and asked us what it was but we were afraid to say. This morning, though, I told him what had happened, and he at once sent the news to Seattle."

As soon as the news of the latest escape of the desperado was received here more posesses were hastily organized and sent to guard the roads in the vicinity of where the outlaw was last seen, while a dispatch was sent to Sheriff Cuddehe informing him of the state of his

Would Not Be Stumped.

SUMPTER, July 12.—A tragedy occurred at Susanville July 3, which by some reason had not become generally known of until to-day. William Johnson, a young man well known in this section of the state, was shot and instantly killed by John Crisman, another well known man.

Bad blood had existed between the two for some time, and Johnson worsted Crisman in a fight before the shooting. Johnson, while a peaceful man, was very "handy with his fists," and at the time of the tragedy had just whipped a Swede who bantered him for a bout, when Crisman stepped up and made an insulting remark to him. This enraged Johnson, and he started for Crisman, when the bystanders interfered and held Johnson back.

Crisman drew a revolver, and Johnson taunted him by saying that he was a coward and wouldn't shoot anything. With this Crisman fired, shooting a man who held Johnson through the hand. The same bullet penetrated the latter's heart, and he fell dead. The citizens became indignant, and threats were freely made of lynching Crisman, but he hurriedly made his escape, and went to Canyon City and gave himself up for protection. Johnson and Crisman were both at one time residents of Sumpter, having worked here. The latter was in the saloon business at Susanville when the shooting occurred. Johnson was born and raised on Long Creek.

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Bloodhounds Not Infallible.

SEATTLE, July 12.—Illustrative of the peculiar events that have transpired in the Tracy hunt, are two instances where the hounds have taken the scent of two men who prove to be not the Oregon escape. The first instance was at Green Lake, in Seattle, last Wednesday night, and in the woods near the town of Covington, yesterday.

In both instances, the man was found, and of course was not Tracy. In both cases the dogs took the scent from blankets in which Tracy slept, while in Salem prison. Both times the hounds went along rapidly, in full cry, and the officers felt sure they were on the hot trail of the most-wanted man in Washington and Oregon.

The strange proposition has created no end of comment, and many are inclined to the belief that the dogs are almost worthless and should be sent home at once. Others are more lenient and think they may need a scent more recent from Tracy.

The Coal Mine Disaster.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa. July 12.—The extent of the horrible catastrophe of the Rolling Mill mine of the Cambria Steel Company, is now capable of being grasped. Early tonight, in spite of conflicting reports as to the number of dead, a careful and complete compilation by the Association Press shows that 112 is the exact number of bodies taken from the mine. Up to 6 o'clock this evening, 108 bodies had been recovered, and at 8 o'clock four more were brought to the surface.

To this list future explorations of the mine corridors may add a few more, but it is not to be expected that any more bodies could have been in the mine at the time of the life wrecking explosion of Tuesday are accounted for. Very few inquiries for missing have been made to the authorities or to the mine officials, and this, better than anything else, demonstrates the impossibility of many bodies still remaining in the death trap. Mine officials say there is no use attempting to estimate the number of dead. They say simply they do not know, and urge the futility of placing the matter on the basis of guess work. They express the belief, however, that all or almost all are out of the mine.

General Superintendent Robinson came out about 8 o'clock this evening, after an arduous day's exploration. He expressed his conviction that not more than five dead bodies would be added to the 112 already known.

Again the sea serpent has been sighted. According to a World dispatch from Halifax, it measures 200 feet in length and was observed by pilots of Cranberry Head. It is alleged to have come near the entrance of the harbor, and then passed on to the north. The American steam yacht Wacoona, with J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, and his party, was coming into the harbor at the time and, it is said, was obliged to haul out of the serpent's way.

H. C. Burrow, a steamboat man whose home is one mile east of Vancouver, thinks he has the smallest baby in the Northwest at his house. It is a girl, and was born June 28, when it weighed three pounds. It is now 15 inches tall, and its head is about the size of an average peach. Its feet are 1 1/2 inches long, and its forefinger passes readily through the eyelet in its mother's shoe.

A fresh eruption of Mount Pelee occurred during the morning of July 11. It was quite as violent as the one of the previous day, and was marked by loud detonations, followed by showers of stone and cinders, which fell on the communes of Basse Pointe, Morne Rouge and Fonds St. Denis. The population remained calm. There was no loss of life. The scientific mission which the Guedeloupe expedition, the news of the fresh eruption, has arrived at Fort de France.

There is apparently a disposition on the part of the Vatican to take advantage of the Philippine question to forward its desire for the establishment of diplomatic relations with the United States. The Vatican authorities hope that the question of the purchase of the friars' lands and other matters involving the payment of money will render indispensable the continuance of relations opened by Governor Taft for at least two years, while they are also hopeful of reserving the question of the withdrawal of the friars from the islands, so as to prolong the relations even longer.

Oregon counties for the last year, have been paying out nearly \$5000 for scalps of wild animals, principally coyotes. The county stands one-third of the amount, and the state two-thirds. The appropriation made by the Legislature of 1901 is already exhausted, and \$20,000 in claims are on file. The counties are relying on the next Legislature for reimbursement. Lane County, however, does not propose to pay out any more money on this supposition, and has made an order that no scalps will be accepted.

Wilhelm Busch, the German humorist and comic artist, received the following message from the kaiser the other day: "To the poet and artist whose splendid creations, full of genuine humor, will live imperishable among the German people, I express my sincere congratulations on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. May a beautiful evening be vouchsafed to his life. In gratitude for the many merry hours which you gave him—William, K. R."

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, unless cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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The Examiner says that the E. K. Wood Lumber Company, in addition to buying up \$3,000,000 worth of wood belonging to the Simpson Lumber Company, has bought all the spruce obtainable in the Western market. The company has also entered into arrangements with the Northern Box Factory Association, comprising