

HARRY TRACY RUN TO EARTH AT LAST

Wounded to Death By a Posse in Eastern Washington, He Shot Himself, and Thus Cheated The Gallows after a Chase of Sixty Days.

The Bloody Trail of the Murderous Escaped Convict from the Oregon Penitentiary, a Many Times Assassin, Came to an End When a Constable's Posse Cornered Him in a Wheat Field, after Breaking His Leg With Rifle Bullet—Many Claimants for the Reward—Body Will Probably Reach Salem This Evening.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 6.—Harry Tracy, the notorious outlaw, whose escapes have startled the Nation for the past sixty days, lies dead in Davenport, the county seat of Lincoln county. Sheriff's posses and others are disputing the ownership of his body.

Sheriff Cuddehe, of Seattle, who came across the state to take up the long and baffled chase, positively identified the outlaw at the inquest today.

Tracy's death was intensely tragic. For two days Tracy had terrorized the occupants of the Eddy ranch, out in the Lake Creek country, three miles from the little siding of Fellows on the Central Washington railroad. Then five determined citizens of Creston, hearing of his presence there, took their rifles and revolvers and went after him. They knew their business and did it without flinching.

When Tracy ran, they hung upon his flank as a dog hunts a hare to a hunted deer. Sighting the men and securing his rifle, Tracy sought cover behind a hay stack, escaping several rifle bullets. The posse then found cover behind a large rock, and for a while it looked like a siege. Then Tracy broke for a large boulder lying on the edge of a small wheat field, and this dash was his undoing, for just as he came to the rock he fell forward, a rifle bullet having broken his leg. He then plunged into the wheat, and his bloody trail there shows the savage determination of the man. For after receiving this wound, he crawled seventy-five yards on his hands and knees in order to reach a spot that would command the posse and enable him to pour a merciless fire on them. But once only was he able to fire from this vantage point. Then he was weakened by the loss of blood. He tried to staunch his cruel wound, failed, and with his own revolver he sent a bullet through his brain.

By this time dusk had fallen and the members of the posse were unaware of the whereabouts of his wound and fearing that his silence was intended to lure them into a deadly ambush, they posted themselves to prevent his escaping, and then patiently waited for dawn. During the night others came on the scene and joined in the cordon. At daylight they found the outlaw's dead body. None of the posse was wounded though all of them had some narrow escapes. When they were firing from the cover of their rock, they had to lift their heads above the cover, and every rifle rang out, and a bullet chipped the rock.

When the sheriff, with the body of Tracy, drove through Davenport hundreds of people followed up the street and crowded about the wagon. By the time the funeral procession reached Creston, and from every corner could be heard:

"Three cheers for Lincoln county." The town was wild. The morgue doors had to be closed, and the crowd was allowed in to see the body, and that is when trouble started. Everyone wanted a relic and most of them got it, for after a short time nothing was left on the body, and some eyes suggested that the body would be gone before midnight. Someone even picked up a blood-stained handkerchief, which had been used by Tracy to keep from bleeding to death. Before he could carry the awful relic, he had to do it up in a paper, as it was too wet to place in his pocket. Some one got the strap which had been pulled around Tracy's leg to keep him from bleeding to death. That too, was soaked with blood, which ran from the upper wound. Many locks of his hair were carried away, and in some places his head had been made bald. His trousers were cut into strips.

Tracy's Mistake.
SPOKANE, Aug. 6.—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 nifty outlaw held the family of Farmer L. B. Eddy under the subject. 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 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, not being unusual in his actions. Just as the boy was going to 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 am coming," commanded the outlaw.

Goldfinch readily complied, and started ahead to announce the coming guest. Tracy, however, kept close to 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. He wore blue trousers and vest, but no coat. The derby hat had a broken rim. The boy thought him a man of about 28 or 30 years of age.

Arriving at the Eddy ranch Goldfinch performed the service allotted to him, and soon informed the family whom the illustrious visitor was. This created no great stir at the ranch. Farmer Eddy and his son were taking their regular 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 holster 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 to inspect them, but it is said they took care not to have the muzzle of the guns pointing toward the outlaw. Tracy at this time had a revolver himself, and left an opening for the farmer to get the drop.

That the outlaw stood in no fear of his friends attempting 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 unsupplied. 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 that 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 heretofore made the outlaw apparently bullet proof, that this time caused his ruin. Goldfinch, instead of being sufficiently terrified to keep peace, soon spread the news and aroused a posse. Goldfinch was much excited and told a disconnected 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.

Fight in Detail.
SPOKANE, Aug. 6.—Harry Tracy is dead. The notorious criminal, convict, outlaw, desperado and multi-murderer, 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 grasping the famous 30-30 rifle and 44-calibre Colt's revolver. The resting place was in a wheat field near the Eddy home, where Tracy had spent the past few days, and whither he had been tracked by his hunters.

