

He Impersonated Tracy

Seattle, July 28.—William Nixon, lying in the receiving tank in the city prison, bruised and battered to a point of almost absolute insensibility, can count himself one of the luckiest of men. That he is not in charge of Coroner Hoyer instead of the chief of police, with a half dozen bullets through his body, is almost a miracle. He impersonated Tracy. What was worse, he fell into the hands of Joe Williams, brother of the deputy sheriff who was seriously wounded by the notorious outlaw, and Policeman Flanagan, whose heart's desire is an encounter with the convict murderer.

For five days Nixon had been hunted through the disorderly district by policemen, detectives and deputy sheriffs. Even Sheriff Cuddehe himself made a trip below Yessler to search for a trace of the man who so brazenly declared himself to be a man for whose head a small fortune is offered.

Though Nixon bears little resemblance to Tracy, he told such a credible story of his travels and how he had reached Seattle, that he had the woman he selected for his victim believing to a certainty that she was talking to none other.

The arrest of Nixon yesterday morning was the culmination of a scare that has kept at least four people in a tremor of excitement since last Monday night. On that night Nixon first made his appearance in the guise of the convict at the Alhambra music hall. The place is conducted by Joe Williams. He was immediately noticed by one of the women performers. She was near him when he entered, and was the first to attract his attention. She complied with his request to sit down beside him and began chatting with him.

"Don't be surprised when I tell you I'm Tracy," the stranger said shortly, just after taking his seat. "I know you don't believe me, but don't you dare make a move that'll give me away, or you will suffer the consequences."

So seriously was the declaration made and so menacing the attitude of the man, the woman immediately jumped to the conclusion that he was the real outlaw. Knowing of Tracy's kindly feeling for all women, she had no fear of immediate danger and started in to make the best of affairs. Nixon said he did not have any money or he would buy a drink. Then he made her buy two glasses of beer. She signed a credit tab for this. With an air of suspicion when she had done with the little slip of paper, the stranger grabbed it from her hand and scrutinized it closely.

"I was afraid you were making an attempt to warn some one that I was here," he said, after the waiter had returned to the bar with the paper that had been returned after Nixon's inspection.

In such cleverly grasped opportunities as this the pseudo outlaw carried out his part so well that the woman was convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was talking with the noted desperado. She was helpless to call some one to overpower him, because of the continual threats he made. He told in detail of his trip from the neighborhood of Renton to Seattle, complaining of rheumatism, brought on by wading on the tide flats part of the way. This, he said, he had done to throw off Guard Carson's bloodhounds. He was weary, he said, and almost broken down from fatigue. His face was haggard and served to corroborate this statement. During the conversation people approached several times and the woman was called for by others on three occasions. She was compelled to refuse steadily, however, because of renewed threats.

Finally admonishing the woman never to tell of his visit, Nixon left the hall. The woman thought the proposition all over and kept silent for half an hour. She believed it would be extremely dangerous to divulge her secret, but was also frightened at the thought of again being thrown into involuntary association with such a notorious character. She decided the best thing to do would be to tell what she knew. This she did, making Williams her sole confidant. Williams grew angry at the thought that the desperado who had nearly killed his brother had been sitting within a few feet of him for two hours. Knowing it was futile to begin a search at that time, he began to lay plans for the future.

The strange visitor had shown that he was attracted by the performer. Williams judged from this that he was certain to return. He first called Policeman Chipman, who patrols the beat along Occidental. He got the woman to relate the strange story to the officer. Chipman immediately joined with Williams in

the plan for the capture. He also believed the man would return.

No one had noticed the man with more than a passing glance. For that reason it would be difficult to recognize him without the aid of the woman. She heroically agreed to point him out, however, in case he did return.

Chipman hovered near the place continually for several nights. No Tracy appeared, however. Detectives followed clues in the matter and the stranger was not seen again, except Wednesday night, until Saturday about midnight. The woman reported seeing her admirer disappearing in an alleyway on Washington street in company with two other men Wednesday night. They were evidently trying to keep out of sight of two policemen who stood across the street. Sheriff Cuddehe, whose interest had been gained, waited around the theater for several hours Thursday night.

