

BUD BLUNT IN UGLY MOOD.

Story of a Conductor Who Had Him for a Passenger.

A man with a thermometer in his neck ought to prove a drawing card in a dime museum; but it is not at all probable that the only living curiosity of the kind can ever be induced to pose before the public in any such attitude. He achieved all the notoriety he cared for when he got the thermometer, and he is entirely content to earn his livelihood in the service of the Frisco railroad; and the fame he has as one of the brightest specimens in this section of the world and a shining light as an officer in the grand commandery, Knights Templar, satisfies his modest ambition. His name is John Gillies. He has been in St. Louis during the past week attending the session of the Grand Masonic bodies, and quite a conspicuous figure he has been about the hotels, at Masonic hall and other places where Masons most have congregated. But it was not as a Masonic dignitary that he acquired the unique distinction of being the only man in the world with a thermometer in his neck, but as a conductor on the Frisco railroad; and the man who put that thermometer in his neck is now serving a life term in the Missouri penitentiary, the death penalty imposed upon him by the court in McDonald county having been commuted by the governor. His name is Bud Blunt, and in his time he was as notorious a character as Bill Cook or any of his confreres in outlawry. Bud Blunt wound up his criminal career by brutally and wantonly murdering Jack Majors, a brakeman on John Gillies' train, and then trying to kill Conductor Gillies. In the latter effort he failed, was disarmed by Gillies, knocked out in a hand-to-hand combat, and finally landed where he now languishes. The desperate fight for life between John Gillies and Bud Blunt took place at night on the steps and platform between two coaches of a passenger train traveling at a speed of 30 miles an hour. John Gillies is not fond of talking of it, hero though it made of him. But he was prevailed upon by a few friends to tell the story the other day, and it was the writer's privilege to be of the listening party.

ed at my head. I don't know why he didn't shoot. He put up his gun, and after a few seconds I went on. Just then Jack Majors, all unconscious of the threats of the bloody-minded outlaw, came through the train calling the name of the next station. Blunt followed me out on the platform. I heard Jack's voice, and, fearing the killer would recognize him and execute his threat, I tried to hold his attention. We were on the platform in the dark, save for the glimmer of my lantern. Blunt had his gun in his hand, and was crowding up against me. I feared he meant to crowd me or throw me from the train, and regretting greatly my carelessness in not arming myself when he first became troublesome, my brain worked with marvellous rapidity. I thought of a thousand ways to deliver myself from the fellow. I might smash his head with my lantern, but it was on my left arm, and before I could make use of it he would blow my brains out. I might possibly reach the bell cord, but that would only cause him to shoot quicker. I thought of my ticket punch and wished it weighed ten times as much as it did; then I might serve me for a weapon. All this time, revolver in hand, he was cursing and crowding me, and I was trying to reason with him. I was forced to step down from the platform on to the steps. The train was going completely at his mercy. He meant to push me from the train and shoot me as I fell. I thought of all these things, and then thought of a possible escape. Grasping the iron hand rail on the side of the step I was standing on, I suddenly pushed me from the train and shot me as I fell. I thought of all these things, and then thought of a possible escape. Grasping the iron hand rail on the side of the step I was standing on, I suddenly pushed me from the train and shot me as I fell. I thought of all these things, and then thought of a possible escape. Grasping the iron hand rail on the side of the step I was standing on, I suddenly pushed me from the train and shot me as I fell.