A party from Creston, Wash., had the honor of running to earth the notorious outlaw and are due to receive the reward of \$5,000 offered by the Governors of Oregon and Washington and by private individuals. The party was made up of the following citizens of Creston: C. A. Straub, deputy sheriff; Dr. E. C. Lester, Maurice Smith, attorney, and J. J. McGinnis, a railway section foreman. These four men, armed to the teeth and bent on achieving success where others had failed, set out from Creston yesterday afternoon about 2 o'clock. They were working on the information of the Goldfinch youth, who had been forcibly made the companion of the Oregon convict for over twenty-four hours at the Eddy ranch and proved said information to be well founded and worthy of their belief.

Proceeding in a southeasterly direction for about eleven miles, the pursuing party made all the possible haste in getting near the ranch of L. B. Eddy, which is situated on Lake Creek, about three miles directly south of Fellows, on the Washington Central Railway. On the Washington side is what is called "Leak," and when near the ranch the

party took all precautions as to ambushes or anything that might lead to a surprise.

The Outlaw Sighted.
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.

"It 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 accompanied Eddy 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 men stepped behind the barn on a slight eminence from which they could watch every thing 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 revolvers in place.

The fugitive saw the men carrying the rifles, and turning sharply on Farmer Eddy, said: "Who are these men?" "I don't see any men," said the host. Whereupon 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 us 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 into 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, and started on a dead run down 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. The hunters were on in pursuit, firing as rapidly as possible at the fleeing figure of their quarry. Pursued and pursued 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.

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 of 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.

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. As soon as the first ray of morning light reddened the eastern sky it was possible for the hunters to see everything going on around them, and 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 very evidently committed suicide as the last of a long list of crimes.

The body was lying face upwards. The left hand, thrown over the head, held a 45-calibre Colt's revolver, with which he 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 his 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.


AN INCENTIVE FOR HOEING
YAKIMA WOMAN DIGS UP MONEY WHILE CULTIVATING HER GARDEN.
NORTH YAKIMA, Wash., Aug. 6.—Mrs. F. A. Ehmer, of Sunnyside, Yakima county, has hoed out \$32.25 from her garden. She was weeding a hard, shiny substance, and proved to be a silver dollar. Then the woman dropped on her knee, raked carefully about and soon brought forth a \$20 gold piece. A few more scratches and she had a handful of silver and gold.

She hurried to the house and washed the money. On counting it, she had a \$20 and a \$10 gold piece and several small silver pieces, the total amounting to \$32.25. An investigation led to the belief that the money had been lost by a former resident of the place. She inquired of the neighbors and finally located a man who had lived there two years ago. He was J. T. Baird, a pharmacist, employed in the Sunnyside drug store.

The woman felt the money did not belong to her and was uneasy. She searched for the drugist and returned the money to the loser. He stated that he had lost the coins two years ago. He kept the \$20 piece and gave the woman the remainder. She returned to her home a happier woman, and carried \$12.25 as a reward for honesty. Other gardens are being weeded in anticipation of finding buried treasures.

Never Knew Painkiller to Fail
before, what can the matter be? Where is the bottle? There, I thought so. It is not Perry Davis' Painkiller at all, but something the drugist must have made himself and I did not notice it. I have used Painkiller for years for diarrhea, cramps and stomach aches and it never failed."

Legal Hanks, Statesman Job Office.



When love awakes the woman is born. Between woman and man love looks to marriage, and into the pure and modest dreams of the young maiden, love brings hints and hopes of that "happy household clime" to enjoy which she will leave family and friends. As a rule her only preparations for this great change are love and innocence. No man enters on a calling without some knowledge of his undertaking or some qualification for success. In most cases years of preparation are spent in order to acquire a reasonable fitness for the chosen occupation. Yet most young women enter upon the obligations of wifehood, not merely innocent but absolutely ignorant of the physical needs and requirements of the married state. It follows as a natural consequence of this ignorance that many a young wife finds the paradise of her dreams to be only an arid desert. Her very innocence and ignorance are her foes. She plods on in a daily pilgrimage of pain, suffering in silence. She does not know why she suffers. She is afraid or ashamed to ask the questions that live in her heart but die upon her lips.

Preparation for marriage is more important than preparation for any occupation or calling. Not only the wife's health and happiness, but the health and happiness of the little ones who may call her mother depend on this preparation. It is essential that there shall be a condition of womanly well-being. The simple derangement of the girl may become the dangerous disease of the wife. This is so often the case that tens of thousands of women are suffering because they are not prepared for marriage, and afterward did not know how to cure the weakness and disease which laid hold upon them. That such weak and sick women can be restored to health and strength is proven by the thousands of cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"About three months after I was married I became in a delicate condition, but I did not know what was the matter with me," writes Mrs. John Hennis, of Munson Station, Pa. "I was so sick and nervous, was not able to do any work at all; had to hire it all done. My husband's mother had been using your remedies, and one day she came over to see me and brought some of your 'Favorite Prescription' with her, and she said, 'Take that medicine—I know it will help you.' I took it and it did help me, and I got better of the bad feelings I had and I commenced taking it; was soon able to do my work myself. I took the medicine right along till after baby came, and I can safely say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is better than all the other doctors' medicines put together. Now I am happy and well, and the people who saw me before when I was sick and see me now have said, 'How well you look,' and they ask me what I got to make me so well. I quickly tell them the same medicine through my advice, and they have been greatly benefited, too."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best preparative for marriage. It cures womanly diseases and establishes a condition of sound health. It promotes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, giving the mother strength to nurse and nourish her child.