Very late Saturday night the stranger slipped into the hall quietly and took a seat by the woman. She immediately recognized him and began talking, all the time watching to catch Williams' eye. Nixon had his hat pulled down far over his eyes and watched on every side. He began to speak of Tracy's pursuers.

"I would like to find that sheriff in a good place," he said. "I just want one chance at him. This man Williams who runs this place is the brother of the man I shot in the fight near Bothell, isn't he? Well, I am awful sorry I had to shoot Jack, but it was a close fight and I had to make an awful big play to get out of there. Joe would be glad to get a chance at me, wouldn't he? He's taking a very foolish view of this matter. If he wants to get at me, though, I guess I can shoot just as fast as he can."

Williams happened to glance in the direction of the table. He saw the woman looking at him. She winked one eye and nodded her head slowly. This was the prearranged signal. Williams, surprised, grabbed his revolver and looked at the man. He could not see his face very plainly, though, because of the lowered hat brim. With apparent unconcern, he strolled out the doorway onto the street. He looked for Chipman but could not find him in the immediate vicinity. Luckily, however, he encountered Policeman Flanagan. The latter was willing to go after the man he believed to be Tracy.

Williams returned to the hall and took a position in front of the man, holding his cocked revolver ready to shoot, concealed under his coat. Flanagan advanced from the rear, having entered through a back door. The pair talked on, the man not suspecting that two men were prepared at the least move to blow his brains out. Flanagan moved quietly up to his back. With a lunge he pushed the muzzle of the revolver into the man's ribs.

"Hands up! Make a bad move and you die!"

Without the least excitement the covered man languidly arose from his chair. Flanagan was not sure of his man and naturally was averse to taking the life of an innocent man. Instead of shooting he brought down his fist on the man's head. A fight followed. Bruises from fists, a policeman's club and a beer mug may be seen on all parts of Nixon's body. He was taken to police headquarters entirely unconscious and remained so for several hours. There a comparison of his features was made with a photograph of Tracy. It was quickly seen that the desperado's character had been assumed.

Williams and Flanagan breathed sighs of relief, because they had refrained from shooting. Because of the scare that had been given them, though, they felt no regret for the blows inflicted. Only a very light sentence can be imposed on Nixon for his foolhardy deed, as no specific charge covering his case can be made. However, the police think it possible that he may know something about Tracy and that his venture was made as part of some kind of a plan of the convict. They will endeavor to find out what the man knows when he regains control of his faculties.

Will Release Them Tomorrow

Chicago, July 28.—Judge Dunne today notified State Attorney Dineen that he would tomorrow release Charles W. Spaulding, formerly treasurer of the University of Illinois and president of the Globe Savings Bank on a writ of habeas corpus unless the state's attorney could show conclusively that the law under which Spaulding was convicted of embezzlement is not special legislation.

Comfortable rooms, rates reasonable. Rainier House, King street, near post office.

Aboriginal Farming

In his original state the North American Indian was generally more of a farmer than most people are willing to believe. Long before the whites came to this continent he was, in many localities, reaping tolerably good crops. In the eastern portions of the continent they were usually planted and tended by the women, the men occupying themselves at hunting or fighting. Thus the relegation of the farming to the women was merely a division of labor made necessary by the condition of tribal society in certain regions at that period.

Their only gain was what has since been called Indian corn, not because it was derived from India, as its name indicates, but because it was discovered in the possession of the aborigines here who, in their turn, through the mistake of the first Spaniards, had been erroneously termed Indians. The proper name for this corn is maize.

Contrary to the habit of the Algonquins and other Indians of the regions east of the Mississippi, the Moki and his immediate kin exacted none of the field-work from the women. The men tended the crops, while the women looked after the household affairs very much as our own women do, except that they went a step or two further and also built the house, which it may be added, was a very good one.

When the corn was brought to them they ground it as they still do today and then they made it into peculiar but excellent, nutritious bread. In their arid country there was little game to hunt, so the man's time was free for his farming, leaving the women, who, unlike the Indian women of the east, were in no danger from enemies of other tribes in the villages on the mesa tops.

Planting is done with a dibble, which is a stick with a sharpened point and a shoulder at right angles on one side for receiving a foot-pressure. With this implement a hole several inches deep is made into which the grains of corn are dropped.