was made to assassinate me. I was shot at in my house, but escaped. For a long time I never went from the station to my house without carrying a revolver in my hand. A desperado named Mike Donohue came all the way from California, where Blunt had made a bloody record, for the purpose of killing me. A brother Mason, with whom I had no acquaintance, sent me a warning. He said Mike had shipped his Winchester by express and would get it at Monett. He gave me such an accurate description that a few days after I recognized the fellow standing by the steps of a car of my train at Vinita. I hesitated a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, I said: "Hello, Mike! What brought you here?" "He said that I had the best of him; that his name was not Mike, and that he didn't know me." "Oh, you're all right," I said, "you are Mike Donohue. I've all know about you. You're long ways from home, aren't you? How's everything in California? When are you going back?" "He looked dismayed, and then disgusted, and said he guessed he would go back again this night; and guess he did, for we never saw anything more of him, but we traced the Winchester through the express office." "In the course of time, all the law's delays being exhausted, Blunt was tried at Pineville, in McDonald county, and sentenced to be hanged. Executive clemency, however, saved his neck, and he is now in the penitentiary. It took a long while to get the powder out of my face, but the wound in my neck healed up nicely. The little scar it left, though, is as good a thermometer as I need. It tells me with perfect accuracy just when we are to have a frost, and I would rather regulate my habits as to whether it is than by Uncle Sam's signal service." "After Blunt was convicted there was something of a howl among his friends, and the company thought I would be better off out of that country until the trouble blew over. Accordingly, a conductor was sent to relieve me, and I was given a choice of several runs eastward. I refused to obey the order and demanded my time. I did not propose to be driven out of the country. My home is at Monett, my interests are all in that section, and well, I'm still running my train on that division, and I believe I have more friends there than ever before. It is beautiful country, and with Bill Cook in the Albany penitentiary, the reign of outlawry is at an end. The people said the ruffians must go, and they have gone."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER. The Unfortunate Position of the Government on the Manitoba School Question. The Views of Bishop Lafleche, who Avers That He is Not a Politician. (From our own Correspondent.) Ottawa, June 30.—If no further legislation than that which is now before parliament be presented to the house then there is no reason in the world why prorogation should not be reached within a week's notice. There are no bills of any consequence standing in the name of the government. And those which are on their way through the house are well advanced. The estimates for the coming fiscal year are pretty well through, and a few days will suffice to clear up the whole. The prorogation session were an ordinary one prorogation would be reached next Saturday, but the present is not by any means an ordinary time with the administration, and no body can tell what will appear next. The government are hopelessly divided on many important issues, but more especially in regard to the school question. The session was called for the purpose of carrying out legislation, which was defeated in view of the passing of this remedial order, if Premier Greenway refused to establish the old separate schools in the province of Manitoba. Mr. Greenway has sent a courteous answer to the federal authorities telling them that he cannot obey the mandate. That answer arrived here to-day and by Tuesday next the government ought to have its legislation ready if it intends to legislate on the matter this session. Premier Bowell and other members of the government were very pronounced in the early part of the session as to the determination of the government to do "its duty" should the province refuse to obey the remedial order. But a great change has come over the cabinet since then, and we hear no more of the government's anxiety to coerce Manitoba. It was through the workings of the government that Lord Aberdeen called Premier Greenway to Ottawa. Mr. Foster stated in the house that the interviews which took place between Mr. Greenway and Lord Aberdeen were not, properly speaking, negotiations, and they were not conducted on the advice of the government. At any rate they were carried out without the knowledge of the government. This was the start of the back-down by the government. Since that time the government has been advised by a large number of its Ontario followers that they cannot support the remedial order. All the Conservative papers of the province are against interference. In the face of these protests the government cannot well move. Then if it does not carry out its arrangement with the French ministers the late Premier Bowell, the cabinet, so that this being the condition of affairs here no one can tell what to expect, far less to suggest that prorogation is as near at hand as the order paper would indicate. When the government started out with its remedial order to politically destroy Mr. Laurier, that being the avowed object of Premier Bowell and his following, they did not altogether calculate what they were doing. In the hands of the alliance that existed between Bowell and the hierarchy it is only necessary to read Bishop Lafleche. Then, again, we have heard from Bishop Lafleche. The views of Mgr. Lafleche, Bishop of the River, are given by L'Espresso, of Louisville, in a report of a meeting of the churchwardens of the parish of Louisville, Maskinonge county. In addressing those present, Mgr. Lafleche spoke of the persecution of the Manitoba Catholics by the Liberal party, when Mr. Laurier, Liberal M. P. for the county, put the following question to his lordship: "Was the Federal government to blame for not having exercised its power of veto?" To this question Mgr. Lafleche replied in substance as follows: "Mr. Laurier, I am not a politician, and I do not intend meddling in politics; but since you ask me for my opinion on this grave question of the Manitoba schools, I will give it to you immediately. If the government had exercised its right of veto this most important question would never have been settled. The Conservative party took the only means which the law offered to render full and entire justice to the Catholics. Far from blaming the government, we ought to thank it." Mr. Laurier, the leader of the Liberal party, declared to me personally that he preferred neutral schools to free schools. This is a grave error. Neutral schools are worse than free schools. I have seen Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and he is altogether in favor of separate schools. The leader of the Conservative party has revealed himself the friend of justice and equity. The Liberals were greatly in the wrong in making a political question out of the school question." This, then, is how the school question is being used by the government. The Liberals have never desired to make any political issue of this matter. On the contrary they regret that it should be dragged into the political arena so as to prevent a strong fight on the trade issue. What the Liberals want is to meet their opponents before the electors on the merits of a tariff for revenue only as against protection. To evade this the government is willing to throw the whole Dominion into a religious squabble over the question of separate schools in Manitoba. SLABTOWN. Conceited Dude—"I am looking for a better home. Have you sense enough to tell me where he lives?" "No," replied the man who has sense enough to tell you; but if he's mighty doubtful I be whether you have since enuff ter understand."