Mrs. Studdard concludes her letter given below by saying that "Favorite Prescription" makes one feel well and strong. It makes women feel well and strong because it really makes them well and strong. This is the common experience of women who have fairly and faithfully used this medicine as a cure for womanly diseases. There is not a form of womanly disease curable by medicine which has not been cured by the use of "Favorite Prescription."

"During my two years of married life I have not had good health," writes Mrs. Daisy Studdard, of 608 South Epland Ave., Leavenworth, Kans. "I was all run-down, and my husband got me to write to Dr. Pierce and explain my case to him and see if he could do me any good. So I wrote, and thank the Lord, I got an early reply telling me what the trouble was. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and now can say I feel like a new woman, and can say also that we have a big baby four months old. When the baby came it was just wonderful how I got along, and now I do all my own work and do not feel tired out like I used to. I have taken eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription.' It makes one feel well and strong. We owe our good health to God and to Dr. Pierce through what his wonderful medicines have done for us."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed by Dr. Pierce and his staff in personal consultations with sick women, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

If a dealer offers a substitute, claiming it to be "just as good" as "Favorite Prescription," remember that the only motive for substitution is to enable the dealer to make the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

WRECKED BY WATER
TOURIST'S TRAIN THROWN IN THE DITCH IN COLORADO—A CLOUD-BURST.

FLORENCE, Colo., Aug. 6.—A Rio Grande special passenger train from the East, bound to California and conveying 300 tourists, is in the ditch just east of Florence, near Swallows. The wreck was caused by the train being struck by a wall of water eight feet high, coming down Peck Creek, caused by the heavy rains in the mountains south of here yesterday. The brakesman saw the torrent when it was only a short distance from the train. He rushed through the eight coaches and told the passengers on the two rear cars to hurry to the front of the train. Just as the last tourist left the rear coach, the water struck the cars, and breaking the coupling pins, hurled them into the air and landed them 40 feet from the track. The trucks were knocked off the day coach, which, after striking the ground went down fifteen feet into the mud. The sleeper was thrown against the farm house of J. P. Roberts, which was occupied by himself, wife and three children. The coach formed a wall and turned the water from the house, thus saving the building from going into the river and also the lives of its occupants.

The engine was badly damaged by the water, but managed to pull the two cars remaining on the track some distance from the flood, and they are now occupied by the tourists and trainmen. A wrecking train was ordered from St. Louis. Agents "Wanted," of Florence, said that three miles of track had been washed out below Swallows. Several

robberies were committed on the wrecked train.

LITTLE GIRL RUNS AWAY
TWELVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF TACOMA WOMAN MISSING FOR FIVE DAYS.

TACOMA, Aug. 6.—Mary, the 12-year-old adopted daughter of Mrs. Esther Warner, of Brookdale, near this city, is missing. She disappeared last Friday afternoon without saying anything about where she intended going or that she intended leaving. She was clad in old clothing when she left. Friday night she appeared at the home of a neighbor and expressed a desire to remain for the night. She insisted on remaining in the barn as she wished to get up early in the morning. Since this time she has not been seen by her friends. The whole country round about Brookdale has been engaged in a search for the missing girl. The child was adopted two years ago by Mrs. Warner, and he appeared to be satisfied with her surroundings. She has blue eyes, brown hair, a round face, and is of possessing appearance. The police are at work on the case, but so far without a clue.

"I stood in a draught with my coat off and caught this wretched cold," says the sufferer. He need not pay heavy penalty if he follows his act of folly with an act of wisdom. Soak the feet in hot water with a few teaspoonfuls of Perry Davis' Painkiller in it. Take a teaspoonful of Painkiller in hot sweetened water at bed time and be thankful for so simple and speedy a way to break up a cold. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

THE KING RETURNS
LONDON, Aug. 6.—King Edward went to Buckingham Palace today. He stood up in his carriage, bowing to the people along the route.

Judging by the appearance, the King is not only better, but will be able to go through the coronation ceremony, and will be perfectly capable of performing all the functions of the service without discomfort. His return to London was accomplished without any ill effects, and his first public appearance since the operation delighted even those who had the most serious apprehensions with regard to the King's condition.

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 treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

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.

J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.