When there are showers, and these come rather frequently during the growing season, all the men having fields in the same neighborhood are called out by the proper official, no matter what the time of day or night, and they descend to the valley, there to assist each other in guiding the shower waters in and out among the growing crops wherever such procedure is possible.

With their hoes they rapidly construct little earth dams across streamlets and "washes" and thus cause the flowing waters to be concentrated for better manipulation. And, as of course, these operations are considered when the crops are put in, it is generally possible to secure considerable irrigation in this manner from passing showers that would otherwise be of slight service. Some of the Indians of the southwest, particularly those of a bygone day, extended this principle of irrigation to the utilization of living streams, and in many places are still to be seen the remnants of irrigating ditches which often stretched across the country for miles.

The corn that was grown centuries ago was often larger and firmer than that of today, a fact that is established by the specimens found in ruins. The readers wonder just here, no doubt, how grains of corn could be preserved so long even in the dry air of the southwest, but when it is explained that this corn was rendered into pure and indestructible carbon by the burning of the house or other shelter where it was stored, the matter becomes clear enough. Some of the grains of corn thus made into charcoal by the cruelty of an enemy, or the misfortune of a moment, are as large and full and well developed as any that can be found even in the Iowa of our day, proving that the old methods of working and irrigation were entirely effective.

The Moki corn comes up bushy and not very high, but it produces a generous number of ears, not large, to be sure, but abundant enough to make up for deficiency in size.

Besides the corn they also grow watermelon, peppers and squashes, and in favored spots, cotton and peaches. On the uncultivated stretches which occupy the main portion of the region, flocks of sheep are grazed, and donkeys and "burros," and if one of the latter so far forgets himself as to intrude on a corn field and regale his palate with the juicy plant, one of his ears is cut off as punishment. A second offense causes the loss of the other ear, giving the animal a grotesque look.

The corn, having at last ripened under the glorious autumnal sun of Arizona, in spite of drought and raven and donkey, the latter snail-paced steed is driven down to the fields and there laden with the golden and purple ears in bags with which he ascends to the summit of the mesa in response to the loud "sho-o-o-o"

of the driver and an occasional punch with a stick.

Many a man takes a load himself by the shorter trail and lands it at his home without apparent fatigue. So accustomed to this climbing up and down are they that their muscles are hardened and their lungs developed till it is done with little effort. All the houses have flat roofs, and on these the corn is spread out to dry and harden for storage in the rooms set aside for the purpose, where the ears are not thrown in a heap, but are most carefully laid up with precision and regularity.

At least a year's supply is always kept on hand to guard against a failure of crops and consequent famine, but nevertheless they usually have a good deal to sell. Watermelons are also piled up in storage in the same way as the corn, in the secluded inner rooms, and so thoroughly dry and aseptic is this wonderful air of Arizona that the watermelons are easily kept over till the following February at least.

They Want the Dust

Vancouver is making a determined pull for the output of the Klondike placards are being put up today over town announcing that the Dominion assay office at that point will pay the full assay value for all dust when presented with the certificate showing the royalty to have been paid. No charge is made for assaying the dust.

\$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one maltese dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince.
F. J. HEMEN.
Klondike Nugget.

New Collars, New Ties, New Belts,
JUST OPENED AT
SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTER New Type

Alaska Flyers

...OPERATED BY THE...
Alaska Steamship Co.

DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days

SCHEDULE

DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, July 22; August 1, 11, 21, 31; Sept. 10, 20, 30.

HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, July 27th; August 6, 16, 26; Sept. 5, 15, 25.

Also A-1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt.
606 First Avenue, Seattle.

ELMER A. FRIEND,
Skagway Agent

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to
Pacific Steam
Whaling Co.

FOR

Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS In Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails from Juneau on First of Each Month

OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yesler Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street

Burlington Route

No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read

Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT

M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.



He Followed It....

SO DO WE.

If You Want Up-to-date Stationery SEE US.
All the Latest Face Type; all Latest Shades,
Colors and Novelties in Job Stock.

REMEMBER.....

Rush Jobs Are Still
Our Delight.

JOBS PROMISED TOMORROW DELIVERED TODAY.

Give US a Trial Order and Keep Up With the Times.

The Nugget Job Printing Department

Telephone No. 12

North Side of King Street, East of Post Office