INFERNAL MACHINE AGAIN. Addressed to a Woman in Centralia—No Damage. Tacoma, Wash., July 8.—Mrs. Mattie Chambers, of Centralia, has received an infernal machine. Her father says a box containing the machine was addressed to her by a Christian Church minister who was filled by Mrs. Chambers about a year ago and was last heard from at Raleigh, N. C. A year ago the minister promised to go away and not press his suit longer, but hearing a rumor coupling Mrs. Chambers' name with that of William Hale of Centralia, he wrote her several letters objecting to Hale's attention. No attention was paid to his missives; then the infernal machine arrived. It consisted of a box made to hold a physician's thermometer with a piece of sand paper under the lid. A fulminating cap, parlor match and a bit of rubber band were arranged to ignite the match and cap, and cause a large dynamite bomb, just beneath the cover, to explode when the lid was withdrawn. The county postmaster's curiosity probably saved the woman's life, as he pried open the box when he saw the end of the sand paper projecting through a break in the package. Unguarded—"I had a singular experience last Tuesday. You know I'm not like like rain and the weather prophets predicted rain?" "Atom—" "Yes." "Well, I brought my umbrella, rain coat, and rubber shoes down town that morning." "Yes." "Well, it rained."

WHEN OTHERS FAIL CONSULT



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Don't fool yourself, was the reply. That's Bud Blunt. He's not drunk, and he's got a big knife and means to kill somebody.

"This made me think I had better get something with which to protect myself, and I thought I would get the expressman's revolver. As I passed Blunt he again stopped me. The lights were not very good in the car, and I flashed my lantern, around so as to get a good look at him. I did not think he was at all drunk. He repeated his demand for the brakeman, coupled with a declaration of intent to kill, and I again tried to quiet him with kind words and passed on. As I walked away I noticed there was a great ducking of heads, women putting their children under seats, and men endeavoring to get down behind the backs of seats. I wheeled round and Bud Blunt had his gun pointed

at my head. I don't know why he didn't shoot. He put up his gun, and after a few seconds I went on. Just then Jack Majors, all unconscious of the threats of the bloody-minded outlaw, came through the train calling the name of the next station. Blunt followed me out on the platform. I heard Jack's voice, and, fearing the killer would recognize him and execute his threat, I tried to hold his attention. We were on the platform in the dark, save for the glimmer of my lantern. Blunt had his gun in his hand, and was crowding up against me. I feared he meant to crowd me or throw me from the train, and regretting greatly my carelessness in not arming myself when he first became troublesome, my brain worked with marvellous rapidity. I thought of a thousand ways to deliver myself from the fellow. I might smash his head with my lantern, but it was on my left arm, and before I could make use of it he would blow my brains out. I might possibly reach the bell cord, but that would only cause him to shoot quicker. I thought of my ticket punch and wished it weighed ten times as much as it did; then I might serve me for a weapon. All this time, revolver in hand, he was cursing and crowding me, and I was trying to reason with him. I was forced to step down from the platform on to the steps. The train was going completely at his mercy. He meant to push me from the train and shoot me as I fell. I thought of all these things, and then thought of a possible escape. Grasping the iron hand rail on the side of the step I was standing on, I suddenly pushed me from the train and shot me as I fell. I thought of all these things, and then thought of a possible escape. Grasping the iron hand rail on the side of the step I was standing on, I suddenly pushed me from the train and shot me as I fell.

—Thomas Carter, a boy, was the victim of a rather unfortunate incident yesterday. He was walking on Government street and when near Fisguard street a couple of dogs started after him, and he threw a rock at one of them. The rock struck the sidewalk, bounded in the air and struck a Chinaman over the eye, inflicting a rather severe cut. The Chinaman detained Carter and had him arrested. An attempt was made by the police to show that an aggravated assault had been committed, but after Magistrate Macrae heard the case explained in the police court this morning he ordered his charge dismissed, taxing the costs of court against the accused. Carter was released on \$100 bail with a short time after his arrest yesterday afternoon.